

EKO OF MY REALITY

*Its Past 8am in the morning,
Yet children in their uniforms hurry in groups to conform.
Market women with gossips and laughter
Display wares together with one another
With hopes for the day to be better than the other
From the heavy down pour
To the scotch of the shiny sun
Flap the earth with both little and big drops
Drenched and wet like a drizzling fetus
Is everyone making their way to the top
And from the heat of the sun on the soil
To smokes from exhausts of automobiles of men that toil
People on foot, people in public buses
People on bikes, People in block houses
People in their cars, people under thatched roofs
People on the highway for livelihood
People in mansions, people under the bridges
People who paddle to their door steps
Tax collectors with husky voices
With marks and scares on fierce faces
Agile, gallant and alert
Everyone becomes without their hearts
Lagos, the sleepless nest
Eko, from good to better to best.*

-UCHE