

LAGOS: AGEGE IS A SORE

The sweeping green meadows ahead looked so inviting and serene, as the faint morning showers baptized them. I gazed in satisfaction at the airport grounds from an elevated building.

But I shuddered to remember how I hurriedly escaped from a tarred road disfigured with clogged and smelly gutters. The area in question tortured my breathing and vision. It told an unpleasant tale of squatters and traders, who daily marred the place with no sign of repugnance.

This is the tale of Agege in Lagos. A huge urban town saturated with multiracial dwellers. Yet a booming recycling trade progresses therein at a lazy pace. Street urchins and marijuana smokers gather plastic and other recyclable items from elsewhere on both sides of the major road in ghastly disorder, waiting for buyers.

I told myself, until Lagos state mandates every household to partner with waste management agencies. Until the state insists those migrants should regulate childbirth, send their children to school, and take up more vocational trades. Until the state regulates their gathering of waste. Otherwise they are a ticking time bomb. Digging the early graves of innumerable Lagosians all around, who pretend the problem does not exist.