



AFRICAN EYEBALL

A POETRY COLLECTION

**PUBLICATION OF POETRY CLUB
MOSHOOD ABIOLA POLYTECHNIC, ABEOKUTA**

PCM'S NOTE

Poetry Club of Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, (MAPOLY) Abeokuta believes “man cannot not communicate”. We write to probe, address and proffer solutions to uprising in Nigeria and Africa at large. This anthology is published to contribute our quota to the development of Africa and to encourage reading culture in Nigeria/Africa at large. We are also campaigning against all forms of abuse i.e. religious, tribal, human abuses among others.

African eyeball is the first collection of poems edited and published by Poetry Club of MAPOLY (PCM) featuring poets from Nigeria, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Kenya, and Sierra Leone. The featured poems touch the dark quarters in the continent as well as the beauty and opportunities that lie in Africa.

Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, Abeokuta is one of the institutions in Nigeria that has great prestige; it is located at the centre of the rock city of Abeokuta, the capital of Ogun State. PCM was founded by Segun Ayinde in 2012 to promote reading and writing poems and as a means of voicing ones' voice. Ashade Olugbenro became the second president of the club in 2013. This anthology is championed and coordinated by Bada, Yusuf Amoo who also doubles as the vice president, 2013.

The E-Anthology is published on Society of Young Nigerian Writers and Words Rhymes and Rhythm Poetry websites for their defined objectives and non-relenting contributions to the development of Nigeria/Africa through creative writing (Poetry).

Society of Young Nigerian Writers is a society that celebrates young creative writers with Wole Adedoyin as the president. The society has published numbers of anthologies (both electronics and hard copies). It also collaborates with other poetry societies in Nigeria and abroad.

Words Rhymes and Rhythm Poetry Society is one of the leading online poetry society in Nigeria with over 4, 000 members in Nigeria and abroad with Kukogho Samson as the curator. It publishes over 25 poems every week. It edits, promotes and encourages poets across the world to actualise their aims and objectives.

We acknowledge the efforts of every contributor to the success of this publication, those with moral and intellectual supports and every executive members of Poetry Club, MAPOLY.

We also appreciate Wole Adedoyin and Kukogho Iruese Samson for their cooperation to make this a realistic one.

DEDICATION

This anthology is dedicated to Heroes of Africa;
who have contributed to the development of
Africa creatively, religiously, politically and
economically

ADDICTION

Yakubu Andrew

Some young lads full of life
Stepped outside for a suck

"Gimme the ganja
Pass me the lighter."
They inhaled with the mouth
And puffed out through the nostrils.
The smoke goes up
Like burnt sacrifice offered to a god.

'Where is there conscience?'
It travelled with the wind
Leaving them high on earth.

Some young lads full of life
Destroyed themselves with addictions
And tossed their dreams up in the air
For generations to come.

The smoke vanished with their hopes.

TRUTHFUL LIES

Guobadia Iyen Tosan

Nobody knows where the truth really lies
We all cry but yet wear a smile
The government's act are all a gory sight
A fight that has drained our might.

Their promises suddenly grow wings and take a
flight
Their manifestoes are nothing but shadows upon
our light.
Their policies suffocate the masses rights
Yet we all cry but still wear a smile.

Who would take us all to that place
Were we all merry with a happy face
And corruption would be imprisoned in our
yesterday
A dream we envision at the dawn of a new day.

Dry your tears and let's hold our hands
We've drowned in so much lies, let's see the end.
Be upright and do not bend
The truth is the light and this we must defend.

YOU ARE LIFE AND DEATH TO ME
Adebote Oluwaseyifunmi

You Are Life and Death To Me
In this blank world, no other love I see

Nigeria; my dear own,
There isn't elsewhere I owe-
My strength, My best even My least,
All! I am ready to offer with zest.

Equality- I'll uphold to the core
Ethnic race, I'll run no more
As it would exhaust my youthful strength
Cut short my life and leave me in 'dungeon of
death'

You are life and death to me,
Only for you will I walk through the fire
With my last breath I'll raise your bi-coloured
flag higher,
In the dreaded paths our fathers walked, I'll run
For my unborn offspring, from dusk till dawn.

An end I'll witness, to the deep-eating corruption
business
And the ever segregating tribal preferences.

For all everyone cares to know, I'll declare-
Nigeria, You are Life and Death To Me.

**NO REQUIEM FOR YOUTHS AGITATING
FOR WAR**

Chime, Justice Ndubuisi

What good are flowers

At the waiting arms of the girls

Whose bride-price has been denied?

Candles would be lit

Not in the hands of youths,

But their fathers and wailing mothers

Who are yet to wake from the slumber

Of yester-war: another would be disastrous.

It is worst when parents

Bury their hope for a better

Tomorrow in a shallow grave

By the roadside or on the field;

Some may not even see the bodies

Feasted on by ugly and hungry vultures
Or unrecognized bloated black bodies
On which no prayer is said
And no songs except the tata-tata-tata
Of an angry smoking gun
Making mockery of the bells
And choirs at the cathedral.
No requiem for youths agitating for war,
No sound would be heard,
Nor a funeral note, no epitaphs,
No single shot except it that fell them.
For each step towards tomorrow is laden
With the pangs of pregnancy
And each moment a waiting
For the curtain to fall, yet,

It is in the house of the coward
That we always stand to point
At the house of the valiant.

HERALDS OF HOPE

Makinde Sinmiloluwa Victor

When the plants no longer flourish
And the children are malnourished

When all hopes seem lost
And everything seems to be in frost

When the day refuses to dawn
And it seems your troubles just begun

When you work harder than an elephant
Yet, you are not better off than an ant

When your heart is filled with so much hollow
And you are not sure about your tomorrow

It's not over yet...

Wake up for it's only a mirage
Which can bear no fruit nor emerge

Stand when standing is not easy
It would only make you stringer, not lazy

Fly even though you are far from growing wings
Though you have no song, yet sing

Talk when your voice is lost

As keeping mute makes things worst

Help others though you are helpless
Start your journey though you are clueless

Dream when all you see are nightmares
Rise up and take a step, be fearless.

For at the end of the darkest tunnel
Comes the light of endless laurels.

DOES IT PROFIT?

IkwuagwuOsita Victor

And the octogenarian queried:
Does it profit?
His skull is hollow. They were piqued
We aren't pusillanimous. We aren't craven
Tread on a viper, get its venom.

And they went. Gobs of them
Burning with passion. Void of skills
So they fell. Not in hundreds
In their thousands. Thousands upon thousands
Give up they won't. Thus came their words:
We are no cowards.

And the tads they shanghaied-
To pick up arms
Arms such big;
Bigger than they yet to know
That is HE, this is SHE.

And the blonde-charming and alluring
In her white polo-sparkling and brilliant
And her white cap-marked a red cross
Gave out to give all
Ere she went the goodies went
All to few. None to many
Salt and milk: babies fed on them
With both eyes but not mouth.

And now all is over
Over?
Things in shambles. People in misery
Graves overflowing. Mamas without babies
Non is victor. All is victim
Does it profit?
Nothing but NO.

A WHISTLE FOR THE DEAF

Felix Terngu Nyikwagh

They canvass for votes
Breeding sycophants with their notes
Laced with false oratory
And incoherent blueprints
They roguishly endear themselves to the masses
Only to crucify expectations
Oh! These people are here again
Only for their tummies they want to reign
They come with their ropes
Ready to tie hopes
What a gang of crooks
Cooked with talismans to bend the rules
They gather youths
Burn their fruits
Train them to spill out terror
They're costumed in starched canopies
Soaked with charms from their deities
The numbers define the rhythm of the game
Once ushered in
Prosperity becomes lame
Fresh creatures of wanton pressure
Seeking eternal pleasure

They formulate policies only in their favour
Drain souls with labour
Hate to depart the corridor
And sink the coffers empty

At last
Nothing left near legacy

IN MY VEIL
Emilly Achieng

Paparazzi jostling and shouting
As soon as my feet land on the red carpet
Walking down the aisle
My veil surrounding me like a soft haze
My heart skipping a beat
Nervous I grow.

Determined enough
Not to crease my gown
Not to be stumbled by it
The very feeling a bride dreads
Not wishing to make all the efforts go down the
drain.

Feeling alive as the camera lights flash on me
Making short steps
And pausing coyly as I count on
An itch on my neck
But I can't scratch it here!
No one seems to be fidgeting
Every eyeball is fastened on me

My chin tilted down
A thing I had seen past brides do
Not wanting to make other see me try so hard
Scanning the place
Lavish flower arrangements

Leading to the podium.

And there I see him
Feeling his burning eyes on me
Attempts to avoid the gaze not working
My already crossed fingers shaking
My promise of a lifetime
Whisper your vows gently
Whisper them till my inner spirits hear
Slip that precious ring on my finger
Beam me with delight
To preserve this fresh love

FOR THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY

Jimoh Ibrahim

I have ever lived a life of pain
Of emotional torture
My heart had sometimes bled
Sending traumatic impulses to my brain

I had sometimes asked if it was a curse
By the heavenly God
Or the claspng outburst of the worldly gods
That has rained on our heads
And into the lakes and rivers we all drink from

This love,
If not for this love I have
For this land,... for its people,
for its fruits that grow beneath my feet
The love for its culture and heritage...
for its serene atmosphere and tender wind

That we are shrouded in riches
And bequeathed the luxuries
not enjoyed by the ancient gurus
Shouldn't be a curse!
Should it? Should we continue to suffer ruins
while we have paradise at our feet?

I have accepted my lot
Suffering the pains to enjoy the gains

My home my lot
My country my home
For I beat my hand on my chest
To serve my fatherland with love...
and strength and with faith
And to defend her unity
So help me God

AFRICA

Usman Abdullahi Hamza

Mother oh
mother
Oh mother
Africa
The symbol
of true beauty
Like the
scent of a rose she is my smell
Like the
water from the spring, she is my thirst
She is my hope,
she is my strength
Mother for
one, mother for all
I cannot pay
but pray for your life
And forever
I am your child.

AFIRIKANISM

Tega Majemite

Who are we, yes we are;
A people of the soil,
Coloured of the soil and begat no spoil.
A story of the shinning savannahs,
Told by the original home Landers.

Who are we, yes we are;
The cats that see no winter or summer,
But live with the sun and falling waters.
Groomed fancier than the power bike,
Strong as those not on lands, but the bee hive.

Who are we, yes we are;
Wives that suffer from their drunken husbands,
But united in virtuous holy bond.
Standing as an eagle amidst vultures,
Who once undermined our buoyant future.

Who are we, yes we are;
The cool soothing menthol,
In a world gone distort.
Coming stealth as a hunting lion,
Not to kill but over take in brass and iron.

Who are we, yes surely we are;
A volcano ready to erupt,

Rich with hot magma of wealth.
The lands that dire no lust,
But it comes from afar earth,
Showcasing our beauties,
Preparing to take our war bounties

Who are we?
Aye! We are AFRICA.

A FUTILE PASSAGE

Oredola Ibrahim

I stood on the bank of the River Niger
Like a troubled traveller, to find a haven in her
bosom
With a sweltering glumly face I came to unfold
my past
My birth, my beginning , my destiny ...

The priests of memory search
Endlessly among the cowries-trapped-stars
But the auspices returned "Search not found"!
The divinatory configurations displayed a silent
board
Was that possible?

So, I stepped further to catch my mirrored site
Alas! Juddered vibrations greet my baffled sight
My tattered clothes, too miserable for any
readings
I have no beginning, no history, no past...

A century of aimless wanderings in scary
bedlams
Forcefully embalmed for selfish banquets
In bits and pieces, the pallbearers openly feed
On the anthills painfully moulded by smiling
ants
Where am I?

Now, I look up into the sky, perhaps I shall find
my star
Though the clouds came quickly and it was
blank and bare
But I saw my star, the message, clear as the
cumulonimbus
No fate. No future. No tomorrow.

Then, I sit patiently, thirstily beside the delta
creeks
Gazing at its phantasmal course with my
burdened eyes
Waiting for the last trumpet* to free me from
these clear myriads
Waiting for a fertile birth from these carnivals of
futile massacres
Or shawls from the amalgamation of a stinking
shroud

*A sovereign national conference or better still a
peaceful secession.

WAR IN OUR LAND

Moses Chibueze Opara

Under that sulphuric cloud
I saw fire leaking waters
As explosives preached
The gospel of death,
Escorted by sergeant pointed guns
And cutlass for holy massacre.

I saw tress running for their lives
Rooted it there tackled hearts
Animals shivered with fear
Wandering about on tattered strive
Searching for whom to share
There pains with.

Contractors of doom flocked around
Mortals veiled on dark images,
Cloaking hearts with undiluted tears
Masticating our land to dust,
As children roamed about in fear
With death smiling at them.

Darkness kissed the cloud
Red colour trekked into the gutters
As vultures massaged there
Stomachs to feed on fleshy bones
Laying dumb on the street
Without identity or home

Will these wars ever end?
Thus I see the journey far
There I stood in the midst of war
Watching how our people were dying
Weeping, limping, sobbing for souls
Trekking on eternity lane

LOVE: YOUR SOLE SOLUTION

Sunday Moshood

Our Lord in Heaven
In meditations: we approach you
About our nation's cause.
Why is our nation so unbalanced?
Our diverse knees are flattened:
As a child to a father;
We seek divine answers.

For boko harams are roasting the north,
Militants: kidnapping the south,
Ritualists are wrecking the east
Whilst armed men are stealing the west.

Our respective tribal knees now hurt with sore,
We want your divine answers.

My children get from your slumbers!
I left you a divine principle: The Holy Bible.
I beckoned you to go after my commandments,
Which I summed in one accord:
Love!

You barely love your neighbours;
If you do:
A man wouldn't afflict lives with suicide
bombings.

Man wouldn't demand ransom for his fellow
beings.
Man wouldn't use 'parts' of an individual to
pursue wealth
And man wouldn't hijack others sweat in a jiffy.
You see now,
You are the cause to your own predicaments.

Now, what you should do?
Stand from your knees!
Fear me and love yourselves!

WHERE PSYCHOPATHS ARE ENTHRONED...

Yomi Oguntoyinbo

How can she be called a mother
Woman whose hand's full of murder?
Being blind, deaf and dumb
To the agony of her children – her people,
Who wonder around like sparrows without nest.
A denial of milk and honey nature bequeathed
Man unkind to mankind; Birthright forfeited
Will a child cry out in pain
And the mother not respond?

Her people surrounded by ocean greatly thirst
Dwell in plenty; yet, mal-nutritionally fed
Exiles, refugees, and slaves of the world they
become
Yet, stranger is king in their homeland.
The leaders having more dribbling skills
Than the mango tree has leaves
The people's pride deeply buried in the mud
Insecurity hovers in the air; darkness all around
Smiles have vanished from their faces
Their soul weary and scary
Blood of the innocents crying, while
Looters are exonerated, celebrated and
decorated.
A place where psychopaths are enthroned,
Virtues, values, sanity... are sacrificed!

Oh, Mother Africa! Her leaders
Dancing to the drumbeat of third parties
Whose interest only is coveted.
A stain on the conscience of the world
Pillar by corruption and un-patriotism
The People ride on vague promises,
Lack of basic provisions only enjoyed
Butcher's son feeds on assorted bones;
Cloth merchant's haggardly clothed in rags
Bankrupt! On less than a dollar a day they live,
Yet, millions of dollar oil barrels daily exported.
Isn't a hungry people an angry people?
Will a people cry out in pain
And the nation not be concerned?

JACCUZI PEOPLE

Onis Sampson

I feel a boulder on my nerves;
Brush of sticky imagination
Binds me to a pole of abstraction
As I watch these people
Glow like lawns in palatial GRA's

Who seek for pleasure but refuse labour.

The artist with an easel in hand is the guide to a
world afar
Brought close in the memory that recognises.

Between dawn and streaks of powdered sunlight
Between the dividing waters on a stony path of
rural murmurings
Stands the jacuzzi soul that wakes in lavishment.
The morning offers ambition into waiting hands
of lazy jacuzzi people.
The sun shines on the skin of the hardworking
peasant
Whose memory basks joyfully at nature's
simplicity.

The jacuzzi souls have a mind uniquely uniquely
theirs
Perpetually troubled in season of desolation --
Out of touch with a new horizon that promises
Vistas of freedom. Give them an ethereal

delight,
Offer them a piece of bread, a flagon of wine
And they can merry till the break of day.

Jacuzzi people. . . hardly have I uttered those
words

Than when they stare at me with questions
Dropping out of their wide quizzical eyes.
They are like vapour issued from a jacuzzi
They: the jacuzzi people. They see and they
Do not see, thirst and yet detest the call for
liberty.

These are the measures of an unused mind seen
under the sun:
A jacuzzi treat for pleasure-seekers who lean on
wealthy fathers

Gives rise to lost and lazy sons.

Extravagant spending is only a reflection of the
mind
Distanced from the truths
Of life.

IN LAGOS HOURS

Oludipe Oyin Samuel

Grey scalpel, grey slaughterers
Comb sideway of melding blood and brine,
seriatim,
Stroke gold-yellow kerosene swells possessive
of streets.
Burdened omnibus stabs the broken motorway,
Retracts to stoop to grey hawker -
His coy belly is distended from hunger

The hovering dust pleats the road
Tar holds sway smoky rust like confounded
wraiths
Possessive of the runway;
Rebukes from spice-caked stall-women stalk
Annoyed warden as ghostly whispers ashore yet
Enchants pot-bellied man shaving beard...
Blast, fire, ruckus, receded prayers on rolling
tyre

Limp night.
Hollow dawn
Nets resonances of thousand penchants.
Light on trailer crevices
Echoes back upon rushing tandems.
Beneath a sky darkly blunt
She heads home beating the throng's plaint
Above haunted night-watchers,

Trampling adire women, soul-sour policemen
Of leaking uniforms.

POOR ME, POOR US

Nyikwagh, Richard Torkuma

A life of wandering I lived,
Now I mine precious stones,
I drill black gold,
I am the boss of raw materials,
Wait, am I the only child of God?

In spite of all these,
What a rascal I am.
From slavery to mastership,
I've just been an ingrate,
Guess I have derailed.

'Balotellically', why always me?
Flies are always perching on my food,
My family they say, lack parents,
My brothers and sisters are indifferent,
What a type of people.

It is true am independent,
But I now live with my friends,
My colour is rogue to the West,
How myopic I am,
I just exist in a paradox tent.

In my photo gallery,
I have pictures of starvation,

Check out those on sea piracy and insurgency,
Never mind my corruption lifestyle,
We will reach the Promised Land.

However, I salute my siblings.
Stand up for Mandela,
Clap for Kenyatta,
Shout out for Nyerere,
Let's give respect to Rawlings.

I admit am sick,
I agree am too blessed,
I regret my actions,
But I ask for one more chance,
Please consider my plea.
Cos am poor, we are poor...

SONNET: PARAMOUR

Akande Folayemi

Virtue best may reside in Beauty be
Or lost in consent fortune still
Thy brow to dance, with smile strong as steel
Who hast heart but embrace not thee?
Unless their vision at all not see
For nor it, nor no glee of thrill
Or of any laughter dose of peal
Before then gaze upon thy ever fresh of hue.

Thy charming chime chide me hence
Leaving' my unsung song to theft
Alas! My sweet song now to mourn
Sailing my hope upon a stream so tense
And billow ever atop all waters of the earth
As if never to your beauty I have to sworn

CHANGE
Wale Owoade

When my Africa dance,
She dances the dance
Of the warriors who build
My home with their blood
On my naked soil.

When my Africa dance,
She dances the dance
Of the wars which free
My home with their scars
On my naked soil.

When my Africa dance,
She dances the dance
Of the gods who guide
My home with spirits
On my naked soil.

But today,
When my Africa dance
In front of those modern city lights,
You shove your head out;
Out of your motoka,
Gnash your teeth
At the jejune sight
Beholding your civilized eyes.

Your Priest shakes his head,
Sorry for the unholy stranger
In front of his sacred realm,
And prays:

‘Dear Lord
To this mad woman
Please grant a relieve.

INTO YOUR HANDS AFRICA

Uchechukwu Josiah Ezeemo

Into your hands Africa
I lie like the lies
On the waters of your joy
To sooth for console
To my weary heart
I am bated by her
Seasons of yearning
Times without number
So I soothe thee
To relief me of my depressions

WHERE ARE THE GIANTS?

Adelaja Ridwan Olayiwola

Chaos and corruption,
Grazing-hard our glory
Greediness and hatred,
Strewing-down our might

Masses enslaved to poverty
Drowning, drowning in crime.
Solace in hammered chains
Succour in a pool of pain.

Liberty lost, O' shame!

Where are the giants?
That should uphold our glory
Where are the giants?
That should pageantry our country

Where are the giants?
That should return us history
Where are the giants?
Who wouldn't be cunning and greedy

Where are the giants?
Who are hardworking and friendly
Where are the giants?
To good, whom they would hurry

Where are the giants?
Who will slay poverty, our worry
Where are the giants?
To all, who would show mercy

Where are the giants?
That should strengthen harmony
Where are the giants?
That should help change the story

Where?
O' where?
Where are the giants?

BLACK HERITAGE

Matthias Pantaleon

Make way for the dancers
They have come from afar
To teach us the new steps
A cline of attitude to be conform with our
culture
Cling unto thy mother side
Little Gbenga,
Like a mango that mustn't bow to the powers of
the wind
They are not our own
Their mask shames our heritage
They sang in foreign tone
And dance to borrowed gong
Those are not the symbol of Eyo,
We must wait till 'morrow to consult with Ifa
Least the lighting of Sango be leash on our new
steps
And all will be still

"WHY DID WE GO TO WAR?"

Gbanabom Hallowell

On this head argument is sleepless.
The hill is already grown into a pensive
mountain
As rivulets against the numberless stumps tear
the flesh.
Freetown is broken under Mount Aureol
Between Mount Colony and Mount
Independence
The valley of Hamon-gog flows with dark
memories
From the body of thoughts and from the
thoughts of body,
And then the tears of lamentation flow like a
river
And afterwards, the ultimate river itself flows
like a river
Washing away Mount Colony and Mount
Independence

The Sierra stands alone, cold,
Outside its Freetown, outside its sadness and the
sadness
Of its capital and on behalf of its own geography
it sheds
A tear: why did we go to war?
To kill the son who put the man in the womb of
the woman?

To talk to the brother who was busy buying his
own
Body in the market; to engage the sister who sat
Is her conscience standing up?

Now the cage has walked up to us seeking after
our bloody
Conscience, and here we are unable to look
under the bridge
Of the cloud that yesterday sat over our
immediate violence.
Who put a spectacle in the eyes of our dead,
Seated outside, looking at us through the
houses?

“Why did we go to war?”

I live between two pains—
Between the pain of being Sierra Leonean
And the pain of being Sierra Leone
My brother you too live between two pains—
Between two private pains, the pain of going to
war
And the pain of escaping the comrade of death
I have given it all up as I sit beside myself
Waiting for the rain

UNsung HERO

Matthews Chukwuka Steven

In
a distant land he was born,
Yet
he chose to call it home,
Love
so strong it led to a name,
Which
he proudly bore, never to turn.

His
infant years prepared the man,
Awakening
in him a will,
Suffering,
his tender heart to feel,
A strong
desire for evil to ban.

The
noblest of professions he chose,
Adventurous
yet disciplined,
Not
like some seeking self power to wield,
But
power to face his country's foes.

Faced
by overwhelming corruption,
Severe
decay and decadence,
Shook
him to his very essence,
Leading
to a quest for salvation.

Committing
himself to a cause,
For
which there was no prize to gain,
Knowing
he might be termed 'villain',
Firm
he stood, ready to bear the cross.

And
so he struck the bitter blow,
With
precision, getting his mark,
Sadly
trouble was soon to spark,
Strife
and bitterness ready to grow.

Faced
with his mates' incompetence,

He
didn't choose a coward's path,
He
had power to grab with his might,
But
he chose instead a sacrifice.

Loosed
from his chains he fell in war,
Falling
not to the enemy,
But
to saboteurs and treachery,
Deceit
being their only swords to draw.

Decades
gone and still we await,
A saviour,
our country to free,
None
so far to fill us with glee,
Because
our Unsung Hero is late.

GONE ARE THOSE DAYS

Oku-Ola Paul Abiola

Gone are the days of black and white television
Then we gave an undiluted attention
For colour television was never an aspiration
Neither was it an option
But with advanced technology
That had become an apology

Gone are the days of analogue telephony
Then mobile communication was not a honey
But with advanced technology
That had become an apology

Gone are the days when everyone was proud of
this nationality
Then all gave a complete loyalty
To the upliftment of this ground
And the development of this land
But with advanced technology
That had become an apology

Gadget created for the good of humanity
Had become an entity
For amassing personal fame and glory
Without care for the well-being of the country

They had become instruments for projecting
people's name

Leaving behind shame
Their contribution
To the development of the nation

Gone are those days
When being a true citizen pays

LOCKS AND CHAINS

Mercy Dhliwayo

Honorarium proclamations of independence
Rapid emergence of elite minorities
Feeding off the sweat of impoverished majorities
Born free generations
With no access to the fruits of liberation
Frustrated aspirations of a castrated population
Overdosed on hyper inflation
Economic suffocation
Cultural assimilation, Botched education,
The infiltration of colonial indoctrination
Inferiority complex, pervasive conquest of
Disgruntled masses with no voice for protest
Public health in dire straits
A people's fate
sealed in a police state
A struggle in disarray
A breed of economic slaves
Who can't open their mouths to say:
This is not freedom.

There is no freedom in the face of inequities
No freedom in the wake of police brutality
Misguided priorities and political puppetry
No Social security but absolute redundancy
No spiritual autonomy
Against scourge religious supremacy

While our forefathers freed our feet
From the shackles and chains slavery
We have weaved these chains
Into designer beads
That we wear around our necks
as rosaries and biddies
In allegiance to every other culture and religion
But none linked to our own ancestry
Cultures and religions
that leave us with no freedom
to embrace our own
The chains and locks slavery
have indeed grown
Invisible to naked eye.

KÀKAAKI

(The Voice of Africa)

Agarau Adedayo

The Parrot should
sing song of love,
instead, the vulture has taken over this pasture.

Instead of the Sun
to illuminate our land,
we had long gone
further her funeral.

*"Kakaaki O sàṅ lará Iya ajè,
Nise lon fi gbògbò omo bi obirin".
The owl has whispered
but the night wouldn't hear.

Instead of our
land to yield,
our peace had
been murdered.
Instead of milk, our silks are torn.

Kakaaki, Afrika.
Your message shall
be couriered to cities beyond your views.

The sun that refused to shine
shall be heard all over.

Afrika, your pains are mine.
I am Kakaaki
the voice of our Fatherland.

*kakaaki o san lara iya aje, nise lon fi gbogbo
omo bi obirin means
instead of things to get better, it swift to the
worse

HORRORS OF WAR
Ezeiyoke Chukwunonso

Though we fought
Creating wounds
Too hurting
To heal

Though we fought
Killing ourselves
Too painful
To forget

Though we fought
Betraying ourselves
Too haunting,
It is a nightmare

But the night is over
The day has come.
Forgiving

We must learn.
A brother's anger
Never touches the marrow.

WAIL OF A REGIMENTED HEART

Salawu, Olajide Michael

A clamor from the falling debris
A nation turned into shreds
The parliament filled with faggot;
Bemused temple with laws unblinded.
The pocket bulged with foreign notes
Faces creamed with oil
The rural gulping away the stream
Capital filled with gamblers
Tribes diatribing, the margin
Too loose to wed. A road
Leading to the heart of Europe
A Street over pampered with sores
Nightmares looting dream.
A Holy Ghost cry. In the chapel,
Christmas clashes with a dirge
The air rented with heavy smoke
Of salon cars, a cathedral bugged
With people. On the altar, a play-let of
Prosperity is being held for a host of
Slum dwellers.

REFLECTIONS OF SOBRIETY

Enwereuzor Chibuike Nnadozie

I had a grazing gaze
Upon a hill so down and daze
It's a crowning of ears around a maize
To relish in arms void of the maze
Like I had plucked the last string of grace
How can I recount the tortures of thorns
In the land of the rising sun?
Glorious for a quest still unborn
Living in graves of heroes fallen
Oh, my paternity was far too eager
To deliver a nation queer and legal
As we marched the jarred edges feigning lethal
Yet our streets streamed with red milk
To painful rejects of mother earth
Fowls defeathered and cattle carted in wings
Still we never forgot a flower for our lover
Shots and rains of tragedy littered as lilies
Our roofs had drooped to the grounds
The east wore a fist at the feast
As we combed through the drying savannah
How then do I hear the gent whisper
When our bunkers were drowned in darts?
Chei, the cord is broken
On a neutral ground we ailed all for peace!
Our bloods boiled to almost burn
When to freedom we fiercely forge!
The tendering of our loins are far tender

Like flaxen tits so tended
Here is my story of a tale tasted and stale
I live in a home around me
My home is roam and gun
Seeking a Rome that is gone
Rise, O son of our hard red sand
Viable and friar-able to faith with bone
I know there is still a country
That which lives within our hearths

AFRICA

Babalola Gafar

Power!

Strength!

Beauty!

Sophistication!

Able to stand firm!

Oh my great Africa,

This is what I see in your eyeball

Perseverance!

Natural in style

The carve of your Chi

With will to win

This is what I see in your eyeball

Elegance!

Grace!

Hard work!

Doing all to survive

This is what I see in your eyeball

To those who cannot see

To those who cannot believe

Its natural wealth

The colour of your skin
The colour that reign every day
Let me reiterate this to your ear
No greater than colour of every day

CRUSADE OF AGONY

James Ademuyiwas

It was like a crusade
That is for the weak
Why am I here in the first place?
Now comes the scream!
Filled with agony
So soft and full of pity
Peeped I to the direction
It was innocent infant
Experience which is above the adult
Oh shame on me
My profession is useless
But the professionals are doing theirs
What a pity
It was too young for this!

Here comes another scream
So deep this time
Like that of the one from shoal
Continually like dog barks
There come the fight within
It is for an adult
Not for a youth
Felt ashamed again

My profession was restrained
I managed to peep
This time, it was not achievable
What a pity?
It was neither good for the position
I only have to block the hearing organ
If not, will be transferred
Then pray I for their healing
Urge for their recovery
Because it was a tribute of pain
Also pray I for the maker's mercy
Not to fall victim!
Because it was really a crusade
This is of agony!

INSANITY UPON SANITY

Oyedele Abiodun Emmanuel

Come and see!

A mad man walking on the street

Come and see!

A mad woman chewing gum

Their body curtains,

Must have been stolen by the storm

Prisoners on parole

Are walking as free men

Come and see!

Walking on our street

Come and see!

The exchange of beauty for nakedness

The feminine gestures create awareness

The shorts are afraid of the knees

The navel chases away the top

The head-tie bigger than the head

The ears are burden with gigantic chains

Privacy in public display

Come and see!

The exchange of civilization for madness

Come and see!

The heart of elders in sadness

Our culture value in love with white darkness

Our ethics infected with foreign sickness

Senses lost in unfound bin

Insanity invaded the town

Come and see!

The spirit of insanity upon the sane

MY LIFE COULD HAVE BEEN BETTER

Rachael Ogunmuyiwa

Alone like the coy mistress
He approached, so intense
With words flowing like river
My life could have been better
If I never listened to him

“Don’t delay; let this love roll in rhythm
Life is too short for love”
I took him for his words of love
My life could have been better
If I never trusted him and his words of butter

Flourishing like the flower
Planted by the river
I believed the lost was the best
My life would not have lost in this lust
If I never lost in love and in its rhythm

Mama never told me about that time
That Papa was also like a rogue
Her lover also turned a beast, a rogue
Mama’s life could have been better

If love had never been the matter

The journey to motherhood
Like Nnu Ego in the Joys of Motherhood
The honeymoon had no good mood
If I never walked down the aisle
I would not have been victim of this spite

He said “life is too short for love”
But how do we find time to hate
Oh love! A shameful monster
My life could have been better
If I never had to love

Oh! I cannot but wonder
If all men are monster
But friends said earlier
That no man is passing fair

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

Twenty years ago, we thumb-printed for a new
cracy

We had no other word than no to khakistocracy

We believed our hands were made to write
history

But Mr. Maradona says no and goes crazy

We shout, we mourn, we scream

Until we are transfixed in a nightmare

Until we are lost in a dream of betterment

And the ocean continues to weep

Water crucifying the sea, fire burning down the
ocean

There is a country lost in a dream

Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold

The birds are escaping one by one

At first, we look like a looser

When a black man with big goggles goes more
than crazy

But death passing by did us a favour

And we have another hand to carry our opinion

My people,
What is the definition of our goal?
If twenty years after,
We are still dreaming of paradise

There are forgotten villages
There are children, there are women crying
There are fragile men wanting to die in peace
And the Lords nodding their heads
Like a child on the back of his mother

There is a country with high hill of cloud
And NEPA* has taken the light
War becomes peace, freedom becomes slavery
Yes, here a country of Nineteen Eighty Four

Yes, we have a vision!
Vision twenty-twenty of Nineteen Eighty Four?
There is a hill of cloud, I cannot tell
If anyone could see but I cannot see

How I wish my country man
Could lay a perfumed hand on my forehead
How I wish he could see me
As a son of his mother, his blood

Words are easier to make than anything
But the heart is a very sacred shrine
Where blood flows than anything
And the drainage of the body brings out white

If NEPA could restore the light
If we all knew how dangerous darkness is
If we would not endanger the moon's face
Then we would get a better light
We would see the vision with clear sight
We would all get to land of actuality.

*NEPA is an abbreviation for National Electric
Power Authority, a body regulating the
electricity in Nigeria.

EXECUTIONERS

Benstowe, Fubara Anari

Now you shine your teeth
At the unbroken wailing of your victims
Whose pleas are nothing but rolling balls
Rebounding like vacuum's echoes.
Now in your court of noisy protest
You pass verdicts according to laws
Written in your eyes,
And in your scratchy fingers,
Impatient mobs.

O Tell me! Must these necks be heavy laden?
With snail shells that rings and dangles?
Or mud coated bodies to strip-dance
With whips and woof-sound mockeries?
Must these heads be heavy cumbered?
With treasures caught them tapping?
And stagger street to street like a drunken old
man?

You hear these scorching cries like fire victims
Yet you hold the ropes tied to the waists
And drags it as it pleases your soul,
You daze them to dance to rhythm of sardonic
children
Who hit komkom as they sing blissfully

Executioners,

How long shall you crush change into dust?
How long must stars only leave the eyes of men?
Who tap with hands and not with a pen?
He who must fall grasses must slant the cutlass.

So I tell you
Let the gavel sound loud

IMAGINE AFRICA

Zanele Tyutula

The hope of Africa, the pride of the nation
Imagine Africa!
Promises of an envisaged dream
Resting on the shoulders of an envious headship
When the hopes of a safe arrival on shore
Capsized because the Captain Jumped ship

Imagine Africa!
Visions of the eyes
Of its infants, as they gaze with hope
On those with no vision of any accord
Hiding in tyranny from the executors
Of devious demeanors,
Whose only motive is self-seeking

Imagine Africa!
Promises made to entice
The weary, visions induce to reduced
To produce success for the exalted
Hiding in the comfort zone of their fear,
Those whose presence
Eliminate the daunting deprivation of salvation

A LIVING MARTYR

Miftaudeen Olalekan Raji

Resting where no shadow stays
In memory's garden, we meet every day.
Together for ever
Reunited, free from pain forever
Until the day breaks
And the shadow fades.

Earth has one gentle soul,
And Heaven one dogged whole.
Deep in our hearts, a memory is kept,
Of one we loved and shall never forget.
Allah will link the broken chain,
As one by one, we meet again.

In our hearts, you will always stay,
Love and remember, every day.
Your life a beautiful memory as a whole,
Your absence a silent grief with soul,
Allah blesses you and keeps you from earth
pain,
Until we meet again.

You fell asleep without goodbye,

But memories of you will never die.
Time may pass and fade away,
But memories of you will always stay.

In God's care you rest above,
In our hearts you rest with love.
Words are few, thoughts are deep,
Memories of you, we will always keep.
Happy memories, silently kept,
No need for words, we'll never forget.
Simple words but very true,
We'll always love and remember you.

A cluster of memories sprinkled with tears,
Wishing Allah had spared you, a few more
years.

Tenderly, we treasure the past,
With memories that will always last.
Partings come and hearts are broken,
Loved ones go with words unspoken.
Never selfish, always loving and kind,
These are memories you leave behind.

Ours is just a simple prayer,
May Allah bless and keep you in His care.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Solomon Babatunde Sanyaolu

Who is to blame?
When the state is in flame
Who is to accuse?
When votes are abuse
Who is to call?
When we all fall

Who is to prosecute?
When we relegate
Who is to crush?
When corruptions flourish
In our nation
Like water in the ocean

Is it the shabby shady driver?
That drives our state car
Who harvest
And we cultivate
And push pack the passengers to the rain
Like the farmers and the seed of pain

Is it the black cloths with black stick?
That dance to the command talk
Of the state driver
Like the maid and the master

Is it the Papa?

Who tiptoes to the driver
Open teeth to exchange votes
With some Naira notes

Is it the pen?
That fails to dance to the tune of men
But walk and dance on paper
To the reverse truth of the driver

All takes the blame
Of this burning flame
Let all arise to halt this shame
And claim the fame

SEARCHING FOR A MISSING CHILD

Omotayo, Yusuf Ishola

“You better search the whole clan,
If you don’t find him, you are a dead woman”
Wife rushes out again in pain
She is no contrast to a person insane
I’m doom today, my star
She laments in a loud whisper
“Oh tree! Have you seen my son?
Oh river, has my son come to you for fun?
Oh sun! Is he warming in your embrace?
Oh forest! Is he entangled in your maze?
Oh bird! Do you hide him in your nest?
Oh God! Are your putting me to test?”
She goes back home when night comes
At the clouded backyard, she sees a form
Behold, the child has been sleeping
All day, the mother has been weeping

THE PLAYERS IN A GAME

Ashade, Olugbenro Paul

The days gone by have seen chaos propagate
Though, not even the so called advocates
Prescribing revolt in a huge ethnography
Some prophetic tendencies spelling a bad omen
A situation calling for a people's unanimous
decision
A combustion in a voice resounding the like the
French
Canon shells expected

A day had been chosen
In a season of Christ-likers
Earlier than the middlemen commissioned like
the 72
A mandate!!!
Theirs to operationalize without any fear
Of intimidation or prejudiced
That earlier more as an adumbration
Not without some optimism though
The guards are engulfed in this conspiracy too

The contenders,
The juggernauts have forgotten that when things
fall apart
The centre holds no more
A people who have forgotten so soon their
recent antiquities

Some school of thought refers to the system as
hereditary
Monarchical as some others would see it
The parliament thus became an arena of
wrestling bouts
The observers in the show turn helpless
Some depraved of rights, others share old
sentiments

Then come the major players,
The Detectives
That form more of the decision making
Myopic as they give their dinner to the cat
And become weapon of mass destruction in
satanic hands,
Untouchable stiff-necks

Shame exhibited alfresco
The players have failed abysmally
The middle men can no more be coordinate
The guards confirm suspicions
The contenders prefer the end justifies the means
The observers, a part not to be blame
But on the other hand have failed in their duties
The detectives have been disillusioned and
brainwashed

AUTHORS' BIOGRAPHY

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He is a fresh graduate of physics at the University of Maiduguri, Borno State, where he currently stays.

Adebote Oluwaseyifunmi

Born in Lagos. Descendant of Ogun State of Nigeria. Scrabble is his game. With hundreds of poems and short stories, Adebote hopes for the best in the literary world.

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Hails from Udi in Enugu state. A graduate of English and Literary Studies from the prestigious University of Nigeria, Nsukka. He believes Nigeria would become a world power one day; he is currently serving Nigeria in Oyo state.

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Ikwuagwu Osita Victor is a writer and poet of Nigerian descent. He is a transformational writer who believes his works would trigger positive societal change.

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Felix Terngu Nyikwagh writes plays, short stories and poems.

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EmillyAchieng from Nairobi, Kenya. Her pen-name is Emillia. She enjoys writing. Her pen is her real voice and it is the best thing that has ever happened to her.

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Jimoh Ibrahim is a 400 level student of electrical and electronics engineering, University of Ilorin, Ilorin. He is a member of Union of Campus Journalists (Unilorin). An avid writer and author,

and a lover of poetry whose work has featured in different publications.

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Usman Abdullahi Hamza, I hail from Kogi State, Nigeria. He is an undergraduate of Mineral Resource Engineering from the Kogi State Polytechnic, Lokoja. He loves writing is his passion.

Tega Majemite

He loves writing and he has the ambition of becoming an author someday. From delta state Nigeria.

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Sunday Moshood was born in Ojo, Lagos state. Though, hail from Ibadan in Oyo state, he was born and breed in Lagos, completing his secondary school education at Learnfast

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Yomi (Abayomi S.) Oguntoyinbo is a graduate of the University of Ibadan, Theatre Arts Department. He also has a Master Degree from the same department. Presently, he is a lecturer in the department of Mass Communication, (SPTS) Lagos State Polytechnic. He is happily married.

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Onis Sampson is a young Nigerian poet, playwright and novelist

Oludipe Oyin Samuel

Oyin hails from a Lagoon town, Epe located in the Southwestern coast of Lagos. Influenced by the works of the Nigerian Laureate, Wole Soyinka, Oyin has been writing short plays and editing poems since seven. Now as a student, he features as a short-story editor for the 'Herald Series', a magazine/newspaper establishment in

Babcock University. A poem of his was included in the 'Orange Crush' 52 Years After anthology.

Nyikwagh, Richard Torkuma

Born as Nyikwagh, Richard Torkuma at Gboko in Benue State of Nigeria 21 years ago. Currently, he is final year student of Economics at Benue State University. A poet, journalist and writer.

Wale Owoade

Wale Owoade, a poet and playwright, was born and educated in Ogun State, Nigeria. He currently resides in Ilorin, Nigeria, where he studies History and lives as a writer. Interested in the literary development of African youth, he has founded “ARTBEAT POETRY AFRIKA”, a society for Africa’s new-bred poets

Uchechukwu Josiah Ezeemo

UCHECHUKWU JOSIAH EZEEMO is a visual artist, poet and a motivational writer. He has published poems in an anthology “African Mind” he has his B.A (Hon.) in Fine and

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He was born in Abule-egba, Ifako-ijaye L.G.A of the Lagos state. He took his primary education in Ibafo, Ogun state and then proceeded to *mayflower school ikenne* for his secondary education. He is currently studying Pure-and-Applied Physics in Ladoke Akintola University of Technology Ogbomosho, Oyo State.

Gbanabom Hallowell

Gbanabom Hallowell has published three volumes of poetry, and recently celebrated twenty years of his work with the publication of *Manscape in the Sierra: New and Collected Poems 1991-2011* (Karantha Publishers, 2012) to national acclaim. In 2013 The Sierra Leonean Writers Series issued his collection of two stories, *Gbomgbosoro*. Hallowell is currently Director-General of the Sierra Leone Broadcasting Corporation (SLBC), and teaches seminal classes at the University of Sierra Leone. His most recent collection of poems is *A Little After Dawn* (Sierrarts Publishing 2013).

Oku-Ola Paul Abiola

OKU-OLA PAUL ABIOLA a.k.a pauldesimple is a poet, playwright and blogger.

Mercy Dhliwayo

Mercy Dhliwayo is a Zimbabwean poet and fiction writer currently studying for a Master's Degree in Intellectual Property Law. Her poetry has been published on-line and in publications such as "Have we put out the fire" and the Poetry Potion first quarterly print themed - On Being Human, 2013.

Agarau Adedayo

Agarau Adedayo is a student of Nutrition and dietetics at the Federal Polytechnic, Ede. Devoted and dedicated to writing, he has writing different piece featured in WRR. Was born in Ibadan but he's a Native of Ogun. He writes for change.

Ezeiyoke Chukwunonso

Ezeiyoke Chukwunonso is a poet, a storyteller and an art critic. His poems and short stories have appeared in a couple of journals and anthologies around the world: ANA Review, Ground's Ear Anthology, Future Lovecraft, Sowetan Magazine etc. His essay on literary criticism has appeared in Savvy Journal. His essay was 4th in a national essay competition organized for Nigerian undergraduates by the Nation Newspaper. He studied philosophy

Salawu Olajide Michael

Salawu Olajide Michael studied literature at English Department, Obafemi Awolowo University, Ile-Ife. His work have featured in *Stony Thursday*, an Ireland based anthology. He writes short stories and poems; He once participated in poetry collaboration between Nigeria and Zimbabwe under Society of Young Nigerian Writers.

Enwereuzor Chibuike Nnadozie

Dr. Waka'man is the pseudonym of Enwereuzor Chibuike Nnadozie. Enwereuzor is a budding writer has got a number of unpublished works in his repertoire. He lives in Port Harcourt, Nigeria.

Matthias Pantaleon

Matthias Pantaleon is a member of the Association of Nigerian Author, a contemporary poet and playwright from the Department of Mass Communication, Lagos State Polytechnic.

Moses Chibueze Opara

Moses Chibueze Opara hail from Imo State, he is a poet with hopes and dreams. He grew with his poor widowed mother. His works ring in many heart, and bullet conscience with love. His works have appeared in many anthologies. He currently lives in Abuja.

James Ademuyiwas

James Ademuyiwa was born in the family of three, graduated from Abeokuta Grammar School in 2009 and preceded for Mass Communication in 2011 at Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, Abeokuta. Looking forward to becoming a Public Relations professional.

Oyedele Abiodun Emmanuel

Oyedele Abiodun Emmanuel is the last born of the family of six; he is a creative thinker and a public speaker of the truth. He started

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Rachael Ogunmuyiwa

Rachael Ogunmuyiwa studied mass communication at Moshood Abiola Polytechnic Abeokuta

Guobadia Iyen Tosan

Guobadia IyenTosan is a talented young man who hails from Edo State and had his Bachelor Degree (Banking and Finance) from Delta State University, Abraka, Delta State. He developed the love of writing at a very tender age and he is gifted in expressing himself through poems. He has written several poems which touch various facets of humanity ranging from religion, government, love, human challenges, culture etc

Bada, Yusuf Amoo

Bada, Yusuf Amoo is a poet from Agege, Lagos. He writes to probe, correct and addresses physical and emotional captivity in the society.

A poet of objectivity and goal oriented. His poems have featured in both local and international publications such as Light and Dark International Collaboration, Society of Young Nigerian Writers, Words Rhyme and Rhythm Poetry Society Naija Stories among others.

Akande Folayemi

Akande Folayemi is a young poet hail from Oyo State. His poems have feature on social media such as poemhunters among others. He hopes to be an author and scriptwriter. He is currently a student of Mass Communication at Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, Abeokuta.

Benstowe, Fubaraibi Anari

Benstowe, Fubaraibi Anari was born on the 4th of august 1991 and hails from Grand Bonny kingdom Rivers State. Currently pursuing a Bachelor Degree in Electrical/Electronic Engineering in Niger Delta University in Bayelsa State. His works was has appeared in

the “52 Years After” and the Nigerian/Zimbabwean Silent Voices anthology

Zanele Tyutula

Zanele Tyutula was born in Umtata in the Eastern Cape, South Africa. She drew pictures as a form when she was young, and outgrew it in her teen years, that's when she started writing to express herself not knowing what she was writing, till 2001, she wrote a sad piece, that made her aware of what she is writing was actually poetry, ever since, she keeps writing.

Solomon Babatunde Sanyaolu

Solomon Babatunde Sanyaolu is a graduate of Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, Abeokuta. He is a great writer speaker and an entrepreneur. He edited different campus publications during his stay in higher institution. His article featured in Tell Magazine and other publications. He writes to educate, entertain and disseminate genuine information.

Omotayo, Yusuf Ishola

Omotayo, Yusuf Ishola studied Literature in English from Obafemi Awolowo University. He writes poems, essay, short stories and fiction

stories. He won my JAMB Story; he was shortlisted in Cassava Books Soldier of Fortune Short Story contest in 2013. His writes to educate and entertain.

Ashade, Olugbenro Paul

Ashade, Olugbenro Paul is a lover of knowledge and love to be creative, these made him dynamic. He has great interest in poetry, television and radio production and sport. He is currently a final year student at Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, Abeokuta.

Miftaudeen Olalekan Raji

Miftaudeen Olalekan Raji is a writer and an aspiring journalist. He is a communication student of Moshood Abiola Polytechnic, Abeokuta. His write ups have featured in different publications in the institutions.