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CONDOLENCE REGISTER

Clement Olujide Ajidahun

Some, in tears, wrote of his love for humanity
 And some of his humility
 Some of his wisdom and sagacity
 Some of his dedication to duty.
Some wrote of his perseverance in suffering
 And of his doggedness
 Some of his integrity and uprightness.
His wife, in agony, wrote of his love and fidelity.
 His children wrote of his care and love.
His associates wrote of his amiability and loyalty.
 His employer of his commitment and service.
Both the living and the dead are never told the truth.
 But, in confidence, I wrote of his betrayal
 His indebtedness and profligacy.
 And how he died intestate.

THE TRYST

What tryst is this?
 That ruleth academe
 with *werepe* and iron?
 What tryst is this?
 That manipulates the intellectuals
 with thorns and craft?
 What tryst is this?
That taunts his contemporaries like a lion.
 What tryst is this?
 That stings his subordinates like bees.
 What tryst is this?
That torments us with red chains and thorny fawns.

The pen is your gun ever loaded with pellets.
Your tongue is your sword always ready to devour
You are the masquerade in hoods and gown
When you appear, the people disappear.
Those eating fling their food flasks
into the garbage bin.
They tell their guests to run for their dear lives.
All because of you.
What a beast you are!
Without any compassion
The victims of your gunshots are in pains.
Those who have recovered carry their scars.
What a beast! What a cabal!
Your reign of terror took us to the police custody
Locked up with criminals without any offence.
Kept behind the bars in chains
You are a ruthless marksman.
Under you, we lived in fear.
You shook us like thunder.
Pride is your hubris
Greed and rigidity are your moral weaknesses.
No tryst will outlive his subjects.
No tryst will live forever.
One day is for the thief
But one day is for the owner.
One day, there will be no more trysts in our land.