

Poetry Series

Tony Ogunlowo
- poems -

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Tony Ogunlowo()

A Suicide Bomber Looks Back

Saddam was bad enough
killing us all
in random fits of anger
- or madness!

Then the Americans
came to liberate us
- or so they say!
And they're
twice as bad!

They kill us indiscriminately
- or in 'error'
arrest us because we
wear 'a rag on our heads'
whilst
promising us democracy.

The Fat Cats
they 'elected'
for us
are getting fatter
- new 'Saddams'
ruling without uniforms
and we are
still
dying in poverty.

My house
bombed
by American warplanes
('in error')
My wife,
my children
all crushed
and dead!

My life is finished!

My bomb
is strapped around my waist

Allah is great!

Today, I'll see Paradise,
the
infidel will rot in Hell!

B-O-O-O-O-M! ! ! ! !

Tony Ogunlowo

And When Did You Last See Your Father?

I last saw my father
when he was at Deaths' Door
his pomp and pageantry and pride
all gone,
his body racked by incurable disease,
full of remorse,
dying.

As his life was ebbing away,
his condemned soul
was pleading with death
to give him a chance,
another chance,
to turn back time,
right the wrongs
of the past
and start again.

Tony Ogunlowo

Catch Me If You Can!

Catch me if you can
for
I am the Invisible Man!

No naked eye of one born of Adam and Eve
can see me
unless I deem it so!

I walk in the peripheral of your vision,
I am your shadow,
your night is my day
my camouflage is your blindness,
you think you see me
but yet again
you don't!

I appear before you
when I wish
and by the sleight of hand
I disappear again!

Tony Ogunlowo

General W Bush

A G.I says:

'He stupidly sent us off to war with no clear objective of what to do when there'

'Go in there guns blazing, tanks firing...find me those WMDs, whether they exist or not! '

Ranted He.

'C'mon Tony(Blair) , bring your boys lets kick off a fight! '.

'We hit Iraq
with the vengeance of a
million Goliaths,
collateral damage shot sky high
(..but who gives a damn?)
and hundreds of G.I's
came home in body bags! '

'Bring me the head of Saddam the Hussein', demanded the General.

At least we got this one right!

'We found him,
we tried him
and hung him up high!
And as his life
ebbed away,
quietly he muttered:
'No WMDs have I'.

'Now Iraq's a lawless place
all smashed and trashed
its time to go home
and like we did
at

the Fall of Saigon
we tuck our tails
between our tails
and run away home! '.

Tony Ogunlowo

I Look Up Into The Night Sky

I look up into the night sky
beyond our atmosphere
and
the fringes of our space
I look further
beyond our moon,
beyond our sun
beyond our solar system
I look further still
beyond gulping black holes, supernovas
and
star constellations to numerous
to count
wondering
where out there
Mans odyssey to Earth
truly began.

Tony Ogunlowo

Iraq 2014

The Dictator of old is dead!
Long gone,
long hung, quartered
and drawn.

It begins!
The dormant volcano of sectarian
disunity
has started to erupt
as the Meddlesome Ones
have set the stage
for a national implosion
with no dictator
there is a power vacuum
but don't worry
Tony and Georgy Boy will fix it!
But where are they?
They are the ones
who should be
hung, quartered
and drawn!

Tony Ogunlowo

Libya, Here We Come!

We're the G.Is!
We're the Marines!
We're the World Police!

We've trashed Iraq
and
wacked Afghanistan!

Home,
is the U S of A
which is a long way
away
and
on the way back
we'll stop over
in Libya
and play Wargames
for awhile!

Tony Ogunlowo

On The Road To Baghdad

On the road to Baghdad
I heard
an American warplane
streaking overhead
dropping a bomb
in error
on a marketplace.

On the road to Baghdad
we pulled up
coming to a roadblock
where
American security consultants,
jeering,
were taking potshots
at a bus
full of women and children.

On the road to Baghdad
i saw Marines
forcing
two blindfolded Iraqi youths
to play
Russian Roulette
with loaded
Colts.

On the road to Baghdad
I saw hypocrisy,
murderous antics,
by liberators
who
make Saddam Hussein
look like a saint!

Tony Ogunlowo

Our Lords Prayer In Pidgin Prose

Our Fadda
wey dey up in di sky
for heaven,
as I dey for dis life
na im
I go be for heaven
as I dey go waka
everi day,
help me find
wetin I go chop
and forgive
me for all di bad ting
wey I do
as I forgive dem
dat do bad for me
and tink bad for me
push me
to waka away
from di ting
that go cause me wahala
and no let
di devil
make me do bad tings.

Na you be di God
wey get powa pass everi ting
wey you take
look after us
now and for eva.

Tony Ogunlowo

Pardon Me Prime Minister!

Pardon me Prime Minister
for being vulgar, cheap and uncouth,
public school excluded me when I was growing up.

I know I'm a chav,
my kids are vagabonds and rioters,
my old man's a wino
who hasn't worked in years,
and I regularly have to go
dumpster diving outside Tesco
just to feed the family
and you
wonder why your draconian austerity measures
won't receive my vote?
Lets just say
I'm not also a beneficiary of a family trust!

Tony Ogunlowo

Pidgin Prose: Even Di Gods Don Forget Us!

Obatala,
have we offended you?

Orunmila, Baba Ifa
whey you dey?

Chukwu,
shay you dey sleep
or
our sacrifices no good enough?

Esu,
don take over Naija
and make am jagajaga,
dis contri whey get everything
don become contri
whey get nothing!

Wetin we go do?
wetin we need to sacrifice
to
make things better?

Tony Ogunlowo

Pidgin Prose: When Bible Big Pass Juju!

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live (Ex.22: 18) .

When Bible big pass juju!
All dat family dem,
all dem witches,
and dem bad medicine
no big pass my Bible
and me!

I take my Bible like sword
and fight dem,
I strong!
Haba!

Come see David fight Goliah,
I dey inside de lions den
they do medicine
for me
my Bible send am back!

They do medicine
make I be craze man
My Bible
clear my head!

They do medicine
to make me kaput
My Bible
e push death away!

They do medicine
to make policeman catch me
My Bible send him waka di other way!

They do medicine
to destroy my life
My Bible
im clear my way!

Obatala,
Sango,
Esu
and all dem dirty god
dem dey worship,
and all di ting dem dey sacrifice
no fit fight
me
and my Bible.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Autistic One

I live in a translucent room with no door
It has
floor-to-ceiling glass windows.
Like a two-way mirror
I can see out
But nobody can see in
I am trapped!

My life
is like a hut
in the middle of Daedalus finest maze
he built for King Minos of Crete.
There is no way in
And no way out.
I have tried to escape
But to no avail
I'm forever getting lost.

My mind
Has grown selfish over the years
there's no one to think about
and no one to care about
Just me
lost in this labyrinth of my mind
for where there is no escape.
Like a tortoise
I carry my world around with me in my shell.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Black Pimpernel

The Black Pimpernel
where is he?

He's not at home,
he's not at work
and
even his homie's
don't know where he
goes walkabout.

Where does a Black Pimpernel
go to ground?
Yet,
we hear rumours
he walks right
under our very noses!
Could he have a
'cloak of invisibility? '
this
elusive Black Pimpernel.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Bounty

There is a bounty
So I'm told,
worth more than a
Man's weight
in Gold, many times over
with all
the diamonds, rubies and emeralds
in the world
cobbled together.

Unclaimed?

For how can one
snare an angel
and pin it
down?

Tony Ogunlowo

The Clan

Egbe aje, egbe oso
a witches' coven
seeking the ruination of
Righteous Souls
hiding behind the facade
of Respectability and Up righteousness.
Repent!
for the Kingdom of God
is nigh
when all fallen angels
and
all men and women of evil intent
shall be cast into the bottomless pit
by
their deeds and utterances
you shall know them

Tony Ogunlowo

The Cry Of The Unborn

I forsee my birth
in many, many years to come
as a passage into a world
plagued with hatred and greed.

My tender lungs
not yet breathing
can already smell
the stench of the polluted air.

I fear for what
will be life for my unborn children
what evil lurks wherever they'll go?
And
me?
What will be my fate in this hostile world?
I do not know.

I cry for humanity
even though my tears are ethereal
as I am just a figment
of somebody's imagination,
waiting to be born
into a world
full of problems.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Dying High Stret

This is not
how
Sinclair Lewis imagined it.

It had survived
both wars
- even the terrible East End Blitz!

It had survived,
family bickerings, takeover bids, sibling rivalry,
and even Aunt Sal throwing a wobbly at the checkout!

Then came,
high rates, high wages

and the financial meltdown
of the last decade
didn't help very much.

And then came
Tesco, Sainsbury, Morrisons and others
with
out-of-town hypermarkets
and 21st century technology
swooped in
with snazzy websites,
replacing shop windows
and people shopped virtually from home.

Gone,
is the hustle
and bustle of the high street,
the gossiping shopkeepers,
the many shoppers
to be replaced
by boarded up shops,
mass unemployment
and the jovial man
from

Ocado or Waitrose
delivering your wares.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Dying Of Detroit

The banks have messed up
and the dollars have stopped flowing,
Motowns' music
has
stopped playing
and
fewer and fewer
cars roll off the assembly lines,
people are being laid off.

People with no money to spend,
foreclosure and bankruptcy following
whole neighbourhoods boarded up
and even the city
can't pay its own bills
calling in the administrators
to seal its doom.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Odyssey Of The Magi

I left all my worldly belongings
behind me
my Aston Martin, the Mansion, my private yacht
and all my earthly treasures and fortune
to my tearful wife and kids
I bequeathed,
bidding them farewell
for ever
(- to this day,
for a pert younger model
she believes
I left her middle-aged sagginess for!)

I crossed deserts
and
I crossed oceans
and
many a mountain
did I climb
and
crossed many continents
I spoke with the priests
and I spoke with the Imams
breaking bread
with many a wise man and guru
searching,
searching for that
what
I know not,
but see only in my heart and mind
as
a brilliant shaft
of white light
reaching down from
Heaven
all the way down to
Earth,

The Power Of One

When danger looms

I become invincible

when

the danger becomes overwhelming

I become invisible

when others are in pain and need help

I become the Empath

when the soul is troubled

I become divine

when charity is needed

I become the Samaritan

when discretion is required

I become the confidant

and when its time to laugh

I'm forever the joker!

Tony Ogunlowo

The Rape Child

I was conceived
through the unholy union
of
abused and abuser,
rapist and raped,
victim and perpetrator.

Abandoned at birth
it's a miracle my mother
carried me for the full nine months
for
she cursed the 'thing' growing inside her stomach
she cursed the evil man who put 'it' there
she cursed the gods for keeping 'it' alive
she even cursed the gods for keeping her alive!

And after I was born
they swiftly took me away
for
she threatened to strangle me with her bare hands
or
throw me down the pit toilet
smother me with a pillow
or drown me at bath time
for in my little innocent face
she could still see the image
of that evil smirking man
doing it to her
again and again.

Tony Ogunlowo

The Second Coming

If we had known he was coming
we would have played our drums
till our fingers bled.

Our women
would have decorated themselves
painting their bodies and nails
and weaving colours into their hair
they would have laid their wrappers
down on the dusty ground
for him to walk over.

We would have hung banners
from the trees
and buntings would adorn every house.

We would have proclaimed
the day
a public holiday
and we would all have gathered and waited,
danced and sang
and made merry
while we waited for him to come.

But not he,
like a master that catches his servant sleeping
or
like a thief that comes silently in the night
or
like a ghost that blows in with the morning dew
he came.

no drums, no trumpets, no praise-singer
heralded his arrival
and he was standing in our midst
before we even knew it.

Tony Ogunlowo

They Hung Him High(* An Execution In Iran)

And to the place of execution they took him,
a mechanical crane in the clearing stood waiting
a noose on a long rope dangling.
they let him pray one last time
to Allah, the All Merciful
to beg for forgiveness
for the crime he was about to be punished for.
He had killed no man,
nor stolen another man's property
nor taken another man's wife
nor blasphemed Allah.
His only crime
was to love another man
for he was homosexual.
No pleas or tears could sway the judgement,
they put the noose around his neck
and without as much further do
they hoisted him up
his feet dancing in mid-air,
as
they hung him high.

Tony Ogunlowo

We Were Sold A Lie.

It could have been a scene right out of Animal Farm
our wannabe leaders mounted the podium
and their sweet eulogies carried us all away
they were going to correct the wrongs of the past,
they were going to build schools and hospitals,
they were going to make sure everybody was gainfully employed.
We cheered and cheered until we could cheer no more
Finally we could see light at the end of our dark tunnel
Moses' had arrived in our lives to lead us to the Promised Land.

When the votes were counted
our current leaders were driven from the throne
and our comrades, our elected ones ascended
our joy knew no boundaries
our own on the throne?
We celebrated for many a day and many a night
their powerful eulogies fanning us on.

But we still had to work hard to get to the Promised Land
and work we worked from sunrise to sundown
toiling and toiling, never once complaining
for the harvest would all be ours
we could see a comfortable future
and like Boxer we laboured on.

It must have been something in the Palace water
-or the food they were served
for our comrades - our leaders
suddenly started to metamorphose
into our former bourgeois taskmasters
their speeches became fewer
as their waistlines grew bigger
they re-introduced the whip as punishment
and our rations grew smaller
we worked through siesta
and no longer had days off.

In a move that surprised us all
our comrade-leaders

installed themselves as emperors
and we were made to bow down
and kiss their feet
we were now their serfs
and would do as they say.

Tony Ogunlowo

When Oil Spills

An explosion
a rupture
....oil spills

Like the Rivers Of Hades
the black sludge spreads forth
consuming all in its path.

Our marine animal friends
are smothered and die,
even birds
can't lift their oil-clogged
wings
and fly away.

Our once golden beaches
become black murky bogs
reeking of death and destruction
inaccessible to everyone.

Fishermen have had to
hang up their nets
and hope and pray
the waters will become
clear again
and they can
push out their boats
and fish again.

And when oil spills
who do we have to blame?
The company that drills
the earth
to suck out the oil?
Or,
ourselves
for our our insatiable

greed and consumption
of natural resources
that can't be replenished.

Tony Ogunlowo