

**A PUBLICATION OF NIGERIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS  
AND  
SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS**

# **SONGS OF HOPE**

**Compilation Of Poetic Thoughts Of Upcoming Writers  
On Various Issues Affecting The Country**

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### **EDITOR'S NOTE**

Songs of Hope is a compilation of poetic thoughts of young poets between the ages of 18 and 35. It tells about their plights, their aims for the country and other day to day issues bothering their minds.

## ARISE NAIJA

Faceless

Cloaked

Shrouded in obscurity

With deeds so evil

That evil seems too good a description

With qualities so un-ghost like

Yet they disappear into thin air

Sneaking about with their quilt of death

The dark quilt wound tight around their neck

Consuming them with so much hate

On their fatherland they have become a terror

Conveying news of tears, sadness, and sorrow

Snatching babies from their mother's breasts

Beheading the head as he seeks his daily bread

Crossing the innocent on their paths to seek knowledge

Making a burnt carcass of schools

Once filled with life, hope, and tomorrows

Bringing a nation to her knees

Making questionable leaders seem even more clueless

It's such a shame

I cry for my motherland!

My people have no water, live in darkness, yet they  
thread along

My people have no food, no motorable paths, yet they  
thread along

Push my people to the wall

And they hide in it

Murmuring sounds ego better, it is well, God dey

Arise o people

Of a land filled with plenty

Arise o people

And take your right

Your right to peace

Your right to growth

Your right to a tomorrow

Arise, o people of Naija

**Adejoke Ajibade-Bakare**



## HEROES UNNAMED

Faced down

The burnt innocent faced down

Buried deep and looking on

Backing the harsh cruelty

Of the rising reality

Amidst dark laughter

Of shiny round cheeks

Filled,

With the flesh of the unnamed

With dead lives brought to an halt

While wondering, what is going on?

Naïve to the horrors

Cupful of which stole into their chambers

Leaving trails unfathomable

Trails yet to take shape

In the minds of the spectators

Yes, spectators

That's what it's rounded up to

As they walk gracefully in shame

Backs straight in denial  
Raising glasses of fruit-wine in cocktail parties  
A toast to esu  
Though they drink to the redness of their glasses  
Yes, its redness  
Spilling out with blood of the unnamed  
The unnamed heroes that had a tomorrow  
A tomorrow that was yet to come  
A tomorrow that never will come

**Adejoke Ajibade-Bakare**

## **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*

## **THE SUDDEN TURBULENCE**

Great Nation, Nigeria  
Land of greener pasture,  
Great land of Agriculture,  
Land of promise to the blacks,  
Great soil with stupendous resources,  
When fragile, Agile man you got  
Who brought to you fame with freedom,  
Happy as ever, tranquil forever.

Suddenly it comes like erosion,  
Washing the surface of our soil,  
Bringing new phase to the soil,  
Peace becoming story of the past,  
Fear in our heart we walk,  
Like days of our fore father,  
When freedom is not by our side.

What a sad situation,  
Our girl's captured in our present,  
Away without our permission,  
Isn't our past coming to present,

Like days of our father during slave trade?  
What's becoming of our freedom?  
Isn't that threatening of our peace?

And again, come's an august visitor,  
Visiting like an electricity,  
With the code "Touch & die"  
With it's dreadful act many are gone,  
Many are gone to land eternal,  
Leaving the infected living like dead being,  
With great fear we pray it didn't come,  
Knocking on our door to visit.

We cry, we wail, we lament,  
Our Good, peaceful land we cry for,  
I know, I'm sure, we will be free,  
Free from the fussion of this failure.

**Oyebade Monsurat**

## HOPE AGAINST HOPE

If the horrified wind reverberate

And the sky made sour tears

Why cat's in hot

Wealth under shade

Cat hope spring external

Even cat's on its own

When cat has nay extra leaf

Though cat must way the cookie crumble

But there is more than one way to skin a cat

Exhale and inhale is mandatory

We and its need it

Arms to arms to refuse

In the freezed world

On the queue for million years

If we wipe cat out

It will wish we wealth

Even if its kiss the dust

Hope of maggot waiting  
Paradise with realm hopes  
**Yakub Morufat**

## STAGE OF HOPELESSNESS

It was not much as I sing  
Living with a heart nothing to feel it ring  
Showing much pain in our heart it stink  
Can we still leave on the earths that sink?

Crying out to world we live  
Thinking can our life strain take it leave?  
We stood erect like a shadow of a leaf  
But all we want is to have a life

Having care on much of non accountability  
Knowing nothing but to die on disability  
Care to their thinking that we never be ability  
But we touch our heart with sour of prosperity

Can we still see our rendezvous?  
When our renegade has nothing to render  
Our fear grew in dynast when renew  
Showing the act of nothing new

Our pension is decline  
Can our love still be in claim?  
We move from east to west we see no calm  
North to south see no love but torn kameez.

Our live appears in harbour  
Eat and talk with labour  
Find no quel qu'un as a neighbour  
But you use us as your Labrador

We have not known our pace  
Showing the way it takes  
Care without the word of peace  
Our living is full with mistakes

Our living is not yet specify  
When our heart as been terrify  
Shelter is not still purify  
Due to our tummy that is not satisfy

Can our right be claim?  
When you charge us as your uriporn

With the hunch of a camel  
It seems we will be discharge from urchin

The daylight will approach  
When the sun arose  
Our voice takes an echo  
We see ourselves as Enoch

Can we still exist?  
When our right is resist  
In the next phase we will live  
And dance with a new life.

**Oyebade Monsurat**

## **CHAMPION OF CORRUPTANT**

Oh! the Black giant of Africa  
Crying for her wonderful country  
The Black cries aloud in the street  
On the top of the walls she cries out

How long would we suffer of corruption?

The corrupt champion of the economy  
At the entrance of the gate she cries out  
Bring back our rules  
Sweet autumn!!!  
Loviest of corruption  
Position occupant and enemies of services

The white fox!  
Coming to Africa  
Killing the crowns of my country  
Officers loafers in service at the market she raises her  
voice  
Fighting like being in a non-stop war  
The able bodied men on the street

Corruption being removed

Oh! what a mockery of justice!

What a name you are?

Corruption making the people suffer

Running for power, killing the innocent

May I offer my gift?

Giant of our economy

Corrupting the soul of the great land of paradise

Gain and loss walking like able brothers

Taking our wealth, killing the poor

How tremendous are you?

Corrupting and embezzlement of our wonderful country

**Oisamaye Victoria Yeni**

## **SHOULD THE CHIBOK GIRLS RETURN!**

I hear the shrilling cry of the Chibok girls,  
Abducted in the dead of the night.  
From their beds taken captive,  
Forced hurriedly into moving vans.  
I feel the panting of their hearts,  
I hear their voices faintly saying,  
One to another,  
"Let's make for ourselves an escape",  
The voice of consolation again I hear,  
Saying, "let's await our Nation dear"  
I feel the rising of their pulses,  
Long drawn faces and shattered expectations.  
Thirty days in endless wait,  
For National response.  
Can we now imagine?  
The event that ensured,  
Forced child labour,  
And persistent rape do their captors indulge.  
Amid sobs, weeping and wailing,  
Cursing and gnashing of teeth.

I see hearts rend in shreds,  
Unable to ever mend.  
And then a shoddy video clip,  
To disabuse our minds.  
In which we see forced smiles,  
Behind which lies tortured minds.  
Under the veils worn,  
Are scars! untold,  
Imprinted on them with the horse whip.  
What a way to treat girls!  
Should the Chibok girls return?  
What should we expect?  
And so to your heart I turn,  
Hmmm,  
I see stigmatization roving around,  
Awaiting the return of the Chibok girls,  
I see a nation filled with suspicion,  
Discrimination and a lukewarm reception.  
In Friendship, in trust and love.  
And even in marriage for the Chibok girls.  
How ready are we to have them back,  
And heal their broken spirit?

For I fear, that! re- integration,  
May never easily come.  
And unto the girls again I turn,  
Beholding hearts burning with fury.  
Which for days, have never been merry.  
I see hearts engrave in bitterness,  
Bitterness for a failing system.  
I see hate for humanity,  
A people determined to revenge,  
And attempt, the suicide of their own soul.  
I also see girls having the fear of the same fate,  
Of a journey they never prepared for.

**ARISE! NIGERIA !**

And bring back! our girls.