



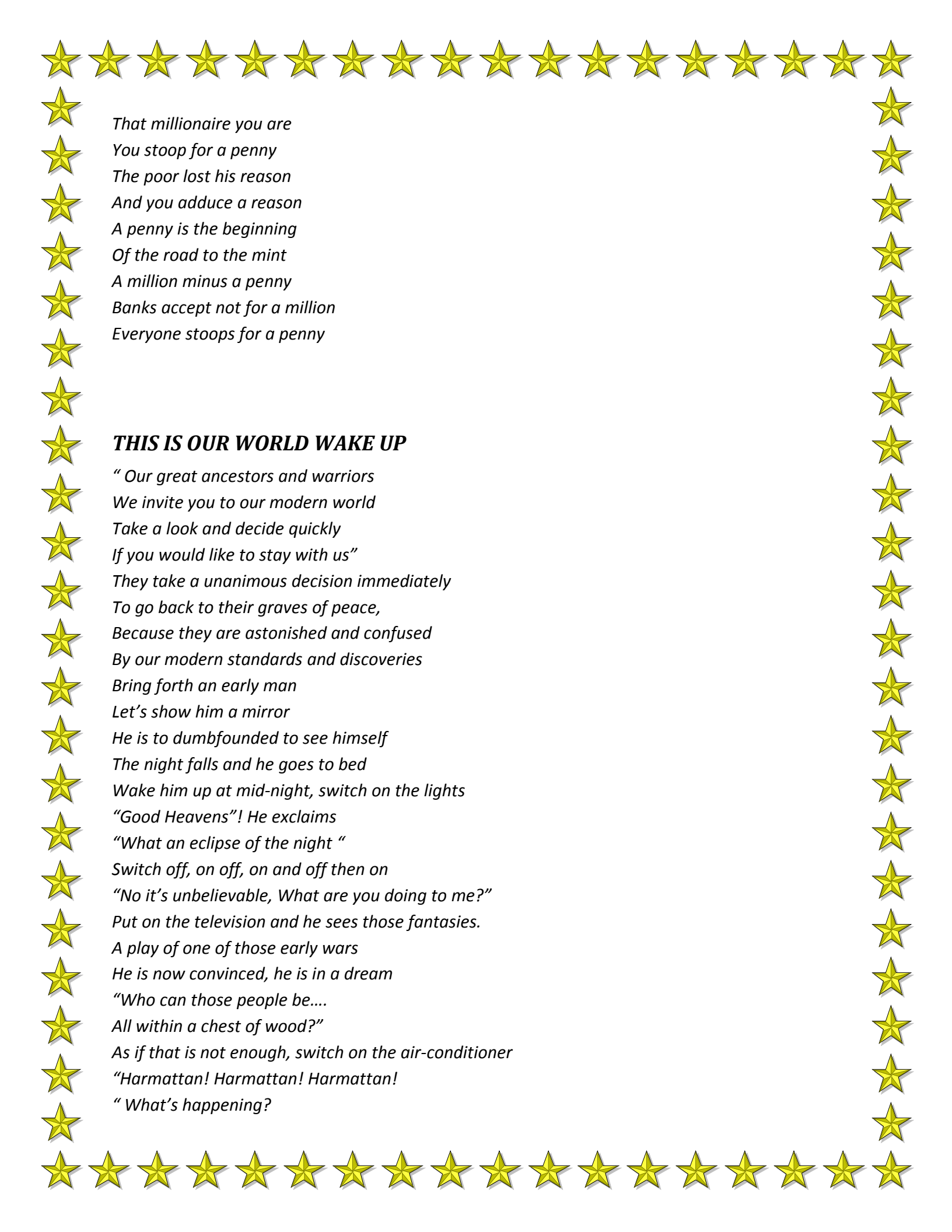
PROF. VICTOR UWAIFO: THE POET

My Faithful Friend

*The Only faithful thing
To man is the heart
Heart does not rest
All day and night
In work and slavery
In health sickness or sleep
While the limbs, the eyes
Mouth and ears go to sleep
The heart remains faithful always
From the day of birth
Till the day of death
My heart my only faithful friend
I thank you
My only friend
If parts of your own body which you have control can let you down, why worry about somebody's inability to cope or leave up to your expectations. Any failure or disappointment is a springboard for better achievements.*

EVERY ONE STOOPS FOR A PENNY

*The rich and the poor
Look at them all
Money made for all
Some have not at all
You have taken them all
Struggling with the poor
Now everything is yours
When a penny drops
Right on the floor
I see your head drop
Toward the floor
You stoop to pick it up*




*That millionaire you are
You stoop for a penny
The poor lost his reason
And you adduce a reason
A penny is the beginning
Of the road to the mint
A million minus a penny
Banks accept not for a million
Everyone stoops for a penny*

THIS IS OUR WORLD WAKE UP

*“ Our great ancestors and warriors
We invite you to our modern world
Take a look and decide quickly
If you would like to stay with us”
They take a unanimous decision immediately
To go back to their graves of peace,
Because they are astonished and confused
By our modern standards and discoveries
Bring forth an early man
Let’s show him a mirror
He is too dumbfounded to see himself
The night falls and he goes to bed
Wake him up at mid-night, switch on the lights
“Good Heavens”! He exclaims
“What an eclipse of the night “
Switch off, on off, on and off then on
“No it’s unbelievable, What are you doing to me?”
Put on the television and he sees those fantasies.
A play of one of those early wars
He is now convinced, he is in a dream
“Who can those people be...
All within a chest of wood?”
As if that is not enough, switch on the air-conditioner
“Harmattan! Harmattan! Harmattan!
“ What’s happening?*

*This is not a place for me, let me go back “
Before he knows it, he is in a limousine car
On his way to the Airport
He is feeling giddy like a child
That experience or a first ride in a car
Trees and houses seem to move
He gets to the Airport, he sees an Aircraft
He sees people boarding the Aircraft
“By Jove!” He exclaims
W’ at kind of bird is that”, he asks.
“Have you brought me here to be swallowed?”
“Please, please, please, let me go back”
He is escorted into the big bird the Concord,
He looks around and he sees other people alive
He takes a seat near the window feeling uneasy
The big bird takes off
He looks through the window
He exclaims “Ah ha!”
“ The witches and wizards now fly in the day”
On landing, he hurries out quickly
At the checkroom, an electric door swings open
Other passengers file out to board
He sees a tiny naked live electric wire
He wants to pick it up, but he is warned
“Don’t touch that tiny wire, it can kill”
But he does not believe it
So he holds it
That’s it!
It shocks him
Dazed and he screams
Two hundred years before the birth of Christ
That civilization would not believe
That it would be possible fort a man
Through wireless at one end
To another man at the other end
The phone rings and someone tells him his life history
He is told to return if he likes
He goes back to his grave to tell his experience*



*They now plan to invade the world
He orders his war generals and army
Armed with spears, swords, bows and arrows
to attack
He would not believe that we have superior
weapons
We did not show him any when he was around,
They send a warning of invasion
We decide to match their army with
Our modern weapons
Their war generals leading their combatant army
All armed to the teeth with clubs, spears bows
and arrows
Are approaching through a valley
They have been sighted by a modern soldier;
He uses binoculars
And from his hideout, he shells them with bazooka
They are forced to surrender
To a one-man gunfire
Grant us permission to retire
Back to our sepulchers
I salute you modern murderers
Let me live alone in my style
You'll live to cry
After the coming of Christ
All that you crucify
But in another style*

PROF. VICTOR UWAIFO MON, JP

Fellow of the Nigerian Academy of Letters MY FAITHFUL FRIEND