

Poetry Series

**Smart Endurance Abavo**  
**- poems -**

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## Smart Endurance Abavo()

Smart Endurance Abavo is a young man who has great passion for investing in people's minds. He is a novelist, poet, essayist, music lover, educator and motivational orator. Born in the early 90s into a Christian family of two, Smart Abavo, who hails from Delta State has written several poems and other motivational works. Smart is a member of Ruphem Publications Network (a youth organisation with the primary aim of investing in the mind of the populace) , and co-producer of the popular annual seminar tagged 'Ruphem Youth Summit'. Based in Lagos but studies at the University of Benin, Smart, as he is popularly called is an icon of excellence full of creativity and endowed with nature's greatest gift to mankind (writing) . His 16-line poem 'The Indispensable Guest' won the award for the best poem of April 2014; an award given by Words Rhymes and Rhythm. Email address: smartabavo@.

# Her Wealth, Honour, And Pride

She's a beauty, behold her! The princess and giantess of Africa  
She has it, she flaunts it, careless of her loss of stamina  
Her eye lashes are firm, long, like uprooted cassava sticks  
When her hair stares, combed or uncombed, you can't just but pick  
Suckle if you like; her breasts remain erect, filled with black gold  
Her curvy hips, sexy, broad, as though securing limestone so cold

But alas! She sells her body for peanuts and then starves  
Her hips are now broken into two unequal halves  
Punctured in the navel, she releases gold and gets on with plastic  
Tortured by her crown, she's missing her heroes! If only she were elastic...  
Somebody, help! Her rams – 'bokoed'; her farms too – 'bokoed'  
How will she eat red, red cassava, maize, and cocoa?  
With her oily feet burnt like timber before her own eyes  
She stands crude, nude, having honour and glory in disguise  
She's lost all but peace- her friend and greatest enemy  
Her Niger and Benue frown at each other- oh, what matrimony!  
She has neither sun nor moon: all but lost in the bloody flood  
Her stars in Yobe and Borno shed heavy tears of infant blood

Her Saviours come to kill, to steal, and to destroy  
They kiss her lips; whip her hips, and act so coy  
Although she's hapless, not homeless; helpless, not hopeless  
Her countenance depicts life in death, and joy in sadness  
At her centenary, give her not guns or swords, but a pen  
With which she'd rise again, even stronger than ten men!

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# The Indispensable Guest

After the hasty departure of our quivery guest  
We buckled buckets- bedlam, in a waterfest  
Rain-sourced boreholes frowned at the innocent queue  
That curved and curved till it drew letter Q  
Masters bothered yet helpless as scarcity knocked  
Leaving every hostel steamless and seemingly locked

We held our breath, six days, nothing handsome  
As deep darkness held our sight and might to ransom  
Lamp and phone chargers were our necklaces from villa A to B:  
We sought alternative sources of life but none did we see  
With rumpled robes we paraded Ekosodin  
As the bosses weren't done with the 'power-holding'  
Our thoughts were being championed to return lost glory  
But, hurray! That has now become a tragi-comic story.  
UP NEPA! ! !

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