

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Odebode Tayo: “The Cries For Revolution”

Odebode Tayo · Monday, November 9th, 2020

The Cries For Revolution

In an ocean of peril
Nigeria’s boat topples ceaselessly
Smoke of voices of anguishes
Assailed the holes of her children’s ears.

In spite of floods of homicides
Carcasses of developing seeds
Torrent of innocent blood gushes
Pockmarked the air of my Mother’s land.

The blizzard of deceits and brutality
Swooshes of waves of destructions
Large mouths of dinosaurs of men in uniform
Boom in an agitated ocean of my nation.

The hot lava of voices of freedom
Erupted from the volcano of our mouths
The fleets of youths in whirlwind of wobbly
Troop out sans the fears of shrill wails of death.

Suave and determined we are
To rewrite the ugly lettering of our leaders
With red ink of unity and love.
Let sail our land’s adrift boat ashore

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