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**Author**

Ajidahun, Clement Olujide

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# Poetry



# Ode to the Slain Corps Members

Clement Olujide Ajidahun

The deed has been done.  
The slain corps members have been buried.  
Relations wept uncontrollably and inconsolably.  
Mothers cried and cried and cried.  
Their wombs shrunk.  
Their breasts sagged.  
Fathers groaned and moaned.  
The home is cold and sullen.  
The mournful dirges rented the air.  
And the curses too upon the wicked.  
Sheikh Lemu panel is on.  
Cash awards and the promise of jobs to those who remain.  
What else? The dead have remained dead.  
The lamentations continue. The sorrows remain.  
And the agony lingers on.  
Our flowers are withering in the midst of the rain.  
Our wells are dry.  
Our rivers are dry.  
The waters fail from the sea.  
The flood decays and dries up.  
And they are driven from light into darkness,  
And chased out of the world.  
Our sweats increase in winter.  
Our land sucks the blood of the innocent.  
Our hands shed the blood of the virgins.  
The morgues became the habitation of our promising youths.  
The land of their birth became the land of their death.  
They answered the national call.  
Yes, the national call. Their final call.  
And now they are gone,  
Never to return again.  
Never to see their native country again  
We have eaten the harvests together with the seedlings.  
Wicked hands! Wicked people! Wicked land!

Oh the slain corps members!  
You served your land faithfully.  
And you were severed from your land completely.  
You were sent as corps members.  
But you returned as corpses.  
You were there for national integration.  
But you returned disintegrated.  
Oh! the beauty of our youths is slain in the Northern states.  
How are the youths murdered and the seeds of our  
future destroyed?  
Our barns have been burnt with fire.  
The sacred pots have been broken.  
The forbidden fruits have been eaten.  
The grove of our growth has been desecrated.  
Blood! Blood! Blood!  
Their gods suck blood.  
But our God is angry.  
They are cannibals!  
They are beasts!  
Oh! the nation will soon forget.  
The death will no longer be remembered.  
Soon, another tragedy.  
Soon, another homicide.  
And the nation will coast through.  
Soon, another election.  
The fallen heroes are gone.  
But their murderers and sponsors will continue to live on.  
Soon, they will be given national and international portfolios.  
Their swords are still fresh.  
They will again kill the panel.  
They will murder the report.  
And life will continue as usual.  
This is the tragedy!  
Nigeria!