

Song of the goddess

Look here, friend of my grand-father's father.
You say that I despoil your stolen house,
With tears flowing like the dirty buzzing of housefly,
That I cause the sizzling of fresh leaves,
In fire cleverly ht to smoke me.

I hear it said that I am a snake,
That my mother died of the bite,
That I gave her when she gave me life,
That my father took refuge in mouse-hole
When my potent saliva jumped family fence.

Oh yes! I hear it said from bloated mouth,
And bloated ears that you rub.
You, who refused to bite the ear
That shares your bed,
Your spleen gloats with vile water!

When you complain that the hen
Vomited inside the shrine,
Do you not also see,
That it is the diarrhoea of the baboon
That caused monkey to jump trees?
When you make the story of my clan,
And tell it to them upside down,
Do you not remember that your own father
Farted in the clan-house?

You, who say that your bed is not warm,
Do you see what they say behind you?
They say that it is the left and right,
The right and the left hands,
That together weave a basket.
So, they want to know,
Why it is not so in my husband's house.

The same ear that you bite,
To denounce the daughter of elephant-grass,
Is the fat mouth that announces our demise,
When it says that the fattened grass
Needs only a little water
To show off its green leaves.

Hei! Son of notorious friend of my clan.

The things I hear from the giant mouth:
They say that if the head must sit
With comfort on the shoulder,
It must not pass excreta
Without permission of shoulder.
For it can twist and turn,
It can pinch the ear.,
And pull the hair,
Show its own wrath.

Father of my unconceived child.

How many moons?
Nay, how many harvests have I seen,
Swelling and dancing, singings and tolling,
Praying that miracle of creation
Touches your loin.
But,
You must wash your body, they say,
In cold spring at harmattan,
For it is that wart,
That wart at the bottom of your soul,
That prevents our harvest.

They sing it in the clan-house,
And even in the market place.
They shout it in reggae,
And blast it in rap,

That that acne on your nose,
Is very deep indeed.

What have you done for me,
What have you not done to me,
Since you drowned my last husband?

Offspring-of-elephant-grass,
Why do you carry this weight?
You, who have borne
The weight of giant climbers.
You, who sweated under wicked mounters.
What have you got from your lustful masters?

I have, lost count of the mounters,
Of my voluptuous black body.
There was one with golden stool,
Who made me sing his praises,
When air escaped from his fattened anus.
There was one with corn-cob hair,
Who chained my fat black man,
And made me learn a new dance,
Because mine was pri-mi-tive.
There was one with flowing gown,
Who made me denounce Ogirinsi,
The spirit-tree of our clan.
Another one in a garb,
Like that of his brother with corn-cob hair,
With a short black rope on his neck,
Like a stubborn he-goat.
There was one with
Shiny buttons on his chest,
And another, and another and . . .

My shoulder grows weary,
Parting under the endless rhythm
Of their repetition.
For No thing changes,

In the style of ascent,
And sudden ejection
At climax of madness.
Each one is ousted by a new master,
The new rapist,
Who comes with promises,
Of being a better lover,
Only to leave me,
Once more in pain,
Fighting to push forth
My green shoot.

I shall sing a new song.
I have found a new tune.
I now ask for Earth right,
Mother right, woman right,
For this green revolution
Tugging at my loins.
I dare foulers and fighters,
Rapers and smokers!
All who defy my song,
Shall bear pain
Of this new birth,
For it comes with fire!