

Poetry Series

Abdulazeez Garba

- poems -



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Abdulazeez Garba()

Abdulazeez Garba is a Nigerian criminologist, poet and storywriter with a distinguished background in education and research. He obtained the Nigeria Certificate in Education in English and Social Studies, earned a Bachelor of Science in Criminology and Security Studies and is presently undertaking a Master of Science in Criminology at the University of Abuja.

His research interests include urban violence, youth and juvenile offending, crime prevention and public perceptions of criminal activities. He has contributed to national research initiatives and has published scholarly articles, including a study on public perceptions of crime and criminal activities in Abuja Municipal Area Council.

In addition to his academic work, Abdulazeez is an accomplished poet whose writings reflect his deep engagement with criminological themes. His poems, such as Truthful Lies, Sufferness and Women Migration, examine crime, criminal behaviour and their broader social consequences.

He holds membership in the Nigeria Society for Criminology and the National Association of Criminologists and Security Practitioners of Nigeria. Through both his academic and literary contributions, he is dedicated to advancing criminological knowledge, encouraging critical discourse and promoting social reform.

War On Fertile Ground

Beneath the lake, in Gray-town's hollow,
A fertile field once breathed and grew
A place of plenty, whispered immortality,
Where no grave ever took root.

It sounded so nice,
Yet sad to see:
Pain and sorrow are strewn across the world,
Colonies and states come to pass.

Oh! An agent of obliteration
Booms that answer with no joy,
Force without the mercy of love,
Massacre made holy by the gun

Children learn the boom of guns:
Able-bodied men become disabled,
The elderly's death comes so fast,
Women die before their time.

A silent crack: lousy and dangerous
Threats that rot and stain the soul.
Life abused, the natural world undone:
Good things felled by darker hands.

Felonies become the excuse for war,
Simple offences, misdemeanours now legal,
Laws and crimes blur and harden,
Survival of the fittest reigns in the land.

Oh war! What a wicked germ!
Let us stand firm,
And kill the term.

Abdulazeez Garba

Face

The face we wear, a facade of deceit
Concealing what lies beneath our feet
A mask to hide the truth we fear
And mask the pain that's always near

Faces that lie, as fate unfolds
Crumbling beneath the weight of old
Scorched by the fire, can't you see?
It's a symphony of tragic glee

Don't be fooled by appearances
Trust in the wisdom of your peers
The face you show, it guides your path
Use your heart and not just your math

Our lives and past, a tale of illusion
Don't let the devil's hand be the fusion
Our forefathers fought for what's right
But we've chosen a different fight.

Abdulazeez Garba

Truthful Lies

Empty promises with gasconade,
Eating the nation's papers with exultation.
Assemble to make laws,
Dissemble to violate natural rights.
Indeed, politics is worthless.

False promises and artificial truths,
Fake empathy and fraudulent sympathy.
Alleging service before the people,
Yet it is enterprise and nepotism.
Indeed, politics is worthless.

Phony characters lie unchallenged,
The real Obara with his false truths.
Crown one another with different stars,
Yet Jaguda heads white-collar cons.
Indeed, politics is worthless.

Coming in, going out,
Folks seek justice,
Falling into the deep oasis of truthful lies.
Bogus politics obsessed with power and position,
Indeed, politics is worthless.

Power stays with time,
Either leave or vanish.
Its existence is to make truthful lies.
Indeed, politics is worthless;
Power makes it worthy.

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