

Poetry Series

Haruna Garba
- poems -

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Haruna Garba(February 12,1958)

Been a teacher since 1977. Bsc Ed Chemistry graduate from University of Maiduguri, Nigeria. Taught Mathematics and Chemistry.

A Challenge

You must consign to
Boy or girl
A baby once born
You are conscripted
By the belligerent world

You ought to be willing
Boy or girl
A baby once born
To stir to the reveilles' tune
Aged prophesy
Aggression would be so in use
That no space would be spared
On the frame of the heavenly ship
So long as the atmosphere attires it

Baby, you can't be a cobble stone
Therefore, shed your cuffs so early
Hence, embellish your shins with putties
And with the oddity of helmet
Accustom yourselves

Obsessed be not, with toys
But rather be engaged
In targeting work

Be creative
As it will embolden you
And only the bold toys with the world
Therefore be
Some challenge squarely awaits you
A sure thing
The world is an elderly place
In competitive mood
Home of hazardous potentials
A dynamite- its scenes
Galleries of mischievous crafts
With a pulse that will last
Until the Isra'il's trump

The trump of her doom

Haruna Garba

A Clown Is No Fool

Here were they sat before the returned tourist
Here were they listening to the tales of abroad
Friends, relatives and the paupers of the land
By and large, yes men to tales of the Big shot
Amen men to the spouting yarns of the Hotshot

Amazing! So began big shot fresh from world tour
You need go touring the world
To find out how the more wonderful it is
Cocks, as a matter of comparing, across seas
I saw many of the size of ostrich

Mute, mute still they were, all the yes men
But he was reckoning without the clown
Who went in to body-scratching act

Review! My lord, review sir! So said the clown

Well, come to think of it, said the Big shot
Overseas, I had seen a cock size of Billy-goat's

Appraisal! My lord, appraise sir! So said the clown

Now furious, the tycoon restating, asked
If anyone else would again contradict his last claim
That overseas, there exists a cock canary-size

Haruna Garba

A Nominal Pillow

They can't blend without it
Here and there yet a few do
A lot feel so uneasy without it
Neck-supporting pillow unfelt
Stuffy mattress steals it all
Man made mind seems to win
Holy words only second place
Most which the words do ban
Them ego gives the go ahead
So the words lack substance

Haruna Garba

A Song In Exile

Maroon me
In to the hideous jungle toss me
Yet I will be there with my entire throat
To matter to myself
How incongruous things are
Till indite I, a song of the deaf

So hurl me
In exile, out let me eat my heart
Maroon me
In to the horrific island, off butt me
Yet I will be there with my entire throat
To grumble to myself
How prosaic things are
Till I compose some monody
Sequester me
In solitary, out, let me eat my heart

Maroon me
In to the awesome heather, dump me
And as my little tongue remains untied
At least I can mutter a song
That will awake the out spoken dozer
Who has the other bug piece
Attached to his ear
Mine the whispering part
And the lead, with the air dissolved

Some song crazy birds will drill themselves
Of the songs of the marooned nuts
Which will again fall
In to the ears of wandering skylarks
Out on picnic

Soon, so soon
My new solos will reach
The silenced, hushed up ears of the cities
For ultimately, the skylarks will come home
Cruising, trilling, harping

On the new notes of the marooned nuts

So maroon me

Sure, it doesn't irk me

Haruna Garba

Acacia Tree

Dear Deer mice,
Not you alone can hibernate
such awhile, dead to the world-
the sweet wet season can, as well.

Dear stork,
Not you alone does migrate
such awhile, to give haze a chance-
the embroiderer season also does

Now all these,
where then does the wet season dwell
during its long hibernation feat

Haruna Garba

Accursed Rabbit

Me with a den gun
A friend with one
Neck of the woods we were
After rabbits that lived wild
Shrub after shrub
No rabbits to be found
Not until at the verge of giving up
Then suddenly appeared one

He at the fore
Me at the heel
A few meters separating us-
A little janglers' trick
And here came this rabbit
Here he came blindly towards our line

My friend raised his gun
Gaaa...gaaaaaa....! He shouted
Gaaa...gaaa...., not a trigger pulled
Not until the rabbit had passed
And passed between his legs
Then baaaaang went off his gun
Gun let off the opposite side
GAME! He finally uttered
And I who was to him giving a covering
Tossed away my gun
Sprawled myself on the ground
And hooted with the laughter of my days

Just then the rabbit came upon me
And as he was crossing my chest
I urged him on and cursed
Cursed him for disturbing my fun

Haruna Garba

Adolf

Adolf resounds when it is recalled
Not clear he turned such a rogue
Hunters' pursuits perhaps did it
What an expansive net that was!
Earth's fingers clang to strings
Superiors packed puppies in blocs
Africans aboard as colonial chorus
America had'een itching for a test
At Hiroshima it finally took the pill
And Adolf who once had a dream
Lost his great self in the nondescript
But even if that episode hadn't been
Berlin was be to what it is today
But pride and prejudice took hold

Haruna Garba

Adulterants In The League

Any viable initiative they abhor
All it will certainly maim them
Unpopular render its type does
So they want which is different
Card sharpers shuffling do like
Reshuffling makes the trick stick
Not a single say on being duped

Check and balance just a front
Mere clog in the wheel of sooth
Handy Siameses and pekineses
And these they will all let loose
To bark, to mew in dogged way
Caesar be rid for the general good

Haruna Garba

Africa Awake

Arise O Africa
And shake off thy nonchalance
Kites are missing
Missing are eagles
Why don't you sound alarum gong?

Arise O Africa
And purge your indifference
Carpenter ants are almost extinct
Extinct almost are hawks
Why don't you sound alarum bell?

Arise O Africa
And rid yourself of detachment
Rabbits are now rare sights
Rare, becoming are antelopes
Why don't you sound alarum flute?

Arise O Africa
And rid yourself of dispassion
Displaced are gourdwares
Gone are jute and sisal ropes
Why don't you sound alarum tambourine?

Haruna Garba

Air Defence System

Scattered like scorpions across the terrains
That really is what you have land-wise
And as when the rain has flooded their home
Ants-like, they'd hold the air to ransom
Here are fireflies with hidden furnace!
Intermingling, jerking like rattled ants
The horned beetles make manoeuvres
How beautiful goes the fireworks!
Trajectory could be wonderfully deadly
The grounders are no poor man's stuff
And neither are the fliers themselves
Money all wrapped in fire sneezing shells
One match matched to another match

Haruna Garba

All Paws In The Gravy

Bottoms used to padded seats
Sides groomed to sleep on air
It is back to the helm or sink
Is as it is with the captains
It is death without their cuts

Vast windows with cute seaview
Polished walls with oil paintings,
It is back to the helm or sink
Is as it is with the captains
It is death without their takes.

Horn glasses often pushed up
Looks deliberately deadpanned,
I t is back to the helm or sink
Is as it is with the captains
It is death without their dish out

Spoons shoveling best of meals
Out in a tuxedo into a maserati,
I t is back to the helm or sink
Is as it is with the captains
It is death without their odd rations

Haruna Garba

Alone The Veterans Deserve Flowers

A germ of idea.
Yea, a real germ!
Nay, a virus!
When conceived?
How conceived?
Why conceived?
All these beat me
and when born,
christened it was
first in miniature chorus
to grow to a podium size
only to encompass me later
I, who wouldn't offer blood sacrifice.

Why should I care
to board train of unceremonious end
where only the armed dead
are to enjoy veteran status-
the old, the minors and women
to be left to the tides.
This now is the living veteran's story
which I unfold with a drooping mouth
hanging from an almost starving shabby being.

Haruna Garba

Away With Your Hunt

A boy brought home a hunt
Hunt of beautiful dame
Dame with bile in the gut
Sustained after a messy meal

Even as they walked
The innards were at brawl
With wind building tumultuous
And as they arrived
He stood her in the lobby
He should explore the quiet of the house
But he wasn't to know
His old man was in the dark lobby

So after a little while
The girl let loose a strong fart
And to herself she said
Thank God I am finally relieved

Hey son! Barked the old
Please come back and relieve me too
Of this your tummy troubled hunt

Haruna Garba

Back To Mother Earth

I know a forest man when I see one
So do I, when I hold on to a Savannah one
But what I see is an Asian
Chinese Japanese or Korean
Alone in America I see different things
You East you West
What could the matter be with all? -
Koreans in suicidal distrust
You North, you South
What could the matter be with all? -
Nigerians in suicidal mistrust

Superhydraulic action
And there was just this
Panthalassa always has it
The superocean tears Gondwana apart
Eurasian tail once Arabianland
Or Arabia under a roof with Eurasia

It breaks Pandaea apart
South America once south Africa
Or south Africa, south Americas second leg

Shall we go back to Gondwana the mother earth?
And this, we just cant do
When nature flexes her iron muscles,
All the people go with it
All the nations are falling apart
And all the tiny patches dream of breaking apart
She will mass up again
The dismantling pandea will amass again
And might be, people will sing together
Only then and not before
But where would we be when it does?

Haruna Garba

Backfire

Single philosophy fixes the trick
that one needs a doyen to thrive
and in search of one, the fox emerges
with none to believe he could be a ware
marketable on high bid in world mart
Then just as the string is being pulled,
the flocks often get out of hand.
Monkeying here, goating there
Assault here, another there-
casual assaults uncalled for
and blame, the doyen has to take
be it so heavy as to break a pen

Haruna Garba

Bee Venom

Colony of wonder
with seventy soldiers
and thirty workers
surrounding a great Queen.
Wonderful colony
of most ideal brotherhood
where one clings to another
swarming, flocking together in to globe
getting airborne in a single regiment.
What defeats the world
has its secret stashed in thee-
thy venom does terminate the pulse of AIDS

Haruna Garba

Belittlers

Born of chicken counters
Groomed on chicken counting
Chicken counters shall they bear-
Breeds dreaming bleakly of utopia

Baited by born belittlers
Imbibed of indiscriminate belittling
Belittlers sure shall they spawn-
Greedy breeds inhabiting the town

Eggs of fault finders
Hatched and reared as such
Fault finding sure will run the blood-
Discontentment in filthy, sordid flood

Born of chicken feeders
Tailored on chicken feeding
Chicken feeders should my breed be-
Modest kids, fancy-free

Haruna Garba

Better, Busy

One moment a call
Another one a buzz
That is how I live
Telephone the vain of my life

One moment building shelter
Another one tilling the soil
That is how I live
Family chores, the ball on my foot

One moment haggling
Another one calling it a deal
That is how I live
Swapping, the shackles on my ankle
s

One moment driving,
another one servicing
That is how I live
Haulage, the foreign body in my sock

One moment some headache
Another, the ulcers of my life
But it's better to be busy
Than a sleeper without a dime

Haruna Garba

Big Uncles Stay Alive

We only flood the streets
The able-bodied workforce
Only we deluge it
Inviting the wrath of the guards

We only man the frontline
The muscular workforce
Only we take to it
Risking fire from any side

They never show up
No they don't
And they never will
Once it is a precarious thing

They perform in a hall
With no foot to be dragged
And so they live
Aloof uncles safe and good

Uncles protected not the veterans
Their victories not yours
The triumphs you aren't there to share
Not even the initial celebration itself
Those who bear the cost won't be there
When the reward will be reaped

Haruna Garba

Biological Clock

From the infinite cosmos it all began
this music for cyclic-maiden-dance-
Jupiter with jazz, Pluto with a flute
Saturn with saxophone, Mars with mandolin
Neptune with Ney, Venus with violin
and the earth full of air, with an Erhu.

From the infinite cosmos it all began
this music for gyrate-gyrate maiden dance-
In which the planets tread their own
and here, where the denizens brisk in breeze
take it in to their percipient heads to follow suit
So timely:
day relieves night,
the flora sheds its leaves,
womb purges its wastes,
sleep soothes its strains,
winter cools down its summer
and the rain satiates its drought.

Haruna Garba

Bone Marrow

Ben breaks barbecued bird's bone
He sucks the sap and slyly sups
The debris, in a fissure, he binds

If marrow shall lie in a furrow so narrow
Little sucking will settle the stalemate
Good thing that goo, many so call

Ask your slick self this quasi quest:
Where's the harbor of foods' invisible sidekicks?

Haruna Garba

Brutal Norman

Norman, veteran, the royal dog
No bow, no arrows, armor, none
You could well liken him to a shell
For much as a down pour could be,
His build isn't really the soaking type
This rebel could be deaf to the king

An errand, ere they caught up with me
A horse to take- Norman's true words
But here you're many miles quite away
And knowing Norman a typical pauper,
I wondered where it was coming from
How come? So I frantically asked
On the celebrity of your adored music,
The Duke was considering to supplement
So were the Baron, Viscount and the Earl
But all this was sadly a naughty lie
It was all deceptive hunt for a free tune
They utterly wanted to play the sheep
Eye-work without a single dime to give

Here I was, before the Baron and the Duke
And they discussed the matter when I left
That his pay off be a horse, funny enough
And quite extra ordinary from Norman
Well let him give out, is no skin off my nose
Funny, coming from a sad classroom rat
So that had ended all hopes for a support

But I the singer swore, I had to have it
Come burglary, come robbing, I had to
so Norman began to polish talismans
To go robbing was the only way out

Stop it, so I the singer finally told him
Can't take to robbing because of me
But here's what you should rather do
And the horse was certain to come up
Use the noon wind of the winter time

Set fire at the eastern fringe of the village
Here where a wall is absent only thatch
Good ideo Norman with pleasure, said

As luck would have it, strong wind sprang
And Norman gathered red coals at home
But women nearby raised terrible alarm:
Duke, help! Norman is a threat
And here was the Duke out crown bereft
No King can afford to mince his steps
Especially when disaster threatens his hold

Haruna Garba

Burning Fires

Some with blazing blowtorches
Others with burning splinters
Some with burning matches
Others with fiery tongues
All seeking for any jetting cylinder mouth:
Oozing gas must have no chance to diffuse

Flame here, another there
Every lighter thinking nothing of it
But should everywhere go flaming
Flamingos themselves won't be spared

Haruna Garba

Call To Secession

They come soonest to excel
Not even as aliens after all
They come servile to their own
And soon each grows a paunch

They come in a day's wheel trip
And grow dramatically big overnight
They arrive as guests of their kin
Only to flourish-this money making maestros

They come and soon outshine
Yet let making maestros stay
Let them forever stay
North is utter saltless without this genii

Let these money machines stay
But sad voices from home are calling out
Calls from men making mischiefs their preys
And it wearies me hearing the call

They come and soon become what to be
Tycoons we see them of the highest rank
Magnates made in eye-blinking fastness
Moguls as good as the best in the world

The voices are calling to home
And many a call are shrouded in a guile
The magnates we see can't be better moguls
The tycoons will need visas to return to me

Haruna Garba

Call To War

Loud and clear is the voice
The throat of the Uncle
Voice calling to emergency

Discard your tools
Abandon the workshops
Come to kin's job
To every trade give a leave

Discard every book
No business is worth this cause
History outshines all

Come home diaspora brothers
Diaspora mothers come back
You are used to bleeding for the child

The adolescents can't be this deaf
Come and carry the tools of war
Your statures are apt to them
Secured have we enough
So come home and have their feel
Allies are bent on stocking us

Haruna Garba

Can Of Worms

Quite serenely the hunt goes
children at the mothers heel
till such a time the feed is found
when the forestaller does chicken out.
That is the way the chicken feed-
Chaos during the dining chores

Serenely rest regurgitating goats
mannerly Bishops' faces all around
till such a time the feed is tossed
when uproar spreads about
Such is the table manner of goats-
Chaos during the dining chores

No feed, no chaos
and there must be some feed
Oil!
That is what you are
Acquisition crisis,
chaos as you die your pipe death
In such a pit you lodge
with true color, a can of worms

Haruna Garba

Carefree

Good little chaps
Free of pickle, mingle and giggle
Mill around all legs
And in the beach, your pops bury
Yell, sing and make merry
Cry and to soothing charm be deaf
Each sweet toy, make them yours
You are right on the beam
Good little chaps
Carefree, yell and chill the air
Make your monkeyshine and go to bed
You are right on the beam-
chaos being order of the day

Haruna Garba

Cat's Paws

Unlike when it turns sour,
when smoothly it soars,
none cares to give a hiker a ride.
So you get the hee-haw-
you whose ego is weak

When they ignite arson,
rescue job gets screamed onto you -
you who are the wisest fools.
When it goes smoothly like clockwork,
you are out
but the moment it turns sour,
you get the come on-
you who would do dirty work for fun
The immaculate you see,
recline against Colliers to look real cute
but a Collier being Collier born,
will have his entire face so coated in soot
he can scarcely see the barriers placed his routes
so how could he ever realize his dream?

One only needs to lower his eyes
onto the lion's paw
Or the dog's paw
Or the paw of any cat
to see a typical fool.

Should but you take the vision a little up
On to the place of head,
the solid fortune of unearthing the witty
obviously falls to your lot
So do yourself good,
judge the angrily set face
and the pinched lips
for what plainly shows there is
half smiling, fully salivating mouth
when the paws are busy
pulling chestnuts out of a fiery fire,

Cee Slash Oo

Carbon copy is out
Neither is it carry over at all
Nor curriculum of any sort
It is subtlety as food of thought

Neither some carbon copy
Nor college's carry over
Nor that forest of a curriculum
It's that insidious covert action
That operation jury can't comprehend

The hen for her chicks
The lion for his wife
They could do anything
Anything for them to thrive
The prey has everything to lose

Haruna Garba

Clown's Courtship

At the peak of courtship
Here was a clown
Here was her

And she said, darling
Do you really love me?

Like hell, so he said
And you?

Boyscout true, I love you

Now
Now, said the clown
Between you and me
Any who goes back on his word
A damned monkey's coz, shall be called

Haruna Garba

Clown's Prayer

May murrain be a guest
To torture the apathetic hunk
Says the chanter
God forbid bad thing
Says the herald
May mayhem pay visit
To ravage the slothful hunk
Says the chanter
God forbid bad thing
Says the stentor
May epidemics mushroom
To sway about the slothful hunk
Says the chanter
God forbid bad thing
Says the bellman
May pestilence poke nose around
To lash the lethargic laid-back
So prays the chanter

May famine be land's guest
To slim all piteous old ladies
Mothering the indolent hunks
As for me, I stand secured
So says the chanter
And I have nothing to worry about-
taken care of by a lady I play gigolo to

Haruna Garba

Colonel Dawood Sulaiman

While the towns are ours to yak inside
The battlefield is solely theirs' to defend
Otherwise lizards will lose their cracks

Where could he certainly be?
Where could colonel Sulaiman be?
At the battle front he always is
So says the guard at the threshold
Ignoring him, to boy's quarters I moved
But the boys said the same
Ignoring them, I moved to the living room
But the mistress said the same

At the forest's threshold did I find him!
And he said singer come to heel
Come to heel and explosion thou shalt hear!
Only do remember to go crawling

Pinned to the ground he fired shots
And anytime his tool had coughed
Snail-like, I had retreated into my shell

Haruna Garba

Competent Smile

Acquired new only a year ago
Handled by rough drivers
Here is it now so beat up
No technician can reinstate her

Bought new only a year ago
Maintenance deficient
Here is it now a so exhausted
No mechanic can restore her

Assimilated new only a year ago
Upkeep bereft
Here is it now so bushed
No engineer can refurbish her

No technician can revive her
Wearing smiles of sure capability
They can't resist beckoning to you
These mechanics of the land

Haruna Garba

Contentment

Mine is that of a pipe
Of sand the insatiable soil
That of a spout
And again that of a sieve
Not at all that of the sea
What up never dries

I give Thee my thanks
Knowing it is Thee who refills
The vacuum in my little cup
With such spirit which never stays

I give Thee my thanks
For making me so modest
A canopy of contentment
That I am neither a travelers envy
Consuming no distance in a flash
Nor a buyers' pain in the neck -
A buyer almost at a giveaway
A disposer only when exorbitant it sells

So contented I am with poor sip and sap

If I should be anybody's envy
I would be that of burglars
Of fire and the waiting heirs
I am nobody's envy
Not looking at anybody in the face
And I sound no siren to all
I am nobody's grudge
Being a non borrower
Non lender of any sort
God, I give Thee my thanks
For making me neither a palm of cassava
Nor bloom or blossom
Stuff tailor-made to covet

Haruna Garba

Contrast

Horses danced
The dance of strong men
And here was colorless blood issuing
Out of the veins of sugarcane
Fine blood gashing out dew-like, so fresh
Boiling and cooling down
There was demarera waiting naked
In the harmattan of our mart

What the white serves, the brown did serve
And the old farmer's mistress flourished
Now that her husband
Had found a new mart
So she showed her even teeth in smiles

Spinning and lining
Treadle-working and shuttling
The finish was a breezier night
That succeeds a nude hot day
Brother, you might have known
When there used to be only rides
Each turning through the woods meander-like
That stalking and galloping
Steadier, our destinations we arrived

And she burned down to ashes
Mummy burned down stems and leaves-
Drying, frying and salting
There was the brown soap
Whose paean was sung in contralto
By the toothless hawkers' mouth
Original way out of your stains!

Some revolution, brothers and sisters
Has wiped away all these
So like the doomsday is
No more to be overtaken by yet another night
Growing too fast
Certain revolution has done ours' overtake

This premature weaning, weep not mother
It's her pidgin, this wet nurse
That has taken over from you

Weep not, mother
For the first hug was bagged by you
And the tummy-air still gets expelled
And does so most rapidly of course
But she weeps
Come to think of side effect
Still fishy, mother weeps

Haruna Garba

Corruption Will Fight Back

Tsunami in a week time
We have nowhere to go
It is natural to live with
Brothers, body and soul
Destruction awaits ahead
Far ahead where to head

Tsunami in view
Builders' stores will prosper

Pestilence in the air
Let it blow and soar high
One physician isn't good enough
It selects who her victims shall be
Longevityers live to telltales
Brothers, body and soul
Destruction awaits far ahead
If drugs have nowhere to go

Plague in the air
Drug stores will have good time

Corruption fighter is out
By all means, stop him
Should their shot be missed
Body and soul, they can't live
Try hemlock, try scopolamine
Try framing, go manufacturing
Impute your products on the clean

Should anybody dare fight them
Corruption will fight back
Peddlers will strike back

Haruna Garba

Crazy Trackers

At the neck of the woods
Trackers made a catch
Catch of a thief
With the property recovered
Next was the law
But how to take him there
A tracker had a horse
And a horse has got a tail
So they bound him to it
With the rider riding on
Through thorns and brambles
On to a Samaritan passerby
Who said hell, you driver, wait
What is really going on?
You cruel or something?
And he was told
That a thief was being taken
Yond to the hands of law
And the thief hoping for good words
To be put in for him
Got the utmost shock of his life time
For the Samaritan only resolved
Death was more merciful than this

Come on pull on, said the thief
Please, ride on
Ride on, in the same manner we've come

Haruna Garba

Crazy Trucker

Goldie, Goldie, oh Goldie!
Once a jungleman, now townsman
Now everything about him is CITY
Reminisce thee well oh Goldie
That the jungle is thine
And the truck belongs to thee
So the cops shoudn't bother you

The highway is none of his business
Must then be an exempt to the law
Half carriage, half caterpillar
So constructed is Goldie's truck
Half coach, half caterpillar
Stuff for haulage through the woods
Goldie, Goldie, oh Goldie!
Half coach, half caterpillar
Is as the farers are happily hauled
Aboard craft with nose not so fussy
Through quagmire, through woods
This craft is immune to the law

Goldie enacts laws to his suit
For haulage, praise be to giraffe
For hulking, praise also be to him
Goldie, Goldie, oh Goldie!
For coping with the jungles
For avoidng the highways
Praise be to Goldie dear

The money is his
So is the iron lump
So are the jungles
And so are the wood routes
The Fuzz haven't got a say

Haruna Garba

Creedal Victims

As the earth grew up from fresh birth
Clutterer-like, her antiques she amassed
She had her cellar in her deep core
And when man began digging like crazy
He learned, he would soon outpace her
Sooner or later, greed would be licked
So when Darwin saw this coming
He sounded tambourine to his kin
Let them make use of their astute wits
Let them bridle the mouths to yawn
Through deceit, through every guile
Inhumanity enshrouded in plain sheet
Every jury at a loss as to slimmest proof

No wonder the lion goes for the zebra
The bear after every breeching fish
Fox of any breed after rabbits of the fields
Bear again to berry, rabbit after lettuce
Grasshoppers busy on the leafs
But they revolve together threat to threat
And evolve together in the escape thing
No but not the breeds of the Middle East
Who creed makes live the life of preys
Besotted to assorted creeds, how vulnerable
Onset of racial extinction at the Persian gulf
Thus aiding the few mouths supposed to live

Haruna Garba

Cursory Technology

Planck dug as much as he could
End of the matter was phantom
Light could not only be photons

Dalton dug as much as he could
Now matter can be destroyed
Disintegrated so to say the least

Einstein dug as much as he could
Aren't solid lumps these electrons
They whirl around in fuzzy clouds

Technology embraces skepticism
Hastily engineers hazardous tools
There must be tragedies oftentimes

Haruna Garba

Damned With, Damned Without (Chibok Girls)

Stolen in your prime,
Shackled-merchandise,
Fortified-stolen-goods,
in penitentiary,
in the old world order,
your wedding beds
among thorny scrubs
your true plights
alone the thickets know.

Hearts keep on aching,
bodies launched but baulking,
legs stirred but lacing,
brains bothered and boiling,
all to deliver you
but
damned with, damned without-
that is how it appears to be
but
we can imagine
all what become of you
and still try to find you
alongside the rest of them.

Haruna Garba

Decriers

Here in this crazy dance
They catch me setting a foot right
More often than not, a foot wrong
And that is what each does
One moment a foot wrong or right
Is what they do, my gags on the floor
And so are my critics eyeing from the sides
But a perfect dancer, nobody is

Here in this assistant garage work
They catch me thread-ruining screws
And often than not, fixing it verbatim
And that is what each does
A moment a nice job, quite often, a foul up
Is what they all do, my censors with tools
And so are my critics shoving in their wreck
But a flawless mechanic nobody is

Here sailing in this free atmosphere
I am often caught shop-soiled
Often than not, caught, rain-washed
The same harmattan soils them one instant
Same rain cleanses my knockers, blind
And seamlessly spruce, nobody is

Haruna Garba

Defense

Offensive going defensive
So forever it shall always be
Everyone can go defensive
They can do it convincingly
Can do it sure about anything
Is all a matter of how you talk

Lend him your juridic ears
A human trafficker will sing
He supplies others demand
The demand could be yours
The Mayor's it could even be
And the law still wants him

Lend him your emotional ears
The college proprietor will sing
By tithes, by numerous seeds
The capital source though you
He is just trying to give the best
Which the donors can't afford

Set them up your recording ears
Folks there are who laud suicide
Ones suggesting murder at suicide
For by so doing you're helping out
Mouths are cut needing being fed
And that is what the world wants

Haruna Garba

Demented

Once upon a time
There was a wedding ceremony
At a village a few miles away from here
That hadn't a drummer to call its
So our drummer had to go
But when the minstrel was done
He refused to honor the request to stay the night
Despite the possibility of hyena attack
The thicket in between being swarming with them

At the neck of the woods
A hyena had heard him coming along
But you know how precautious she is
She wouldn't risk pouncing on him at once

So at strategic spots in his path
She piled up dune-like sand
Safer if the prey would fall down all by himself
But she wasn't reckoning with his drum-type
What was sealed with shaker-grains
For just as he'd stumbled and fallen down
The drum made a drawled bang
And the shaker-chips gave jingled sneeze
And the two scared the hyena away

Taking the tip
The drummer began to beat mad tunes
Kept at it all way down home
And this made every sleeper wake up

No question put to him would stop the drum
So his furious uncle snatched up the drum
Then and only then
Had the drummer tried to answer any question
And had always said: HHHHHHHHHye.....naaaaaaaa!
Hyena to every damned quiz

Democracy Misnomer

They preach the oddest of things
That anyone can wear the crown
But among millions of all heads
Only one must wear it at a time
Yet everywhere people get deceived
Join this beat up democracy train
So like the maggots that people are
They take to their beautiful streets
Our Socialist crown must fall
And fall hard as the Berlin wall
That Communist head of ours must go
Of course he is going for general good
Let that Monarch of ours find his way
Any caste can heave self to the helm
Ocean of woe is this democracy of yours

Haruna Garba

Diehard Idol

Each tree is iconic as tailored
And the blind wearer can't see
Though a parable he carries along

Even as it sprouts
It scribbles the letter r
R or r either way
Even as it grows up
A pointer to race

Below the shoots
In what are seen as trunk and root
It is the letter t
A pointer to tribe

It sprouts in race
Narrows down to tribe
All in common root
True idols of human race
Most truly worshiped
More worshiped than a Deity itself

Better sweet than a sting
Better mine than ours-talking of the best

Better a shiner than in shreds
Better here than there-talking of the best

Better hock them than hack it up
Better this clime than that- talking of the best

Rather laden than laze
Better my race than any-talking of the best

Better slick than slack
Better our tribe than any-talking of the best

Haruna Garba

Discovery

Sweet looking display
Up fruit vendors' stall
But how come

To Halve a kolanut
I'd discover some lurking worms?
How come
To dissect a ripe tomato
I'd find some hiding worms?
How come
To tear in to an apple
I'd see some shacking worms?

Now roots, oh roots!
Tell me what the soil holds

Nice looking display
Up vegetables stalls
But how come
Sorrel tastes typically so sour? How come?
How come
An onion would taste pungent? How come?
How come
Lentils would taste astringent? How come?
How come
Spinach would taste bitter? How come?

Now roots, oh roots!
Tell me what the soil holds

Haruna Garba

Doctor Ahmad Gaya

hmed Gaya, we hail
Here is a medicare king
Here is the refined one
Too unlike the other one
That butcher of living lives

There is the unfulfilled type
That overly tall moron-headed type
Mentally inbalanced they are
If you object, refer to wildlife
Overly tall is the giraffe a moron
Over tall is the ostrich and a moron
He dissects bereft of the knowhow
Hisstitches all out of place
Talk about power, it is up his alley
For it,he took to magic spells
He took to bodoo of all casts
Power yet has refused to yield itself

Thy company please, my Gaya trip
Terrain of guinea fowls is the way
Krrket, krrket the guinea fowls sing
Here is the our doctor, the vet!
Congratulationsso I said to them
If it had happened to be the other
Seasoning would have'een thy dress

A wonderful reception I had Gaya
Best dames in Gaya only highly priced!
Ahmad took it upon himself to offer me one
The one offered is the yellow skin type
Yellow on you Ahmed, I must find me the ebon type
Fits the adult one be buried in suit
The elderly should have the yellow and ebon types

Haruna Garba

Don't Go Staunch

Chestnut is in the fire

Mouth salivating

Hands valued too well

Don't You Go Staunch

You cat could end up a paw

Don't keep steady

Thy prop is the swerving type

Haruna Garba

Double Divorce

Grimy, grubby
Grubby, grungy
Shabby, sloppy
You look scruffy-all the time
And she became his headache

D-D Nagger Dolly Darling!
Let's have ourselves double divorce
You me to a goat
And I you to a fish

Haruna Garba

Double Shame

Wife engaged in neighborly chats
Stew in the kitchen smelling fine
Husband back home beat and tired
Took a slice made for the bathroom
Slice from a chicken waiting in vain

Just when he was enjoying the test
The wife broke in with her little slice
Two and two together make four
Here they stood face to face

You? Asked the wife
You too? The husband asked too
You too! You too!
Makes double shame

Haruna Garba

Drenched Cock

Brother, we didn't hear you
Each inch of our trip to dawn
Did you really wail your siren?
Perhaps you only muttered it
So we didn't hear you
This day about to be reborn

We didn't hear you
Did you really vociferate your siren?
I know you'd say yes
Oh but yester evening
You were caught in a downpour
And had your usual mighty voice, impaired
Deep now stuffy and rusty
Your charismatic raiment not spared too?

Alas! Lost have you last night
To the eastern suitors who pursue from afar

To the hearing of the widows
The elderly singer has been a flop
Dropped to the stakers from the south

In the divorcees' ears
You haven't told a presence
But the eloquent forest singers

Good recipients-
Yester night, the expectants
Have received wooers from all corners
Excepting yours of the north

They were fed strong lyrical notes
Could yours be an elderly lullaby?
Certainly your star has started to stunt

Haruna Garba

Ears Of The Time

They love lots of it-
Rumdum's gut to rye
Cocked go the ears
Come the foul feed
They love the stuff
Nasty, dirty, evil stuff
So freaked go the ears
Gore, scam and rape
Only these mean headlines
They crave for loads of it-
Junkies' minds to opium
Only hot Twitter scrawls
The cool are skipping stuff
Scandals are their favorite recipes
They love the stuff
Stunning things, crazy things
Is no news if charity sounds
But dark smudges of the brush
So besotted
Hookah takes second place
so infatuated
Your shot falls inferior
Could be the worst vice ever

Haruna Garba

Ears Tuned To Alert

It is about the thirtieth day
Time the moon is toothless
And so flaccid are my eyes
Only the ears exuding youth
They want that music played
So as to dance to bills tunes
And there are too many of them
Each snarling in bared teeth

Haruna Garba

Earth In The Fireplace

The sharpest of all eyes get blurred
Disregard for the fast speeding doom
The sharpest of all ears get waxed
Don't want to listen to their horror tale
Sharpest of all tongues get hushed up
Don't want to utterly commit themselves
The sharpest eyes can close in denial
Wouldn't like to see the boiling pot

Could it be yet another of your hoax?
But as it is unlikely they would bluff
Then greed could turn the dumb, deaf

Haruna Garba

Easier Said Than Done

Easiest planted, hardest nurtured-
this lovely sapling.

Easiest plucked, hardest cracked-
this glossy stony nut.

Easiest lit, hardest quenched-
this arson set to raze.

The sanest moment in a man's life
Is when he chooses a beautiful name
to which all his days he can't depend.

The sanest moment in a man's life
Is when he selects a beautiful name,
and his time of defeat in living to it.

Haruna Garba

Embarrassed

Here we are where parents in law
Are greeted with peculiar convention
In which the son in law has to squat

So one day, Buster took the stance
But even before offering to say good mo-o-o
Here was fart from him breaking loose
Making the greeting never to be
For here where we are
No embarrassment surpasses breaking wind
Most especially in one's second home

So that greeting session woefully failed
For no sooner it had broken, Buster shot off
Asking the swift wind to fulfill the norm
So fast as it had proven to be

Haruna Garba

Entire New Me

New me every blessed score
Not feeling younger anymore
To this little strife there is more

There is life span to every cell
A sure replacement so they spell
Ground to have all minds in the cell

No trash for cells of the brain
Neurons remain dead as slain
Benjamin Radford slides the plain

Haruna Garba

Eve's Steakhouse

Of all steakhouses, who runs the best?
Madam Eve, for sure does just that

Create that classical dish of yours
And here I go buying to feed the face
You are known for your beef stew
So is it with with your sweet fowls soup

Take a look of this sorrowful sight
Typical face of the incited type
Here goes her husband tongue-lashing-
How dare she go for any steakhouse?
Here go her servants regretting-
How dare she vie with a woman of class?

Loss could tum one crazy and it did
Let her catch a glimpse of city guys
And she'd be all over them protesting
Dragged you've me into the deep waters
And nobody would offer their hands

To try to propel one into big time
They were behind this tragic scene
Here is the whole lot growing cold
Man, Is it now stuff for the dumping!
Dogs or vultures on to finding free meal

Haruna Garba

Eyes On The Easier Way

In the first instant,
the feet asked horse to do him a favor,
then lazed in the obsolete tricar
and kept at it
until it has found a flying horse.
The eye had no immediate refuge
accept the hand
and this gave the focus
until such a time the invisible was seen.
Hard it has so become a trip to the bed,
that one needs a shot
along the heavens searching stairs.
How come people should laze
such that they would rather press buttons
than push pen-
instruct robots rather than stretch arms?
How come people should tip loads
rather than shove shovels?

Haruna Garba

Fake Enemies

Are they sworn enemies?
No, they aren't really that
Dost thou believe their ruses?
No, you shouldn't be this dumb
A and R aren't really far apart
They are so close as in "ARE";
Converging from diverse angles
They make yours a battlefield.
Thy grudges make thee blind
So you invite A&R where you are.

Haruna Garba

Family Victim

My neck stunted in its growth
I vied the peers with bull ones
As passion roared its furnace
My daring tongue began to toll
A push over 'ight spring perchance
And as they always emerged at last
One did that I couldn't shake off
Such a bluff that couldn't be called
It had found its blind counterpart

That was the beginning of woe
Stuck i am to spine-twisting burden
To rid seemed beyond this life time
Just as the cookies would crumble
No caution, passion had taken hold
And needy i 'ight be beyond life
Here is the skyrocketing family
Here're wares always reshaped
But income a dreary, weary affair

Haruna Garba

Farewell Draught

At last the hail has flooded the pits
Soon our baobab shall equal the pine
Once the dreary drought hits
Anything that stirs must whine
Heaven's gift after the thirty's entreats
Herdsman then in solace, free their kine
As the tethered spoke in bleats
Women shed dual tears of brine
Men feel clad the attire of high spirits
Grass will rise and decline

When the earth bags the gifts
Frogs and newts sing hymns in their prime
Join in and make good your beats
Sure I feel like to offer a dime
Its successors are always revival bits
Coming to cloy our thirsty clime

Haruna Garba

Fire Has Caught Hold

Free as the forest is
Free as wood seems to be
It is a ware I sweat for
And now here is fire
Campfire though not
Mine is fire in a grate
In a commercial fireplace

Here it is spitting
Here is my fire blazing
Dry wood in inching death
Fire has caught hold
Come one come all
Toast your icy skins
You are caught in icebox

Come one, come all
Fire has caught hold
A weird ware mine is
Precedence though it has
If service provider can sell the sun
Is no offence to sell my flaring fire
Fire to comfort all chilly chins
Fire for the frozen ears

Haruna Garba

First Bath

Born of the type
Born of this town
Bathed first of its water
You're framed in its foul fluid

Born here
First cleansed with this mystic aqua
That penetrates as it rolls down
You can't be all that clean

Fire as you breathe
Smooth as you speak
The con can't be missed on us
This great world is full of game

Haruna Garba

Flaw

Imagine Africa without it
Where straw take their leave
Imagine!
Imagine Africa without them
where humanity grows multiplex
Imagine Africa without it
where germs find means to flourish
Just imagine!
Imagine Africa without it
Where pilgrimage is cardinal
And the paths are growing ever sandy
Imagine!
Just imagine Africa without it
Less cotton without ginneries
Africa with no indigenous textiles

Come out of pity, come in disguise
Come for charity, come grimy
Come to modernize, come with string
There were the old eyes all astonished
Eyes seduced by incredible wits-
Wits in the hands of freemen-
Men taking for granted divine laws

Beautiful though is the peacock
Accompanying are crooked streaks
Search every nook for them

Crafty as the spider
Hidden deep are abhorrent streaks
Search every cranny for them

Strong though the lion is
Present are obvious flaws
Search hard

Huge though the elephant is
Attendant are repugnant streaks

Search them

Graceful though is the gazelle
A nuisance it is to the little grass
The wind alone should be so free
Not the movers of Colossus feet

Haruna Garba

Fluids Of Nature

Draped in hard fabric
Feet walking deep pits
And forelimbs waving
To all audience the world's
What dost thou hold in veins?

Scaled all over
Multiple ears pricked
Getlings reared in two ways
Underground or aerial
What dost thou hold in arteries?

Bitter or sweet
Lime or acid
Those ways thy juice must taste
Let descendants of Adam find vitality
Only assisted in synthetic style

Haruna Garba

Fly, Fly

Fly, fly o falcon!
Flap thy feathers of fight
Soar above and slide
Lead the falconer all along

Glide, glide o little grey gull!
The cost sand and mudflat are done
In crabs, in moles
in ragworms and fish

Ascend, ascend o Alseonax!
Then descend and cling to blooms
Hop about and suck-suckle
and so sing out thy cynic songs

Alas, alas o me!
Have I had wings,
airborne always I would have been
to silently scout snipers' hideout.

Haruna Garba

For Friends

Arms around good friends
Collieries in their mines
Rag fitters to their mess

Villainy can be asked for
And ethics can be put aside
As clouds can cover the hot sun

When they have as many worms around
Flies are soonest rid of the shady way
For menders abound, should it blow high

Haruna Garba

For The Jacks Of It

Fans of the Jaguar
Fans of the ruthless
How sand blind you're!
Think of the protection he has
You have got none
Has his eyes on heap of jacks
Your"s the usual chicken feed

Fans of dragon
Fire-spitter's fans
How myopic you're!
Think of the protection he has
You have got none
Has his eyes on pile of jacks
Your"s the usual chicken feed

Fan of wolverine
Fans of the iron-jawed
How gullible you're!
Think of his protection
You have got none
Has his eyes on mound of jacks
Your"s the usual chicken feed

Haruna Garba

Forestallers' Tricks

Now you are there
But you can't unravel it
Forestallers have mines on
Each planted the way of thy tool
Touch any and there will be a bang
It's the predecessors' mighty trick
Much as you'd like to mend
Wider holes would you make
And turn up into a typical joke

Haruna Garba

Forgotten Yowl Forgotten Self

An insulted sorcerer took to spell
Went to the bush and waylaid

And before his enemy toed the line
In to a hyena, he transformed himself
Lurked behind a shady shrub in sulk
But at night time, a wayfarer carries a staff
And this he wasn't reckoning with

So when finally the wayfarer arrived
The mystic hyena pounced on him
Only to be surprised
By what was rammed on her
Oh me!
She cried out in human's brogue
Oh sorry, woo-weeee!
Now she'd recalled the hyena's howl
Forgotten yowl is forgotten self

Haruna Garba

Fortress Of The Earth

Blanket of the earth
Padding of the earth
Are you wearing away?
Users thread-baring you?
Overcoat of the earth
Mac of our dear earth
Are you rendered shabby?
Users over-washing you?

This ship was born with a hat
Give it not a single stand
The Architect fitted a ceiling
Never you ever pluck this fur
It is in sooth a sacred mat
Better if level you kept it

They aren't rodents behind it
Yet pride won't let see sense
They'd rather see all doomed
Than let crown belong to foes

Haruna Garba

Foul Air

But the air is full of snags
Sailing insects and shreds
Glasses be thy best friend

Indispensable as air could be
Menaces its cradles all round
Here you have the foul smell
Only befriend thy little mask

The essential dear air could be
Deafening it could turn out
The daily echoes are insidious
Only do pad thy little holes

Haruna Garba

Foul Play

In this locality of ours
When businessmen used donkeys
To follow marketdays week-round
There lived such a trader here

A wife he had who had it off
With two denizens, the trader when away

One aware of the other
The other unaware of him
One day, the former dreamt up a trick
He kept watch until up, the latter had shown
And was busy in the thieving room
Then he arrived mimicking donkey drive
Again with a mighty whip flogging everywhere

He is back! How come this odd day!
And for the door, the cheater made a dash
Only to run in to raining canes

When he had managed an escape
The trickster took his place
And the rest of the drama was morning staged
For after the morning mass
The victim fellow failed to see the trader around
But lest he gave himself away, he kept mute
The issue only by the victimizer raised
And when he said why? Wasn't the trader back yesternight?
Everybody said no
But not the one tortured the previous night
He's home, so he said
Yesternight we had shaken hands

At last when majority had carried this board
He heaved a sigh and said
It's really unbelievable that he is not
And this being the case
I would say that lot of foul play
Is being played around, sure thing

Haruna Garba

Fracture Of The Mind

Eleven kenaf ropes
Takes eleven of them
To lower a worker in to the well

Several working hands
Takes several of them
To lower and lift him up

This guinea pig
And this was a novice
He was having his first trial

Just halfway down the pit
He spread his legs
Each toe and its company
These he lodged in to twin foot-holes
Made handy on the wall for footholds

As slacks grew on the ropes
The dispatchers put up a quiz
And the hanging bat said
That he has had a crack
Up, up surface he was hauled
With all cautions you'd think of
Everyone looking for the spot
Where the fracture could be
And when asked where it was
He said it was guts breaking thing

Haruna Garba

Funny Darwin

Funny Darwin

Unicellular to multicellular
Organs differentiated selves
On necessity he made believe
If that is absolutely correct
Long I would have grown wings
To fly Lagos-Beijing above clouds
And this in a blink of the eye

Here they are the protozoans
Here they are still single-celled
Here we're buying tickets to Spain
So Adam is still the original man

Haruna Garba

Funny Street Singers

Sure, market drummer?
My words, co-drummer!
Beggars they think we are
Wherefore their prayers?
Said it is that we beat small drums
I wish big ones are padded sand
And we must all enter some race
Of all that father does to the son
This miniature does them for me
And those who deride our job
They look carriers of frond loads
Typical sane acting the insane

Haruna Garba

Gecko Lizard

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
halcyon on the wall.

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
dead to the world.

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
clamoring his gut.

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
can't even bother to hunt.

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
taking a rest in thirst.

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
no water bowl around.

Cayenne red, gecko's eyes
flies safely flying around.

And whether for being world wary
or drunk or any safeguarding tactics
the gecko drowns himself,
i wouldn't go far as to call him a freak
as near it though as he is as makes no difference.

Haruna Garba

Ghastly Motor Boy

You are in haste
So is everyone
And at the crossing
Here we were

Toot hooted our bus driver
Come on up! Said the motor boy
Nothing, really nothing, he began
But up road, swiftly came a car

Nothing really... except a car-r-r-r, he concluded

Haruna Garba

Giftie Girl

Giftie, thank You Giftie
Efforts appreciated, oh! Gajeje's mom!
For Funtuaville do we set sail oh boys!
Giftie, our giftie does live there

One of those days, I tried to locate her
Kano first but nobody knew her whereabouts
Here,city boys made me great gifts
And on I fared, not even a morsel to care for
Gusauville I put another question
And as none had any idea where she was,
I fared on without bothering for a drink
I tendered same question Kauraville
And as the feedback turned out negative,
I passed through without my lunch
Katsina city where Dikko was king, I asked
I slipped out, it couldn't be a bedding place
Eventually, when I arrived in Funtuaville,
Here was Giftie - dear Gajeje's mom
And thank you singer, she managed to say
Thank you too, I returned the compliment

Haruna Garba

Gobermuche

Dissociating yourself from indolence,
here you are a square myrmidon
Now fallen to the agitators' guile
here you are harness collar around the neck

Disconnecting yourself from ineptitude,
here you are the chump that you are
Now fallen to some corny prankster
here you are lead shank under the chin

Resisting the call of cowardice,
here you are a real time gobermouche
Now fallen for some poignant flattery
here you are nose ring on your bull self

Holding on to the pique
here you are your gullible self-
Now thirsting at the doorstep of evil influence
here you are with head collar strapped to you

Defying inferiority and incapacity,
here you are the credulous that you are
Perplexed about the brains of old brain,
now you have snout full of nose ring
 Should the shed collapse
 or the hurricane blow
 or wildfire blaze forth,
alone the underlings get engulfed.
Commanders secure their grounds

Haruna Garba

Good Hunt To Men

Good hunt to men
Is what they need

Good hunt to men
Let love sleep under their roofs

What else would you wish them?

Haruna Garba

Greed

Had you struck gold
Super-ducker yacht you'd have
To sail for the Bahamas
And return with some sun tan

Had you struck gold
A tower you'd have built
To rise to its top
And look on down below

Had you struck gold
You would have loved to wear it
And generously entertain
Taking care you flourish the gem

Had you struck oil
A mansion you would have built
Terrace of which view on to the sea
And dine there at wish

If you had struck gold
You would have slipped out to Dubai
To stick down new roots
Watered from home sky

If you had struck gold
You would bought yourself
Foreign power of attorney
And bleach white your black

If you had struck gold
You would have done those things
Such as do incubate, gestate and tease
This damned greed trait

Haruna Garba

Green Light

Make them
Go ahead and make them
Make them more sophisticated
More sophisticated than ever before

Make them
and sell everything to them
They need them
They have too many enemies
Too intolerable enemies among kinfolk
So make them
Make them worse than ever before
Why should you care
if they have no care in mind?
Make them
why not?
You make yourselves booming marts

Haruna Garba

Greenhouse Africa

I come upon dead depressions
And really there're lots of them
Corpses of ancient rivers they are
Helpless ancient eyes saw them die

I walk easily across shaven fields
And really they were forests alright
Leathertanned from earth's furs
Itching farmers hands scrapped them

I see getlings beating death to it
And really they are sworn enemies
Multiplex shall go the growth
It is the legacy Africa opetates

Is't greenhouse being talked about?
Here is a place for lizards to go fast
With denizens unsatiated themselves
Who would care for a damn reptile?

Haruna Garba

Growls Of Twin Pigeons

Two intimate pigeons coo,
coded gossips about cuckoo,
about spring-lovers' craze for loo:
personally, that is not what they do

The pigeon's coo is no idle talk
It contrasts cranes' habitual squawk
and counters the croaks of the ravenous hawk
who kills his kin, together as they stalk

The pigeon's coo is a plain sermon
The vicious, they do beckon
For face to face, calls the deacon
Afar callers use telephone

Some ears receive coded whispers
easy codes, the Lucifer's
which each of them deciphers-
goods, delivered by the telphers

Not many yet understand this coo
All the times, it bawls some boo
out of which you find a clue
the moment things are looking blue

Haruna Garba

G-String Girl

Who Could Her Parents Be?
Forgetting my egoisticself
I see more of a beast in her
A dog doesn't shed its skin
This shopsoiled beast does
Attire,so rendered valueless
If so-called sane poses nude
No insanity could surpass it
But human right does it prop
And folks will always demand it
Against wish, fiends spouted are

In Faith, obstacles do abound
Modern faith is a liberal one
Helm holdersare after votes
Scriptures are held static things
In hunt of votes, faith belittled is

Haruna Garba

Gullible

You gullible, you naïve
What makes thee even think
You'll take your share of the take?
The charming uncle is only playing con-
Ditch your spanners, hold all thy tools
Come and fight a noble war
Big fish dining on the whole lot

You gullible, you credulous
What makes thee think
You'll receive your dish out?
The soothing uncle is just playing con
Ditch your spanners, hold all thy tools
Come and fight a noble war
Big fish dining on the whole lot-

You gullible, you susceptible
What makes you even think
You'll have your share of the loot?
The agitating uncle is sure playing con-
Ditch your spanners, hold all thy tools
Come and fight a noble war
Big fish dining on the whole lot

They won't know about this
Our gobermuche full of youth won't know it
However, they are being made the baits
To pull out some chestnuts out of fire for naught
And none to share the hunt with them
Charlatans at the real works

Haruna Garba

Handover Of The Seasons

In October the tenure ends
So here where twin seasons exist
And exist to fight for the throne
They stage their deadly duel

October with rolling paunch
November with hazy eyes
They deal each other terrible blows

October with stunning blows
November with awful clouts
Occasionally each goes to boot
So that when October is done for
The whole arena floods up
And when November goes down
You could lean against the miasma

October with stunning punches
November with awful jabs
Occasionally each goes to the boot
And in their propaganda of war
None would accept defeat back on feet

Haruna Garba

Hard Love Miss Gloria

Tiger defiant to taming is!
Much as i soap soften her
Sign of concession exists not
Venture if i do to touch her
Push shall she my hand off her
Pile of love from dear me
This she utterly scatters away

She is from the royal class
Daughter of the mayor she is
Tiger defiant to taming is!
Kids gloves only jar her nerves

Haruna Garba

Hard Time In Ibadan City

Most bitter thing but relocation is
Its taste not all pleasant so to say
So here we do narrate it as tasted

Hasty nightmares transpired to me
Oddest of places my sleeping holes
Parks and marketplaces my home
I had slept on dry sands of a bridge
Yet not a single job presented itself

Here was thunderstorm raging forth
Here was the sky's face turned evil
Here were front doors all locked up
Stranger at absolute unfamiliar zone
Certainly is the most piteous sight

Take me back home oh gracious God
Home where I've capability to show
Former brags had utterly been called:
That I was Mr see me, see trouble
That i was like the summit of Everest
And that I was the stinging black ant
That crocodile infested lake was me
So dare not stop any blundering fool,
Couldn't be on my invitation, he did

There was i in Ibadan city-heart
Not a patch of land for me to till
Not a single dime to calk my own
Not any such a man exuding power
Not a physique to pride on strength
About hunger I made this discovery
That it never stops attacking the gut
And Sokoto singer had this to say:
Where parental presence is absent
And brotherly support is all missed,
Plight of the stranger harbors itself
It is apparently no tower's business

Here is year-end resolution O Ibadan
Now between you and poor me
It is a tentative goodbye
Enough is enough
Tomorrow I'll be sauntering homeward

Haruna Garba

He Took Feminine Name

At the neck of the woods
When trip was made on foot
Here was a couple enroute
And here emerged a thug
Hey you two stop! He barked
And with quivering nerves they stood
Let me get the girl's name first thing
STELLA, so she said
Too much of a coincidence, said the thug
Had it not been similar to my mother's name
I would have done you ill
And you, my old boy?

STARRRLA! The husband said
Starla- another girl-name

Haruna Garba

Header Dance

Well, talk about weakness
Stuff hidden even to beloved

Wife engaged in neighborly chit chats
Beans cooking in the kitchen smelled fine
Husband back home, hungry and beat-up
Scooped a couple, in his hat carried it away
His destination, the little bathroom
And just when he was through miniature lunch
The wife broke in with a little brush

Up he tipped the hat thing to its homely place
Scalded one side, he tipped his head to the other side
Scalded that side, he tossed his head this side

And what could be wrong? Said the wife

Nothing is the matter with me
Just practicing a new header dance

Haruna Garba

Herdsman's Greed

Dear herdsman master
Dear carrier of his staff
While you steer us around
Remember our favorite-
Sweet buffalo thorn fruits

Smack silly the little thorny tree
Let the fruits smear its foot
Oh, not like you do now
doing it only when we are away
we the bleating, rain hating goats.
Strike silly the little buffalo thorn tree
Let gold ball fruits smear its foot
For both the herd and the herdsman to pick
It is not only a herdsman feed

Haruna Garba

Here Are The Cities

Here is Berlin
American architecture adorning it
Here is Berlin
Soviet architecture all round
Now tell me the harm in it
And say if they have any new blight

Here is Moscow
Doing without her wings
Here is Moscow
Still her lion self
Now tell me the snag to it
And say if they have any affliction anew

Here are the cities
Each standing in a different way
So why was all the fuss?

Haruna Garba

History

The world moves like a rat,
Its history told by its trailing tail.
Ignore this
and you are the worst on earth.
Ignore it and have yours
the worthless one to be told.
The more conversant with it,
the more cautious the cabby
The more conscious of it,
the warier the ward.
Its stranger,
awfully minds a myopic mind
for what went wrong
must reap not a repeat
but that which was a lovie

Had it been reared right
and read like radar,
folks would have no single case.
Its truth is real truth
but alas, it is full of false
for no sooner it is made
it explodes in some smokescreen

Haruna Garba

Hoodie Hoo

The hoofers footmarks are missed
Only quick healing scars of skates
The hoodoos are fattened oil bereft
They are at summer's mercy to relax
The loofah leaves are buried deep
Green of life is hidden from the eyes
Shadow outgrows the toilers' bright
At that you put up with the nights
Now hop one, hop all
On our hooves let us all be
Half the day, let us all be out
Together let us shout HOODIE HOO!

Haruna Garba

Hook, Line And Sinker

Sharpers will sit around chessboard
each driving king in to checkmate
Only to put two and two together
In synthesis of the germ
which now when finally flashed
the whole flocks go haywire
go about pasting posters
and singing slogans
in accentuated applause.
Sharpers will sit around chessboard
weaving threads, sorting them out
clipping hooks in a single line
attaching sinkers, floating all
and when the fishes we, nibble
hook, line and sinker, we get tangled.

Haruna Garba

Hot Compress

Here lies it, a heap- destroyed
Here lies it, a heap- damaged
Here lies it, a heap- desolate
And here is a splendid surgeon
Ice bowl in his right hand
But they won't endure it
They would rather it remains sore as it was
Our sullen sons, the other sides of the coins

Here lies it, a pile- ravaged
Here lies it, a pile- razed
Here lies it, a pile- ruined
And here is a grand surgeon
With handy lukewarm water bowl
But they can't stand it
They would rather it remains as it was
Our sulky kin, the undersides of the rot

Here lies it, a stack- wrecked
Here lies it, havoc wreaked on her
Here lies it, a mound- ruined
And here is a principal engineer
With excavating and rebuilding tools
But they won't stand it
The perpetrators wouldn't stand it
And so are those that scavenge

Used to the sleaze- hopeless
They can't stand a cut on the vice
No matter how scanty, a player each is
They would rather it remains the same
Our dour decoys- each scrapping for a cut

If it were these breeds bred here,
Those breeds which I know so well
Forever and ever, they will not change:
Keen sharpers, chisellers, dubious-
Our breeds, the chickening out brands.

They will remain the same:
Grumblers, dismantlers, agitators-
Our breeds the squawking types.

Haruna Garba

Hotshots

The upper lava spewed up
And the solid earth gave in Craters
Now they have grown in to such a range
Quake alone can dislodge
And nobody wants a quake
The mountains wouldn't allow it
And so do the biome encompassing them

Haruna Garba

How A Battle Is Fought

Not only with bangs
is a battle fought,
tongue tautens some torque
if your ears are the echoing types

Not only with cracks
is a battle fought,
think of the tact in tackle talk
if your perception is a clear one

Not only with your troops
is a battle fought
but also the influx of infiltrating filth
if your brain is any gadget of guile

Not only with bangs and cracks
is a battle fought
but also the pamphleteers' pen
if you have wits to call your own

Haruna Garba

How Unbelievable

For gallopers to get costumed
In miniature hidden dynamite
Is unbelievable
It wasn't done before

For horses to get strapped
With hidden costume of death
It is unbelievable
It was not done before

Neither a drunk
Nor doped would dare
Accept under some devil breath
Wittingly fed for the havoc of it
Perpetrators feigning sympathy

Whenever and wherever you hear of bloodbath
You don't need putting two and two together
To know scopolamine's slave has played his part

The worst crime humanity has ever witnessed
Scopolamine handed on plate orient's waist
Where grudges are so chronically rooted
They would never care to get wise to it

Haruna Garba

I Didn't See That Weightlessness Coming

In an open place
His uncle dug a hole
A pit five meter deep
Which a toilet, it was meant to be
But still waiting for roofing to come

Unaware, an intruding hyena had fallen in
So a son of the house invited a friend
And together they came to explore
Young minds being full of quest

Making the discovery, they stood to chat
To chat about the bad luck of the brute
And as they chatted and chatted on
A germ of idea fell in to the friend's mind
So he maneuvered himself behind the son
And finally pushed him in to the hole

No sooner had the son ended his fall
He swept the hyena and threw it out
What had given him the power and courage
In God alone the knowhow vests
And when he was finally lifted out
These were his very words:
That I didn't see that weightlessness coming from her

Haruna Garba

I Found Spice

I asked for it
And got given
Asked with the tongue
I got paid with a smile

I asked for it
And got given
Asked with reverence
I got paid with bedded face

I asked for it
And got given
Asked with affection
I got back an upper hand

A prince not
Not a Magnate
I found that which is all
....Cold gazelle's eye
...Creamy face
...Hugging arms
I found the spice of life

Haruna Garba

I Won't Sing A Song

I won't sing a Song,
lest I misguide the feet.
I won't sing a Song
about this unpleasant world-
unpleasantness at Hiroshima,
gore all over Jalalabad.
I won't sing a Song,
lest I misguide the steps.
I won't sing a Song
about this tragic world
Tragic plane crashes,
tragic capsizing vessels.
I won't sing a Song
if craftsmen will specialize in dynamite drums
and blatantly make fire spitting flutes.
Why should I sing if craftsmen know nothing
accept to make piano keys able to spew hazards?
Can't be so dumb as to sing
while craftsmen are busy making weapon drugs.
I won't sing a song
Knowing Napoleon had fought sixty battles
and the seismic Tsunami yawns from time to time
I won't sing a song,
knowing Tsunami as I do, a convulsive eater
and water all round, she will not stop to belch
Drums of dynamites,
fire spitting flutes,
pianos of long ranging keys.
These aren't my idea of music
so I won't sing a song

With Bleeding Kansas fresh in mind
and engulfing of the Persian gulf,
how could i sing a song?
I won't sing a song
when the refugees fleeing ambush of tigers
fall victims to the pride of lions.

Illusory

It isn't indigo, purple or violet
Children all of the drooping blue
And all are Negroes in the backyard
When sleeps, the old sol

Not all which catch the eyes
Are strictly there
Far, far from it
Nay, the superficial needs lifting
Crystalgazers see through and beyond
And only myopic eyes
See it un-flaky, unfolded, the final touch
Final harmony of warp and waft
To them, each finish looks like a shield
Against the sneaker, trespasser wind

Alas, myopic appears the eye

Not all which catch the eye
Or that the tongue utters
Chirped by every crier in the world
That matter, that water hold
Still water runs deep

And waves they are, distilled all
By interfering
Perpendicular ones

So whether for syrup or a drink
Or any other thing
The quassia offers her juice
Our deaf ones refuse to find out
And they are all gases, ashes and water
These trees that rattle their fingers
And so are the kites
Executing the mart of the blue welkin

Inflamed or condensed
Gases, ashes and water

Indeed ever, that is what they are

He isn't blind who merely lost his sight
But has it open
The very eye of the mind

He is blind
Who alone sees the surfaces of things
The blue world being beyond-
So many are ignorant
Of the spectrum of grand shades
Grand, life beyond prism lies

It blows its top
Like potashed cooking sorrels
And then falls homeward
When the heating subsides

He is indeed sand blind
Who sees no clue
In the streamlined bird's frame
Its hallow bones and feather-work
How could they have ever flown aluminum kites?
They could not have ever set sail
In steaming steel vessels, our deaf
That sand blind were
How could they have told shadowy progress
By mere oscillation of a pendulum
Our dump that dump the heart of things

Alas!
The stars aren't pinned to the blue welkin
Neither is stationary, this stand of our huts
Or night everywhere
When our nocturnal come to life

Alas!
The clouds are neither rolling
On the wall of the firmament
Nor is the sky such a solid flannel

Inciter

Pauper is not tailor-made
to draw any sizable crowd,
Only the clumsy old tycoon does
who wants to be stinky rich
And hugging the old guile,
he feigns the jaguar
and feints the suckling cat
and here are enterprising types-
amen men all round.

Those who want to be heard abroad
bawl with all power the lung can afford.
Those who claim gallantry breathe fire
and risk opening a can of worms

Oh brothers! Any is but a front,
let the myopic ones eventually serve a purpose
not for their dynamic benefits though
but end up their thick-lensed-glass-wearer selves

Haruna Garba

Infinity

More, more above the stars
Vastest blanket shading them
Infinity is a magnificent sight
In between numbers it skyrockets
And and when zero props them
And in the domination of the low
But should the base shake In quake
One day the tower will collapse
Only unlikely this will come off
But the chances do really exist

Haruna Garba

Injustice

Obese, corpulent or rotund
I don't see it as such
I see real fat on baobab tree.
Skinny, scraggy or scrawny
There is more to it
I find true microcosm under microscope.
Sluggish, lethargic or slothful
Is mere mirror of apparent things
I find invisible vibrators in a living cell.
Flamboyant, gaudy or glitzy
top gears attiring the cute
But I see exceptional ostentation on a peacock
But then obese and skinny
slothful and glitzy
what words dost thou reserve
to qualify non-human physiques or traits?

Haruna Garba

Internet- Go Easy (For Akasha Records)

Deleting and deleting
Don't you be deceived
Even for a moment don't
Rest assured they rest
In there only off device
The dumb 'ight think different
For a single project its cost
It can't have ears that forget
Man-made Akasha it is
Replica of the heavenly one
Just mind thy rolling tongue

Haruna Garba

Invisible Company

I am not alone
There must be two of us
Company though
As unreal as is real
Sees before I do
Shows things to me
Hears before I do
Sounds alerts for me
Gets rapt before I do
Sends me longing
Goes comparing
Makes me envious
Hustles me, urges me on
Slows me down
His presence I am aware of
But not his whereabouts
What is his real game?
What is he?
Specter or a ghost-
or some damned other being?

Haruna Garba

Jigsaw Puzzle

So many the grey are ebon
So many the innocent, guilty
It is only a matter of proof
Smart attorneys know of it
Ill intent buries all its tracks
Let scouts hit the dead end
Gets enacted in make believe
And if they won't believe
At least they can't prove
Such is smartness in earnest

Haruna Garba

Jingled Wheat

We are like the poor man's beasts
that though tamed, go wild grassing
without the rearers at our heels

When you hear kurrr made at dusk,
it only means one single thing-
tether time for the donkey is up

When you hear aror sounded at dusk,
alone it means a single thing-
tether time for the sheep.

Anytime wheat grains are jingled
it only means one thing-
tether time is at hand.

Dear little underlings,
Is it the same with you,
talking about your estimations?

Haruna Garba

Juju

Excised cat's eye rolled in soot
The ritual on a moonless night
Clad in black wrap is thy amulet
Then you go naught to evil sight

To bust ten Sodom apples use foot
The rite is done as clouds flash light
Your immunity is now safely tight
Trigger pulled yields repressed toot

Loin's mane, a little piece you lift
Snake's moulted skin pieceto fit
This is the stuff to really fumigate
Just to inspire awe against threat

Africa has got astonishing talent
Voodoo, juju and a host of the rest
You might think i am talking wet
But they certainly work alright

Haruna Garba

Just A Matter Of Time

Urged by pressing demand
With foreign body is it brewed!
Just another consignment
And the business will turn sour

Urged by the swift coming rain season
With termite-concieved wood is it erected!
And roofed with foreign-twigs in the thatch
August ends the span of this house

How soon they too shall fall apart
These impetuous allies of the world
How soon they will split!
And split they will, the hard way!
It is just a matter of time

Haruna Garba

Keep At It

A boy with a land snail
A boy with a little rope
Wrapped the shell and swung
Swung and swung and swung
And finally force-stopped the swing
And here was the snail
Forced out forever out of a home

The boy with the shell
The boy with a little wood chip
Chipped on the upper storey
Chipped and chipped and chipped
And finally crumbled the inner roofs
And here was a spiral cone
Intended to be a spin toy

The boy with the shell
Still the boy with a little wood chip
Chipped and continued to chip
Chipped on the next upper storey
Tossed to roll as chipped
But the spinning wasn't perfect at once
It danced drunk's dance and fell

He chipped on and on and on
He tossed to spin as chipped
And the spinning was near good
It span like a spin machine
But only to give him the root of joy
For feeling a little dissatisfied
He chipped more bit by bit

On and on, he chipped
And span on and on
But each time it was one of two
Either fine or faulty
As the spiral layers got demolished

Keep at it, said the old

It is as the world itself would run
And every spin must come to rest

Haruna Garba

Keep It Intact

Let this tree forever fare on
Bear its patchily scanty shade
Allow the leaves to be reborn
During winter they all fall off
Two weeks after they redress
But should you dare a prune
Shrapnel will litter the ground
Awful suckers sure will pop up
No pruning yields no offshoots
Thy little action thou shalt regret

Haruna Garba

Lagatees

Seven brisk princesses born to the queen
And when she comes to the end of the road
It wearies me how the threads could be sorted out

The first, by virtue of being just this flaunts flag
Another by his treasure-trove sounds a gong
The rest only just modest still in on the rancor race

Seven heirs to a single great crown!

And i begin to wonder what the six eventually feel
The moment one pin is dramatically sorted out
Selected when ONE is, to fit in to the single hallow hole

Would one really feel bitter about a kinsman?
Would one think nothing for losing to the kin?

Haruna Garba

Lasso Makers

Curled, noosed or stretched
All ropes are lassoes
Need they only some maneuvers
And you are kinked and caged
Here they are all over
And here are the walking feet
Here they are pulsing
Man is born in to a web
Here are the ropes in our hands
Each thinking of binding his kins
One moment a crier
Another moment jubilant
Folks in their war of wits
Forestaller, the quicker on the draw

Haruna Garba

Lazy Language

How dare them be Dons of it?
And Hausa has countless dons
With lexicography to put to shame
Not a single dictionary up to date
Degrees and Diplomas concocted
Recipes from indigestible vegetables
A-Z it should be without a miss
Not mere translation of English
Is no layman's job to put together
The Dons could duly cry about cost
Could cry absence of tycoons' hands
It is no state affair to dabble in this

Haruna Garba

Lepers Fixed It

With the lease over
and the lessees stuck
they reclined against legal grace
and grimly leaned on it.
The landlord wanting a change
hired several lepers,
planted them in rooms to let
and this,
abrupt packing had engineered.

Haruna Garba

Life Without A Cellphone

Can one live without a phone?
Many poor and old people do
Certainly, I once humbly did
And did without urges of shots
Suggesting cocaine you 'ight think?
But this stuff doesn't use any cell
What it does is to a junkie of you thee
Just like its heroine brother does

Haruna Garba

Lion Pride

Where I am, goat is tied to a post
Out of mercy, the kids are kept free
They suck and keep running about
They jump, buck and freely run out
Neighbors seldom yell for trespass
If they do, the mother is counted out
Only small lashes the size of her kids
What do you know about lion pride?
The whole lots are absolute free cats
Every single jungle be their colony
Every thicket sound means assault
Every game they go for is mere hunt
Yours be assault never ever their own
Utterly small, can't be any lion pride
Only the maned, mortar footed can

Haruna Garba

Little Boy

Here was the little boy
Brutal, vicious boy
Here was the little boy
Hatchet boy
Boy compunction bereft
Here was he pampered
When barbarism an infant was
Here was he brandished
Whose taste still a theory was
Here was he full of fury
That on Heroshima unleashed

Haruna Garba

Little Yoruba Lady

Stop wayfarer, let's talk
You can't afford to be in a hurry
About some kid shall we chat
Ofcourse, a small Shagamu kid
little lady Lami Shagama
Small so small but mighty
Away in Shagamu now I am
Just for a glimpse of her

Where to? Hey little boy!
Heading to Shagamu, says he
When there my little boy,
Please do extend my love

And what sayst thee Shagamu boys?
That which belongs to you is right inside
Should something belong to me,
I don't offer myself for a snatch

As the day succeeds the night
So does the wind blow as it rains
All should put their trust in the lord
Xenophobiiia be fiercely scolded
Apartheid be old water under the bridge

Away in Shagamu now I am
Fried chicken from my host
Sleeping milk for the Hausa guest
Good roof right over his head
He won't be beaten by the rain
Anybody beaten all night by the rain,
Couldn't possibly be an honored one

Haruna Garba

Lizards Have Themselves A Home

The Architect came to build
So he made his wall invincible
But then came global cooling
And all reptiles felt threatened
Lizards dreamt of caves
Decisively gecko told agama to wait
Exploration could be their best friend
Stone as bricks
Refined sand and cement
Such a fine job
Sure magma can do
Sand is stone
Stone is magma
Sure, sure magma can do
And it will continue to do
For liquid ancestor to annihilate his own

And when it eventually gushed out
Cracks like lighted clouds formed
Some branched to the right
Others branched to the left
Now with cracks all over
Lizards have themselves a home
To hole up
To hibernate
You lose feeling when turned to stone
Anytime the earth revolves
The endoplasm of its core makes a puss
Anytime our spaceship rotates
That endolymph of hers churns up
And should the core go berserk
It is just another civil brawl
One potion ravaging the other
Pulling chestnut out of fire for them
They will never take heed
Given to colour
They will never be admonished
They will never meet
Besotted with tongue

They will never come to terms
Hurt by satire
Sleeves of garment face either ways
Succumbed to philosophies
Orient is antonymous to the occident
Sure weakness for our self defeat

Haruna Garba

Make This Man Minister

I don't know him from Adam
But his features speak south
How come amidst a war so hot
When all sides had lost reasons
And were fighting ethics foregone
Should the man put in words so true

His heart is made of pure diamond
Free of impurities of all sentiments
Sees straight the order of the day
He wouldn't take a winding path
Where hazards and sorrow lurk
With time attainable is every zeal

How come amidst a battle so fierce
When goats were comically capped
Taboos manufactured and framed
Shameless lies and instigations told
How come he disassociated himself?
He is bold the equal scarcely in sight

Haruna Garba

Makes Two Of Us

Two wife cheaters knew nothing of each other
So one day sure the husband had traveled
And he wouldn't return that very day
Confidently, one of them came in to her room
And as a matter of shock,
Outside sounded the husband's voice
But with new giant earthenware water pot around
A sudden solution fell in to the wife's mind
Inside she had made him to take a hide
Just before the husband did break in
But no sooner had the husband settled himself
Then the second man arrived
And made a soft cough before the door

And who could this be? The husband barked
And the wife not losing her head
Went to the door and said oh! You?
Come to take auntie's new water pot?
Turning to the husband, she said he was the errand boy
So she helped the cheat lift up the pot
Pot already harboring the first male cheat

Away he went sighing under the hulking weight
And when he had made good his escape
Suddenly he stood short to take account
How come the earthenware would weigh so heavy?
However, how lucky am I!

Makes two of us, said the transported hidden man
And that asked for the crumbling of the cookie-pot
For no sooner spoken had the unimagined voice been
He let go of the earthenware on the paved sidewalk

Haruna Garba

Mammon 1

Lucre is lettuce some damn loot
Come carrion, come bush meat
It's just wild water you did drink
And for its prey, it just had to lark
Priceless as they do come to type
They get gathered and put to pipe
I might utterly be acting the pious
For i hadn't chanced to be dubious
If I had ever tasted ten dollar dish
I would then hate to miss the relish
But a doctor as he puts thee to jail
Consumes everything only to fail
And part of it swallowed by thugs
Now in casket wrapped in rugs

Haruna Garba

Man To Woman

Man born, woman born
So is born every man

Woman born, man born
So is born every woman

Man born, woman born
So is born every born

Woman born, man born
So is born every bone
Why make bones
about flesh being better than bone?

Why make fuss
about bone being superior to flesh?

Man is to woman
and woman to man

Haruna Garba

Man! How Cheap Is It!

This salt vendor had a tip
That some punk was cheating on the wife
When business kept him sleeping abroad

So it came to pass
That outside routine, he returned this day
And this the cheater hadn't known
And It was a dark night posterior to a rain

Here he sneaked in to the house
Planted himself before the door
And made a little throat wiping cough

Who could it be? Said the salt vendor
Controlling the impulse to bolt
A salt buyer I am, he'd managed to say

At this odd hour of all hours?
Anyway, how much salt do you want?

One thousand Naira salt, said the man

Taking the Ash-back
bill
He fed the cheater's palm half spoonful of salt
Here take it and beat it, said the odd judge

But man...! Began the man
What do you mean, but.....? Barked the at-room-businessman

Man! How CHEAP is it! He said and went away

Haruna Garba

Mass Aftermath

The gen bank with its truth
The Vicar with time sacrifice
The audience with their bugs

How smooth!
How suave!
The germ- roots expounded
The cure prescribed

But soon, so soon
The hulking loads press down
Numb the brain, kill the spirits
And none can do any good
Briefly after the rediscovery

Haruna Garba

Mean Beer Vendor

Here where beer is sold crude
By old women brewing local

There lived this crazy drunk
Who was always after beer gift
Tough on him

He walked about, soliloquizing
Wicked words always on his lips

Drank by putting on the bite
Really tough on him

And one day I caught him
I caught him muttering to himself
Muttering about a wicked thing

These grannies
Such a one that never gives out
How I wished I would have been asked

By any of them if i had been asked
To improvise a cornstalk bunk for her
I wouldn't have improvised any
Not until after I had scouted around
Scouted and collected feeble variety of stalk
Such a variety as had osteoporosis on them
So that when she'd come home beat up
Beat up from her mean damned sale
The moment she entered in to bed
And in her sleep had lost all sense of caution
And had started the side-exchange things
Then would I have heard hundreds of cracks
For the moment she'd turned one way
Craaaaaaaaaaaaaack!
And if she had turned the other way
Craaaaaaaaaaaaaack!
And eventually, spreadeagled, found
she would have'een

On her sordid floor
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

Haruna Garba

Mens' Hobby Alone

Men's hobby
Hobby for the brave
Action done among hostile parties
Manning the thicket like world war troops
But this to give no hart a chance
No deer a chance
No any prey a chance

Their groups
Our group
In multitudes we turn out
Full of boasts
Everybody have mouthful of them
A hobby done amidst hostile parties

Men's hobby alone
To give no hart a chance
Give no deer a chance
Give no any prey a chance

Men's hobby alone
Proving themselves when a prey falls
For each has right to a share
When a prey falls

Men's hobby alone
Crazily scrambling for a share to bag home

Men's hobby alone
Done crazily by injudicious use of battle tools

Men's hobby alone
Each with distinct anthem to himself
His praise sung by inciters
Maddened by hooting horn

Men's hobby alone

Brave men's job alone
Here is where bravery is a common claim
Claimants called in turn
Before the arguer recite their boasts

Men's hobby alone
Each wearing black sleeveless gear
Carries crooked staff, machete and sling

Haruna Garba

Merchandise

Here is the lurid world
where when up their alleys
the bids go to the pious ones.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
someone will want something done.

Here is the morbid world
where when up their alleys
the offers go to the allies.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
in a way, the price is paid.

Here is the squalid world
where when up his alley
the offer goes to the pervert.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
someone will want something done.

Here is the bid-bid world
where everything is for sale.

Everything is for sale!
In money or kind,
by all means, some price is paid.

Here is the acrid world
where gunmen are sought for,
the business being up their alleys.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
somehow the price is paid.

Here is the fervid world
where when up their alleys
conmen only are scouted for.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
one way or another, the price is paid.

Here is the fetid world
where when up his alley
the queer alone bridges the gap.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
there could be a buyer with a price.

Here is the humid world
where when up his alley
the vicious alone will qualify.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,
in a certain way, the price is paid.

Here is the lurid world
where when up their alleys
mercenaries are sought for.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind
certainly, some price is paid.

Here is the morbid world
where when up their alleys
chisellers are found tailor-made.

Everything is for sale
In money or kind,

duly, certain price is paid.

Haruna Garba

Merry-Go-Round

Be on board, be stand still
Invariably, it means the same
Ship-the-Earth is a dynamo
You're only imagining things

One time-critic, another-convert
You can't be too sure of things
So often you see some fly stuck
You come upon a cheetah tamed

Be on board or be stand still
Invariably, it means the same
Whirligig merely simulates
Amplifies it does the real state

Haruna Garba

Messenger From The Skies

Pumpkin with sorrel-pumpkin!
Pumpkin with sorrel and broken bones
Pumpkin with sorrel....two friends
Pumpkin with sorrel.....north east recipe

Pumpkin in yellow garment up thatch-roof
As he passed by, seemed to beckon to him
And tempted, he stole in to one dark night
With improvised ladder he came to steal
When the couple was sound asleep

Sodden by two months of excessive rain
Scorched by the fierce showers of the sun
The thief had no idea the roof was a feeble affair

Up roof and stealthily taking a pluck
The rotten roof beneath him gave ground
And here was his on-the-way herald
On to you is a messenger from the skies

Haruna Garba

Mice

So am I, a house mouse
My tail trailing behind
Which trackers find hard to trace

So am I, a house mouse
My rattles rocking the quiet
Trappers still at a loss

So am I, a house mouse
I haven't yet set my foot wrong
Many of us though, have

Me a mouse, others, mice
The unlucky ones are casketed in traps
I wonder if it will happen to me

I, a mouse and so are the rest
Should another make fatal mistake
Together we chide at him

Me a mouse, others, mice
The unlucky ones in toothy cists
Does bad luck eventually come to all?

Does it, even to the smart cookies?

Haruna Garba

Mischief Itching The Folk

How they got it, is best known to them
Alone, how they play with it falls to our lots
How they acquired it, is best known to them
and it is none of their business to show you how
They put you in to sight with liberal eyes
and will listen to you with generous ears
They are people with nothing to lose
Those who stumbled on treasure-troves sit pretty
Nursing their lucks, they will neither see you go digging
nor fold your paupers' itching arms
If a parvenu does leave you to destiny,
why should anybody correct anyone?
Nothing like mischief to be itching the folk!

Haruna Garba

Mischief Makers Are Born

Born monkey, mischief is born
Neither branch nor leaf is left alone
to peacefully sway with the rhythm of wind
Neither the farm nor the farmer is left alone
to peacefully stay poach free
Born monkey, all limbs
are made grossly itchy for grab
and all eyes grossly on gardeners grapes
You must be kidding, brother!
Nobody ever beats him to it
for before you put a monkey in to sight,
the mischievous free goat must have forestalled you.
Born monkey, born mischief seeker of the world.
Born of a feather, only their breed come to roost.

Haruna Garba

Miser's Dinner

Frontal premises of a Hausa house
At twilight is a dinner place
The old man on his mat
Any boy if any, on bare ground
And this householder, a miser is
Takes advantage of nightfall
To blend tether with the dark
And bind his two eared eating bowl to a rope
The lead in wife's guard, down house

So anytime a Salaam is sounded
His response wouldn't come pat
Not until he has scolded his son:
Can't you ever stop yakking-YOU PULL!
Instead of saying YOU FOOL?
And the wife will pull the food homeward

Haruna Garba

Monopoly

This is the one and only one house
Smart man from Sumatra suggests
A Democrat from Poland polishes it
Our global Gurus gogoogling things

This is the one and only one house
Allies facing different groups of allies
Each loving for themselves the best
And for the entire globe, just the same

Here is the one and only one house
Five members sticking to monopoly
No intention of ridding what they hold
Only determined to see none has same

Haruna Garba

Mosquito

It doesn't only take a five footer
to make a good soldier
This skinny has lots of military tact
Does his assault when the diurnals
with energy drained go to bed.
Takes retreats in daytime, sniper-style
in dark corners or behind leaves,
waiting for the rebirth of yet another night.

It isn't only an insurgent
that can spread terror worldwide.
This skinny carries lots of threats
stores malaria in Bio-weapon
to cause havoc tropic-wise.
Explodes shells Sika-stuffed

It isn't only a matador
that can put a bull to sleep.
This skinny carries his cornet
to impale my somatic heap
when I am fast asleep
Or even awake if it is dark

And unless I walk in some net attires
Or with jets of pesticides oozing from me
I don't see how to free myself.
And at that oh, what a grotesque move!

Haruna Garba

Mother Never Mind

A mother got slapped
In tears came home
And reported to her son

Back let's go, so said he
Show this daredevil to me
But it was one brute sort of a man

When they had come to him
The son full of fury asked
If he had had his old woman slapped

Sure thing! The mugger said

Well, had it happened in my presence
You wouldn't dare do anybody this again

If you want a replay, I can offer one
So said our brute, Samson-size

If you are such a daredevil, try it and see
Again said the raging son

Swoooooop, flew the ruffian's hand
The old lady meted a second slap

Now mother, never mind
Home, let us go
God will eventually punish him

Haruna Garba

My Dear Frog

Frog with a hop, scorpion with a walk
Frog with strong arm saw extra leverage
And his mind dreamt for them a match
Ten strokes each to take in turn
Frog with slugfest, scorpion with a sting
And it was the frog favored the toss
So with all his might he took the turn
Ten counts taken with scorpion finned flat
Eventually it was her turn to take
Wagging the sting, brandishing it
Here struck the wonderful tail!
And frog losing his head for count
Pronounced TON instead of TEN
Which he boomed with croaker's voice
A croaker made in a single slap

Haruna Garba

My Funny Fans

Looking for fads
I come upon fans
Blind benefactors
Blind of all blinds
Beneficiaries feeling fine

Scores with tickets
Wads with Teeming ticks
Tetchy teens in tears
Big Ben beaming in blue chip

Haruna Garba

My Rev Is Counterclockwise

I think chalk will remain white
Only to stumble on rigorous rootworms
And their bulk is only a little
Less than the world's size
Questing brand types
Who never leave every stone unturned
Who would talk about colored ones
And trace each to bones
The bones themselves those of swine

With this hard way of scrutinizing the world
With real rigor now I borrow brains
But setting sail from the far side harbor
Hence scanning the noisome peaces
Only to find chips of starch and fats
Proteins, vegetables and salts
Eventually tracing them to food

So talking about origins
I won't take side with assassins
Rather, counter clockwise shall be my rev

Haruna Garba

Mystic Thread

I try to unravel this jumbled yarn
Slipping here, sliding there all day
Only new knots are born at the tail
Seconds misused for the hell of it

If your fingers are like mine
And your motives akin to it
Waste no further second on this
Threads of this world are wacky sets
And they all alight in a sort of mess
Sure thing, when the Hurly-burly is done

Now you could harp on this word-stir
And this when viral it has well gone
Thy eyes could as well forfeit their sweet sleep

Haruna Garba

Nature Planted It

Born black, born white
Born rich, born pauper
Born woman, born man
Born nocturnal, born diurnal
Nature planted it
Wouldn't this be a test
to see how we tame
our prejudiced streaks?

Haruna Garba

Nest

Up in a tree
Where each Lokoja lies, called a bough
Constructed so neatly
Is the crane's one roomed apartment

Perched on their roofless home
They've stoically withstood
The pricking of the brambles
That pierced their native skin
And the sun that baked them

Suddenly then came the rain
And the cerulean pair of eggs hatched
Presenting a couple God-made

Inspired and with gratitude
Happily they went hunting
Stalking closely at the heels of herds
Tactfully tackling the percipient grasshoppers
And as the cattle dine, their droppings fall
Which are rolled up and away by the beetles
Ever forestalling the strutting flies
Though you've fed them fairly well
Now you're changed birds
You'd only to see their new feathers grow
And you became changed
Why else curtailed their rations?
Why else make a handicap-
Of that you paid for blood and sweat?

Dear communal cranes
Could these be your idea of weaning?

Soaring above the ripening crops
They answer
Utilize the little against rainy days
And with abjection, acquaint yourselves
One day, you might catch up with us
On Jone's farm, at the battle of cowshed

Haruna Garba

Never Again

Each native barber carries a bag
A bag full of blood tools:
cupping tools, slitting tools
and a couple of cutting tools

So it happened to be
this news thing that flies
flew in to the barber's ears
about a client chasing the wife

Now with the client before him
and the shaving almost done
but the nose-shaving part,
the valet slotted his razor tool
such that when it had found a grip
he tipped it a little up and said
be it known that I know.

Be it known.....
and the client adjusting his pulsating fanny,
heaved a sigh and also said:
be it known, that Ne.....Ver again!
Those were his skin saving words

Haruna Garba

Never Fussy

When bird's flu was at full threat
And all heralds were shouted out
A journalist came to a little mart
And with barrages of questions
Bombarded one who'd just bought a chick

With all this pestilence swallowing lands
What happens to the chick you've just bought?
Restaurant stuff or home affair?
Please tell me which-
Have you no qualms for the bird's flu?

Now look, dear Pressman
As per as I am concerned
I am never fussy about anything, repeat anything
That has had rigorous rendezvous with fire

Haruna Garba

New Years

To keep pace with the planet
You must have her all stacked
To make head about its cycle
You must have her all tethered
To commemorate and hope
You must have her all leashed

Whether by the moon or sun
Really you must her all bounded
Physical or something imaginary
Like a yo-yo a planet needs thread

But withit all falling to a sole sort
The occasion is oddly observed
If this is a year as well as that
Then Algebra is utterly maimed

Haruna Garba

Nigger

Blackamoor!

Yes, Nigger, why grieve?

You aren't a black sheep

You who blackmail not

But only a blacksmith

Smith of cast iron

Never too, a blackleg black panthers'

Black shahs' marts being white

Blacklisted you can't be, among blackguards

As you never fly a black flag

Don't be fed a sloe gin

For a black fever, you'd catch

And so be dispatched on some black death

You hear them praise black birds

And dig staring at the blackboard

See how they seek refuge in you

In anticipation of swift cranes-

Coming in devastatingly beautiful echelons

Yea, swifts and cranes

Black mart of the white

Working wares of the white smith

Haruna Garba

No Advertising

Learn! Learn!
But be certain of what you learn
and done, never advertise.

Learn! Learn!
But be sure from who you learn
and done, never advertise.

Learn! Learn!
And sit and let it you serve
and done, never advertise.

Believe, sure believe!
Is really worthy to believe
and once you blindly believe
be sand blind to others' beliefs.

Prostrate, just prostrate
after learning it well
for in prostrate, a true kneeler
has visible only the back of his feet.

Fast, just fast
after learning the tenets of fast
for as you fast
you never expect someone to bear it.

Poor-rate, just give charity
after your lessons are done
for by you parting with,
none but thee picks up the tab.

Go on pilgrimage
Sure! Just go on pilgrimage
when you have the means
for once you are there,
you intermingle in single garb.

Learn!
Really learn these
and you won't want a war
what has never solved a damn
accept destruction and death.

Learn!
Really learn these
and you won't want a war
what has never solved a damn
accept grime, glitch and guilt.

Fight only fight
If you aren't its inventor
with thy blaring megaphones.

Fight only fight
If you aren't its manufacturer
With your stony looking face

Fight only fight
If you aren't its creator
With your satirical slogans
And with these you'd scarcely wage war.

Haruna Garba

No One Is A Ray Of Sunlight

Might be you haven't ever imagined
what the retina of a baboon props
when human face slips through iris on to it
and what human retina really forms
when they are face to face with the apes'

Might be you haven't ever imagined
what peacock's retina really registers
when it holds on to a chick's face
and what chickens boldly behold on to
when they stare at the peacock

Might be you haven't ever imagined
what the Blackman's retina makes out
when it stumbles on any Whiteman's face
and what Whiteman's retinas print
when they develop a film of nigger's face

Might be you haven't ever imagined
what the western retinas make copy of
when each Asian face sneaks on to them
and what the Asian eyes see
when they catch glimpse of a western face

Might be you haven't ever imagined
What the heathen sees
When he sees
a Buddhist,
 a Jew,
 a Christian
 or a Moslem
and what These see of Each.

But then that is how nature builds-
adding spices to varieties.
Only the wares we, are difficult breeds,
seeing it bizarre what is not of our own.
Alas! Can't one let one be,
of course when the other lets him be?

Haruna Garba

No Referee, No Umpire

Such wide playground
The street is a place of fun
Ground to rebound our rolling ball

Such wide playground
The path is a place of joy
Ground to swing about one's lash

No referee, no umpire
Great is a free game
So let me pull hard my catapult
Heavenwards let the pebble ascend
Till half holds it short of the clouds

No referee, no umpire
Let us play hide and seek
On this five feet millet field
And then play one legged race
On this field full of bean blooms

Not spared even by the monkeys
Such a great idea it is
Off if we go to the open orchards
No fun surpasses grandpa's strides

Frisk one, frisk another
Let's make a little discovery
Might be the nuts are ripe
Oh, such groundnuts maiden blooms!

They are in the labour market
Sleekly co-opted for their mischief
Ready against gate crashing
You've received a little surprise
Ready against frontal attack
You are done for through a first class guile
You've swallowed the hook
Bait done in fish your breed
God knows when it will come out

Haruna Garba

No War Is Worth The Loss

Farm fields sown mines,
guns sneezing balls of fire,
lightening striking
incessant its frequency
labor force in non-agro job,
at last like the rainfall,
the last drops drift to a halt
and neither the victor
nor the vanquished means a thing-
doesn't say much for the cause

With people falling,
buildings crumbling,
rubbles blocking pathways,
the lucky unlucky fleeing
abroad seeking for asylum
which is hardly coming forth-
no war is worth the entire loss.

The same roots remain buried
those that ignited the fuss
and now after all the hurricane,
they shake hands, content to live with it
and this makes one to wonder
about the beastly nature of man.

Haruna Garba

No Way Out

It is no legacy of anyone's
Nothing to stop infiltration
So wolves sheep-clothed
Drank all the stuff within
Till naught remained to sip from

Nice discovery
They have found flaws in the brew
In, where the baked faults out
And where ignitable splints cave-dried
Hearts hardened by corrupt history
Bodies defiled thereof
No way out
And there should be way out
Though an unfeasible chance
Now you are stuck all around
With quagmire, with miserable camps
You are stuck
With indelible faction
With sworn crypto
And you will remain stuck
Murder shall you all your kin
And appease by eventual suicide
No coterie to fold their hands
Only ravaging the noble course
Refuge for perpetrators to dispense
Now the tale told with a song
To Which nobody dare dance

Haruna Garba

Not In Africa

Mouth of the mountain
Hold your magma spit
Spout not again in Africa
You once did when few we were
Not again when Africa is up brim
And those at the wheels are dumb

Not in Africa!
Snouts of the wildfire
Hold your tinder crave
Has always been in small scale
Let it abide or not anymore again
Even for Australia, please hold it
Australia of all nations, the better off
What more of Nigeria which is loose

Burning chamber of viruses
Hold your outwards exhaust pipe
Keep your byproducts deep inside
SARS and Ebola are utterly too big
Africa is blind to practical foresight
For a place only bent on dishing out
None cares about any potentialplague?

Haruna Garba

Not This Easy Before

A single gentle easy flip or click
Prototypes didn't work that way
The whole affair was a crazy pack
Loads of boxes and tether ropes
To assemble took ingenuity itself
Such were the radiograms of past

What the eyes haven't really seen
The judge sure knows nothing about
The child will see operating wonders
And think they all have been for long
History is becoming a neglected thing
What kids miss, its idea is utterly lost

Haruna Garba

Not Until You Know

The witty have so many ways
Ways to your own sordid doom
They turn you upside down
A little more, inside out
And here you are on the plate
A little more, resting in the morgue

The witty see thy little fissures
They see how your rollers work
Take the turn and charge them same
Positive and all positive
Negative and all negative
Now let us see how they work
The folk must roll dual wheels

By running skate rollers same charge
We are the engineers of our doom

Not until wheels remain mere wheels
And rollers mere rollers where they're
Fuel is out for barbecue type of suicide
But slit obsessed, fissure imbued
They would rather annihilated be
Than be bearings in the mainstream

Haruna Garba

Nowruz

When every ear has suffered freezing
and each single skin in agony of tanning,
Spring arrives with his blanket full of warmth.
Sets in to deny two extremities keeping abreast
for when acids have gathered too much fury,
alkali flounders to salt out their fuming threats.

Centaur's against Lapiths-
cousins in aged warfare.
Now just when blooms are beckoning
and entire world's banners flying to thee,
may you please keep your prism in the dark.

Haruna Garba

Nuclear System

I am a universe
So many galaxies
Trillions of systems
Every atom in me is one
Each has got a sun
Mighty planets do them surround
Each sailing in an orbit elliptical
Here I am in agreeable harmony
I am the closest cosmos of all universe

Haruna Garba

One Horse In The Stable

Single wide stable
Single wafting stallion
Pests each with a needle
Think of physical nuisance

Stable flies with pricks
Horn flies nipping snouts
Tributaries of issuing blood
The tethered only wafts a tail

Deer flies ripping the veins
Bot flies laying catastrophic eggs
Bared tributaries from below the skin
Yet the tethered but only stomps his legs

Alfalfa beetles defiling the hay
Face flies assembling around the eyes
Lots and lots of physical nuisance
The tethered horse only swings a tail

Haruna Garba

Online

Of goodwill ridden mind,
and goodwill ever taking first place
I didn't grow suspicious in the first place
not until I came upon without stuff
deeply infiltrated within.
The animals are always the same
even if they change place
Alas! It is a common place
The same minds you know without
are those that sneak in to hole up within.
The monkeys that fly between branches
become spiders on the NET.
This world is a killed animal,
its parts selective to those who know best:
Shank and Flank,
Rump and Round,
bitter innards, stomach and rectum.
Of course there are the acceptably edible
and those to dispose of

Haruna Garba

Our Beat Up Ford

One time faulty trafficators
And another faulty tail light
Electricians see a lot of me
Carburetor gulping like rumdum
Smoke stashed in greenhouse
Mechanics see a lot of me

Dynamo will whirr to remain stalled
Push-started, idle speed runs high
Which unscrewing couldn't help
Such is our ford, adamant to repair
Which tallies with our Lamenting land

The passengers sulking all the way
The driver in hope, sweating it out
So are the mechanics and wiremen
It could have been manufacture flaws
And we bought product warranty free

Haruna Garba

Our Tuareg Guest

He came and left
Our really amazing guest

A Tuareg guest from arid zone
Got hosted by our Old man
Who always had porridge to spare
And this he presented him generously

Diving in to what at home was scarce
Our guest swam up to the point of defeat
And we were not to know
That embarrassed, he was thinking of Joe
Joe, the kingpin glutton of the arid land

We were not to know
That our guest was thinking of Joe
The only person capable of purging
The humiliation of defeat off arid land

Alone he came and left
Our amazing Tuareg guest
And we were not to know
We would ever set eyes on him anymore
But here was he back again
Back again after a year had lapsed
Here was he accompanied by a friend
A Tuareg too
Here were they before our Old man
Hello my generous host the last year's
So said the yesteryear's guest of ours

If I should explain myself
May I thank you once more
For that generous porridge you served me
So generous the porridge was
As to put me to vanquished's shame

So this year round and just now
If you wouldn't mind

I have for you a message of hope
For next to me as you can see
Is a guest of mine
And I a guest of yours
May you please give me the pleasure
to introduce the epicure of arid land?
This indeed is our man
Man, capable of ridding any surplus
And as the introduction proceeded,
The hired guest only just nodded certainty
about his dire dining aptitude
No comment, only nodded
Absorbing good words being put in

Haruna Garba

Pathogens

□

Pathogens

Life denied the eyes

Mystery alone revealed to glasses

Diehard devils to the soul

I pity their hunts

Innocent harts as they are

You see the dense thinning out

I pity their harts

Innocuous hunts as they are

You see the sputum draining them

I pity their prey

Ingenuous quarries as they are

You see the discharge maiming them

I pity every prey and every hart

For flies to have air-symbol wings

It renders naught every wish to feel at ease

□

Haruna Garba

Pilgrimage Of The Crown

Too many yawning mouths
So many owing old timers
They go on pilgrimage to pray
And then have holiday in Dubai
All these yet on the poor house
Parliament is a caring home
Crocodile tears openly shed
Beyond satisfying a colony is
And this they certainly do know
But our liars say they could cope

Haruna Garba

Pipe Dream

Dissatisfied with his pintsize
the lizard craves for rat-size,
but no clime is more prone to poisoning
than a republic of mice.

Belittling his rat-size,
the rat wishes he were a mouse
but the mouse's thicker tail
gives it away halfway down its home

Underrating his mouse-size,
the mouse envies the dog his size
but the dog does all the hunt
to be rewarded alone by the bones.

Underestimating his dog-size,
the dog yearns for hyena-size
but the little flies infesting her ass
makes the hyena a waiver of the tail

Unbearable of her hyena-size,
the hyena dreams of lion-size
but the lion himself has to run like crazy
ere he lands his gory prey

Sulky about his lion-size,
the lion wants some elephant-turning spell
but the elephant has a turning weakness
about which the rabbits make merriment

Haruna Garba

Poor Cities!

People are born to build cities

With flints and boulders they do
To perfect metropolitan view

Blind! Blind! Blind!
Yea! That is what they prove to be
Blind to the worming-build-up within
For the moment any single block is laid
Similar insidious one lodges up itself -
Potential destroyer of the palpable one

When finally the flash point is reached
Someone breathing fire will suddenly emerge
Flanked either side by the gullible ones
They'll sound the alarum bell
Flanked either side by the naïve ones
They'll fire their first episodic shots

Miserable days later take root
Now with ugly trucks of death
Next time with slug-swallowing tools
Faux harmattan taking control of the air
Aircrafts like cattle, in deadly droppings
Unlucky victims under rubbles
Lucky ones running to the rivers of Babylon

A coin is a coin
If it is that coin which I know so well
By all means toss it the way you like
Head or tail
It will always buy you the same thing

Alas! They would see the city's total collapse
Rather than acquiesce the regime's terminal span

Today's damages to buildings are mere chips
From the jaws of war caterpillars
The ones to follow not so sand-dunned enough

As to block the once busy city streets

Haruna Garba

Poor Game!

Some with staffs
Some with guns
Others with foul obscene words
All after the poor hart
In this ever ravenous hunt

Some with staffs
Some with guns
Others with foul obscene words
All after the poor hart
Coercing it to make a false move

Poor game! Poor game!
Why should anyone be a hart?
And every leader will soon turn hart

Some with staffs
Some with guns
Others with foul obscene words
Always after any Caesar
And a Caesar always there will be-
Wretched cycle of tragedies!

Haruna Garba

Predicament

At the last quarter of the month
When salary aroma could be smelled
This aging worker took stock

It would take a week
For two diggers to sink a seven meter hole
And by the time they'd be through
He too would have been paid
And on this assumption he engaged them

Away that morning he went to work
Down too, the two had come to work
And by the time he returned home
Seven meter hole lied sunk
The diggers waiting for the pay

Damn it, said the old
Now we have this quandary in our laps:
Would you wait a week for my pay thing
Or choose to fill up the sweet hole?

Haruna Garba

Prepare Me A Meal Oh Fire

He was beer sodden and insane
And every drunk needs his meat

One day he discovered a dog
Intruding dog in abandoned pit
At once he scouted for fire stalks
And secured a bundle of it
Which he dipped in to the hole
Sure thing on to the dog
And finally set fire to it

Anytime the dog offered to protest
He would ask the fire to go ahead
Go ahead he would say
Just prepare me a meal

Haruna Garba

Pretty Elf

Two intimate friends went ambling
And a looker came to pass by
Turn of events, she ended up a hunt

Together, as they walked on
The sidekick noticed hoofs on her
And about this he dared not raise alarm
For any spying, a pixie of wouldn't approve
So he waved the new couple a casual goodbye

But he couldn't afford too, to forsake a friend
Hi guy! Keeping his distance he bawled
Know anything about hoo-o-o-o-o-fed?
And that was what she was-
A cute troll spoiling it up with hoofs

Haruna Garba

Proto Barbarism

When Barbarism was everywhere-
Their barbaric came after our own
Bought them for less than a song
Like the wild they sailed back home
And in stead of hearty chorus out sea-
There were groanings in fish cans
When did they rid their crudeness-
To dare refer to us as still those apes?
There are native disgruntled far west-
As there are, down east and elsewhere

Haruna Garba

Pulse Of The World

Breeze-backing breath,
hurricane hailing havoc-
so it will abide
Pebbles pasting parapet,
rubbles rushing rough-
so it will ever be
Hangars hanging high,
samphire surging sadly-
so shall it always be
Shoots shooting spontaneously,
fine flowers falling-
so shall be the norm
Nuts nesting in nooks,
rakes reaping radicles-
so shall it ever hold

Hoax hurled in hype,
prank prejudicing pageant-
Is as it shall always be.
Each eager to excel
Darwin, Darwin, Darwin!
Divinity done forgone

Haruna Garba

Queer

Daddy didn't want him to be just this
Mummy didn't want him this way
And he didn't like the idea either
It's the handiwork of the tempting world

In to it, she did temper him
Full of freedom, full of rights
Den has he found
In which to stow away his beastly self

Haruna Garba

Red Are All Garden Eggs

Break it open! Break it open!
We've seen many a whole broken open
And many a kola cotyledon bears blight-
Fresh agony after a brief laugh

The large parent worm manifests
itself
By rising to the surface with its ridges
Ridges of debris of mastication
But the upcoming babies are passed on
And passed on during the falling apart

Oust the guy! Oust him!
We have seen the ejection of many a Caesar
And the schemers nursing remorse quandary
Lingering commotion entwining their sky

Each Caesar has his own belief
To choose to have his world turn upside down
Or with his stock of war ware still stick around
And see through the devastation asked for
By perpetrators who have to secure theirs anew
To really attend to the gruesome conflict

But then every triumvir still shall Caesar be
For each garden egg, in the sun does turn red
Radiation being such a taxing clout
We need not be, by bigotry carried away

Haruna Garba

Return Of The Buzzards

The goners are back
Dead now four years back
The deceased ones are back to life
With renewed vigour, they're back

It is the haying and disposing season
Disposal of broken garnered seeds
Seeds you can't be sure if ever used
Except for their exposed grey cores

And when famine is the order of the day
The hays of the ants are utilizable stuff
You just must gather them as they come
Not fussy about their original pathways

The hungry is a beggar by any means
And the beggar is a hungry man so to say
He is seldom fastidious about legitimacy
And this renders him similar to the wolves

The migratory birds flew away end of rains
Here they are back again building fresh nests
They had utterly forgotten about us as gone
And we are aware how much we missed them

Haruna Garba

Riata

Curled, noosed or stretched
All ropes are lassoes
Need they only some maneuvers
And you are kinked and caged
Here they are all over
And here are the walking feet
Here they are pulsing
Man is born in to a web
Here are the ropes in our hands
Each thinking of binding his kins
One moment a crier
Another moment jubilant
Folks in their war of wits
Foretaller, the quicker on throw

Haruna Garba

Sadness And Joy

Sweet things of the world
So scarce, so short lived
History ere you would hymn

Sad things of this world
So vast, so wild spread
This, my pen bleeds about

Haruna Garba

Same Old Story

I would rather be
a big fish in a small pond
to breach big and wag tail-
I am the shark!

I would rather be
a big fish in a small pond
to explode to the surface
and flourish my might.

I would rather be
a big fish in a small pond
to be diving up to the surface
in acrobatic styles.

I would rather be
but so would all underlings be
The same old story:
One of someone feeling great
despite the underlying snag.

Haruna Garba

Scopolamine

Gathering my sprawling tool
and a few eureka cans, I mounted the stool
to cast, shuffle, reshuffle and weld parts together:
Hypothesis could be a tricky thing
and mine like any is compromised, let time unveil.
One day! Repeat, one day!
When enough damage is done,
You will hear the song sung by canaries of the world

For the plainly attired dancers suddenly costumed
In miniature killer garments is unbelievable-
It wasn't done before
For stallion to get strapped under the loins
with miniature havoc causing belt is unbelievable-
It wasn't done before
Of course these aren't the dancers or horses we know
Some conspiring witty rays must have strayed
and knowing the invisible rays of the time,
You could be certain
man can be remote-controlled as well
Neither the drunks nor junkies ever dared
so I suspect the devil's breath
which surgeons are denied chance to figure out
for the killer's remains get mixed
with those of the innocently killed-
unmanageable mess scattered all over the sidewalks
all awaiting indecent burial,
how could anyone be any the wiser?
What the eyes didn't see,
the judge knows nothing about

Scarcely selective
That is how death is dispensed
Assault on growing numbers perhaps
which only scopolamine can do
use of which you can't prove
before any jury of the world
Scopolamine!
Sober looking zombie

Deleted memory
and who wants memory with the culprit blown high?

Haruna Garba

Sentiments

The Originator was different
He wouldn't lie about anything
Money meant Nothing to him
So was tribe or typical lineage

They have dissented of course
Those with the words really have
For false prophecy can be told
And things are being put to trade

The original builder was good
He wouldn't tell lies for a gold
He did only what he came to do
Lineage meant nothing to him

Haruna Garba

Serpent

I came upon you
among outskirts flora
head in golden scarp
meandering your frame
flourishing all beauties ever known-
amber copper and brass
surrounded by parallel sprawling blue streams
though deep below the sideline
lies the dreadful drain of death.
Pang! Then panic
But how else could hypodermic needle be made?
Seen with horror-
man in dread of his kin
for viciousness is no trait of all.
Dressed to please,
man will never believe
but certainly he has that of which to please.
Granite hard stare to scare
man imagines assault
but what is worth the trespasser's move?
Putting up fight in self defense
You call it waylay
But then man, how dost thou live
all by yourself?

Haruna Garba

Shameplant

To solitary the wind will fly you
To prosperity the waves sail you
Rotten leaves sacrificed for you
Pampered breed is Shameplant
But it grows to be inconsiderate
Will close ears when wind visits it
Will close ears when waves come by
Creature of meanness is Shameplant

Haruna Garba

Shamus

You who only till the soil
battle the straying herds
and haggle with buyers for a song
Well, what do you even know?
A shamus knows better than this
He takes every risk with the snouts

You who only settle at a desk
cope with file influx
and just adjudicate
Well, what do you even know?
A Beetle knows better than that
With the whiffer, he takes all the risks

You who only advertise
engage in sale talks
and have dead ducks on the dotted lines
Well, what do you even know?
A peeper knows better than this
With the snoots, he flushes out

You who only take clients
engage in fierce battle of words
and pick fees as lucky or not
Well, what do you even know?
A private dick knows better than that
With the schnoz, he gathers the whiff

Shamus, beetle, peeper
indeed, that is him
a typical walker through feces
A sewer worker without his gloves

He churns it, sorts the matter out
and eventually dumps the shits to the surface
ridding, finally an affair of the cagy clients

Haruna Garba

Sheriff Of Kings

Those little rattings
That pocket picking
Those acts of terrorism
Count king Sunusi's time out
Sheriff of kings is Harry
Awful jitters Harry gives
Hands them over on a plate
In Kano this city of kings
Lives this Sheriff of kings
He was a Sheriff to three
Still works the old Sunusi style
Dry stalk peel his torture tool
Twixt flesh and nails sticks them
Cuts topieces makes them to fit
A classical wicked boxer he is
Strikes the neck hits the eyes
Jilting jitters Harry hands out
Harry the Sheriff of Kano kings

Haruna Garba

Silo Full Of Thorns

Solomon stored his corn in a silo
White variety of all corns
But Beyond his imagination,
its levels got falling low
as steady from it, he took.
Later, of the stealers he was tipped off-
A leper and a fellow full of verve

So Solomon draining his silo off corn,
he replaced the lot with white thorns
and one moony night,
here came the thieving team
carrying improvised ladder for a climb.

Now listen, whispered the leper lame
You had always done the digging before
Today, it must be my turn to go right in

After being assisted in the climb job,
up at last he stood by the silo's mouth
Here it lies, as white as a bed of salt!
Tip my bottom onto this sweet mattress
And this his companion did for him
And there was he bedding on thorns

oh! I'm-done-for,
he wheezed
I am going to scream, the leper moaned
Please don't, whispered the accessory

Haruna Garba

Skin To Fangs

Stinking in dough after a sale
but unaware of a tailing robber,
here went the wayfarer after twilight.

In confidence he tore through the dark
that blanketed the heavens after rain
and when he approached some frond,
frogs sensed him and broke their songs
only to commence when he'd passed
but then here was a second pause
so he in turn, sensed the danger around
and leaving his lane, he ascended a tree
but here again came a third pause
after commencement from the second one
and sensing danger, the robber took to tree
dark enough not see his straddled tailed.

No sooner had the robber settled himself
only a foot-shove away from the farer,
the hyena that sensed him had traced him
to the same tree offering sanctuary to the two
where one was unaware of his company.

The Hungry hyena went round and whined,
rose its head and gravely growled.

Just then the wayfarer's foot shot out
and here was the robber sailing through leaves-
his words funny enough:
Oh me!
Skin to fangs!
I am cooked!
These were his very words.

Haruna Garba

Smokescreen

Despite the superficial outlook
This barrier, this complex
Keeps the water back
And raises it to the level of use
Yet, should it be superfluous perchance
Mischief would spring up at some upper place
But it is well reined they announce
Could it be as assuring
as a pop is by its picket-like lid?
Oh! The twilight is but storm screened
By raging thunder and rain

Slashed by heavenly flashing sword
The heaven itself yawns
And you hear a great crack
Without an accompanying boom
Perhaps out of mercy does it withdraw
The consummation of its normal course

So once the dinner is over
Wash your hands with soap
Lest the whiff of the soup
Does attract the mischief of the mice-
Biting, breathing, biting
So wash your hands with soap
Ere to bed you go

And when you rise
Countrified little kids
Jettison all mincing steps
To the mixed up city boys
For on foot, you and me shall go
Why take to dynamo,
What at dawn only whirrs

Tomorrow, the muffled machine
Won't disturb the ears of kings
Dear countrified little kids
Therefore awake so early

For on foot both we shall go
Stirring, stirring and stirring
The loose, dry scales of this crust
Whose magma has strayed
In transit deep below our feet

Alas! One grows skeptical
If you tread on youthful dung

One turns doubtful
If every town crier is all loyal
To his Majesty's words

Alas! We all appear frank on the surface
But right in our core
The causes of perjury reign supreme
We all know and hush up
Many an eloquence is a solid bait
Some seduce, some scour or divert

Haruna Garba

Snakes And Lizards

Brains of the land
Borrowers of the land
Such perverts you are
Smuggling from the far west
Trafficking from the Far East
Hugging every child born abroad
Have you none but a barren curse
Or is it an intelligence game?
Adopted breeds breeching trust
Snakes and lizards are all reptiles

Had Katrina been importable
And volcano a stuff on wheels
Citizens already they'd have been
Had earthquake been an asylum seeker
And cancer packed in cans
North-East stores would have long been stocked

It's against their wish
That the bird's flu hasn't found roots
It's against their wish
That famine is not putting up enough fight
It's their wish
To couple up HIV and Polio
With every importable plague

Minute spark of anger felt grave
Now let every murrain turn citizen
And take all the living and the faint
Goodwill henceforth a murdered stance

Haruna Garba

So Many Irons In The Fire

Had i so many irons in the fire
I would sure take a little break
Had i so many irons in the fire
I'd give my bellowsboy a recess
Had i so many irons in the fire
My vendors' counters I'd relieve

Brother I can't afford
That in the forging I lose
Or my muscles denied rest

Haruna Garba

So Many Singers

Crazy of songs?
You've only to listen to a canary
To crown her the queen of all
Crazy of songs?
You've only to lend an ear to a Veery
To be convinced she is supreme
Crazy of songs?
You only need to see a Nightingale
To have yourself a ball
Crazy of songs?
You've only to hear a Koel
To rediscover the best of Jazz
Crazy of songs?
You've only to listen to a Grosbeak
To hear the thriller of your life
And except for the tale of love
What is a song all about?
And except for diverse epiglottis
Why should songs bear ranks?
Now you hear Malaba
And say there is no screamer like her
And on listening to the Loon
You ascribe supremacy to her
Some may hear a Cockatiel only to be damned
There is no ingenuity like hers

Haruna Garba

So This Is Daddy

And so this is Daddy
Daddy in a little frame

So this is Daddy-dear
Daddy mother kept

Sad! This is really him
How was he urged on?

Land first, skin first
Or was it face first?

Here he is
Father tacked in a frame

Here he is
Daddy hinging on a hook

Here is Daddy
They remember once a year

Here is Daddy
Estate in sheer rots

Haruna Garba

So You Have One To Spare

At their place of chitchats
A barber said he was born apathetic
Never kept a weapon handy when in bed
And this gave a secret thief among them a clue

Late when the barber was in bed
The thief maneuvered his way
In to the vapid barber's bedroom
But the barber who slept lightly had heard him
Had waited until the thief had his back to him
Opening his noiseless china straight barber's blade
He drew the beaut along the thief's back
And as the blade was opening its furrow, the thief moaned

Oh me! The thief cried out
You had once said that you never kept any weaaa.....pon!
I didn't see you sparing any ONnnnnnnnnE!
And with this he began his bloody escape

Haruna Garba

Song For A Lazy Lad

Slouchy fella, wolf to the herds
Looser of his father prior to wedfing day
Only ten pigeons had the old man left
And soon so soon, only one remained
Only one male, black pigeon remained
And at that, cos the bird sang for him

Slouchy fella,wolf to the herds!
You have pride in thy late-waking sleep
You don't show until Sol is halfway across the sky
Just when thy bird has long been sunbathing
Sunbathing and spreading its crest
Sunbathing and waiting for you to show
Sunbathing and singing thy favorite song:
"Stephen, the sloutchy son of Scot"
"Stephen, the sloutchy son of Scot"
And for this, he'd toss some few grains
And pick them all up, he would say
Pick! pick!May thycursestick to thee!

Slouchy fella, wolf to the herds!

Suffered had he in his courtship
Wandered had he, scouting had'he been
Suffered had he in his courtship
He had got so awfullysun-tanned
Lots of roll backs his pants had seen

Just when the mayor would be good for a dime
The royal mistress put a huddle to the gift
The bastard had no regards for anyone
Just to safeguard his little, fruitless farm
He made it his business to lynch our herds

Slouchy fella, wolf to the herds!

But his courtship was a party to us
His girls served us gravy the grand time
That he had appeared in borrowed dress

Blue Shada attire, well tailored and a fez
And each girl was bent on first claim

At last, the singer got tangled with the parents
Here we were in the lobby, with me to give testimony
Tell us about his background, so they said
And oh, what a cornered animal I became!
Did anyone testify about their relatives?
Any way, I would say that he 's a son
But it was not what they wanted I had said
All boys were sons once they were born
So with this huddle, I had to restate myself
That the decent you, might wish to offer him
For all I know, only decent parents shall do
Cos family's sustetainance had to rely on the wife
Now the father blew off and stole into hishouse

Haruna Garba

Space Is A Vacuum

Where there are people, there is everything
Space is a vacuum without human beings
The best, the worst shall breathe where we are
Dust sleeps where droppings, Adam has none

Haruna Garba

Spectrum

On the blue robe of heaven, so open
A crown emits sequins
From the hanging sea, so clear
Mother light extends her fingers
For frankness to find his way
The cobwebs meant for the dark
Stand clear looking fragile in the morn
But the flowers so florid, rarefy spliced light
To segregate their favorites
Blue of speedwell
Yellow of the sunflower
Miscellaneous of the rose
Our artists on cornucopias, tell delight
And birds preen their flamboyant plumage

And God adorns with prism
The eye of the cat

And across the sandy fields
Some spook-like shadows crawl
Above them, gloomy-faced hills racing
And making their ways for the easterly end
Of the down-faced blueboard
But there so quickly they melt away
Making room for the ever inching sun

Technicolor, the eye of the cat
Bold in the skull

And forgetting that it is a stuff
Hatched of a deep geyser
Through its unlit crevice
You see water sparkling
And you say here is a liquid glass

And you wonder about fine prints
Ignoring that they were once fetuses
In the unlit shelter of the womb

That in had'een lodged latent egg

Iridescent, the eye of the cat

Out of a bag

Who knows how in, it has sneaked

Poor Acadian,

Well have you paid for the fare

So you can't cower and peep at neon signs

Peeping through transparent wall

For soon, so soon

The journey will come to an end

When the cockpit will yawn

And the door slide for you to alight

For you to find relief in some tree shade

Dynamic itself, slow phasing though

But ultimately, by it will go

Dark and dark dwells

Inside a conjurer's cabinet

Inside loaded parcel that in has come

And inside the mouth around the tongue

Dark then light

This continuous alternation tells clash

For dark succeeds light

Even behind the travelling fire ball

Of the arcane core of every conman's

These ostensible whispers and snarls

But the day drowns all yells

And night amplifies all whispers

Yet we recline against our wolfish selves

Delighting in our schemes

Blank, blank the eye of the cat

Lurking behind the threshold of mice

Technicolor, the eye of the cat

Out of the cabinet

When must it have sneaked in?

Technicolor, the eye of the cat
Coming in from the dark

Faint, faint the face of the cat
Eyes, blacked out by the guard

Iridescent, the eyes of the cat
What decomposes the spliced rays
Night though, could see far away
Catching other percipient ones

Iridescent, the eye of the cat
Paws poised decently on the ground

Iridescent, the eye of the cat
Search-lamped by the sun

Haruna Garba

State Pests (For Verification Exercise)

Crops aphids, fluffy white
State aphids, sooty black
Crops aphids, wooly white
State aphids, ebony black
Crops aphids, multiplex
State aphids a few - obscure
And like worms in the apple
They bury their first nicks
Suspicion rendered blind
Tortured are the guiltless
Gingerly yet they ought to walk
Blind, sick, there they must be
Insomniac, paralyzed - no excuse
But the aphids know themselves
Pretend the pious you see them do
No worse sin ever among the folks

Haruna Garba

Strategies

Whosoever had mounted the bed first
First, should be to clamber out
Simultaneously we got aboard
And they blinked and yawned
I still deep asleep

Knowing that water must follow
They turned, tycoons of logs
Smoke-screened wares in current's brace
To defenseless zones across all seas

Knowing that the wind must blow
They turned carpenters of unassailable rating
Sawdust booked for the breeze

Wise travelers slake the guards
A few days before setting sail
And so this they did

Cute fishermen knit their nets
When the river's bed lies undressed
And so this they did

Witty croupiers load their cowries
Under the silent basement of their roofs
And so this they did

Real card sharpers flick with lightening speed
Trick to fleece easy pigeons
And so this they did

Now victims of the scrap of our disposal
Scavenged by crafty hands
We are just some gilts before the gold
Typical pebbles before some marble
Brothers, we are licked
And licked though as we are

We could still pull out of this slumber
Induced by lobbyists' lullabies

Oh, what it must have taken them
To con maize cob about looking sensational
Without its gear of a dozen wraps
And still think nothing of it

Licked as we are, brothers
Gold, Diamond and Silver
Can't be everything

Everest itself, mighty as it is
Is but a floating gloat

Licked as we seem to be
Official we have, as a guide
To show us through Taj Mahal
Through Duamo and the Grand Canal
Stonehenge never the end
Then onto the scenes of all waterfronts
Where wits are at their peaks
Where the real chains are jingled

They recline too long on those beach chairs
Dead to we who yak about lore
Alas!
Had this bright dicks so willed
They would have since found a lead
And finally broken this riddle of myth

But who the hell would unearth a mine
When handy is a detecting device?
He would rather live
And live his fool's paradise
Global-beckoning all to it

Who in their right senses
Would walk right in to swords
Menacingly poised in their way
He would rather cower in cowardice
Global-baiting all to bile

Why else should they blow themselves sky high?
They might have'een denied of enough breathing space
So they had better sneak forth
And find themselves some boarding mates

Licked as we are
Heaven soaring
Fuel dining
Dumb wizards
Reigned thunderbolts
Invisible messengers and the trimmings
All can't be everything
One can have twixt his ribs
What it takes to move a mountain
Real savior of the globe

Haruna Garba

Struggler Steve

Like veteran of Vietnam in Afghanistan
Struggle is dear Steve's cherished business
Here's one who takes passion in hotspots
Here's one who goes exploring the winters
Here's one who goes after global sunspots
Struggle is dear Steve's cherished business

Singapore border is a porous affair to him
Canada through to US, a bearer doesn't exist
To Beijing a guest, likewise Johannesburg
To Germany, Steve is a regular guest
Struggle is dear Steve's cherished business
What he buys, Steve sells away
The proceeds thereof, he puts aside
And to the charity his entire profits go
Steve even gives from the principle
And he reclines in a chair in peaceful rest
Struggle is dear Steve's cherished business

You are Steve, you are Tony and you are John
You are Singh, you are Guru and you are Donald
Call the guy Natang and you could be right
Grace and Abigail are all acceptable names to him
Steve's most favourable name is Elizabeth
Struggle is dear Steve's cherished business

Haruna Garba

Stupid Northern Pie

One humid summer night
Suddenly broke the breeze
And in to scorpion my Ibo friend stepped
Scorpion which had surfaced to take air-bath
Stung, the venom knotted his tongue
Taking a leap, in obscene he unknotted the tie
Getting hold of syringed foot, he wanted to know
The bastard that might've planted fireball his way
So I with a torch pushed a switch
And here was scorpion wagging a tail
SCORPION, not a fireball, so I said
You have been stung
And what are all these again? He thundered
Watchaya mean by SCONE and PIE?
Aren't they all PASTRIES?
This what you cook for a pie around here?
Stupid northern pie!

Haruna Garba

Sundiata New

Suddenly the Isle swan went berserk
Risky projection in amplitude
Endless waters bathing her chest
And when the anchor finally did hold
Quaking filled a foreign land
And aborigines ran helter-skelter
From what was there to brew a breed
Mother so interested
In kiddies occident baked
But oh! What a terrible monster
What a bizarre thing, cloning could yield
Sire now an affair of the heel
Super senine
Coming through the seas
Powerful boat
Dragging all the loots
Wriggling fishes
Or parameters unlike
All have fallen preys
To the jaguar at the wheel
And in this worldwide tournament
Only the arm-length counts
To reach, grab and crush what is afar
Let walls fall rabbles
For the owners of a handy mix-
Self style could be a funny thing

Knowing that all pins have pricking snouts
Heaven itself, mighty as it is
Has turned deaf ear to bondage
Why take the liberty
Of setting canned worms free?
Sure, some wisdom could exist
In what the quakers did object

Certain murrain booted almost a grand
The cure massacred a million or more
Even furrowed a rift forevermore

Such a charity work
Our Sundiata of the time

Haruna Garba

Superficial

Majestic, the Elephant tusk
Great threat as put to task

Oily, oily, the snake venom
Stifling as it walks the vein

Magnificent, the echelons
Nobody gives them Eclats

Even, the squirrel teeth
These, you mustn't tease

Real, the hyena's laugh
Is a stuff not to laud

Sweet, the lobbyist smile
Lift, you will see the Guile

Haruna Garba

Syria

Come wolf, come jackal, come
Pussycats do threaten my chicks
It makes our cottage life abused
Come you two, come in bared fangs
Come and make it for us lose-lose

Haruna Garba

Taunt Tactics

Here in our savannah
And there is no place
To offer ease for trailing
Than the savannah sand

Here were trackers
Here were distinct footprints
Feet lacking in all fingers
Feet bereft of definite course
Whence they came
And whither they went
Interpretation left alone to intellect

A leper! Indeed a leper!
Their thief must have been

Here they advanced
Here was the armed procession
Trailing the obvious track
Which were only to terminate
Before some stack of cornstalks
And here, the dilemma all began
For after casing up the stack
It proved to be a deadlock
Well, said the doyen
He couldn't disappear in to space
But where could he be?
This flatfoot.....this rammer-foot
Where could he be?
And with these few taunts
The thief was flushed out
For no sooner were the taunts done
Their touchy frog croaked
Their irritable beast broke cover
To protest his acquired insults

Haruna Garba

Taxaphobia

Vulnerable fiber
Once compact you were
Excised now, spliced and knotted
By Rightists
By Leftists
Now here is the yarn
To unravel sheer headache

Prejudice the strongest faith
Control and supremacy the keywords
Turned backwards, the worst germ
You are never told straight
History is never told straight
You are the core of all schisms
And once an archive is done
Multi-horned monster is born
You have landmines all around

Same kingdom as they are
Yet Clade puts them apart
Same clade they are
Order bears non- identical twins
Same order as they are
But family makes the difference
Of the same family they belong
Sub-family asunder renders them
Of the same sub-family they are
Genus draws a dividing line
Same genus as they are
Species yet prisms out the whole

Same phylum
Diverse class-
Dear human's fault
Same class
Different order-
Sad failings of human race

Same order
Diverse sub-order-
Bizarre Adamite's defect
Same sub-order
Dissimilar family-
Eveling's most pressing thirst
Same family
Distinct taxa
True ego's fuel

Attention drawn to the kingdom
Clade rebels it up
Attention drawn to the kingdom
Order wouldn't tolerate
Attention drawn to the kingdom
Species defies it all

Shoots off-shooting
Acacias at loggerheads
Agnail sprouting
Pentadactyled beaming pride
Hearts hardening
Humanity's inherent smut

Haruna Garba

That How You Want To Live?

Poking your nose around
for where foully it stews
and where the aroma stirs up
your little vie?

That how you want to Live
all your life time?

Swiveling your eyes around
catching on to the shabby
and the immaculate who stir up
the little envy in thee?

That how you want to Live
all your life time?

Pricking and cocking your ears
savoring scandalous chit-chats
and putting holes in great names vilifying
to stick the world to its no-hero state?

That how you want to Live
all your life time?

Waving your hands, beckoning
to the freak full freedom finders
and waving away every strict divine law
let sulking spoiled pampered be?

That how you want to Live
all your life time?

Walking your legs towards five star
to find faggot in a penthouse

and sit at the terrace overlooking flora
and forget the existence of slums?

That how you want to Live
all your life time?

Haruna Garba

The Air Ride Ended

The air ride ended quite haphazardly
Rein-work and the necks pelted
No more airtight holes
Served by selected air symbols
It is beyond the means of the average
As so voiced
And sure now we only go galloping
Aboard Cotonou courtesy scooters

And kwashiorkor
There was kwashiorkor
And an awful self-swapping
Where there ought not be
Babies, you have certainly arrived
When the norm has since been done
Once and perhaps for all

Babies, you certainly have arrived
When the market day is done

At such a morning you have arrived
When the goners remain gone
And the would-be goners
Are trying their last eventual spasm
At their blackantly threshold
poisoned with powder dose

And like distrustful friends
We all can't be certain
To see the next rising of the sun
Would destiny really keep straight path
Towards Can'aan where we should be?
But it twists forming snaky lakes
Crafty handiwork of men
Utopia now a mere pipe dream

There was palm wine
Only palm wine
No narcotics wild or tamed

On this delta which is now in debris
But the sea yawned
And Karl's ghost surfaced
Coveting for fresh weight
But before it re-drowned itself
I held a brief séance with it

Certainly what the father harvests
Says the transparent specter
Belongs to the family at large
And it disappeared
Ere I would put in some words
Ere I would say
That in stages they were cast
In to some irreversible chemistry
Your descendents now shabby and lean

But we are still creeping parasites
Leaning against the giant propping tree
The plants say
That we are hopefully waiting
For the fall of the propping bear

Alas!
The air ride ended
Air-conditioned soaring
No longer within reach
But of the criers alone

Haruna Garba

The Arrogant Me

This quack, me
Is a pile of quarks
This hardy, me
Is a pile of hadrons
Protons-neutrons cohabiting
Mighty electrons keeping guard
Such is every inch of me
Of the very arrogant me

Haruna Garba

The Bees

Oars in water, oars in the air
Countless, they arrived
The queen, the workers
And the soldiers swarmed
All around the king's aura

Countless they came
When morn, still an infant was

So when the ears had caught on the drone
And the eyes, the echelon
The gone bodies did cower
Baulked, dispelled of sunbath

The bees cave-lodged
Making crafty combs
In the dark basement
Of the occupied lodge
They took from the rain flowers
The feed of their rain breeds
Took from the harmattan flowers
The feed of their winter breeds
Ours, the pollination of the bloom
And nothing can be better than good faith
Let them drain the syrupy lakes
Hanging on the pendulum of locust bean trees
And sure let them do have
The feed of their summer breeds

Only at the summit of the harvest
With coldly flaming fire
Our tapers shoved in their oars too
Careless of supper growing cold
Careless of all forthcoming stings
With coldly flaming fire
Our knights-like adventurers
At last maneuvered them
And behold
Curacao in furrows smiled

Ointment that bartered well
For the injury incurred during the war

With our side winning the war
They got tamed, rather entrenched
And now only stray bees
Come to lick synthetic nectar
All by our very selves

Haruna Garba

The Bottle Hitters

Here we go!
Here we go, says the rider
Crazy rider aboard the hyena
I've become the talk of the town
Such an aged man still hitting bottles

Here I recall real bottle hitters!
Doyen drank himself to death
Beer belly Ben went the same
Thinking of some drinking spree?
Here is one to avoid inviting
Else liquor will mysteriously go
A day before the scheduled date

And now we come upon SND
His sea never dries for a moment
Here is one to hit bottle Friday
Only to 'come sober week after
Week of dog house in their bed
The wife urging about the liquor
Certainly, it couldn't be from barley
Must be of some synthetic Champaign

Haruna Garba

The Breath Of Woods

Promised fair bath of sunlight
the stem urges the branches to fly the leaves
Promised clouds and rainfall
the stem urges the branches to fly the leaves
And when wind turns avalanche or tornado
the leaves become the miserable lots
But then what is the wind
except what the wood makes
Wood is wood and coal itself wood
It is that hot breath of woods
that gathers itself in to the wind
but then what is the wind
except what the wood makes
Wood is fuel and so is oil
yet it is wood that is burnt
to give rise to strong wind
which eventually rocks the wood silly
We are the woods
and those interested in wind, burn the wood
to grow that which will sway the twigs
for alone that which is good for the wind
is good for the trees

Haruna Garba

The Bubble Bursts

With cheers, with applause
is how every shoot is welcome.
But then it doesn't take long
for the bubble to burst.

With affection, with affectation
is how blossom is hugged.
But then it doesn't take long
for the bubble to burst.

With uproars, with hullabalos
is how the king is installed.
But then it doesn't take long
for the bubble to burst.

With optimisms, with merriments
is how the period of plenty is prattled.
But then it doesn't take long
for the bubble to burst.

Haruna Garba

The Days Are Gone

The days of a hero are lost
No willpower to recover them

The days of a hero are gone
They are short-lived, should any be made

Scaled through disrepute
Lived through antagonisms
Nobody stands a chance

Only Caesars
One succeeding another
Each inferior to that prior to him

Haruna Garba

The Dust Has Settled Down

The Dust Had Settled Down

The rain has the heavens cleansed
The dust rose by us is pinned down
Now we can clearly see far beyond

The jaguar had tormented the lots
For four year we suffered a lot
How come he would drive ahead
he who had messed up the drive?

With effrontery we went to the polls
No regards for former bad breath
Breadth that had grated our ears
And hands that had us tortured all

Haruna Garba

The Eye

These twin spots
and oh, what they spot!

Shackled in dark room
Nuts is the eye

Homed in asylum
With its several ropes
Wacky is the eye

Secured in haven
Strapped in chains
Batty is the eye

Put in a home
Fastened in chains
Cracked is the eye

Wacky, batty, cracked
The eye knows no disgust
except of the vicinity

Wacky, batty, cracked
The eye knows no odium
except of the neighborhood

Haruna Garba

The Flower Of Trends

Though the hands would be folded,
ears aren't pinned to the pillow forever
Though the legs would be crossed,
no one would zip up their flapping lips
Though the eyes are forced to sleep,
nobody would stuff their ears with wax
The eyes will see the peacock,
and thickly think of love:
such is the nature of budding eyes.
The ears will hear every new music,
and send every single body cell to rock:
such is the spirit of youth.
I had boarded the high-heeled shoe train,
ascended, now it is all water under the bridge
I had geared up in buggy pants,
today's withits wouldn't even know about.
I had danced well screamed disco,
jargonized language now is the order of songs.
A follower!
Such a follower I happen to be-
A flower of every single sweet trend
Is it the same with you?

Haruna Garba

The Folks Are Sad

Women Are Lamenting
Winnowing machine abounds
Old job has abruptly been sacked
Threshes and chaps to the birds
Carvers are yelling
Women shun mirrors and pestles
Chisels are relocated beyond recall
Dog's leg knows naught mortar bereft
Blacksmiths are wailing
Stainless steel jobs have taken hold
Anvils and hammers can't play tunes
Stolen has smelting done their job

Haruna Garba

The Gifted

We were all babies
And all babies
Kick about
Their miniature feet

How come Pele's feet
Could kick so nicely, decisively?

That was when he got old enough
To fight his war
A war only to be tamed by guile

How else
But by drilling and drilling
If you would strike the oil
Providence might've buried in you

As a matter of legacy
Nobody just holds gun
And hits the bull eye
With a hand that
Knew no feel of it before
Who says we aren't all players?
No one would say
A tie is a stuff ever to be left intact
In all the matches of this world
Every event thereof being a game

Sometimes I begin to wonder
If this fluid which flows
In the veins is no crude oil
To be located, drilled and refined
With the blindfolded financier-me
Hitting dry well

Sometimes I begin to wonder
If these fibers below the skin
Would ever work like those strings

Made to be tunefully pulled
Let the puppets-we, dance to them
And which not all fingers can do

Sometimes I begin to wonder
If that projection throat-roomed
And made to stir the lung's wind
Could nicely do so in every throat

We are all players
With the vast majority
Unable to find the tunes
With which to nourish a human soul

Haruna Garba

The Guru

Like Aristotle, like the Apostles
Must be how all Patriarchs lived
Tongue oozing pure wisdom to thee
Is as how the saints made heralds
The earth's right hand shoulder
Is where truth's volcano does erupt
Should a replica sprout Occident
The mirror stands further orient

Haruna Garba

The Heart

Inherent in denial is the heart

Collaborating with the rogue angel
They form an alliance bound to win
And like a betraying soldier to the enemy
To see his native clime conquered
She lends herself
To Lucifer's strong power of invasion
And lost is her liberty of conscience

Haruna Garba

The Music Of Cowardice

Hoopoe, our bird of wisdom
The celebrated pendant, the poet
After decades of cultural heroism
Filled a cup from centaur
Back home
He packed aside his stepping stone songs

In a compact tree by the citadel
Owl like, he hoots
Facing the citadel, he trills
Turning sideways,
Still on he harps
And how they wished
That it weren't a municipal tree
They would have hurled red hot coal at him,
Hurled un-smothered ember at him
And down a sapling
He sings in an orchestra of nightingales
Its alto reaching the fortress:
Omen, the genius
The whizkid
Omen, the genius
Hovering above him
A kite in a counter tenor hymns
Our children
Chilling the children
Boiling,
Boiling the sleeping cauldron
Our children!

Oh, stop your music of cowardice
You nightingales, you kite
The children, in their store of wisdom
Have very, very little
They are only out to peace
So save your tongues to naught

You churn fresh milk
Ere the cheese will emerge

You concoct and boil
Ere the soup is made

You till the weedy field
Ere the crops will yield

So hold your tongues to naught

Haruna Garba

The Old Tycoon Uphill (Praise Song To Thieves Traslated From Hausa Song By Gambu)

Uphill are we
and I won't go downhill
until such a time when I have had the Old dispatched-
the tycoon had had me infringed upon

With a start, I rode my bike

The Nocturnal monster!
And where was the nocturnal monster?

When he was alive,
the hyena herself doffed cap for Nagani, damn her.
By the doorstep I met him
and he asked what the matter was with me
so I told him how the old Uphiller has infringed upon me.
That's nonsense coming from you, he cried.
No one dares go uphill for any nightly stroll.
Any beast nationwide that takes this liberty,
asks for his remains to be revealed by the vultures

Without hesitation, I rode on
and here was I before Danzaka Halilu, the monster Don-
Oh, crier's Pop, oh father!
Superior to rat, the old Pop!

How come you are superior to rat, I said.

Talking about theft, so he said.
That the Uphiller I wouldn't love touching
and whoever is up against him makes a fool of himself-
asks for his corpse to be vulture-shown, sure thing!

Another start and I fared on nonstop
destination, where the Orphan of Gummiaville was
My word! Let me tell you
Should a battalion turn itself after him
it will call for reinforcement to aid her

What is the matter with you? He asked.

Assaulted by the old Uphiller am i, so I replied
But he said that was nonsense coming from me
If you ever imaged it would be so easy,
take him all by yourself-
our magic spell is no superior to yours

With yet another desperate start
I rode ahead towards Thicketgate of Ambursaville.
Now reached have I Mammam the real airborne!

What is the matter with you singer? He said.

Assaulted by the old Uphiller am I, so I replied.
But he said that was nonsense coming from me-
nobody goes strolling Uphiller's house.
For any darer, sure it is suicidal.
He is just asking for his carcass to be discovered by vultures

Walking nonstop
i located Adams of Sittingboneville
those days when he was still alive

What is the matter with you Gambu? He asked.
So I told him how the old tycoon has infringed upon me

That's nonsense, he cried.
Nobody goes strolling towards Uphiller's house
For any darer it sure is suicidal.
You'd just be asking for his remains to be revealed by vultures

Thence, I went to Jegaville.
There I stayed the day and stayed the night.
I had stayed another day
and just when I was about to pass through
then suddenly the Shadower of Quinnineville fell to mind:
Black stud heart of the farm!
Poor me, Gambu!
Rogue Rat that scares the cat!
By the doorsteps were the minors

and when I demanded if the sadist could be home,
they said he was.

Never goes for nocturnal strolls nowadays

Drum was sounded.

His allurements I sang.

But when I saw no sign of response,
I fell to the ground and wept

That made Uphiller's kids come off enclave,
their attention focused on my feet.

Tit for tat!

Poor Gambu might have been serpent-stung.
Serves him right.

Nothing!

Really nothing was the matter with me, in sooth

Eventually the Quinnineviller made his appearance

Stand up! He cried

Nationwide.....,

tell me the bastard that 'ight have risked assaulting you

Could it be some crazy Coroner?

Please give me the pleasure of knowing oh, Gambu!

One of these days when he settles himself in bed, belly-up

I launch myself on him

and when I settle myself on the pit of his stomach

I grab his neck and squeeze life out of him.

When all spasm is done,

the very moment I see breath leaving him

uphill I report to you.

Alone the old Uphiller's handwork is it, I said.

Stop crying oh, singer.

Entrust his fate to me.

Right now, where could he be?

Where could he be to be liquidated?

Not in such haste, I said

Oh well, a day after is Wednesday, he said.
You tail the Old between markets Rumu to Dinga villes.
Alas! When Rumamart is done tomorrow,
the encounter will yield catastrophe.
Earthenware to rock,
one is bound to crumble and in your presence

Never before have I experienced a longer night.
The night stayed longer than usual,
morning refused to come on time.
I was so worked up to see real commotion done
and to see fresh corpse

The first cockcrow came and I was still awake.
Couldn't contain my impatience about the lingering night
so I called the Morning Prayer prematurely.
Just let it dawn for me to witness destruction.
I was so tight to see daybreak and it wasn't coming forth,
so awake, I said.

Oh, we aren't in a hurry you Drummer, he said
Let's have breakfast first thing

After breakfast, I lifted the black devil on a bike.
On our way! And here we were Rumuville
Here we were at the bottom of the Hill.

Quinnineviller! I cried out: yond is the Hill!

The Oldman's wares a mountain of some sort.
But wait a moment, I said.
First let me sing his praise,
he is nobody's fool.

Uphill I turned up and screamed
Hi, old vulture!
You alone had stayed Uphill for so long-The Take-Averter.
Eastward is your superficial course
you whose true course is westward-
Amateurs can't comprehend whereabouts of your footprints

Here was when the Old took off his cap.
He removed his cap and dropped it to the ground.
Black fez was his top gear,
Its top lined all over in spell charms

Damn you Singer, Uphiller said.
What did you say that I do?
Nationwide! Nay, even beyond borders,
you lack a daredevil that dares do
but should you think you have any,
let me and him go in to the thicket
No better place to leave him for dead,
let vultures find a meal.

And even before I returned to the Quinnineviller,
there was he biting finger after finger
and rubbing his eyes.

His words, I said.
But oh damn him the Quinnineviller said.
Let's go ahead oh singer, stop worrying.
To keep tubs on that bastard is up my alley-
Of catastrophic end our rendezvous will eventually be

We arrived in Humpville
and here was a place of celebration-
the Doyen of thieves was made
Here was I among my people.
and here were them countless in number-
those who never leave people's belongings alone

Elated I became as one would be, stepping on the holy land.
Then I decided to foment them
or otherwise incite them
to make dash in to some pit
and I to keep clear of it,

Subject to jail they are bound to be
and footloose always I will remain.
Never touch that which doesn't belong to me
Never enter stores, in where no dime belongs to me

and not even a shred of fabric to call my own
That kind of trouble.....never!
But should a darer come forth
together shall we fare
me at his heel only to lure him
up to the point of breaking in
then I draw back and wait.
And should pursuit ensue,
i turn myself a pursuer as well calling out to them-
here is he, come along take thief, the bastard!
But should he come out clean
and here is the take cheaply ripe,
here I wait, I would say,
fall in to strides besides him, cap at jaunty angle.
My share must roost home
I don't go for any fee-free damned job

Then the Jailbird said:
Now what is the matter?
To hell with your business!
Just when the Doyen for all takers is done
and you'd come looking like a music quitter.

Do me a favor, I said
and I will sing that song meant for you bastards.
For me to be your praise singer
and to remain assaulted by a tycoon
without a single looter hitting back
this I can't stand.

He stood up with a start,
his body quivering in frenzy
and I felt good.
Straight, I thought he go to avenge me
where the dining vultures would tell the Old

Nationwide! Who....., ? he began
But associating the matter with Uphiller's name when I did,
Spaghetti, Jailbird just sat down.

Damn it, I said.
The King has turned coward,

scared to fight his subject's battle.

Is no cowardice dear Gambu, Shadower said.
Of all the your flocks of crooks nationwide
nay, even across borders, let me tell you,
Of all your bunch of crooks, none is Uphiller's match.
He is in a class of his own.
Should any from among them take it hard,
Vultures sure thing, will be the explorers of his corpse

Hey, cut that pitch.
You aren't on to community farm business.
Damn you!
I should hate to hear skin being overtaxed.
It really is a sin to kill drum without a cause.
For one thing, this music only belongs to risk takers, eh!
I wouldn't allow me hearing skin being overtaxed.
Dirge singer shouldn't be overexcited.
It is such a terribly sad tune
that nothing good comes out of it
accept death and loss
and it won't even spare me.

Once when I waylaid the old, he said.
So determined as I was to strike the tycoon,
mysteriously he passed by quite unnoticed

I engaged all my spellers-
Spell upon Spell.
I sacrificed goats and rams
eventually to be assured stars were favorable.
So right from Point-of-no-return I kept on Uphiller tubs.

I tailed the old since from Gummiville
and kept on his track up to Jalangeville.
I, Chabert Vanga tailed the Old up to Mildigeriville
Up course here we were Tortoiseville,
me at his heel.
On his way to Chabeville I was at the Old man's heel.
Way up Ungutuville here I was still tailing-

Up Grandieville.
Here we were Qahaville
and here we were Ruma on its market day
Together we were Rajimville market,
there we were Ninemileville his base,
the Tycoon was home still quite untouched.
Here we were at the outskirts of Ninemieville
where I stood face to face with the Uphiller.
The urge was strong for me to strike
but it died out on me soonest as a matter of mystery

The old man's donkeys- the sneezer types:
These bastards once haven't started mischief,
the Old wouldn't mind urging them on.
Let me tell you Gambo, he said.
One day I tracked down the Old to Koloville.
Here we were Dadaville my will still unfulfilled.
And here we were together up Raraville,
I, still keeping tubs on him.
Here we were Kuciville, I still tailing the Old.
Arriving Zugguville, I was still at his heel.
Through to Yinnigeville,
through Noahville, face to face we were-
at Bukuluville we were face to face with the Old.
There the Old slacked down his step
and when the urge was torturing me to strike,
he boarded some track and peacefully fared to JegaMart.

By the outskirts,
here was I face to face with him.
Just as if to make assault,
but I couldn't trust myself to do so.
Just about to tell how he lost tubs on the Old in Suruville,
and even before he made to complete his statement,
the Shadower drew me aside and said
leave this bastard alone.
If he meant to throw scare in to men,
alone, I will tail him- this bastard Old!
Macabre, shall our rendezvous prove to be.

Hey cut that pitch!

A Dirge singer shouldn't get frenzy.
There is nothing happy about it.

And just as we fared on,
i had a growing fear in me.
Leave the bastard alone, he said.
Go you and make good your sleep.
This bastard, alone I tail.
And when he sensed my objection,
Okay, be the old man's tracker, he said.
See him through his shopping spree
The moment he is done
And is uploading his donkeys
Let me know
We have a rendezvous
Rendezvous that will end up in catastrophe

So here was I stealthily at the Uphiller's heel
If the Old turned his head this way
I turned mine the other way
At the point of giving myself away,
reflex set me in to unintended haggling
Of which I wouldn't pay
even if I have myself a deal
And at the verge of him growing suspicious
Gambu's physical features being those of Clowns
I went and took a long sugarcane-cut
and this I tucked below my armpit
Then I, your fool, turned his head
so that anytime the Old made to turn
I would turn my head tearing off on cane
It was not meant for finishing
It was only a front
Here we go toe to heel

Now the Uphiller was through all purchases
And was busy uploading his donkeys

Come now and let me paddle you, I said
The kind of damn oaring that never survives to the riverbank
Such paddling as could be in novice hand
Prayer is done

The shave business is about done, said Gambu
With the back of the head shaved clean
And the scalp fully clipped
The task has at last been resolved to the forehead

Here was the Shadower looking worked up
He hovered from one foot to the other, humpback
A piteous spectacle
Then here again was the Shadower looking his menacing self

I deliberately flattened my bike's tires
And caught up with the Uphiller enroute

Go fast me oh, Gambu

If I had total flat
I shouldn't ride on lest further damage

So the Old accepted my yarn
Here we go
Me and the Tycoon, here we go
Our conversation smooth and natural

Past the Suburb
Beginning of the thickets
Here was thunderous commotion our tail
No hurricane sky of the east
No tornado the western sky
After all, it wasn't the season for rains

Feigning panic, I walked past Uphiller
and rejoined the Old

What is the matter with you, Singer?
You scared or something?

Why shouldn't I be?
Cloudless as the sky is
Hurricane free as the atmosphere is
Where is the commotion coming from?

Never mind

Ahead let's fare on

Here again was a hyena squatting in the sidewalk
Panicky again, I walked past Uphiller
And rejoined the Old

What is the matter with you, Singer?
You scared or something?

Hyena!
Hyena, I said
A hyena squatting in the sidewalk

Here the old called off the bluff
Is no hyena oh Singer, the Old said
It is the Shadower that is tailing me
Let him play all his tricks and magic spells
The moment he comes in to the open
I have him struck and left for dead
Let vultures find their meal

On this note
I made good my bike's tires and rode away

A moment later I pricked my ear
And as the shadower's call wasn't coming through
I forced my way back
I wouldn't afford to miss a mortal sight

By the Waterfall
That single running nose of the hill
There I found the Tycoon slain
The Tycoon now a nightmare heap infested by flies
So in one sided-banter, I said
You said I wanted all the flock put to fight
Here you are now singlehandedly taken

Haruna Garba

The Perfect Doesn't Stay Long

The moment it is lit,
the perfect flares out
The moment it manifests,
the perfect disappears:
the perfect doesn't stay long
It slips by, moment its knot is tied up
Made centre of attraction,
the perfect shies away
Chalk-snipping dogs the nations become
Hands dipped on and on in to the sea
searching all their days for a single nail.
Hands slotted on and on in to quagmire
searching for some drained-clear mud fish.
But one can't restore a missed mystic stuff
unless you want to live all but a miners' life
You have your perfect, I have mine
why even be at loggerheads with each other
when your perfect contains as many loopholes
as mine does have

Haruna Garba

The Poison Was Sown

When cheetahs turned feline menace
King Tiger made a sacrifice
And sent a little team abroad
It wasn't a sacrifice anyway
But a little camouflaging guile

Clipping low their moustaches
Tanning their dark shades
Rolling stripes in to spots
Losing their weights
Arriving in elaborate disguise
Adopting cheetah values and norms
Here were cheetahs of ethics, of class
Calling on the ambitious cubs
And cubs being suckers to class
Soon turned adherents of con
Cheetah now cheetah's prey
The poison was sown
And sown in such a way
None could see the conspiracy involved
Sweet killings on outspoken breed

Cheetah now Cheetah's prey
With a few tigers knocked off
Simply to confuse the situation
Let all see how co-existence should be
Let the rain calling birds see
The true colour of rain
For the rain does fall on the whole town
Careless of age, careless of class
The rain hits with its devastating wind

Haruna Garba

The Red Herring

Alert as I always want to keep,
Slumber occasionally steals in.
The precious I always want kept,
Fall in to the shrewd nets of some.
Those goofproof guards I do keep,
Sadly get impoverished by smart guiles.
Sorry to my terrier, a pity to the hound
Nothing, repeat nothing to find out-
blood of red herring having been spilled.

Haruna Garba

The Rugged Road

You could do worse than the blind
If you can't see the rugged road
That for centuries has remained so
The moment the engineer was paid off
And had eventually passed out
Heavily laden truckers had a mine
Bent on their haulage
So ground it with Nigerian fury
Potholes here and there began to form
These gradually widened after every rain
Asking only for the rational to take it
But you meet the reckless each single mile
Wheelers who swerve from the smallest hole
Numerous smashes engineered a single day
If rationality could mean a thing
Each should abide by his rough lane
For fair reaping of one's destiny
Since no single ear has missed the crier's voice
And with the engineer now living beyond
And finances not coming forth
What chance has anyone got?
Chance for rebuilding this noble road
Succeeding engineers had tried it before
But each time history repeats itself
Damage emerges after every trial
What chance do you really stand?

Haruna Garba

The Season Is Up Again

The mating season is back
The puppies have grown fangs
And the guards have felt overstretched,
Have hibernated for eleven months
Now a dozen a dime after the bitch

Some white, some black
Some yellowish, some spotted
All at the heel of the bitch

Some grumbling, some barking-
Commotions across the farmers' fields

Haruna Garba

The Sects

Buried below the surface
Lies the red tap-
Twin gingerly arms
Re-affirming loyalty
Swayed by the wind
And I who make the green his pet
Its zone, my kingdom
With itchy wisdom teeth
Commune with it
Fingers inclined to frisking

Each arm is an antenna
The denominator buried deep
Two wholes emerged from one
Two entities fused at the abdomen
Is such an absurd birth
Yet on ripening, the LCM is bound
To bring solution from the spoil
Solution, from the ruins of halves
But I am not good at this thing
As disintegrating, dismantling
Of that from which will appear a whole

And only when the bottom
In frailty lies with the top
Then shall merge a whole
So I felt each arm
Mine no less than the wind's
Has found no assurance of prop
And now my mouth is a delta
The tributes of the tributaries paid in to it
Why salivate but for the roots
Which hide themselves in quagmire
But carrot is uprooted by the leaves
Like the rabbit is, by the discie
And seer, o seer- where are you?
But his face tells surprise
I who approach the golden halo
Is cheddar cheese to ginger

Red, yellow swirls blend
With the base of my aura
You've a terrible background, says he
The red sternum type brings up your rear
And with it, you can't stay and so
No limit to your probability tree

Haruna Garba

The Silver Cord

Protein free, frequency obscure
Mother to baby, soul to body-
you're the bridge to life on earth!
The Overself, when come to live,
a body is its necessary sanctuary.
With high vibrating blocks,
the soul builds its bridge to LIFELAND.
And when it wants sightseeing,
it sneaks out anchored tight.
When it hovers above the bed,
it is still anchored to the heap,
Then freely sailing it goes
to every continent, to every spot
through war zones to friends
all these with the body a snoring heap.
And when the exploration all is over,
the cord drags its MASTER home.
So it goes as the overself lives
until its full lessons are learned-
time for the cord to sever for good.
And like in divorce, the couple falls part-
no longer able to think of love.

Haruna Garba

The Singer's Plot

God save my new geo state
State created four years ago
Stronger it is being ever since
Having tried to marginalize me
I drew almost going berserk
But a friend restrained me
I wouldn't stand state restraint
Nothing could be more painful-
In the courting company was i
So was I at the signing up time
Bride conveying?NO SONG
But the singer knows his way
Be the bride escort that you're
Behind the train I'll be all along
Sauntering behind will i be singing
Behind, I'll be singing the kids song
Once there, baby don't give out
At the destination deny former deal
She knows well what I mean
I too know what I mean
And all adults can interpret it
Moment you hear bedroom commotion
The bride must have danced my song
This was my plot against the state
But my good friend did restrain me

Haruna Garba

The Tip Of The Tool

Every single Adamite is a digger
Such a one carrying excavating tool:
Those who strike soft spots make burrows
He who strikes rock resorts to dynamites
Let the ground tremble and turn loose
Let every burrow get filled up

Every single Adamite is a digger
Such a one carrying a pointed tool-
You strike gold otherwise some gilt-
Personality's balancing point

Haruna Garba

The Whispers Of Ego

There is no eloquent talker like him
No convincing speaker like him
No assuring conman like him
Dream of all dreams!
Honey Berger itself could be apathetic
Compared to your craze for beet
Fish itself could be hibernating
Contrasted to your nibbling self
Horse itself is naught
matched with your shying self
To all fresh ears it whispers:
you are not born deaf and dumb
shout thy mind far and wide
Zeal is a legitimate competency
Imagine gold and diamond will one day to dwell home
Find megaphone
recite aloud what you've just heard
Born without blemish,
Sway, swagger and feel fine
Born with brains,
feel certain to explain every mystery
and really hoot with laughter in thy banter,
the world is a free zone
Call their white black and thy black white,
the world is a free zone

Haruna Garba

The World Has Found Her Sweetest Opium

Ouster no sooner than applaud done
Change no sooner than change done
Imagine wildfire
and there is no wildfire like gossips
Hunger itself is second to it
particularly about disreputable chores:
let characters die rather than live
Bar, office, even pre or post worship
alas, all miniature holes you can think of
Quite swiftly now
social media peddles her wares
swifter than how the rain broadcasts his tears
The opium is found
and unimaginable numbers reveal their addict selves
The world has revealed its true color
Countless numbers, all addicts to this stuff.

Haruna Garba

The Wrong Lane

Wrong lane! Deceptive, mistaken lane!
Infinitely extends it through the void
And exhaustively is where our bulk is
Sorrowing, accusing, falsely reshuffling
Can't wait a moment to take true stock
But we must take a real backward turn
We must locate the devil's diversion sign
There must we be to find the true road
A road it's though full of prickly brambles
Anything worthwhile calls for endurance
But greed will never allow even for a while
Takers on industrial scale forever be at helm
So long as forthcoming are our awful peanuts
Grumbling has become a habit worth it
Fast working has corrupted true conscience
Smaller fishes devoured by their kin
Survivors will grow to do the same

Haruna Garba

The Year This Happens

The year this happens
Will be quite a tragic year
With eyes set on quick recourse

The year this happens
Will be quite an eventful year
With compounds breath bereft

The year this happens
Will be a dwindling year
With reserves put to use

The year this happens
Will be quite a dormant year
With her profits all sacrificed

The year this happens
Will be a year of dishing out
With the underlings utterly ruled out

The year this happens
will be a year of exodus braindrain
with the ship unable to hold all

The year this happens
will be a year of tools' break
with expertise without a call

Haruna Garba

These Sandy Roads

These roads are all the same
My own portion of the clime
Each is utterly like a beach path
And I on two wheels must check my skid And I on two wheels must check my
skids
Each time the wheels abruptly stray
Quite often I get stuck
In quagmire or in sand
And I have to gather leaves
To provide teeth-like grip
Those who secure their positions
Find tarmac tarred road Find tarmac tarred roads
With beautiful meanders all way
And display feats of gliding and gyrate
And still come to drive straight
All by will

Haruna Garba

Think Oval

A decade has silently passed by
And I the orphan find him good
This sculptor that my master was

Overzealous, I often sneaked
In to soot stained chamber
That housed his antique
Let my tender eyes hold some view

How fascinating looked the handle
Of the witchdoctor's axe

On the head, stood clear
Two giant antennae
And I could not make out
If they were deer's twin horns
Or just ears
Or the very parted beak of a pelican

Each time I tried a stare match
The coarse, cold eyes stared back
And they reminded me of potsherds

What an absurd little trot!
Head crowned with the mouth of a shark

Swung to trace only a small circumference
One needs to hear the swish
Of his chiseling axe
Music composed drum bereft

Think oval master, think spherical
And I wished I would have put a mescal
On that witchdoctor's axe
Potters mix clay and pot rabbles
Mashed up, first they roll a spherical lump

So picking a sizeable chiseling axe
I inclined my head as master did
Angled my hand as he did
And hymned as master did
Put with my novice strokes
On an axe's petite trunk patching
Are a scorpion, gecko lizard and a butterfly
And I his apprentice
Reviewing the axe's handle
Caught the whiff of land and sea
And of the cosmos itself

Angling my hand as master did
Holding my head as he did
And with his un-worded carver's song
On the axe, i fashioned out a globe

When flamed
The finish was night on earth
And the oiling is an anointment
So of fats, be ready to provide
You tourists, as you take
Your souvenir home

Haruna Garba

This Battle

Will power applauded fierce
Imagination grounded firmly
Much as the jabs are thrown
Imagination really hangs on
It has the solid roots of rocks
You can only tame it
Any knock over is out
In any fight between these two
Imagination, at all times wins
Traffic free, two-feet-plunk across
Nothing easier crossing the street
With the plunks ten storeys above
Imagination refuses to go across

Haruna Garba

This Independence

The eyes became so scornful
Sobriety had utterly left them
Twin balls on future uncertain
Some legs walked across land
Furtively they gathered at spots
Later legs got crossed in planes
Mouths wanted words abroad
And it made the hurricane grow
Only to recede by freedom rain
But so what after the downpour?
Home tornado abruptly sprang up
In seven years, now tsunami it is
Ravaged is the portion pulled out
Famine and battles faring nonstop
Couldn't be the land's general wish
Only the wish of the few GENERALS
To be big fishes in that small pond
Is as how it is still in Southern Sudan

Haruna Garba

This Is What You Do

Takes time to find it out
from one who is in dire spot
and tries to lie his head off.
You catch him in the first lie
and yet in lots of posterior ones.
But then put yourself in his place
for true justice to be done.

Each road bends here and there
keeping clear of unnecessary hills,
mountains, gullies and rocks
to finally run straight town-wise

Should folk in entirety plead not guilty,
all judges will be out of job
having their detergents neutralized.
Declaring guilt, a doubtful stuff-
its mutterer a real, real, real freak.

For you to adjudicate well,
this is what you do:
put yourself in others' stead
to rediscover the conceit in you.

The impatience about which you scoff,
makes you the egocentric that you are.
The meanness about which you flaunt,
makes you the egoistic that you are.
The pomposity at which you sneer,
makes you the egotistic that you are.
The ruthlessness at which you jeer,
makes you the inconsiderate that you are.
The beggary about which

Haruna Garba

This Lump Of Lead

Here we are Barnacles and whales
Beneath us are the flectuaing tides
But as we cut across leaps 'nd bounds
Suddenly some cyclone up, springs
Here go the commensulators' screams
Death is not fussy about who goes

This lump of lead called brain
Awry could turn and you're slain
So as yours can't endure the pain
They strike just to relieve the brain
Reasoning is fast sent to drain
When tribalism is up the plane

These few winter Ospreys you see here?
We have our Cuckoos holidaying there
But for the eyes that can not well peer
A quince could be taken for a pear
Not until one had tasted the queer
Would he have every cause to fear

Haruna Garba

This Showy World

Fresh and scarcely visible
when the dump breath of the earth lives her
It soars heavenward
but as it gets exhausted enroute
and discover heaven is way out for their reach
their breeds pronounce themselves in to clouds
which finally burst in to wind thunder and lightening
let waves rock the low root holders
of the mighty and magnificent hanging heavens
This showy world
where the witty flourish their jewels
This showy world
that lends herself to be steered by few hands
If you had known what goes on in their minds
You will keep clear of all unsuccessful triers
Here are those who only dream of things to end it
Can't afford to live life of belittled, trampled breeds
Those at the bottom silently wish doom for all
and those who can lay their hands on dynamites
do nothing short of letting them off

Haruna Garba

This Sky Of Ours

This sky of ours in May, is a mystic gun
Loading its easterly magazine wet powder,
It amazes you by not firing its liquid slugs
Such is the sky in northern Nairaland

This sky of ours June-July, shouts in military voice
Does it when it wishes to sound hoarse
Such is the sky in northern Nairaland

This sky of ours in August, is a geyser upside down
Never ceases to flaunt its misty garb-pieces-
Each capable of thawing any moment of the day
Such is the sky in northern Nairaland

This sky of ours in August rumbles like a horse
A horse that acknowledges the arrival of its lord

This sky of ours in August, grows old man's voice
Never ceases to growl like a hungry horse
Such is the sky in northern Nairaland

Haruna Garba

Tight Waters

The earth got born just a hot dome
Then loose water did her total cool
And to support forthcoming invading life
The Engineer tied waters at spots
Eventually when life did spring up
Bright ones took to the dry parts
Though Tundra folks stick to the tight
But now with the economic heat on
None seems to care about the sun
But one of these flying days, oh alas!
The Sol will feel so offended as to act
And when it does, great flood will return
Man will be scouting for some dry spots

Haruna Garba

Tips

Geese with oars,
fishes with paddles-
that is how they are born,
to give Wright a tip

Birds with pinions,
bats with pennons-
that is how they are born,
to give aircraft builder a clue

Camels with mortar-bottomed feet,
elephants with them either,
that is how they are born,
to give desert track maker a hint

Horses with immense power,
Oxen with rebellion-
that is how they are born,
to give reign maker a lead

Grasshoppers with mandibles,
Caterpillars with some
that is how they are born,
to give smith of scissors a break

Acacias with spikes,
roses with brambles
that is how they are born-
to give hedge maker insight

Me with ears,
you with two-
that is how we are born,
to give loudspeaker maker a guide

Haruna Garba

Titular Bug

Strider bug, strider bug
Skinny without a single brush
How dost thou make such patterns
so beautiful on water bed?

Titular bugs, titular bugs
Scraggy without your pen
Without any dab of ink
How dost thou really scrawl
stuff of beauty on water bed?

One often hears of writing in the air
Could thine be one?
But the two melt away
They dissolve no sooner than made-
these apparition things

Haruna Garba

To Say This For Google

To say that Google is fussy
Is like fire being it to every tinder
To say that Google is ethical
Is like a buccaneer is out at sea
To say no heist for dear Google
Is like it to a burglarizing gent
To say that Google isn't a dump
Is like a trash is to the wastes
Mere understatements are they all!

Haruna Garba

To The Young Adventurer

Here is the pool
dangled before the novice fool
and pressed by pride,
in he will plunge

Here is the flourishing flame
mustered before the Moth,
lured by love,
in crazily he will dive

Here is honey
the boneless, smiling snack
naked nectar but napalm
wax for fly to wallow:
mollycoddle needs his bath

My Diver Boy!
You need to think twice
anytime you feel like taking a leap
for once you are there,
there is no out
come rain, come sun
stuck you remain, the way it is

Haruna Garba

Too Many Mouths

Hundreds of millions of mouths
All had words with the chief chef
One chef taking care of this
And the others assigned those
Everything considered too slow
Grumbles being barked all around

One chef with a vice
Other chefs with ones peculiar to them
And the chief chef at a loss
Nothing harder than coping with a rush

Haruna Garba

Tradition

Moment my head arrived without
And when I had found my mouth
For some forty minutes I cried it out
New to its weather utterly I was
So this first got lodged on my ROM
Soothing mother's hugs went same
And so were those father's ways
Easy to delete stuff on machine ROM
Most difficult to wipe nervous store

Haruna Garba

Trait Typical Of Hers

It lies unknown except in Hausaland
For I have never heard of it
It is not known elsewhere
This piece of intelligence work

Friends turn operatives
Turn spies on to friends
Turn spies with chuck around

We only have to begin eating
And one will spy on the other
If one's utterance could be linked
To the severe engrossment in the meal
For ideas come in obstinate in their flow
But they are made to talk by a best meal
So lead upon lead, break upon break
Friends catch one another in one or two
Through a jigsaw puzzle of facts
And hoot with laughter after at the end

One bright summer morning
After a political rally was done
The partakers eventually settled to dine
The old ones flocked around a large bowl
Sat aloof from the dish of the youth
But not quite out of ear reach

At the middle of the meal,
One oldie broke the silence
To describe how rice is nurtured
That in the fields, with the water she fights draw
For the moment it germinates
Water suddenly returns to submerge her
And the moment she gets submerged
She rapidly grows outward and that emerging is

Dear granny, said his grandson sitting aloof
That trait is typical of hers even in a cooking pot

Transition

Weeding, fertilizing and harvesting:
That is how i go slaving, quarter of a year
which sees through moaning of the sky.
Drained of energy, baked by the sun
Caught often by the harsh lovely rains:
That is how i go slaving, quarter of a year
which sees through sulking of the sky.
Bootless, gown-less and turban bereft
In tatters and softly hissing quagmire:
That is how I go slaving, quarter of a year
which sees through commotions in the sky
cross-legged, smiling having myself a ball
That is how I pass through the rest of the year:
a non-borrower, non-grumbler of any form

Haruna Garba

Trudge With Care

Old legacy you have so cherished,
and determined to be identified by
good as it is, ideal as It seems to be,
you need to trudge with care
for since the beginning of times
worms and viruses have it of their own accord
legacies to corrupt the apple's core
so that Darwin's words shall abide
for pests alone shall eventually thrive
Wise as you think you are
Ambitious as you seem to be,
since time immemorial,
the master trap has been snapping on and on
The moment a shoot sprouts
the pests infest it
The moment the apple puts up succulent flesh
the worms lodge in attacking from within
Now, how could you swear
to the piety of your apple pie?

Haruna Garba

Two Hostile Pals

A village came under total attack
From a monster, body covered in teeth
Body as rough as a corn cob
One as rough as a cog

The entire healthy denizens ran away
Only to leave behind two disabled men
One of them sand blind without his eyes
And a leper without his full limbs
Two hostile opponents in the alms business
Two kidders of each other's discontentment
Two one another's mockery-mates
For the blind goes on night hunt
And never his pal, the leper lame!

Hi Blindie!

Hi Lepie!

The right move between us is..., said the blind
Me the wheels and you the lamps
Let me have you on my back
For only this way we will stand a chance
And that way they began
But deep in bush, the leper's eyes caught onto a sight
The sight of the dreaded monster

So far so good, said the leper
At least we have made a break
And by now you are beat
After all, I feel like taking a pee
Leaving the blind man to danger
He ran like a hart forgetting his ill
willpower had restored his faulty feet
But only to serve the escape norm

When the monster arrived
He hailed the blind and asked
What the matter could be with him
It is about this terrible monster, he said
That I am fleeing from

as well as everyone

Oh! Please give me your hand
And just have a feel
Browsing the body!
And here were teeth all over it
Like those on Protuberant guard
And yelling, the blind broke free
In a marathon his sight re-emerged
Only to serve the self-saving task

Hi Blindie!
Hi Lepie!
Again it came to pass
The leper from the east
And the blind from the west
Had converged through destiny onto a town
Settled after each one's escape
Had restored them to their initial states
And had nicely settled their irritations

The great healer of the town saw them
A woman of exceptional sympathy
Who cured you by touching a baobab tree
Sure mystic cure, fast hand cure

So when she had them on their beasts
She presented them several sets of dress
And when the minstrel of that land began
These new men danced and sang a song
'New eyes new feet' was its name
And it had made a hit with the girls
Then each with a love and fashion in heart
They began brisk life of their lives

Then suddenly one bright summer morn
The former blind struck by tingle of discontent
Felt his sight needed servicing
And so too the former leper his limbs
The mystic tree of our dear home
Consented the two and straight went ritual
Without the consent of their priest host

Touching his limbs here was leprosy anew
And as the blind made to flee
The leper pushed him to it
And rammed his head blind
The priest cursed them and sent all away

Onward they fared up to a point
And here was some bush well
A well made for drinking rearers kine
Now weary and tired of life
The leper decided to commit suicide
And as there were unripe guards around
The leper rolled one and tipped in to the well
Only to squat behind the well
Wait for the blind to take his tip
Thereby taking it out of him
Oh! Said the blind
What could life mean without my company?
I have to end up the way he did
But before then, let me take
The ritual of the blind
So he swung his staff around
And here was the leper screaming
The staff had caught his head

With each protesting
Ended the alliance on this note

Haruna Garba

Underated Science And Tech

Digging it
Up
Mashing it
Rolling it
Here is an earthenware
Is is technology?

Seeing them feed
Watering them
Seeing them laying
Here are the chicks
Could this be poultry?

Cutting it
Decorticating it
Chiseling it
Here is a farm tool
Could it be technology?

Slaughtering them
Skinning them
Chopping it
Here are the cuts
Could this be anatomy?

Pouring in
Boiling up
Adding them
Here is the dish
Could it be Chemistry?

Stirring the fingers
Working the jaws
Talking it out
Up springs the belch
Could it be Physics, please?

University Days In Boko Haram Zone

To stuff the brain,
Nearly busted my ears were
To hear the blowups,
Nearly busted veins i had had
To find safe havens,
Broken the legs had tended to be
To think of a year more,
I very nearly did call it really quit
To have the ticket got,
Certainly i had risked my good skin
To see I survived it,
I laud that very special grace of God

Haruna Garba

Upside Down, Inside Out(Traumatized)

All you need is a little trip
To Hausaland for some lobby

Patched before the courtyard
It is the head of any house
The tail, the living rooms
And in the lobby
One dark rainy twilight
Was the houseboy having a meal
But he wasn't alone as he thought he was
For a hungry hyena was squatting before the door
Waiting for bones to be tossed away
And only when sky had flicked its glaring eyes
Had he seen the horror of the land
So raising alarm, he bolted to the parents
But when asked what the matter was
These were his words:
I was in the dinner eating my lobby
And when a hyena broke, Man! LIGHTENING-outside did i see!

Haruna Garba

Voice Of Irrigation Beams

From the far farm comes this voice
Complaining voice of wooden beams

Sent prostrating, jerked abruptly erect
They have every reason to screech
In this disorderly, exacting parade

Down you go, down the water pit
Up you rise, feed the green field
Down you go, down, down, down
Up you wake, wet the wheat
Down you go
Down reservoir, you rob
Up you rise and revive the fields

And you?

With worn, scarred neck
And weary, rheumatic waist
Ends my wearing away wooden frame

Haruna Garba

War In The Game

With wits, often pat bluffs
Is as they play this game
They dig thy buried dirt
This they display on roads
Word opponent, enemy turns
And as all parties work same
All really do turn into sooty lots

Haruna Garba

Was I Nutty!

When ice cream was chief of feeds
I cried nonstop when I saw one
And that was how sentimental i was

When toys were most valuable to me
I made a grab seeing a friend with one
And that was the robber me

When grandma told mythological tales
I saw reality in those phantom characters of hers
And that was the emotional me

When game was so sweet to me
I dodged home chores for the pitch
And that was the egocentric me

When high heeled shoes were trendy
I held him pitiable anyone without a pair
And that was the intolerant me

When disco was utterly so chic
I mocked every listener of African tunes
And that was the bigoted me

When the world wasn't a global villa
I saw a villager in everyone from countryside
And that was the blinkered me

When any fashion came to land
Insanely, insanely I developed craze
And untouched, I had never left it

Now with all these insane pastimes
How would I be certain of my current state?

Haruna Garba

Wasp Bite

Justifiable is the honeybee bite
For the take you bear the bite
Alone the wasp at liberty bites
And my skin I don't offer for that
I crush its nest when I see one

Haruna Garba

Wax Your Ear

Something Special when said
Please wax your ears
When dish creators brag
Brothers wax your ears
Can't be any the better
All these cooks are crooks
How often they concoct
Churning, simmering
Nothing except shoddy feeds
So wax your prickly ears
All vaunts bear same trites

Haruna Garba

We All Eke Out

Rich as the rich could be
He ekes out with a little greed
Tranquil as the pauper looks
He ekes out with a flaw of gyp
Sweet as a singer sounds
He ekes out with little screams
Teary as the weeper is
He ekes out with a few sobs
Destitute and piteous as a beggar
Could eke out with a baby on lap
Fishy as the vicious is
He ekes out, with at least a single trust

You eke out
I eke out
We eke out
In one way or the other
In everything, we all eke out

Haruna Garba

We Are The Balusters

They ignore the lift going upstairs
The smarmy would rather walk it up
They play Isaac Newton's great show
Beguiled beneath Pisa tower we applaud
But we are the Balusters and the handrail
We are when our cards remain coveted things
But no longer after they've reached the top
It becomes real time to settle indebtedness
Settled was greed when fire was flaring off

Haruna Garba

We Aren't Dying For Her

This basket of varieties hold all
This sequence holds all the letters
But E and P hump their backs
And E itself is a bunch of sorts
Just like P is at the extreme end

So when it comes to event death
E pushes the commoners to the zone
Go die for the good of the holdall
Offering the supreme price for them

The Elite is a class of its own
So is the miserable poor one
P aren't strictly dying for all
They're exploited for all i know

Haruna Garba

We Have Seen It All

Who would have thought of water being sold in a shop?

Ewers or guard then in tins

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have thought of it being drunk with a mug?

Only halved miniature guard then metal vessel

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have thought of oxen building ridges

Only man's plough or a hoe

Yet now we see different

Plough and ridger

We have seen all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have imagined salt white manure?

Only dung

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have imagined arriving at Jedda in a matter of hour?

Only a year or so fast thing

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have thought of living under corrugated roofs?

Only thatch

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have imagined calling the world wherever you could be

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork

Who would have thought of drawing water without leather bucket and a sisal rope?

But now we see different

We have seen it all

And painfully it is not our handiwork
Who would have thought of battle without sword, arrow and bow?
But now we see different
We have seen it all
And painfully it is not our handiwork
Who would have imagined a shave without a scissors?
But now we see different
We have seen it all
And painfully it is not our handiwork
Who would have imagined being fanned without the frond fan?
But now we see different
We have seen it all
And painfully it is not our handiwork
Who would have ever imagined demarera could be whitewashed?
But now we see different
We have seen it all
And painfully it is not our handiwork
Who would have ever thought of a cleric sitting on thing other than ram skin?
But now we see different
We have seen it all
And painfully it is not our handiwork
Whoever imagined donkeys would be relieved
Whoever thought calabashes be pushed to rear
But now we see different
We have seen it all
Who would have imagined respect only reserved for the rich?
Little for clerics
Little for Parents-in-law
Little for relatives
And about non for the poor folks
But now we see different
We have seen it all

Haruna Garba

Weakness

Badly as each may want to be good
To leave alone what so should be
That, ants of the world won't allow
Bitten, you're all for ridding the itch

Badly as each may want to be good
Be fine each mundane single hour
That, the land's germs won't permit
Poisoned, you're all for a ward life

Badly as each may want to be good
Be pet like to the owner who keeps
That, frequency of scammers forbids
Duped, you are all for skepticism

Badly as each may want to be good
Think that twixt the teeth tolls same
That; fear of domination weakens up
Berlin ought to have wall in between

Badly as each may want to be good
And let every hymn ascend the skies
That; pride and prejudice won't see
Megaphones interfere on thing, same

Haruna Garba

Weaning

Weaning

Sweet, sweet, sweet mother
Are you really abandoning me?
Suckling, sucking, milking
Could four years pass this fast?
How i wish a next level does exist!
Now vulnerable sadly i must be
With the weather to toy at its wish
Parted with thy body, nobody i am
Only a commoner to pend for myself
Perhaps i messed up my cute chance
The champaign of power could blind

Haruna Garba

Well, What Do You Know?

Apart from your grievances,
what else do you know?
You trading on grievances you're stuck with,
they trading on sorrows they're stuck with-
elsewhere, men trading-in their wishful wares-
Well, what do you know?

You who are stuck with old incurable plague,
what makes you think you can purge yourself?
You who shy away from viability
and seek refuge in those, right on its way-
what makes you think you are doing a meek thing?

You solely live on legacies
How can you be any the wiser
while the forefathers outsmarted were?
Ball of fire as you believe to be,
the rogue elephant you think you are,
the rebel you feel you should be
alas, you are only deceptively got at
straight into some hands have walked in
It was all planned even as the ancestors were up
Is worst lure ever-let one go against himself

They couldn't be any the wiser themselves
while the infiltrators were a shade too smart.

Stealing their ways right into the core
Excelling more than you do in thy ethic
How could you be any the wiser?

Scouting for controversial loopholes,
they grimly capitalize on them.
Nothing easier-
to coerce bitter cousins into mortal brawls.

Nothing like being wolves in sheep's cloth

Blending lineage by maternal means,

they have become mothers of kings.
Excelled in perfect plots,
they have fingers in every pie.
But then when the head is a plant
What else do you expect?
The whole land becomes a porous pot

The citadel ever a solid fortress,
up there brawls get manufactured
to slim out multiplicity in the populace.
Of course, is no loss for sworn enemies
But devoured by dismal prejudice,
the nickel will never ever fall

Haruna Garba

What I Owe My Hero (For Sardauna)

No steam in it
It lacks substance
Each jab of these busy days

How they can't hinder me
From searching the engrams
Of carefree days
They refuse to fade away, those tunes
Mumbled by my tender tongue
Paeans, theme songs, nay
Slogans so nourishing
So enchanting
Memorized when I had scarcely found my tongue

It fails to fade away, his face
That had played me peck-a-boo
And now by the courtesy of printers
I see abundantly clear
In black and white, I see
The same giant in his cloak
Cloak, not so flamboyantly adorning
The plain inner robe
Immaculate ridge of whiskers
Running down his chin
Like river Benue and the Niger
On to the sea
A photographically preserved lawn
With a crescent-like hedge scythed low

A good photographic work
The giant still stands
Like a mammoth embroidered
With a lion's mane
Lamp stand compared to a stool's foot
Elephant among the buffalos
An oak to pine, indeed that's him
Nay, a geyser, a genius of breakthrough
A guinea pig

Towards the occident, soared he
White frail on ebon dress
So sang the maidens
At any wedding minstrel
And indeed, he's this hawk alright
Who knew he'd be hastened
But so he was in his mission Earth-skull
He had become a Ceasar
Our Ceasar, elephant-sized
Imposing hedge surrounding
The entire profile
Entire parameter of his face

He stands still, the goner stands still
Who took an heirloom rightly his
And built a villa ancestor-traced

When martyred our hero was
Dawn itself took a backward turn
God knows when it will dawn again

Magnificent, still stands he
By the Lioness who stood before the King
Earlier on that array prohibiting day
But it took him fast, that which swept the Lion
Just when my wisdom eye had scarcely seen
The sincere screen of his

Their satellites find orbits
Before they melt away, our heroes
Mammoth-like they will soon get quaint
This Ashraf-clan of the near east
Where I have trucked him down
Thus quaintly, quaintly paying him homage
With a minuet that relieves my tethered conscience

Haruna Garba

When We Were

When we were close allies
We framed and forged hoax
Now fallen apart
Naught but the game of wits
They knew little about string
Now are stuff tangled in webs
Their stock no longer a secret
Everything theirs, adrift
Greed had argued them on
Now cranes and tail-wagging cow
The old smiles faded into naught
Non-existent their true nature was

Haruna Garba

Where Are They Now?

That Mali which swallowed Ghana
And Songhai that swallowed Mali
Where are they now
Except they had done the animal things

That Sundiata and those Mansas
Where are they now
And what game did they play
Except that barbaric hobby of men

That Hitler hurly-burly, that 'Nam norm
What fruits were reaped?
Nought, except inter-arsons across seas

That Osama oath, that Saddam sadness
Which ailment did it cure?
None, except another moonshot of a kind

That Ghaddafi gag, that twin-Sudans' sunder
Which grieves have they soothed?
None, except many more anew

Be not ambitious O Africa
Keep to your true status
And be the mother of the raw
For robot making isn't thine at all

Where are the first triers?
Where are their casualties?
And where are their veterans?
Yet how far are we in original tech?

Haruna Garba

Where The Fault Lies

You wouldn't have known
If the blend had remained un-sifted

You wouldn't have known day or night
Or what tonight had come in to focus
In the great Akasha

There's Old Adam still green-lipped
Right below the old sol
And the crook-ribbed with nipples
Suckling her manifolding lots
Abel rose
Then Cain fell
And the Sculptor planted pity
After the great flood

So the remaining glow receded
Only flickers twixt heaven and earth
Which as they functioned
So did those behind the breasts
Didn't the host denounce preference
Over the former house of bondage?

Man, you are such a user
That meddles bereft of knowhow
Self-medicating adversely
Now you lie at the surgeon's mercy

Now deranging your appliance
It only flickers effecting no motion at all
Thus arousing the meander's countenance

Brother!
The fault lies in the fruit
Fruit mothering all sensuality
Rooted in our faulty soul

Haruna Garba

Where The World Lies

I dig the grumblers
That would stare at the vicinity
And wiping their eyebrows, they would say
Well, Such is the world

Yea, the world isn't far away
It is so near
Beneath our feet
By our eyelashes, so near
Monitored by our tolling tongues

It's so near
A star is a mere sequin
Up there, it can't be a world
Below the feelers, lies the world

It is this thicket of thorns
Raked through by our blind hunters' feet
This concert hall
Where mosquitoes with their cornets play
Where elephants with their mortar-bottomed feet
Upon our crops, tread the dance of the fields

It is what we tread on
And what treads upon us
Where bodies attract and repel
And where ears can scarcely hear

The world isn't far away
So near it lies, inside the pocket
Inside the folder
Wherein hands are dipped
It's found in the spectacles
That stir up the silence
Of the saline lake of our eyes
And in the fields where assembled cobs
By ants, are turned to hills

I dig the grumblers

Who bastinadoed by the vicinity
Would impute everything on the synapses
And would say, well, such is the world

Yea, the world isn't far away
So near it lies-
On the flood-sauced farmers' feet
So handy it is-
On the apothecary's counter
Sweetened poison yielding itself so easily
And only a few can say no to it

I dig all grumblers
Who kindled by the vicinity
Make the world their reciting stuff

Yea, the world isn't far away
It lies so near

It is this vegetative soil
This hideout of mines
The home of awful rodents
To jewels, their home
A gallery of dead and living slugs
Slugs that give tummies second navels

It isn't far away
It is the premises of our huts
And of the mansion of the overloads
In the fireplace it lies
Smoke column coiling through its labyrinths
Tracing a way to its Utopian home

Yea, below the antennae, lies the world

Haruna Garba

Why The Lizard Nods

Except for self reassurance,
why else should anyone care to nod?
So noticing you intermittently taking sips,
and that no part of his headache,
agama lizard just nods.

Except for self reassurance,
why else should anyone care to nod?
So on seeing builders toiling
and carpenters putting pieces together
and that being no headache of his,
agama lizard contently nods.

Except for self reassurance,
why else should anyone care to nod?
Hence upon seeing you wearing eyeglasses
and that being no concern of his,
agama pulls down nictitating membranes
and simply just nods.

Except for self reassurance,
why else should anyone care to nod?
and on seeing you at the wheel
Settled behind windscreen with blind pulled sideways
and that being no business of his,
agama will pull down on the third eyelids
and full of gratitude will begin to nod.

Except for self reassurance,
why else should anyone care to nod?
And on seeing chicken chickening
and the tethered rams ramming,
agama takes to brandishing and lashing out the tail.
and then out of contentment, he does nod.

Haruna Garba

Why The Squirrel Stands Up

From his ancestors,
the squirrel learnt the tricks:
to build a house with multiple backdoors;
a house with numerous entrances
and to stand up and pose equal

Hearing yond yakking youth
who are on to some spree,
the squirrel erects himself
to proclaim the competency in him

Seeing the disguised hunter bird-pecking,
advancing by small degrees,
the squirrel stands up
to proclaim the competency in him

Seeing the standstill guard-doll,
dressed and stationed beside booby traps,
the squirrel displays his height,
let the whole world notice his hidden gift

When the sniper will strike or the trap snap
He would know what might have hit him

Haruna Garba

With It

He has his bait with-it-coated
The rogue angel has his bait
Concealed in with-it mentality
Sharp hooks in a fishing line

I nibble
You nibble
All nibble but a few
But ultimately, greed will win
And it does win

Smoke raised in the occident
Heavy as the clouds
Travels to the orient
Where it thins out
Sniffed by denizens all around

He has his bait with-it-coated
The rogue angel has his bait
Coated in unavoidable catastrophe
Flowing, playing super glue part
To have one stuck
And remain stuck

I get stuck
You get stuck
All get stuck but a few

The Atlantic, the Pacific
Nay, the Indian Ocean
Hold naught but acacia juice
Cynically flowing cyclically, globally
Naught shall go unstuck

He has his bait coated with-it
The rogue angel has his bait done
In the strongest magnetic flux
To snatch you field-wise

And there to remain drawn

I am snatched
You are snatched
All get snatched save but a few

She has buried core-wise
Our dear earth has it buried
The strongest magnetic field
So much so that birds themselves
After all nibbling precautions
Eventually fall home

With-it
With-it
I am with-it
You are one
That is his tool
The rogue angel's sure tool

He who wants to have you
Where he wants you
Has his sure way
Coming from the back door
To make you turn it
In to your front door
Offers you tools
Of killing the kin
And of stifling the norms

If you know not better
Than to show up
You are a fallen prey
To the machinations of the rogue
For he makes it his business
To blend black with white
Turning brother against his kin

Priding on an ear to the ground
On having the first hug
Of every heralded, shady, airy thing

Coming from the far ends of the world
Vulnerable you are
Brother, you are vulnerable
To the worm in your apple self

Haruna Garba

With Pleasure

After looking gloomy
breathing hell and haze
at last is a pleasure
when it breaks in breeze
our dear sky that rains.

It's always a pleasure
When the aching muscles
that respond with wrath
finally find revitalizing rest
in the gentle brace of bed.

And when all death tools are dealt
In bangs and in cracks
the great moment comes for parties
to accept peace with pleasure.

Haruna Garba

You Had Better Mend Yourself

You Had Better Mend Yourself
I stood before the mechanic
That fiddled with his tool
One moment an eerie sizzle
Another moment a croak
Faulty radiogram on the blink

I stood before the mechanic
That poked around with his tool
One moment a prolonged chirp
Another moment it was a gurgle
Sick radiogram at fit

I stood before the mechanic
That meddled with his tool
One moment a twirp
Another moment a spark
The true color of age

He was the tenth Trier
And that made me wonder
How he even thought he could
Mend this gagged gadget of ours
Hour after hour
Days after days
Only to be rewarded with some rumbling gut
Month after month
Here it lies a corpse
On your mender's shelf
You have only done more harm
To our initially blurting set
You had better mend yourself
Not what bumps, thunder and over-voltage
Have maimed to a stifling point

Haruna Garba

You Would Have Vexed

When we were a colony yet,
prototype vehicles prevailed
winding handles on for starting job
for every new and beat-up old Ford
that went a gallon to a mile

One day when the mart was done
and every passenger was on board
the driver came to the wheel
waiting for the conductor to gun up.
To gun up their sleeping metal heap

So coming to the snout, he began
poked the winding handle and turned
only for the truck to come to life,
knock him over and leave him for dead

The police came to the scene
and readily took notes-
dear driver at fault

Finally before the judge,
a witness came to fore
to declare it wasn't the driver's fault
but instead, it's the dirty boy's damned fault
for in his grip was a metal shaft
what with, he kept poking the Ford's nose

Now your worship!
and your worship would have equally vexed,
had such a rod been shoved down his snout.

Haruna Garba

Your Pen

If your pen spits ash and smoke
Then it is a mere dane gun
It its ball does shoot out
It is a launcher of warhead
If it pours tearful scrawls
Turned it has into a poetic stuff
Should it design a warehouse
Wholesalers will busy themselves

Haruna Garba

Yours Steaming Too?

Never mind the baby, said the mom
To a cheat utilizing her husband's off

He is still finding his mischievous tongue
And while dinner is being served
Let me dish it out first thing
But just when the trio were about to begin
The husband's approach was heard

The cheat with steaming dish went under bed
With its sheet giving him a cover good

She with a steaming dish
The baby with one
That was how he found the room
The husband when he broke in

And when he had settled himself
A steaming dish was put before him
And a new trio in silence went ahead to dine
Only for the silence to be broken by the kid
Here were his words:
Mine is shhteaming
Mom's is shhteaming
And pop's is shhteaming

Pop beneath the bed
Is yours shhteaming too?

Up went the bed towards the roof
And upturned it descended
The room turned to a mess

Haruna Garba