

**Crab Shells as Dishes and Sunglasses
on Eagles: An Anthology of Poems on
Clean Energy and Earthly Maladies.**

QUESTION

How many lines can describe a lie?
How much activity can champion a good cause?
How many people would choose abundance over limits?

Ok.

Straight to the point;
But is there any point that is straight?
Literally and artistically,
Is there a country under developed because of clean energy?
Can people die more from fossil fuels than renewables?

Basic questions with life lasting answers.

I've asked the questions,
Can you give some answers?

WONDERING

I once wondered...
If the earth had nostrils,
But no lip to verbalise.
Choking within,
From polluted air, now internalised.

This earth we live in,
For resources to be harnessed,
We must change our sights and wear new views,
Every possibility simply can be hinged on a SWITCH!
Not a docket to a wall,
But a set of values imbibed,
A paradigm shift for the next level.
A healthier earth with a fresh breath.

So Let's switch!
From coal to solar,
Vast is the worth of clean energy to fossil fuels.
Coal is dug and bought.
Sunlight free and limitless to tap.
A country without power failure is a country unhindered.

Let's switch!
Let the wondering cease.
Let's switch!
Let innovation and possibilities kiss.
Oh yes! Let's switch!
Clean energy is all we preach.

SWITCH IT ON

We've groped long enough in wallowing shadows
Perhaps not completely, even though reality seems thick a darkness
And our feeble minds in struggling stumble down
But like the statue of liberty, our flailing hands still hang up
And it hurts sometimes hopelessly a million times
Without sight to see the right switch hidden beyond trace or recognition
Behind the black curtains barricaded by bars of extremities to switch it on
Till there is light to light the light of our gentle existence
But like it or not, light and dark in one was one from the beginning of time
But calling light from dark is still a complexion of our predicament
No matter how light or dark, we're is still a dark world
Till we switch to be light from the dark.

By switching switches, clean switches of our renewable resources
Resources whose sources, like a boundless Ocean, we behold its shine,
And ceaselessly it gently blows,
Blowing us kisses to kiss these shadows of energy plight goodbye, so goodbye,
But welcome to a new world of renewable relationship with nature
Where nature is our new companion without hurting our companion- nature.

WASHING MACHINE

Perfection is attained by practice, let's all grow and not remain like this -- Clean up your concepts

The Sun does not rise from pillar to post -- Clean up your goals

It Is your heart and not the dictionary that gives meaning to words -- Clean up your mind

And we are defined by principles and not by meanings -- Clean up your feelings

Knowledge is knowing better and that's why it is powerful -- Clean up your sources

Nature emits only positives, who brought the negatives?? -- Clean up your views

The spirit of excellence is an infinite energy that balances differences -- Clean up your grounds

Music is not the only Muse -- Clean up your sound

In scale and scope -- Clean up your balance

A fight could really save our planet -- Clean up your violence

Talk is only cheap when a talkative is the seller -- Clean up your silence

We might not solve today problems with yesterday's ideologies -- Clean up your systems

Change is not a fast food chain -- Clean up your cravings

Explosive outbursts are usually from long ignored yearnings -- Clean up your approaches

The point of interest determines the outcomes -- Clean up your how comes

Green humanity is a landmark of achievement -- Clean up your perspective

The future is a special gift -- Clean up your present

Action is a step by step reaction -- Clean up your delays

Our environment is dressed with the fabric of our relationships -- Clean up our ecology

Our civilization can only be sustained by a renewable desire -- Clean up our energy.

RENEW OUR WORLD

In the beginning of the world was a garden
And the garden, like a dreamland too perfect to imagine, but it was a real world
Green life was woven into gorgeous tapestry of priceless magnificence
And beauty wasn't beautiful enough to beautify broadly the brilliance of her brimming beauty
A pageantry of adorableness she was and charming so sweet her flowery fragrance
That she could tell like a self-aware beautiful girl, she was the embodiment of attraction
The way dancing trees tiptoe to stand tall with happy hands waving by
To get blown away by gentle winds of her soothing breathe
Kissing you and me on jubilant cheeks of companionship
A companionship in which disaster was fairy tale, non-existent in our story books of love
For though love was the lucid language of our very nature,
Loving a rival disaster of any nature wasn't in our loving nature.
But the fairy tale soon turned into a tale our tongues were too twisted to tell
I wish I could tell again this was all fairy tale
Nevertheless the reality is too real today in our real world,
A world once upon a time a pageantry of adorableness, now nude of her green beauty
With her face rouged with ashes of desolation barely concealing blemishes of her daily mess
So if we love this world as we all claim we do,
The time is exactly right o'clock to renew our world to her original nature.

Choral chant ::

So I hear the elements of the earth in a choral chant. In an organic rant, expressing a common want. We roar, every other hour, minutes and seconds the earth beckons, in a combative tone, still yet their pranks were left alone, waiting for the first person to cast the stone, bury the filth, but all of its inhabitants are guilty, no one is without sin, no one knows the last time it was seen, I mean the color green, the fresh wind... So together we unite with a choral chant... An organic rant, expressing a common want.

With a renewable sound if only we can find a common ground, but lemonade is no longer made for lemon, and the grounds are no longer common, their flesh has be inflicted by human mining, wrinkled by a wrong timing... This ambition has become a commonplace illusion, earth and man collision, greenhouse pollution, if only our choral chant will birth an organic evolution, renewable solution; could that be a delusion?

Clean energy is what we chant about... A glass of water and not draughts, healing for dying South, flesh them within and without, but justice and equity for our North, East, West, and South is only a failed news, can't use, bad fuse, sad muse. We cried out cos our rivers are fed by waste juice.

So I hear the elements of the earth in a choral chant, in an organic rant, expressing a common want... Clean energy is the content of our choral chant.

LAUNDRY BASKET

Being successful is incredibly humbling -- Clean up your self assesment
Information is the next step -- Clean up your shelf
We tilt when we lose balance -- Clean up your stance
Shoe your own horse -- Clean up your size
Life is a balance of do's and don'ts -- Clean up your laws
Only realities are evidence -- Clean up your facts
Fresh air is the new freedom -- Clean up your truth
Freedom is not free till is for free for all -- Clean up your privileges
Liberty is taller the a statute -- Clean up you monuments
Control is the new order -- Clean up your growth
Saints are retired sinners, tired of dead energie -- Clean up your values
Our environment can not be sustained on auto drive -- Clean up your manuals
We have Carbon in our restaurants -- Clean up your menus
But the Earth seems to be vegetarian -- Clean up your diet
Every seed is a potential generation -- Clean up your farms
Existence is becoming a cultivation of shrinking resources -- Clean up your wastage
To think that by doing more, you are doing better is a blunder -- Clean up your senses
None renewables are in a fallen state -- Clean up your gravity
Let our Chiefs wear green caps -- Clean up your community
That which we fear also fears us -- Clean up your universe
They say it's a cold world but how come there's global warming -- Clean up your atmosphere
The lifespan of a candle is brief -- Clean up your light
It's too late to see yesterday today -- Clean up your sight
Let's switch to clean energy.

NIGERIA'S LIGHT PLIGHT

The light's light is out,
Sometimes totally blacked out.

And she has cried and cried rivers and seas to know why; perhaps her hope has a crack,
A manna of energy she feeds hungry nations with, yet she still lives in lack.

What a fight she staggered to fight, but groped and fell down like one without sight,
A plight eclipsing her hopeful shine every day and night

Industrialization within her moving as a fast paced chameleon,
Because this pace is costly a price, so much for millions

But I wish she saw what my eyes can see,
A total exoneration from shackles of blackout for free.

No matter how long married to this plight she has been,
The time for divorce has come and for a new song to sing.

A song sung of the wind, whooshing a melody in the turbine,
A song of the sun, beaming brilliance on the plane to cloud nine

And as she sings and sings out
The light shall not go out
And never again would we see a total blackout.

MY DEAR OIKOS

Only the creator has the right metaphor
To describe your indescribable indispensability,
Wherefore to us for all the world you were meant for
My dear Oikos.

Because our feeble tongues are loud gongs of empty silence,
Vile and void of verbal values to voice
The stunning similes to satisfy your solely sounding sweetness
My dear Oikos.

You're the perfect perfection of Picasso's painting
My dear Oikos.

But still to what shall I compare you oh firm foundation of life living
My dear Oikos.

Eco is you, garnished with green aesthetic appeal from the get-go
To go green from view to view
My dear Oikos.

Green is your glaring garment,
A gaping gem gathered when the sky glitters gold gorgeously for our good gain
My dear Oikos.

So if my dear Oikos can be our environment
And our environment dear to us like my dear Oikos,
How dear will the world be, a green world like my dear Oikos.

LIVES ON THE LINE

At first it seems the end is the bleak -- Clean up your commitment
But life is not giving up on us -- Clean up your resolve
Let your success be pure -- Clean up your ambition
Let success be achieved through action not just thought -- Clean up your failure
The Sun can sometimes be scorching but we are not burnt -- Clean up your hope
Have fun under a full moon, energy on a renew -- Clean up your source.
Green powder, renewable trigger -- Clean up your ammunition.
Pollution accepts anything -- Clean up your emissions
A clean future is not out of sight -- Clean up your visions
Green makes a lasting impression -- Clean up your attitude
Imagine if our anger is eco friendly -- Clean up your ego
The wind that gives the sweetest kiss comes with a green energy -- Clean up your surroundings
A greenhouse is richer than the wall street -- Clean up your business
Green flies, white lies, how nice -- Clean up your politics
Recycle old ideas not the old politicians -- Clean up your elections
Imagine if after the sunsets the moon wants to shine like the sun -- Clean up your transitions
The end of a matter is better than the beginning there of -- Clean up your destination
Now that we're here, clean energy is well being -- Renew your life

HEAL OUR PLANET

I can't help, but stare ceaselessly at the blank canvas,
And with these paint brushes stockpiled like logs of lumbered trees
Only bruises my dreadful imagination as I stand alone barefaced like a Cactus in the desert.
Even though enveloped by wailing brown bushes, ripped of vigour, watching me as I watch
them,

The volcano of my empathy is surging greatly that they can see the eruption from the hot
mountain of my eyes.

Clinching my fist tightly like a captured prey in the angry hands of a hungry predator
Not to implode still makes me cringe unstopably to my bones
That if I asked humanity to paint the perfect portrait of life, the colour choice would be entirely
black

Just not to be fair to our beloved, currently sick mother planet.

I used to think of the platitude "Life is not fair" as just fairy tale

But how unhealthy this meal is fed fully by every living male and female
But is this some sort of global feast that even our sick mother planet would have the same fair
share of this unfairness to feed from?

I am sick of saying she is sick, but it would be sicker of me to lie about her sickness
Knowing she lies bedridden on wind-swept Sahara, bereft of life support from green life.

What a horrible life!

A life whose clean air was once always purely paid for by green vegetation with a currency of
generosity for our planet, is now gold she is too bankrupt to pay for

A life whose bearers once had green fingers with myriad of Edens like the sands
of the seashore, but now trampled upon those same sands with carbon footprints on heavy
shoes of our dooming negligence

Now life is also sick, and there is an emergency, but we are all called to be doctors,
Green our planet and her green will heal life.

GREEN.

Green is a colour.
New life identifies with her.
Gorgeous in her shades,
Every color gives her honour.

Green is a colour,
Without a voice, but she says two words; "FRUITFULNESS" and "LIFE",
Whichever one you choose to call her.

Green has withered.
Grey haired,
Her life span now wasted.

We killed green.
Bleached her colour grey
How?
Pipeline gases has our breath totally strained.

Change depends on the tick on the next second,
But who will change?
I mean; change the status quo around.

Wind, water and sun...
Three elements nature will never hoard.
We need a green back, it tells alot.
Clean energy is the perfect switch,
Nature is pure and inexhaustible.

Again the colour green is possible.
Without the burning of coals.
With the old, the new can serve us better.

Many counties made the renewable switch but their minds was innovations womb.

Green is a reality !

No rest till clean energy is in Nigeria. .

Green war 1::

No guns but green pencils and affordable energies, no killings but clean feelings, no deaths but renewable harvests, sustainability for our ecological sovereignty. Building a carbon free economy, no burns, zero net emissions, no bombs but watermelon. No brooms but green grass, no red but green card, green paper, in this war, peace is not a white but green flag, no carbon treaties, but greenhouse beauties, no green bottles but green mugs, green frogs.

Green is greedy, can't share the good life with a carbon, lay low, nobody moves until green says so, turntables, green hills, green fields, green grounds, green policies, green party, green politics, organic politicians, renewable Republic.

The color of food green, green are the beds of the Kings of the jungle. Green is non perishables and still green is a vegetarian, green tea is never fermented, green tomatoes is not castrated, green stew, white rice, green beans, green is the dining table.

If The properties of money are scarcity, Durability, and parables... Green is the worth the fables . If the properties of energy are capacity, vector quality and force, green is the soul of energy. Therefore green is still green, green civilization, green culture, green is green pasture...

Green War 2::

I cook without being cooked, my fire does not spit smoke, so the health of my earth does not know stroke. I am green to the brim, even my charcoal is green, so my black is not a color, my black is an honor.

Greening the city on the village green, we declare a green republic, freedom from the charcoal street.

Black policies, dead energies and carbon disturbances. we move to an independent state of balance and the organic, where our natural is respected, where our green is protected and a clean energy is expected... Where our energies are renewed from renewable sources and lesson learnt from our losses. That charcoal *Na whitewash*, wood *Na greenwash*, carbon *Na wash wash*, plastics are *flush flush* and the renewables are our *crush crush* with green lush .

Green alone is the deal, greener is real, greenish is the bill. Green is the wheel of steel, any other color is ill. The greener the pasture the cleaner our culture, let's green the skies, let paint the fire green and see if our energies will not be new, our renewable is due. Let's green the atmosphere, innersphere, all spheres of life.

Let's green the universe till the sun guards all the planets with a green belt.

To the skies let's release the green pigeons, to our mind let's renew our teachings, to our food, let's green the energy in our kitchens.

Let's live and let live, live clean energy

GREEN LETTER TO GREEN-WHITE-GREEN

Dear Nigeria,

I have pledged to you my country from childhood to be faithful, loyal and honest, so in all honesty, I am touring down the memory lane to 1st of October, 1960, first to sightsee the resplendence of our special coat of dual colours, "Green-White-Green". Two greens in one just to be one white in the middle, and at this moment stuck in the middle of knowing why our true pedigree still meddles with white lies of our greenness without thinking of what lies ahead to the skies of our true potentials. No wonder we are still like an unripe green mango. But how can then our juiciness be juicy when we are still sour with immaturity to see beyond the jungles our horizons and recognize we are not just a fruit of the labour our heroes past, but a giant tree amidst the 56 trees in the green forest of Africa to be green in Green-White-Green?

And so to serve Green-White-Green with all our strength, let's make it green, let green reign like a president in Green-White-Green, let green rule the dark worlds of the 93 million homes to glow in Green-White-Green. Green is our Zuma rock upon which we stand to behold our dreams becoming a reality, green is our glamorous mirror reflecting the beautiful image of our very nature, "Green-White-Green", green is the sun smiling abundantly to put smiles on the sad face of Green-White-Green, green is wind blowing the debris of our uncertainties, green is agriculture, of course the plants are green for the 2 Greens in Green-White-Green, and green is life only if we live it green. So get set, ready, go green Green-White-Green.

THE NEWS.

“We regret to announce the demise of fossil fuel in africa and particularly in Nigeria”.

This announcement I seek to hear soonest.

Where every house on the street no longer shouts; “NEPA! OH...!!!

Where football matches are viewed in the comfort of a home with family members and not some random viewing centres because power is so weak to generate electricity.

I regret to announce,

That mediocrity will never accept anything different from what he/she already accommodates.

I am glad to announce.

With Joy in my heart and praise on my lips,

The switch from fossil fuel to clean energy.

OYIBO

Born black...
More than a colour,
More like a person.
We know our root,
We are Nigerians..

But bleaching has become a thing ,
We've harboured chemicals that eats our skin for dinner.
We wake for breakfast only to see our knuckles and cheeks aren't ours anymore.
Some reactions come off as pimples.
You sit and wonder,
If it's just you or some speed mic on the land and her people.

Oyibo may seem the standard (White may seem the standard).
Am sorry,
Pardon my vernacular.
When it comes to tough truths, let's simply crack bones with our molars.

We mustn't cut our life span.
Harbouring gases and what has produced energy has left life spans shortened.
We are our future.
A simple switch can save us the hassles.

Let's switch, no need looking like the Oyibo.
What we can inhale is enough to last a new life time with renewables.

Proudly black,
But not stuck in patterns.
At least we can learn this among many others from the White's (Oyibo) and make the switch
necessary.

BLACK KILLER

Watching the embers blaze in fury
With crying pots imprisoned in prison of abyss
Brings good hope of a good meal on our table
Oh! What a blindfold is our manifold ignorance from beholding the unfolding suicide,
A killer in black blazing in fury
Black, so black it is, masquerading as a harmless helper
Affordable it is, in our homes it lives
On our stoves it cooks at the same time slowly cooking our lives,
As slow as a snail
A sting it breathes, and fatal its breath
And watching the embers blaze again in fury
With crying pots imprisoned in prison of abyss
Now we see the black killer clothed in body of charcoal burning
Burning its life to give us its death
So we stay clear off its carbon monoxide breath,
Needing clean air to energise our depths.

COLLECTING TRUE SCARS

My fight for green is dirty like Spartacus, I write with a green pen on the green leaves of a cactus. My desire is lactose intolerant, cloudy pollutants can't fit in a green system, white hair is old school, green hair is the new wisdom. I am the energy of Manzo Bulus, a greener apostle. Renewable energy is Julius Caesar, petrol is Brutus, but we run on renewable glucose, kerosene is a barbarian, green is the new civilization, where freedom is green. Let's color match for the green butterflies, solar for the kids to read my lines, smooth, no charcoal to cook the pot of lies. This is the truth.

Freedom to fly paper planes, emitting nothing but renewable flames, wind propelling moving trains, milling grains, renewable brains, no plastic, but green gymnastic, smooth run on an avatar of banana leaves, cabana briefs, serve me a dish of solar salad, with a sea side wind alert. I only eat steaks if it is green meat, mild roast by geothermal heat. Garnished by green pepper dried by wind gauge, fresh water from village, a privilege. They have cooked our cities with Carbon, little wonder her waters are stubborn, refusing to shelter the fishes, making our protein ambitions a collection of wishes, served in a crab shells as dishes, when even the tree of life is green, this is why the grasshopper does not eat brown grasses and the eagle does wear sunglasses, because the Eagle's ambition is a taste of the sun and the grasshopper only dreams of green fuel.

Let our ambition be powered by clean energy...

ATTEMPT

Poets have attempted.

Opps!

I just gave away the title of this piece.

Anyway...as I was saying, before my rude self interrupted my activist persona,
Poets have attempted, but have we been efficient?

We've seen a need, so we speak.

It's not about being like another nation,

Just the need to be free,

From gases that chokes the poet while he receives his verses.

Free from gases inhaled that has left us belching its smoke.

Making an attempt is a big step whichever way you choose to see it. We can be better.
The right step in the right direction will reward the attempt we've always imagined.

LET'S SWITCH!

It's long overdue.

LET'S SWITCH

Much more awaits .

WIN THE WIND

The war has been raging,
A legion of darkness has invaded our territory,
Plunging our homes recklessly to utter ruins, including our light of hope
We have fought right and lost wrong.

Even the bravest of warriors are dead and gone,
Filling our mouths with bitter dirges to cry out loud as a gong,
Despair is our comforting companion and captivity is our penitentiary.

Where do we run to?

Who do we go to?

To the Sun? Certainly!

But sunny rays have smitten our sons by day

To the Moon? But its mood is not always bright to lighten our darkness by night

To the Wind? Wait a minute!

We have fought right and lost wrong,
But the wind hasn't stopped blowing and is still blowing day and night

So if we have fought right and lost wrong

The fight is still right to fight right away,

To lose every darkness whose wrong legion is to darken our territory day and night,

For we have the wind to win this raging war

With its right energy to fight right and win right

Because the Wind hasn't stopped blowing and is still blowing day and night.

WHITE HOUSE, BRIGHT HOUSE

If the white house was a green house, we'll drop apples in Iraq, and not bombs that keeps us in lack. Global trends. I wish for greenrooms in the heart of men

To lay green eggs and hatch, is to have a green nest, to match. Wrapped in a geothermal vest, give birth to babies by a renewable inter course, because love is a greenroof , the beauty within the earth-room is a clean proof. May the Green rains fall, may the green flood calls, the rainbow, so we can renew. Make a green a rainbow, more solar to our elbow. News for the green vendor,

tell them that War is a white house defect and growth is a greenhouse effect, carbon emissions only leaves after effects. With renewable solutions we can perfect, change what the earth has become,

bring back its nature, the temperament of renewable energy is beauty, to defend her originality is our duty. Try to make her fit in is a dirty adage, we need a common language and green says it all.

BLACK AND BURNING

Black and burning in hell

And watching African Mamas use it for fuel is a story to tell.

It may mean well, but our health is not well,

Slowly it unfolds as death will duly crack its shell

Cheap it is, so cheap, but deafen not to this, let this ring a bell.

Black and burning it pervades.

A pulmonary poison permeating perfectly for decades,

Like the rainbow, the fume fades,

Flying up the skies and down to the nose, it cascades,

And the cough begins, coughing and coughing in raids.

Black and burning is charcoal

And watching the African mamas use it for fuel is a shallow hole,

Slumping millions of lives to early graves as a whole,

But we can help the world today to save a soul

By saying no to black and burning charcoal, so play your role.

AWESTRUCK

Wonder is a wonder, so have you ever wondered why, though all colorful the rainbow was made to bow the rains to keep the earth green, so when I talk about renewable energy, I do not mean the return of *Osofia* to London, am talking about sources abandoned.

They talk about figures in black and white, we talk about renewables in green and green. So if the future was a wardrobe only the green suit would fill up the space, but even the future is being denied a renewable place, cos all that is left from last year's rains is drought.

The future of our energy was long sold to the South South, and our senses have fallen more than the Naira, how do we buy it back? with the resources we lack?

How do we get back to a renewable trade, how do we upgrade? When all we have is a melting universe, carbon driven commerce, falling sun, smoking gun, raising temperature, low renewable expenditure, Degradable liabilities, ignored abilities, duplicating activities, environmental immaturities.

How do we stay in business when we have big refineries and boys quarter greenhouses, carbon assets is all that rises. We poison our green house gases, an environment of polluted masses...

Our universe has become a dying verse, we custodians of the lushes, must save the earth from the bruises or lose the magnetic pull of our beautiful landscapes. Suddenly this world of amazing grasses has grown gray, the colors are leaving home, no more playgrounds but gray areas.

Our old ways are failing us and with our current power we can not make it. Our sources are now naked. Renewable energy is our life jacket. Let's not wear it out, let's not join the crowd, of them that dwell in a blackout. Petroleum is a one night stand, renewables is living happily ever after, thereafter. Burning bright, with solar as a lighter. Let the wind gage an energy of laughter. Any other place is where nowhere is safe here.

SPARKS

The eyes isn't what it is,
Light gives it its true essence.

In the wake of the morning,
Is Africa still in the dark...? Still mourning?
A spark or two should tell,
If a third of her population is well.

Darkness is tired!
Light is aching.
Switch on your minds
Renew the strength..
Fossil fuels are variables,
Clean energy is a constant.

SICK AIR

Where is the future without today?
No strum of a guitar without a ginger to play.
What is oxygen without its purity?
The air is sick, it's damaged my questions immunity.
I've questions, I hope for answers.
I've got a pain, it's threatening like cancer.

Who we are is what we breathe.
So, to a large extent,
What we breathe makes who we are.

The air us sick.
I hope we see.
Let the light bulb click,
Then the need for change will be seen,
And the benefit of clean energy will be highlighted
Showing what we have been missing.

The future is here!
It is...
With Renewable energy it is.
a new day
With clean air for nostrils to breathe.

TREE AND THREE

The difference between a Tree and Three is H,

Now let us examine that,

Capital H resembles the first step on a ladder, an invitation to begin an ascent to great heights

Small h resembles a chair to sit on and watch singing sparrows perched within sight.

What else can H be?

Why not health, isn't that what grows a tree?

It can also be hell, but let's not dwell

After all we are here to make the earth well.

H can also be for human

And it is definitely human to plant a tree

How hopeful it is then to climb the ladder

And see beyond today to plant a tree for tomorrow

Because health is the fruit of the tree

And with it, there is no sorrow.

GREEN AGRICULTURE

How infinite her natural beauty lies,
Lying vastly like the brimming Oceans in wait for man to explore her lavishing beauty.

A beauty whose home is home for man,
Home for domestic and wildlife of man,
And superlatively the breadwinner of man's survival for existence.

Man was made for her like Eve for Adam,
She was made for man like in marriage,
Cos man was no man without her.

But wait!

I smell dead silence, something is wrong!
Why is she nude and deserted of man's companionship?

That's strange!

Man, where are you?

I know you can hear me.

Why have you hidden from your gardening man?

Tell me the naked truth man,

Are you without the garment of accountability man?

Well, that you felt that way is no new feeling

Because she is proof of the same feeling,

Naked is she like you because you were not man enough to plant in her seeds of beauty,
Whose trees, a healthy refuge you need to clothe the nakedness of your sicknesses.

Now I hope you see that you two were meant for each other,

You need each other to complement each other.

So dear man, having realized the land is green in her beauty

And green agriculture is your responsibility

Wake up and practice green agriculture because her green beauty is your responsibility.

LISTEN

Our health is in jeopardy.
It's none of your business, I mean,
You've got wealth to amass.

Crude oil hasn't been kind either.
If exported, it pay your bills,
But my people vandalise her because you won't hear their plea.

Please...
If your house is powered and mine isn't,
But we live in the same nation experiencing the same season.
If you are black and I am too,
Why has it taken so long to get a clue?

If I could source for and use nature,
This piece would have been uncalled for, seeing you are a deaf creature.

Let the leaders lead the way... we cited you intentionally.
If the need for a switch to renewables isn't seen,
Then sight might never help in your life time again.

Make laws that would not be hoarded.
We will source the funds but never see our desires grounded.
A new Nigeria is possible,
but only with a listening ear from her people ,

Renewables is a concept so possible.
Nature gave us , but we've not explored her.

CHANGE THE CLIMATE CHANGE

I dread the 21st century atmosphere like I do Boko Haram.

My face scrunches a hundred times when I behold a glimpse of its sick face,
Disarrayed in the wider view, wondering helter-skelter like helpless refugees in giant black
clouds of breathing disaster

Raining sicknesses of severe sorts to aid adversity

And humanity is head and ears drenching round the clock in this daily nightmare.

Plants and animals on the rise palely pushing up daisies from diseases of this suspended chaos
threatening the world's food security.

Oh, how miserable the once friendly flowing waters,

Wailing unstoppably to mourn the deadness of their endearing aquatic children.

What a mess on a messier universe!

A mess when chimneys of industries, factories, companies, homes and exhausts of automobiles
fart daily,

Lying upon the growing climate a heavy burden like the third trimester of pregnancy,

No wonder the pressure is always high to deliver this strange change.

Oftentimes I long and long all lifelong like a lung longs for the long loved taste of clean air for
primitiveness of our pre-civilization,

When the universe was the reverse of this current civilization and the globe green with greens
in naturality to change the changing world, but like a catalyst not to change.

But since constant is change to make a change, everything can change to change the climate
change if green living is the change

With you and me begins the change

Thus, be the change for the change.

KILL

Life is precious, as it is a gem.
We know the truth, but most lips never tell.

It's a world of fusions, synergy you may say,
But not with fossil fuels and clean energy.
They never mix like oil never blends with water.

Our health needs a revamping.
The earth crust and all she houses.
Let's switch for good in Nigeria.
From energy limited and harmful,
To energy limitless and natural.

It's a new era.
Let the Robin, the lips and media please herald.
Productivity at its best.
When we switch,
We live and give life a future.

GO GREEN, GO SOLAR

Sometimes I nod in acquiesce and still wallow in wonder,
The lengthy expanse of its generous magnificence,
Rising like the tide of the Atlantic from the East with ease
And journeys gently with a gradual gait of a gander,
Setting slowly to wane in the west.

A drudge its dares to do daily for no dime from dawn to dusk,
But to share selflessly its goodly infiniteness with helpless humanity,
Yet how clueless is our ignoble ignorance of this gorgeous generosity
When it rains its rain of rich golden rays, reaching us rapidly to rescue and revive our deadness
with vitality.

What an invaluable opportunity!

A blue moon opportunity in the arctic Antarctica
But ten a penny like the wildlife of Africa in Africa.
Eagle-eyed are the green plants fetching this opportunity for their fruitful photosynthesis,
But there is a knock on the door,
A door of reasoning in the residence of our minds,
Open it without delay and see again and again the green plants
Whose hands are wide open to lend us their eyes,
To see the same fruitful opportunity
For our own synthesis of clean energy
Solar is the energy,
Green like the green plants
So let's go green, go solar.

WISHES

Stop the longing...

Hey!

Why wish for what your hands can birth?

Policies aids development

But how is it enforced if we keep wishing?

Look at Germany!

Clean energy has freed them from fossil fuels tyranny.

And Canada...?

Pls don't envy the progress.

Men made the change the mind imagined.

You want a new Nigeria?

A productive one?

Count two to three and watch her change with clean energy.

The Earth, What Ifs and Her lover::

Is the Earth an animal or a human, man or a woman, what If the earth was breathing...

Earthquake, tsunami , landslide will be his way of telling us am bleeding...

Someone call 911.. run run run, get the oxygen, return me back to origin but all we have are smogs from Bush burning.. Instead of the earth healing, we are the earth warming, heat coming, cold storming, we're still brainstorming. Choking her throat with the waste we generate, forcing it to penetrate.

Tell me how can a sick earth yield fruit and how can our sick minds yield the truth. So what if we still have an earth that is bleeding and will soon stop breathing. What if the earth was a woman, would she be the most precious of humans, and would she be a virgin, chased without margin, imagine? A Virgin, the earth is, would she be cherished; valued, loved and nourished. Or malnourished by the mother's, abused by her father's, raped by her brothers, despised by her sisters, hated by her husband, disrespected but her daughters, devalued by her sons, wounded by their gun, left behind by their runs, ripped apart by their turns, turn by turn her flesh is turned.

So don't tell me that drought is from lack of crowd and the desert is made by the wizard. It is just the earth showing off his skeleton swiftly becoming bones on a marathon. So tell me if the earth was a woman, what would fit her story? Glory or blurry. What If the earth was a man? Would he be faithful to his earth, keep her hair green, drink only from her stream, and not block the view of her tides with his rubbish; plastics, leather bags, stupid tags. Distorting the rhythm of her cat walk that waves Hello! Her color is green not yellow. Will he feed her fertilizers to bleach her skin or tell how natural is beautiful and caress her into his organic, breakfast in bed, carrots, cucumber and garlic. Whisper in her ear, "I got you baby don't panic". Tell her sweet words like I promised I will not fell your trees. I will hold them tender, will blow your breeze, let them render, color increase. Will he love and make her smile, no plastics. Change her statistics, reflex tactics, romantic ballistics. Will he touch her gently, approach her friendly, if the earth was his baby, may be, her North will take a shower from her flowing water, rivers and other matters. Her middle belt blossoms with rich grasses, food and tourist, her South cave of curvy hips and forests, rains from her wet lips and in peace the man sleeps...

FREEDOM

I could write pages,
For each second in a year,
I could count countless cases;
Of countries rising from third world to major establishments.

I am on a campaign,
Not for the next presidential candidate,
But the hope of an experiential freedom,
Where power is truly power,
Where houses depend on natural sources for bulbs to see.
Where solar energy is accessible and affordable.
Rising beyond the human imagination,
To increased productivity from clean energy when fossil fuels isn't the focus anymore.

A third world country too can!
Me and you - Nigeria , we two can.
What we are perceived to be isn't the challenge,
How we see ourselves is the crux.

I'll write no page again,
Till I see us make the switch to renewables and enjoy her gain.

I am tired of dreams!
Tired of bills!
Let nature be harnessed and the dream of living on clean energy realized.

LAST

Like the exhaling of carbon dioxide,
I've written and said so much for the atmosphere to breath and ponder on.

A creative mind is a plus
And scientists...? A major plus.
Same old techniques haven't gotten us anywhere.
It's like bright eyes with sight that isn't so clear.

Productivity is key,
But switching to renewable energy is like turning that desired key to open unlimited access to a
world of possibilities.

This is my last piece,
But surely isn't the last you'll hear from me.
Refuse to be a third world country Nigeria!
You are great, but your tactics has to change while you aim higher.
We are a reflection of our society.
What choice are we making if our health and productivity is questioned.

Wind, water and fire.
Basic natural agents that can power an entire nation.
Let's re-focus and consider alternatives.
A helpful suggestion will proffer as solution to energy; "RENEWABLE ENERGY"!

APOLOGIES:::

Apologies to the earth whose inhabitants have milked her energy. Bleeding wounds, the making of an angry ecology, inorganic synergy. Apology to the earth whose nature have become our allergy.

Apologies to the earth whose sun is only known to be scorching, sun burns, nobody is touching, sunbathe; who is watching.

When we have no idea what our source is, ignorant that its heat is an investor_ potentially rich to power our economy, balance our ecology and redefine our anthropology.

Apologies to the earth whose wind is only known for blowing the roofs of our houses off, forgetting how the mills find it tough to resist its invitation, round and round till it powers a village, clean its image, light up the playground, what a privilege.

Apologies to the earth whose inhabitants prefer to have global warming than overcoming dirty energy reliance and having a geothermal alliance. Must our heat be black??? Must our source be from the charcoal, clean energy should be our goal.

Therefore apologies to the earth whose inhabitants are just switching on its clean energy... better now than never.

A SLAVE TO FREEDOM

My phone!

My phone was critically low like a score that it was just 1% remaining.

Even though I wasn't exactly expectant enough to expect any expected call,

Neither was there an emergency to call the emergency line for help,

I still rushed like an ambulance out of my room with a USB cable collected in my hand

With a plan to first aid this victim of low battery,

Knowing the score, it needed critically a life support of charging to gain some resuscitation.

But before I left for the car, which was the only surety in the absence of a power bank,

Somehow like APC, I had to change my mind, which changed my plan as earlier planned,

So I left for the kitchen instead, like I belonged to the kitchen,

To rescue my empty belly like the 21 Chibok girls from the Boko Haram of hunger with some
breakfast,

Because of course, hunger is constant like change, and so the change began with me.

But then I heard this sound as I slowly walked to the kitchen that quite contrasted the bombing
sound of my currently rumbling belly,

A deep sound like the sound of a deep Freezer's song in its usual deep baritone, a freezing song,

A song sung unconsciously by all and sundry after being slaves of power outage and finally
freed like Nelson Mandela from prisons of NEPA to have light.

At that point I knew there was light, meanwhile previously, there was light, said my little niece
when I asked,

But darkness of ignorance night blinded my light-hearted mind in broad daylight from the light
to light on the light switches of my room to know if there was light, and how ignorant I was.

Ignorant that I was a slave to ignorance, even though free like a flying flag to switch switches of
my knowledge of possibilities,

But still shackled in chains of single dependency that I thought was the possible possibility
possibly.

I was slave to ignorance or no ignorance, I was a slave to think within the four walls of my short
sighted perception... I was a slave.

A slave to think to think my freedom had her freedom since 1960 1st of 10, 10 fingers, 10 toes,
bound both hands and feet because I was 10 times a slave of my own freedom.

So if freedom is such a paradox, then freedom is no independence when slavery is still the same
colonial master ruling absolutely like Idi Amin the government of our mind set

From the get go like education for instance; if it is truly the key to success, why are doors of
opportunities still out of our reach

And jobs, eggs in moonshine in spite of our bunches of knowledge, still slaves to enlightenment
of which we were once upon a time crude to?

Crude as crude oil, yes crude oil, completely unrefined, but whose slavery we are currently
slaves to,

To think the oil is the only oil that will oil the friction of our wearing economy.
So just in case you're wondering why on a slow low we (as a country-Nigeria) are dying like my
phone,

Then this calls for emergency, because we're victims of slavery, called freedom, freedom of
single dependency.

But I am free today like a freeborn to ask you, yes you, looking at me like a mirror.
Look again outside yourself and picture whose image you truly, truly reflect exactly,
A slave of your own freedom or free like me from slavery of ignorance?