



OKike

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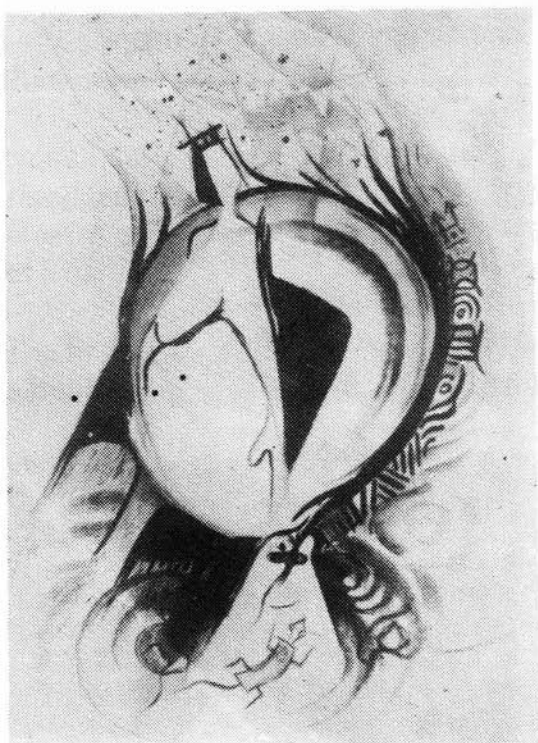
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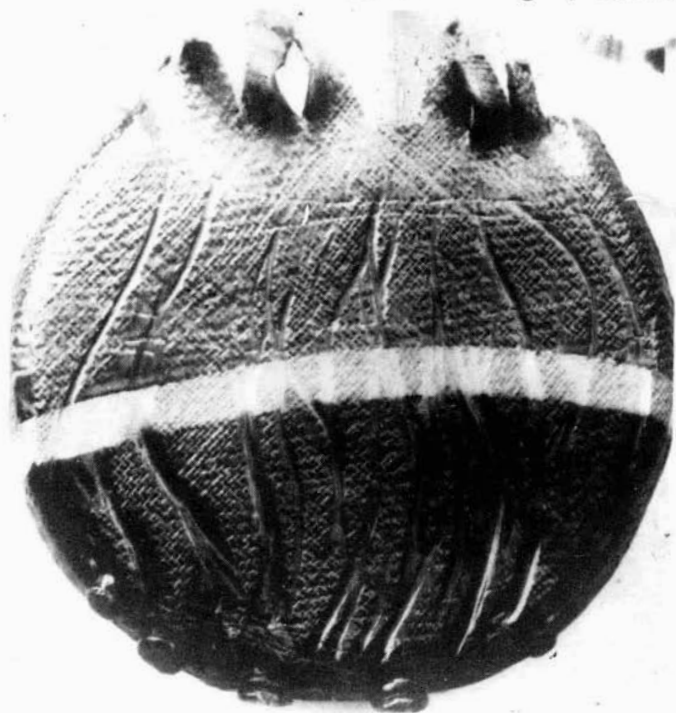
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The African woman.

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Stampede.

PATIENCE JUNE URHIAFE-ESAN

Contemplation I

Fragrances like windows of a house
emit their fullness of light.

By what divine hand
is my fragrance stirred?

Intangible as the sweetness of opium
opaque as the shroud of my aura

Pure or profane!

Not all the scents of Persia,
seasoned in practised perfumery
cloak the debauchery
of a dark pit, fouled in maggots.

The hand that nurses
a hollowed crown, in smiles, must wear

With patience, mellowed, must I my cross bear

So woman be a rose
for in your beauty is life.

Street Talk

"The eye sees not itself but by reflection"

it speaks, nativity

it is the voice of a thousand
tongues and tribes

an unlearned knower

its treasures are blood bred
mother maya's miracles

what code lies behind the littlest mole,
or greying strand?

by choice, not chance,
is the least rustle of the wind in the leaves
moulded am I, sculptured eminence
to imminent purpose

so I say, speak sister

yet speak easy
from your heart's bounty
man's only mirror for the eye.

GBENGA ODUNTAN**Jagajaga**

Fà-fùrì, Fé-fùn
 Yà-fùn, Yé-fùn
 Wéré-ni, Kò mò kàn.*

Seconds ahead hasten in terror
 Very winds herald with fervor
 Dust is raised, panic spreads
 Naked fear, manic raids
 Jagajaga comes.

Cocooned in the very existence of his mania, he gloats
 Scowling, satiated in many fears he spreads
 Appreciating instinctive recoil from the evil he breeds
 Unwitting he teaches the humility he dreads
 Jagajaga rages.

Hawker flees, fruits scatter
 Husband dashes in the gutter
 Vehicle bashes for the matter
 Terror rises, feet fast patter

*Draw from him, Scream
 Step aside from him, Dodge him
 He is deranged, he knows not.

At the very imminence of this hater
Commuters scuttle to safe distance
Jagajaga hurries.

Why every person apart from my party so normal?
He wonders
Why any person so apart from his senses?
We wonder
Jagajaga goes.

Fà-fùn, Fé-fùn
Yà-fùn, Yé-fùn
Wéré-ni, Kò mò kàn

