

Let Us Hurry to the Moon

You privileged sons of the land
Hurry now and fly to the moon in your new jet
And join the world in the scramble for fertile land
Colonize it and erect skyscrapers and build a castle
While the widow suffocates in her hut
And the widower dies in his igloo.

You privileged princes of the land
Rush to the moon in your newly acquired wings
And join the world in the scramble for wealth
Colonize it and amass silver and gold and stage feasts
While the orphan gulps his urine
And sucks the red mucus from his nostrils.

You the mighty elephants in the jungle
Hasten to the moon and dine with salad
And celebrate your octogenarian birthdays
While the needy bite off their fingers
Scratch the barren soil with their bare hands
And scramble for rare roots in penury.

You prodigal sons of the land
Rush to the moon in your three piece suits
And your flowing agbada and trinkets
While the grasses parade the streets naked
And wear fig leaves to the market places
And yet you say you are generous.

You young armchair millionaires with hind sight
Hire and install your family doctors
And immune yourselves against AIDS
While the leper writhes in pain all day
Sucking the sores festering with hordes of flies
And keeping a date with Death.

With these mansions and castles
You denounce and disown the world
And shut the golden door to their faces
And rule the vast universe singlehanded
In your raw thirst for tall ambitions
Our state and ego are mere shadows