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Bo by Bus

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40th day
No use now
O palm wine
O palm oil
O kola nut
Eternally now they
Roam the rot of their underworld
With weed-seeds of shegita
Fecund on their resolve.

Bo BY BUS

The high charge
Dropped from the
Motorboy's
Lips like wetash
No blood
No fire
No spirit

Just "three tawa"
And we knew
Better than to
Bend down to
Touch his feet
With our fingers

"Get inside"
He spoke as
To fowls

With our bags
And stuff
We got in
To be packed
Flesh upon flesh

Toe on toe
Bone to bone
Some squeezed
Like sardines
Against steel

Only
Here there was
No oil
No spittle
No swallowing

Just human beings
Hard
On each other.

EN YOU GE DE VOICE

Dedicated to Dora—an infant grocer

a ge de peppe a ge de sol a ge de yabas a ge de sweet sugar . . . !

To your voice
The junkseller's bell
In your throat
Hollering Bigmarket
On your head
Relations fasten for survival

Papa
The slave-driver's claw
In your blood
Still shadows spiders
On the edge of a broom