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ARTISTS OF NIGERIA**



POLITICAL INTERNECINE

**A Compilation Of Political Essay,
Poems And Arts Works on the just
concluded 2015 General Elections in Nigeria**

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Editor's Note

Political Internecine is a compilation of political essay, poems and art works from two upcoming writers and artists.

It also focuses on numerous issues surrounding the just concluded 2015 general elections in the country.

Political Internecine

Chukwu John David

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I woke up to the bliss of Sunday morning, a morning that foreshadowed brightness up in the sky. That morning, if it were the people of Abakaliki town, they would say it was a morning that birthed a weather of eating the mixture of *offe-akwu bangana* and white rice.

I looked up to the wall clock in my parlor and watched the time ticking as if a hungry domestic dog had pursued it. Just in time, I smelt the decent perfume of my neighbor's pot of stew. She was cooking on a tripod stand. Her name was Ngozika. She looked so slim that I wondered why she liked putting on a mini skirt instead of wearing clothes that would bring out her natural outfit. Anyway, my concern was not neither her mini skirt nor her skinny waist, but how she had managed to

prepare such a stew that got my nostrils sniffed. Just then, I remembered that my elder sister would prepare *offe-akwu bangana*. She was still making the necessary preparations.

When I had come out from my room that morning, I looked expectant. I thought that that morning was meant only for something else that had no definition. I lived in a public house where people of different behaviors lived. I had realized earlier before that public house was synonymous to animal kingdom. This was because of the reason that my neighbors behaved like domestic animals.

I was still wishing and waiting for my *offe-akwu bangana*. I had done my house chores according to my duty roaster. I learnt that duty roaster helped in executing chores in proper time. I went back to my parlor and sat down to watch the news on the TV station. I liked watching Ebonyi State's EBBS TV station. That TV station gave me accurate news and entertainment. My immediate younger sister came into the parlor, dressed for church. Her name was Ozioma. She was surprised to see me in the house, sat to watch TV programs. She thought I had gone to church.

“Emeka, what are you still doing in the house by this time of the day? I thought you were supposed to be in church by now.” She sounded as if she had eaten garnished *abatcha* and *ukpaka* the past night. I looked into her eye balls and saw the names of our church resident pastor written in bold words like the bill board I used to see while going to buy snacks for breakfast down the street where I lived.

“I don’t feel like going to church today. I can’t just explain what is happening to me now. My body system is not fine this morning,” I said reluctantly. She gazed at my forehead, her lips moving slowly. I thought she wanted to scold me, but then, she sighed and left. She swung hard the door when she left.

I could hear my mum telling her husband that she was set for church, her voice so melodious as if she was a western singer. My mum was that kind of woman that loved the things of God. She did not like to joke with her *Ankara* dress. Her skin color did remind me of that of Opera Winfrey. Her thirty-two set of teeth looked whitish and her full-bodied shape explored that of actress Ngozie Ezeonu. She had told me the other day that

Ngozie Ezeonu was her best Nollywood actress and she loved watching her movies.

That morning, she came into the parlor, her eye balls going round like a tennis ball. She seemed to be searching for nothing. She stood for some minutes, made no clattering sound and then, got seated on a sofa. A few minutes later, my dad came into the parlor. He sneezed and my mum backed it up with *ndugi*. They all looked gorgeous in their church dresses. “Honey, let’s leave. Time is no more on our side,” my dad said to her.

My mum looked at me with a kind of countenance on her face, as if to give me an award merit. I could not figure out what she was about to say, although I tried to. I looked intently at her lips. I thought she was about to tell me to go prepare for church immediately. I wanted to say something, but then, she opened up and words rushed from her large oral cavity.

“Emeka, we are leaving for church right away. You can see that you and your elder sister are the only people left in the house until we returns from church. Therefore, look after the house,” she said. I exhaled softly and looked at my dad’s dress. His shoes were

brownish and had the look of that of Italian. His plain black trouser was ironed. And his long-sleeved shirt and tie were properly neat. I bid them goodbye while they left.

News came on the TV station. A very young pretty lady was speaking. Her voice so tender that I thought she was crying. Before, I imagined watching the other side of the TV until my attention was caught. She was announcing the forthcoming Nigeria presidential election. I heard her clearly. Pictures were shown as she made announcement. She talked much about the Nigeria political internecine and how strong the opposition parties were. She had told the audience that APC rally in Lagos metropolis was like a detonation. How APC got such a mighty crowd of candidates was something mysterious. “APC presidential candidate, General Mohammed Buhari says that he will change Nigeria if only he is elected the president,” she added.

I was overwhelmed when I saw the picture of the APC presidential rally in Lagos. I guessed when PDP candidates came for presidential rally in Lagos; such a crowd had not come to welcome them. I understood

that that scenario concluded that APC was dominating Lagos.

My friend came into the parlor. His name was Obiora. “Emeka, whose candidate are you?” he asked, like a school teacher. I had not wanted to answer his question because I saw no reason to. My mouth was gummed. I had no strength to open up my mouth and let words flow.

“I support PDP.” I finally said.

“Me too, I want to vote President Jonathan for second tenor.” He said. He was handsome, and I did not think his bald head was good-looking than that of my late older uncle.

My elder sister came into the house with a pot of stew. I guessed she was done cooking *offe-akwu bangana*. I needed to eat, but with her permission. Rice was still on the fire. I felt greedy and thought I would eat alone, when my friend was gone. The pretty lady on the TV station caught my attention again. I became focused, now with my friend.

“A source reported that the 2015 Nigeria presidential election has gotten to the nerves of the resident Nigerians and Diasporas. The popular Nigerian musician, 2face Idibia, with the supports of other Nigeria patriots, have vowed and exhorted the fellow Nigerians to vote ‘free and fair election’ without destruction,” I watched the young lady on the TV station like a hunter watching to kill an antelope in the forest. Her voice was what I enjoyed most. She never knew people like us were watching her. In the end, she said that: “A very wealthy pastor that has one of the largest churches in Lagos asks the people of Nigeria to vote wisely by voting President Goodluck Ebele Jonathan, for second tenor. That he was the president after God’s heart for Nigeria.”

“Interesting!” Obiora exclaimed and jumped from the sofa. I gave out a smile.

Obiora was still talking nonsense when I tapped his broad shoulder, a signal to keep silence. The lady on the TV station continued and we listened. “It is so obvious that the 2015 Nigeria presidential election has eaten a lot of human heads. It has caused blood sharing, annihilation, intimidation, and poor economy in Nigeria,

among others. The political parties in Nigeria are in a war against themselves. Some of the inhabitants of Nigeria wishes for the nostalgia. Some has gone a long way to saying that they will not vote on the Election Day because of some undisclosed couple of reasons. Nigeria is totally in chaos. General Mohammed Buhari is zealous. President Goodluck Ebele Jonathan said he must win the second tenor. The individuals are curiously waiting for Election Day – a day that will bring peace of mind. Nigerian Democracy is said to be unappealing because of the hatred that has come along with 2015 Presidential Election. Just within the past few weeks, a very wealthy Reverend Father in Enugu metropolis said that General Mohammed Buhari is the ordained president for the Nigerians, so he should be voted. Many of Nigerian past and present State governors says: “Dear good Nigerians, vote wisely.” The NEPA ceased the power again.

Obiora stood to go home. I accompanied him outside the room and saw that the expectant sky had already shed torrential tears as rain. I could hear the wind blow slowly, whispering the name of the next Nigerian president to my ears. The cold hands of nature forced me to say it out but I refused. A few minutes

after, I went back to the parlor, looked once at the wall clock and went to the dining room to settle the presidential case with my *offe-akwu bangana*.

JUVENILE MEDITATION

They can see and feel too,
The national situation;
How the unscrupulous heads swims
Like a fish in the pool of corruption.

They can see and feel too;
How the merchant of loots
Steals their fruitful future
That belongs to them.

It will be fragile if they run
With eggs in their hands;
Through them I and myself see-off today!

Chukwu John David

NIGERIA WE HAIL THEE

Nigeria we hail thee,
Our land of natural blessings
That makes the world shiver
Like a diver in the river.

Oh Father! Let your will be done;
Our democracy is military prone.
The northern and the southern areas are
Peeping through my conscience

If I could do just a thing
Hanging my bracelets like a drowning king
Telling them the truth
After eating the bitter fruit
The make no sense;
Converting the smart to dense.

How I wish to see the man,
Who will butter our bread
The eastern and western poles are sitting on my head.
When will they stop chanting fallacy?

Niger-area we hail thee.

Chukwu John David

ARTWORKS



