

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 Oyeboade

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 Oyeboade