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Because I Am Black

I can't breathe
Because I am black
I can't breathe
Because I am in chains
Only the Whites can breathe
Because they are Whites
But when Eledua made me
He put precious life in me
Which the Whites now crush
Like the bones of Christmas chicken
In broad daylight
Behind the devil's tyres
Because I am Black
Oh! My colour! My crime!
This Blackness! My albatross!
But the Whiteness is their madness.
I'm the most hated
Because I'm Black
Breathing is reserved for the Whites
And death for the Blacks
'As flies to wanton boys'
So are we to the Whites
The Whites breathe
But the Blacks bleed
The Whites walk freely
But the Blacks die freely

George is gone without a Judge
And Floyd is floored
By the cruel knees of the
Monstrous White cops
But I'm Black and comely!
And yet, I'm in shackles
I'm the handiwork of the Almighty
Fearfully made
And wonderfully created
His very express image.
The Excellency of His power
But now, I can't breathe
Because I am Black.

Oh Pius!

Pius, loved by all
And mourned by all
Your pen was mightier than sword
But weaker than death
You hoped to fly back home
On the eagle's wing
Alas! You flew home
On the Ethiopian's flying fangs.
Your last flight! Ha ba!
The muses refused
To save you, Pius.
As they watched
Your dismemberment
When you were not Pentheus
The piety of Pius could not appease
The cruel messengers of death
But the Lamb will decorate you
In eternity
Pius was lavishly endowed by Eledua
But wantonly downed by Esu Laalu
Polished. Pruned . Polite.
Comely. Lovely. Stately.
Courtly. Royal.
Smart and Canny.
All gone like the unwanted stench.
Pius! Oh Pius!
You peeped into the world
And made your marks indelible
Imprinted on the sands of time
And hurried back to the world beyond

Like Abiku

The elephant is gone!

Without bidding us farewell

Without a song

We groan over your demise

And wail uncontrollably

We sigh but you are gone.

Omo Adesanmi!

Oko Olumuyiwa!

Baba Tise!

Adieu!

Goodbye, Ranganathan!

I enrolled in your academy
Two decades ago.
I became your disciple.
Mastered your doctrines
And skilled in your craftsmanship
I sought wisdom
And I found it.
I pursued knowledge and counsel.
Hume skilled me in the schedules
And the literary warrant
And Bliss coached me the entries rules
And Moy about law
Cutter schooled me the cutter number
Oh Ranganathan!
You taught me
The law of impartiality
But they showed me unfairness.
I knew your law of parsimony
But your children are prodigious
And gluttonous.
I like your law of symmetry
But your house now a cemetery
I wrote on the sun for them to see
It was published in the sky
And on the fast moving moon
The house of knowledge
Now the abode of fools
They are cruel and brutish
They despise knowledge
And abhor the truth

And turned the schedules
 Into schemes
 And into guiles
 And cutter number
 Into hamper
They make a merchandize of knowledge
 Your brass is turned into dross
Your shelves now stack vanities
 Your guides now gods.
 Your carrels now
 Caressing gadgets
 Strangers are here!
 They milk the vendors
 And fleece their clients
 The Trojan horse
 Has invaded your house
 Where integrity is vice
 And dishonesty is virtue.
We part tonight, Ranganathan.
 To meet no more
 I am gone Ranganathan!
 I now find comfort
 In the Poetics of Aristotle
I find solace in the Odes of John Keats.
 I will sing in the orchard of Chaucer
And revel in the sonnets of Shakespeare
 Goodbye, Ranganathan.
 We will meet no more.