

Poems: *Lagos: Uncoordinated* and *Ibadan: I am Me*

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1. *Lagos: Uncoordinated*

Down

Up

Spit

Split

Hit

Shit

Rush

Brush

Lagos

Jumpy

Tumpy

Dangerous!

2. *Ibadan: I am Me*

At the dawn of time

my eyes opened

I was a cub

at the wayside

My egbons threw all dirts at me.

With my teeth and claws

I trained them all:

misfits, thieves, loafers, exiles,

soldiers of fortune, men of valour

street fighters, market looters –

All eager to have a name

And I became their flag

During the afternoon of times

With my arms of fire

and my hands of power

I came into my own.

My brothers I fought for more than a decade

I stood alone

in the eye of their storm

Egba, Ekiti, Ife, Ilesa – name them

All Yoruba like me

But a truce came

same blood we bled

In that same afternoon of times

I fought for one of my oldest brothers

Oyo

Besieged, weak, surrounded, ravaged, sacked

Fulani gored his eyes

 broke his limbs

I roared in my afternoon majesty of arms and hands

 stood my grounds

 clawed and shredded them

Sent them back into their desert of nothingness

Now in the mellow of times

My brothers and I are one –

 forging alliances

 developing our off-springs

 creating new Omoluabi worlds

I am Ibadan!

The land of the braves

 where the thief blames the owner

 where street fighters are lords of the day

 Where Latoosa, Ogunmola, Ibikunle became human-immortals

I am Me

Never any other!