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Let Us Hurry to the Moon

You privileged sons of the land
 Hurry now and fly to the moon in your new jet
 And join the world in the scramble for fertile land
 Colonize it and erect skyscrapers and build a castle
 While the widow suffocates in her hut
 And the widower dies in his igloo.

You privileged princes of the land
 Rush to the moon in your newly acquired wings
 And join the world in the scramble for wealth
 Colonize it and amass silver and gold and stage feasts
 While the orphan gulps his urine
 And sucks the red mucus from his nostrils.

You the mighty elephants in the jungle
 Hasten to the moon and dine with salad
 And celebrate your octogenarian birthdays
 While the needy bite off their fingers
 Scratch the barren soil with their bare hands
 And scramble for rare roots in penury.

You prodigal sons of the land
 Rush to the moon in your three piece suits
 And your flowing agbada and trinkets
 While the grasses parade the streets naked
 And wear fig leaves to the market places
 And yet you say you are generous.

You young armchair millionaires with hind sight
 Hire and install your family doctors
 And immune yourselves against AIDS
 While the leper writhes in pain all day
 Sucking the sores festering with hordes of flies
 And keeping a date with Death.

With these mansions and castles
 You denounce and disown the world
 And shut the golden door to their faces
 And rule the vast universe singlehanded
 In your raw thirst for tall ambitions
 Our state and ego are mere shadows