

REVERSALS

Confronted by so much darkness
In a consummate search of beacon light
The land of so much equal franchise
With hardly a peoples choice
This land of so much attention
With genuine friendship gone
Staggered by so much group crime
Consoled with empty dozen pen
Haunted down by so much primitive greed
Officialdom claims the vaults as full
Apprehended by so much uncertainty
Our dashed hopes fly away so far
Endowed with so much all seasons down pour
Sadly enough the farms grow wild weeds
Bubbling with so much collective endeavour
Yet our willing hands remain sorely captive
So much pained by the macabre of lingering melancholy
Our laughter only echoes profound distaste
So much more so much severe amble
Either move back left or march forward right vote freedom.

- MUHAMMAD DATTIJO USMAN.