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SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS
AND
WRITERS AND ARTISTS AGAINST
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WHY EBOLA?

**A Collection of Poetic thoughts of Young Nigerian Poets
on Ebola**

**Compiled and Edited By:
Wole Adedoyin**

EDITOR'S NOTE

This publication is a special issue on the deadly disease. It contains the poetic thoughts and description of the disease and the various havocs it has wrought across the globe by our contributors.

WHY EBOLA?

Away from my worries on a cool, breezy evening,
I cherished the awe of the skies as I gazed at it's naked
beauty.

The radiance of the sun struck my eyes with a sheen
attraction.

My troubles were for a moment, put at ease;
As I watched the birds perform colourful parades in an
endearing fashion.

Then again, my eyes were drawn to its attraction
Alas...it was to be, this time- a destructive attraction.

The sun I once admired appeared to have lost it's
friendliness

Or maybe, had spotted an impurity in me
That it towered it's intensity to a height the regulators in
my body
could not control.

In my belly, were soldiers; dancing and chanting;

To a tune the antennas of my ears could not fathom.
I soon began to suffer from their queemliness;
As I was hitherto, weakened by their unending
expulsions.

Then I turned to the skies I so cherished
But it's redness were as if, a trap of blindness for my
wanting eye-balls.
Soon, my eyes were drawn to it's nakedness;
Droplets of red-sticky-liquid that lay bare on the floor.

First, I could feel the pain....and then, I saw.
Behold, it was blood gushing out from the inside of me
And it spilled to the outer-side;
A sight the gatekeepers of my eyelids couldn't contain.
I tried to scream to the heavens but the batteries of my
cells had all drained.
The ship of faith, sunk in an ocean of hopeless fate.

Then, my eyes opened before a man...
A man- who was clothed in white;
From the first strand of his hair, to the tenderest of his

toe nails.

His perfume spread an odour of hope

And his robe; a filter of sweetness.

But no! That man.....

He told me all I never wanted to hear;

His course was a path to the Devil's gate.

A prophet of doom; in his hand was a paper.

It was sparkling white but it's content- darkest-black.

And then I beheld.....

Lo, Doom's gate flung open before my very eyes;

And in my hand was a first-class ticket to greet Hell.

Alas, It was all to confirm my fears,

And my rhetorics were soaked in a stream of unending
tears:

"Oh Lord, why me?...why me?...why EBOLA?!"

How soon, shall I kiss the earth good bye."

WHY EBOLA? (2)

I watched the tears rain down his watered cheeks;
Watched him quaver in despondence.
His trembling lips longed for a comforting kiss;
But all it got were bittered tablets

Staggering hopes were a tell of his fate;
A spell of unending tribulation his belly did paint.
Oozing out of his brain were condensed flames that clad
his skull.
Not battered, yet he bled like an escapee from the war of
Amagedon.

My eyes were gutted in the ditch of his agony
And my mouth- drunken with dumbness and uncertainty.
My hold on hope, I tried not to infest
But at another look at him, hope's sturdy chord bent.

I tried all to rescue him,
But how much to save a man who looked destined for

eternity?

Then, they soon arrived- his other two offsprings
But their arrival seemed a poisonous concussion to papa

With my palms clothed in barely naked skin,
I wiped the spits of blood and agonizing tears off his
chin.

The other two? Yeah, they did too;
We all took turns caressing the weakened musketeer.

Was it my fault that I brought him in too?
I knew papa wouldn't have quarried; nor the other two
"Man of God", I could remember papa called him that.
But this time, the God in him wasn't fierce enough to
quench the fiery dart.

Aargh...papa! He finally gave in.
Tears poured out as the clouds set in.
The physicians looked clueless; the cause nobody
knows.
Some others would say- blame it on the mosquitoes

At the final test, it was all revealed.
Papa was gone but his stings would last even more.
We all will now be- casualties of this ignorance;
Arrested to safety, seeking a refuge.

If only we could envisage all from the beginning,
Perhaps, those letters would have made an easier puzzle.
But now we cry, for now we know who it was.
Even as we wonder why it has to be EBOLA, we know
that we shan't go
the way of papa.

Njoku Chidubem Joseph

THE LIFE OF EBOLA

I am a trailer that collides
With living dead bodies.
My cure in man
Doesn't want to claim Ebola
But Ebola claims me
I hate the curtain
Of cutting cumulonimbus cloud
And Ebola a friend;
Does starve in heat.
People don't like...
Maybe much microscopic to serve them
People don't claim me as their child
Maybe because I don't have legs
But, I run to welcome clans through fluid.

I mosquito in a journey of survival
No jungle sight
In eyes of day
The struggle of night
Give governance way

The jail of chicken
Like to live the life of chicken
For a free flesh not to be thickened
Like a nigh swollen
Eyes of a dead in a sea cooked
Turning eyes, making its seems falling
But my friend Ebola
Always on a journey of work
To claim families and friends
Still many of all reject me
They don't, never, wish to come my way
Maybe they don't have eyes to see me
But I can surely see them
Like a bat see the night
And smell the day
And the legs of earth seem perfect.

I am indeed a little vampire
That goes around for fluid in man
In mosquitoes village
Is whining sound
But killing horn of a caterpillar

Hands drum air
Legs in China
Body turns passage
Like mobile sea found
Tiding along with its pillar
Like a night touch of hair
With a beautiful hewn manner
To make a mouth of letters
And sighting my victim
As if a car eats their body
But Ebola a friend
For its love
Hold legs and other senses to itself
And multiples its love
Severe several times for the body.

I mosquito writes letter on colleagues
With pencil
Be that to always remember me
Not to have a memory of pain
For living without telling
For I may go and come back

And some may not even know me
But my friend Ebola
Has never left a once a friend
For its love
Is like a snail that never departs its shell
For the history of notice
To note the second birthmark
In fact, I mourn at a tiny grave
To see who's next.
I forcefully see, show love to somebody
And I don't exist because of nobody.

I am not a new born superman
Send to a few to survive
From a friend
That's more powerful than me
Maybe Ebola a friend of mine
Is an offspring or a cell drop of –
A big mosquito
But not my mother
In fact, I senior Ebola

I mosquito hates Ebola claiming
My atmosphere
Because it takes my customer in whole
While I don't claim a full of a part
And I tell my customers
To pursue Ebola by avoiding its paths
Killing its thick soul with time
In other for it to starve to death.

Lawal Jimoh

WHAT HAPPENS

In a corridor of wisdom,
Thought gains freedom
Not like sign of tomorrow
Is to leaving on sorrow.

In an action of possibilities,
Precaution is affordable
For many sense of realities
Is to keep what's capable.

In a hearty heart of health,
Happiness is really wealth
Not like in a state of worth
But in possession is forth.

In a power of word that makes man comely.
Information is really beauteous goodness
Not like in the state of being raining finely,
But in the success of bounteous calmness.

In a medicine of poetry pieced peace pleases
Cure on a rope, to cope to hope that (t)eases
Not only love on interval of time some do care
But in a count of a ceased smile runs to share.

In a cleanliness of love is satisfaction of all:
For the tranquility of humanity is a press,
For the resolution of success to give a call,
Is like no harm, no time of all time dress.

Lawal Jimoh

IS EBOLA REAL?

Is Ebola real?

Thought it was an assumption

Till that conception fell to annihilation

When it took a friend as meal

Is Ebola real?

It's as real as death

Fears no one with breath

Within days, it's victim adorns the death seal

Is Ebola real?

Yea, it can be contacted

But like others, it can also be prevented

In both cases, wisdom is needed in great deal

Oku-ola Paul Abiola (pauldesimple)

I BESEECH YOU

By the power of salt and water

I beseech you, o Ebola

Depart from my nation

Yesterday it was bitter kola

That went viral and costlier

Till we realized the impotency of its power

I beseech you, o Ebola

Depart from my nation

Tomorrow, it may be sugar

With palm oil as pasta

And Aloe Vera as lotion

Your presence beget confusion

In my beloved nation

I beseech you o Ebola

Depart from my nation

Oku-ola Paul Abiola (pauldesimple)

EBOLA

I am Ebola
Coming and going
Like Abiku
In vain is all their quarantine
To no purpose is all their isolation
And medication

I am Ebola
Whoever plays with me
Toys with his life
Like the old Dragon
Shall vomit blood

I am Ebola
I know no boundary
Unlike humanbeings
I don't discriminate
Touch me
I will touch you

I am Ebola
Who are you buying
Those drugs for?
I'm untouchable

Okehie Henry