

## No predecessor

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The agitated reflex,  
Of yesteryears when men were men,  
Swells the dumb mouths,  
Of men of letters littered like locks  
Of angry mad man.  
They wear masks of faces  
They dare not. face,  
In worn mirrors  
Of castrated offices,  
Where they watch  
Outdated books:  
Reminders of times  
In the field of free air.

Not these days and years,  
When the stout stem  
That makes men men,  
Is put under lock and key  
Tied in folds of cloth  
Of one that sits on top,  
Wielding cane and care  
Not like Amina and Moremi  
Before her.

*(Inspired by the enigmatic Uniben crown, 1988).*