

Hope '93

*For the Maradona
Who erased a fledging dream
From history's calendar*

Words dance
Like acrobatic masquerade
To the drumbeat of your mouth.

But the sugar of your tongue
Is very bitter.

It writes
And then erases.

*

Ah!
The hidden agenda
Of the fowl's arse is out!

Now we know
The galloping thunder
In the jungle of your mouth
Is deceit.

Adebayo Oyebade

Contrast**Contrast**

Is when solid gold
 Paves the highway
 And smoothens your air-conditioned
 Red-carpet ride
 To the General's private mansion
 While dusty pot-holed pathways
 Dying to taste a little tar
 Meander you on a bumpy rickety-trip
 To the flourishing poverty
 Of the sprawling ghettos.

Adebayo Oyebade

The Trial

(For a corrupt politician)

He thought he could set sail
 With his elephant size loot
 To distant land
 Beyond the soaring seas
 Beyond the reach of nemesis' cold hands

But they arrested his dream of hasty flight
 They x-rayed his sagging stomach
 And found inside
 An overdose of stolen treasure
 Fingered from the nation's coffers.

So they drew the curtains
 In his face
 For twenty-one calendar years.

Adebayo Oyebade