

Poetry Series

Jackson Joseph Eguabor
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The Outlaw Immortals

This life is unfair. It favours some but scorns others or have different Gods created the black and the white? O' ye life, why hath thou favoured one suffer the other by enslaving one side and making the other masters. O' ye life, hath thou not given birth to outlaw immortals that strive to liberate themselves and their fellow servitudes from hostility? O' sweet malcom x, i wonder what you'd tell life if you are still alive? O' darling luther king, how dare life depart your soul despite all your humility and gentle approaches to all the vageries of life itself? And you, tupac amaru, the son of shakur, can you hear me wherever you are? Surely you are not far from the truth in your allegations that is life that made you a thug because you rose from the gutter to fame despite the hatred and suffering you went through. Beloved mandela, God be thanked for you are still alive to someday speak about life that looked at you did time behind bars because of your struggle for antagonising the odds of those that are against the existence of blacks but their fellow humans. O' ye life, you surely need adjustment.

Jackson Joseph Eguabor