

## The Young Millionaire

Oji, my brother, is Jack of all trades  
 He is a power broker  
 His thoughts are loudspeakers  
 His breath is a bank of clouds  
 His eyes are red balls of fire  
 His speech is an earth tremor  
 His walks are giant strides.

Oji, my brother, is a tin-god  
 He takes a new title everyday  
 His staff is an iroko tree  
 His fan is lined with ostrich and eagle feathers  
 He is decorated with gorgeous costume  
 With gold necklace, anklets and jewelry  
 When he passes people spread damask cloth on the ground, making  
 ululation

Oji, my brother, is a genuine importer  
 He imports rice and milk and flour  
 And hoards fuel in his house  
 He imports minting machines  
 And circulates money like the central bank  
 In fact, Oji is a young millionaire!

Oji, my brother, is loving and generous  
 He imports chicks and chickens  
 Runs a brood of concubines  
 And breeds a harem of half-caste children.  
 In fact, Oji is a shining example of a good citizen  
 A transparent, if practical patriot  
 And a notorious statesman,  
 Indeed, he is a world of excellence!