

"October 20, 2020: Lekki Toll Gate Massacre" by Blessing C. Onyekachi

Lekki Toll Gate found us in it on October 20, 2020,
when we cursed sleep to wake our peace and right up,
but our sustenance is a grief, a national anthem howling in
the dark, a cry, a walk at night in the bleeding streets,
raising our pure gold of flickering candles in the air—

a moment at dusk when we see the soldiers tramping towards us,
wielding weapons, cocking rifles,
we did not stop singing the national anthem,

nor scuttle for refuge,
a moment when someone turns off the light
and turns the CCTV off,

and soldiers turns rifles into a rain of bullets,
a moment when we cry,
"Father, are we strangers in our own country?"

We search among sorrow givers for peace and progress
in our land.

We walk the red streets in implosion of grief. We wailed.

When the oppressors rejoice in their evil dome,
heavy, dying youths beseech for right to live,
while leaders foraging their evil vault finds means
of sweeping them into silence; and death.

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"I Wonder How You Breathe, Buhari" by Blessing C. Onyekachi

I wonder how you breathe, Buhari
Is it through your nose or stick or
through the chimney in between your robotic buttocks?

You made it obvious,
taking your pound of flesh,
of the years you scurried like a pathetic rat
for three years only to rest in shame.
I wonder.

I wonder if you have blood flowing through
those labyrinth of wires in your body. You won't
kill if you have, right? You won't stretch out happily in bed,
cocooned from the EndSARS protesters by the villa.

You take a moment and revolve around your tricks and ruckus?

Your regime is brutal. It is your death.

Are you again a dictator? Have you forgotten 1985,

when you were kicked out of power because you were too much
of a dictator?

Is your youth old? Dead, is he?

Will tears flow from those creepy eyes of yours if his
blood spills and colour the third mainland bridge;
if his blood becomes the brightest mural
on Lekki Toll Gate? Did no one tell you that
lost causes confound?

Your order made a history on October 20, 2020.
Or it raised another grotesque ruckus like you always do.
You massacred young protesters—
their youths like yours.

They implored you to scrape SARS and order
Police to refrain from beating and extorting money
and killing them. What have you done?

I wonder if your name will sound the same
if you say it,
since it sounds like the "blood" you spills
during the EndSARS movement.

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Favourite Poem: *Maine Yet Miami* by Richard Blanco.