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Title: **What Sleeps Beneath the Flyover**

At Ojuelegba,
where buses never stop shouting,
I've watched boys drink dusk from torn sachets
and piss without apology.

The gutter carries last night's Amala,
alcohol breath, nylon ghosts—
a slow parade of things we throw away
and never think of again.

Under the bridge,
the homeless fold into concrete.
Their silence smells of rain
that never washes clean.

A girl, maybe eight, walks to school.
She spits every ten steps.
She has learned

that breathing here is negotiation.

How do I tell her

this isn't how the world should smell?

That dumping on the rail line

could derail more than a train?

They say we're the future.

But the future is choking

on our now.

So I write this,

not as poem,

but protest.

Let restoration mean

not just planting trees,

but unlearning damage.

Let the city know

we're watching.

May the soil forgive us.

May the girl one day walk

a path without gagging.