

An African Season
by Jude Badaki (Nigeria)

A baking earth, with bare trees
and Brown brittle leaves
A burning forehead
Tanned by a fiery sun.

I wonder when the rains shall weep
to take this malarial heat off
an African clime
And to cleanse these layers of rust
To my heart's delight
Shall be the song of another season.

About the author

Born on 18th April 1974, **Jude Valentine Badaki** read English language at the University of Maiduguri (Nigeria) and he is currently a postgraduate student at the University of Benin (Nigeria). He has written a good number of poems and his interest in poetry and prose cuts across written and oral African literature.

The Masai Mara
by Sam Mbure

There is a place far away
Known to many but ventured by few
A place thousands would wish they knew
A place they are invited to go and view.

There is place far away, yet close to my heart
Where wishes and real adventure part ways
Adventure takes off on a hot air balloon
Wishes go looking for a horse to ride.

White Brownd Robin Chat and Yellow Vented
Bulbul

Lull sleepy eyes to bed in the tent
And once in bed listen to the song of the Night
Nubian Jar
And pray for sweet dreams and peaceful night.

There is a place not so far away
A place now even closer to my heart
Where the big five never stay far apart
Once you get there you will be reluctant to depart.

There is a place for unrestricted migration
From Seronera, Ngorongoro and Serengeti
There is a place you should migrate to
It's the Masai Mara.

Poetry
Corner



Girls and a slide (Nigeria). Photo courtesy of Bunmi Ishola.

The storm brought
almost everything down

big trees
big twigs
big leaves

the storm raised up
almost everything

dust
litter
napkins

The Mighty
Eagle
by Sam Mbure
(Kenya)

the storm caught almost everything
except the mighty eagle
who soared when he chose to
hovered when he wished
dropped when he felt like

gliding freely among the clouds
the eagle longed for more stormy days.

from Mbure, S. (2000) The childless father.
Oxford University Press.

Try This With the Poetry

1. Imagine your favorite season of the year. Write a five senses poem about it. Think about the season. Imagine what sounds you hear, what colors you see, what smells you smell, what tastes you taste, and what you feel on your skin. Write down the words for each and use them in your poem.
2. Read the first and the last stanza of the poem Oja. What do you think the poem is about? Why do you think so?
3. What is Masai Mara? Where is it located? What are the “big five” the poem is talking about? Think about the possible sources you can consult to find the information needed to answer your questions. Consult your sources and find the answers to the questions.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jacqueline Azumi Badaki was born in Borno State Nigeria in 1970. She went to schools in attended educational institutions in Kaduna and Adamawa States and obtained a Bachelor’s degree in Zoology from the Federal University of Technology, Yola before receiving a doctorate with speciality in Public Health Parasitology at the University of Jos, Nigeria. Widely travelled in East and West Africa, Jacqueline is a lecturer and researcher at the Adekunle Ajasin University in Akungba-Akoko, Ondo-Nigeria. She spends her spare time on humanitarian projects and in writing poems.

OJA¹ by Jacqueline Badaki

Oja wakes up and stretches her tired limbs
Eager to receive the day’s guests
Some come quietly
Others come noisily,
Arousing everyone’s attention.

The old, the young
The fat, the slim
Walk on her belly
Adorning her sun-baked body
Artistic and plain mélange of goods

Guests trade off some adornments on her body
Noise of the bargains rant the air
And Oja finds melodious delight in it
A change from the grave silence of the days gone by
Esu² ignites a fight between some guests
Oja silently watching as we sue for peace

At last the day draws near
And we go back to our abodes
Oja is left fulfilled but desolate
Yearning for the next visit.

Notes

¹ The poem personifies a market called Oja in southwestern Nigeria. The market is seen as witnessing all the activities that takes place in its confines. It becomes a passive on-looker to the hustle and bustle of buyers and sellers who it receives as guests despite their varying needs, temperaments, and stations in life. The market, Oja’s body is described as a lady whose beauty is taken advantage of and at the end of the day she is left desolate till the next market day.

² Yoruba god of mischief and contradictions who must be worshiped to avoid social conflicts