

Lagos, Tell These Idiots Where Not to Dump Their Dirts

Lagos,
omọ olófin,
tell these idiots
where not to dump their dirt.

They sweep their madness under your skirts
and wonder why your gutters vomit when it rains.
They scream into microphones
at dawn —
not to God,
but to the ears of weary neighbours.

This one is shouting "Holy Ghost fire!"
the other, answering with generator smoke.
Noise, like pepper, in every eye.
Business as usual, every flat a church,
every shop a crusade,
every mosque has its morning whip.

Tell them,
Lagos,
that nylon does not dissolve in holy water.
That even angels hold their noses
when Ijora breathes.

They drop diapers beside drain mouths,
clog their futures with indomie packs,
then cry "climate change is oyinbo talk."
Ko le werk.

They barbecue the air
with their burning dirt —
a fire offering to forgetfulness.
They wait for the last Saturday
like sinners wait for deathbed repentance,
clutching brooms, rakes and shovels with guilty fingers.

Lagos,
tell them you are tired.
That you are not a toilet for tired men's thoughts.
That Makoko floats on the litters of land people.
That Eko Atlantic may rise,
but even the ocean remembers.

Who will tell them
that the flood does not take sides?
That when the rain falls,
even the rich in Lekki swim like the rest of us?
That the gutter they fed yesterday
now drinks from their doorstep?

Ègbón mi drops gala wrapper
like it's the seed for tomorrow's tree.
Alhaja pours spoilt food in the gutter
and says "God will not let flood enter this house."

Lagos,
open your mouth.
Spit.
Roar.
Drown them, if they won't hear.

Àbò ọrọ là n sọ fún ọmọlúàbí

Because a child that claps for flies
will one day eat with maggots.