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Sourced from some of the best poetic voices in contemporary Nigeria, the verses in *Corona Blues* paint jolting images of a monstrous microbe that demystifies humanity's claim to superior strength and knowledge, a virus at once recondite and lethal, an emergent world ruler to whose dictates man unwillingly submits. The ultimate triumph of this timely anthology derives mainly from the poets' deployment of accessible language of horror, terror and trauma, as from apt use of symbols and sound devices that simultaneously cement the sublimity of the poetry and the seriousness of the subject matter.

~Macpherson Okpara

Nigerian poet-critic, senior academic and international editorial consultant

Suddenly, there was pandemonium whence the earth became a lockdown, homes shut down, life held down by a tiny flying thing. Soon, there was the reversal of human order that came about as a result of the corona virus. It is a pandemic! Everything submitted to its witchery except literary art. And because communication is the primary element of human bonding, recording the affliction in beautiful verses and voices were taking place across the globe, and Nigeria as well. Like in the sentencing and imprisonment of life to homes by corona, established and emerging writers from Nigeria have found a buoyant home in this anthology. Here-in, are profound expressions on the wretchedness of disease and a perfect example of the undying human spirit that returns to life, shortly after affliction.

~ BM Dzukogi

Founder, Hill-Top Creative Arts Foundation.



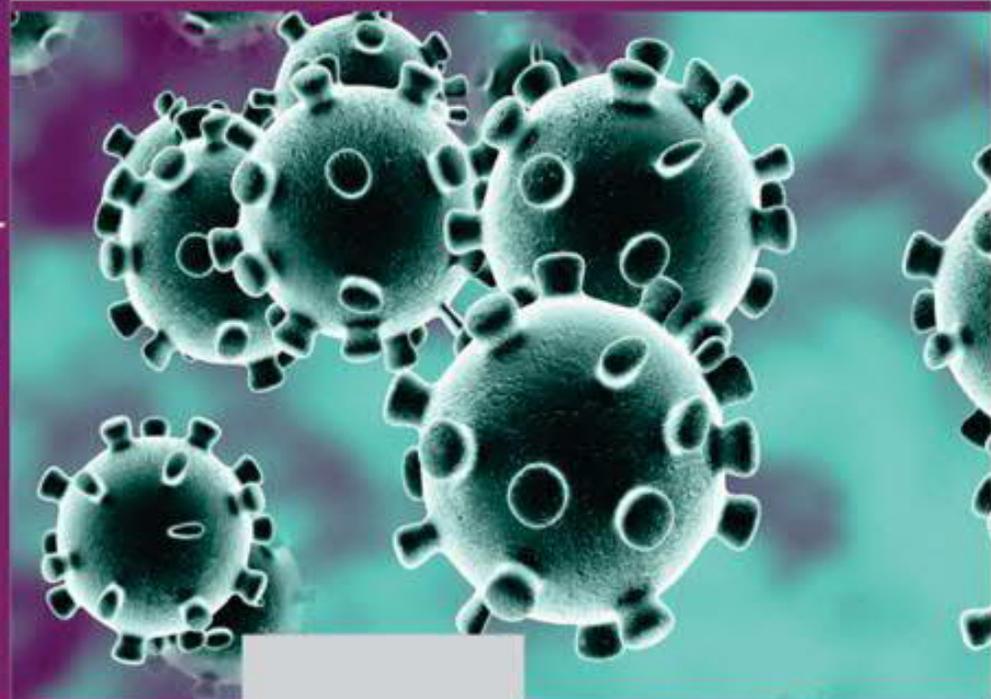
Whetstone  
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Ismail Bala & Khalid Imam

Corona Blues

# Corona Blues

A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry



Ismail Bala  
Khalid Imam

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(A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry)

Ismail Bala  
Khalid Imam

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Corona Blues  
A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry

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## Acknowledgements

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All praises are due to Allah, the Shield and Healer of all diseases for protecting our lives against the dreadful Coronavirus and for producing this anthology.

Besides, our gratitude goes first and foremost to all the poets who contributed to this bilingual anthology. We thank each of them for sending entries in good time.

We are also thankful to the Executive Director of Center for Information Technology and Development (CITAD), YZ Ya'u for his magnanimous support and firm believe in this project. For sure, without him serving as a bridge to secure funding this publication won't have seen the light of the day.

The MacArthur Foundation and the International Institute of Education, we extend our profuse appreciation and immeasurable gratitude for making publication funds available.

We commend all members of the All Poets Network for their encouragement and informed suggestions on how to improve this anthology and for spreading the message inviting other poets across Nigeria.

And to our publisher, we say a big thank you for all the painstaking work done to ensure quality production.

**Ismail Bala  
Khalid Imam**

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## Dedication

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Dedicated to all the frontline healthcare workers and the victims of the Coronavirus worldwide, especially those who lost their lives in the fight to tame the deadly virus.

Fortuitously in June, we got a grant from the MacArthur Foundation in association with Institute for the International Education (IIE) to carry out public education and community mobilization against COVID 19 activities in Kano State to raise public awareness on COVID 19 and improve observance of basic precautionary protocols as advised by health professionals and the Nigerian Centre for Disease Control (NCDC). Our main tool at the time was to train young community activists, give them a mini-grant and get them to conduct community sensitization and mobilization programmes in their communities.

But given the enormity of the problem, we were also opened to other ideas. We mounted several radio programmes given the deeply rooted culture of radio listening in the state. We partnered with online newspapers publishers to provide them with content and deployed various social media tools. In all these, we were apprehensive that we could leave out significant segments of the population in our reach. It was in the context of this apprehensive that we welcomed the proposal by APNET to do an anthology of poems around the theme of Corona. We thought, first, that the very invitation to artists and poets to compose and submit poems was going to serve the purpose of mobilizing this important segment of social influencers to contribute to the campaign on their own. But secondly, we realized that by getting these people to put down their emotions, feelings, observations, reality-lens, etc into poems, they could be able to capture those feelings that could transform the obvious trust deficit that had characterized the relationship between citizens and government concerning messaging around COVID 19. Here was a government that was committed to imposing lockdown in a large commercial centre where most of the people work in the informal sector. It was not ready to provide meaningful palliatives to address the impact of the lockdown,

## About the Editors

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Ismail Bala writes in English and Hausa. His poetry and translations have appeared in the UK, the USA, Canada, India and South Africa, in journals such as *Poetry Review*, *Ambit*, *New Coin*, *Okike*, *A Review of International English Literature* and *Aura Literary Arts Review*. Born and educated to university level in Kano, he did his post-graduate studies at Oxford. He is a Fellow of the International Writing Programme of the University of Iowa.

Khalid Imam is a Nigerian post-modernist African panegyric poet, teacher, translator, editor, literary columnist and a multiple award-winning bilingual playwright and poet. He has published in the UK, US, India, Germany, Canada and Poland, among others. Khalid Imam has authored over a dozen books including *Letter to My Students*, *Sodangi*, *Barde Barbushe*, *Kundin Hirarrakin Bukar Usman*, *Falsafar Bukar Usman*, *The Amigo Sisters* and *Justice, Fairness & the Quest for Egalitarian Societies*. He has edited *A Citadel of Excellence*, *The Bird's Evidence*, *Hawayen Alhini* and *A Wise Whisper*. Khalid Imam is the Initiator and Curator of the *All Poets Network*, *Muryar Adabi* and *Sirrin Samun Arziki da Nasara* on WhatsApp and other social media handles. He runs a literary column in the Kaduna based *Platform Magazine*. As a motivational speaker, he writes a column for *Muryar Arewa*, a leading Hausa magazine also based in Kaduna. He was among the ten finest Nigerian writers selected by the Wole Soyinka Foundation in 2017 to participate at the SAIL Program in Lebanon. Imam is a former Vice Chairman of the Association of Nigerian Authors Kano State Branch. As a freelance researcher, Khalid Imam contributed chapters in several publications on Language,

Literature, Media, Culture and Gender issues within Nigeria and beyond. He also published dozens of academic articles and book reviews in journals, newspapers and online platforms. Khalid Imam, who is the Executive Director of Whetstone Arts and Translation Services and Khalid Imam Academy, is a member of several national and regional writers and professional bodies including Association for the Development of Education in Africa (ADEA), Linguistic Association of Nigeria (LAN), Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA), Nigerian Folklore Society (NFS), Northern Nigerian Writers' Summit (NNWS), Association for the Promotion of Nigerian Languages and Culture (APNILAC), English Language Teachers Association, Kano (ELTAK), among others. Imam is a recipient of several awards including the most prestigious Kano Forum Award for Humanitarian Development. For his deep love of poetry and creative production, he was crowned as the *Poet of the Week* by numerous newspapers poetry platforms such as *Weekly Trust*, *New Nigerian Newspapers*, *Public Agenda*, *Blueprint*, and *Platform*. And his poetry could be read in dozens of national and international anthologies. Khalid Imam's creative writings especially poems, articles and reviews are available on online platforms including APNET, Global Poetry Net, The African Writers, Young African Poets, African Poets' Union, The Write Squad, African Doctoral Lounge, Asian Literary Society, Motivational Strips, Working on Different Truths Group and World Pictorial Poetry Forum, among others. Khalid Imam due to his literary activism has granted dozens of scintillating and provoking interviews to both print and broadcast media such as BBC Hausa, Voice of Nigeria, NTA, Freedom Radio FM, Radio Kano, Pyramid Radio, Express FM Kano, Rahma Radio, *Weekly Trust* Newspapers, *Blueprint* Newspapers, *Aminiya*, *Platform* and many others. He is happily married with children and he is based in Kano state.

## Notes from CITAD

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Although CITAD has a long history of supporting literary activism, when the All Poets Network (APNET) approached us with the idea of doing an anthology on Corona, we received this not just as another literary support outing. Rather, we saw in it an opportunity to leverage additional avenues for public education around COVID 19. As the secretariat of the **Kano Against COVID 19**, CITAD has been at the thick of the campaign to convince a largely sceptical population that COVID 19 is real.

We have from that vintage position seen the various strands of both opposition and disbelief about COVID 19 in Kano, where the pandemic made a dramatic landing in which unlike in other places where it started slowly, here by the time it was recognized, it had reached the level of community transmission and therefore was massively affecting communities. Yet, the majority of the people did not want to believe it and regarded it as some sort of conspiracy.

We quickly realized the difficult task that this entails and therefore thought to think out of the box and looked for every available tool, channel, etc to reach to the population with convincing messages to alter their perceptions and belief about the pandemic. We also realized that there would be no one single message for all people or one single channel to reach out to all. Right from this early period, when the pandemic made its landing in Kano, we opted to deploy a multi-media genre campaign strategy, allowing us to reach out with messages in different forms and formats and using various channels to reach out to our audience.

## Introduction

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James Baldwin considered himself a witness to life, so he went on to create a memorable body of literature whose courageous striving to reach the truth continues to irradiate the path of generations. Flora Nwapa, described as the mother of modern African Literature, bequeathed to us a rich and reliable history—a past dignified and a present worthy of documentation. Further, the poetry of Niyi Osundare identifies the writer as an aesthete and activist, one who consolidates his or her awareness of such a writer's talent and communal heritage. Likewise, the editors of this anthology and its contributors, attempt to make sense of the changes in our world and thereby illuminate the efficacy of literature to record and to restore.

*Corona Blues* foregrounds the importance of art to humans. Since poetry allows us to weave our sorrow into songs, the poets have shown just how therapeutic it is to search for light in dark corners, to trace beauty in ugly places, to sing of love and hope in the time of a pandemic. We now see, through their testaments, how freeing it is to measure time with memory, how redeeming it is to unite our voices against our common enemy.

For instance, Osundare's "Snapshot 102" which opens the collection, captures, with clarity and urgency, the new ways of living ushered in by the COVID-19 pestilence. The poet seems to suggest that Coronavirus and life share something in common—unpredictability, so he reminds us to "Never leave home/Without 'Dour'd mask." But there is a strong and persistent feeling that his words create in us, and as we mediate on his poem, we begin to realize that the mask means more than what the poet expresses. Conversely, Tanure Ojaide's "Why Should I Not?" erases our

especially to vulnerable groups but was telling people to social distance, practice hygiene and keep to protocols as advised by the NCDC and health professionals. This trust-deficit was at the centre of the disbelief by people about COVID 19. We thought that by getting artists and poets to deploy their creativity, emotional appeal to convey the depths of their feelings about COVID 19, we could get our messages in fresh forms and format from a voice that was not implicated by the trust deficit syndrome.

Given that the centre of disbelief was not just the English using elites but also located in the large population of Hausa language users, we were happy when APNET said the anthology would be bilingual, in both English and Hausa. And here it is! We would like to express our appreciation APNET for the collaboration and partnership and to thank especially, the two editors of the volume, Khalid Imam and Ismail Bala for their commitment to this project.

**Y. Z. Ya'u**  
Executive Director  
CITAD

## Words from the All Poet Network

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The All Poets Network (APNET) is a platform created to promote thrilling poetry and poetic productions across borders. Membership goes beyond poets residing in Nigeria. There are poets from other sister African nations and other parts of the world. We are all united by our common love for poetry.

APNET was formed in 2019 not just to produce poetry for poets. No! Our vision is to give voices to unheard poets and to deploy poetry to entrench harmony, development and transformation of human society using poetry as a vehicle. At APNET, we believe poetry is the soul of society and a bridge of unity which if properly popularized and wisely deployed it could serve as a soothing balm against intolerance and division in our immediate societies and the world over.

APNET with the support from CITAD and funding from the MacArthur Foundation and the International Institute for Education presents to lovers of poetry and general readers one of the most refreshing, unique and very rich anthologies of Nigerian poetry on the subject of Coronavirus pandemic. It is public knowledge, the world has never gone through a devastating and most trying time where mutual distrust and suspicion become the order of the day. Out of the fear of this unpredictable virus, family life and businesses have been shattered.

At APNET, we felt coming up with this anthology is one sure way not just to document the event but to offer poets the opportunity to lend their voices not just to fight back but to raise hope as well as

reassure the world that the human spirit especially that of poets is so powerful not to submit to the deadly disease sheepishly.

This goes on to tell you that APNET is a conscious and innovative community of poets driven to use the vehicle of poetry in promoting public awareness on issues relating to health, peace, democracy, gender, security, youth empowerment and societal development, not only within Nigeria but across the world. *Corona Blues* for sure is just one project out of many to be born by APNET.

Keep a date with APNET for poetry fresh from the oven.

**Khalid Imam**

Founder/Curator

All Poets Network

Kano - Nigeria.

[allpoetsnetwork@gmail.com](mailto:allpoetsnetwork@gmail.com)

17<sup>th</sup> November 2020

*Smiling dove. A hundred-year-old  
tortoise  
Playing poker. A fish  
Who baits his own death, who dies.*  
(“The Rope in the New Loop: A  
Coronavirus Tale” by Ismail Bala)

And these lines by Khalid Imam hold out hope:

*yes, soon our swirled life  
and the solitude visited  
by this virulent strain shall vanish and  
the sun shall smile all day again and  
again*

(“In Fear of the Dreadful” by Khalid  
Imam)

This bilingual poetry collection has 4 meaningful poems by Khalid Imam - “In the Quicksands”, “In the Fear of the Dreadful”, “Hurricane Covid-19” and “In Sea of Plague”), each of which makes for an engaging read.

These concluding lines of a short poem that raises questions that plague us daily in these times of the pandemic caught my attention:

*Dear world  
What do we do  
When handshakes no longer say peace  
When hugs are becoming sins to our  
dear souls  
What do we do?*  
(“Rhetorical Question” by Yusuf B M )

doubt about the complex nature of the mask. The poet considers racism as destructive as Coronavirus, so he declares, "...allow me choose what to die for..." When Ola Ifatimehin charges us to "Wash our hands clean always" in "Covid-19," it becomes necessary to think of poetry as an epithet of layered meanings. The title poem, "Corona Blues" also by Ifatimehin, takes love to realistic heights, threatened only by physical distance. Aj. Dagga Tolar's "The Old Death of Falsehood," interrogates the role of religion in the spread of conspiracy theories. The poet recognizes ignorance as a deadlier virus.

Every poem in this collection invites us to imagine. It invites us to feel and to rise from the gloom of our fettered condition. Each poem bears witness to an inimitable period in history. It documents as well as heals us through the hurt. As a bilingual anthology, it offers us a double sense of beauty, with the indigenous and the foreign complementing each other.

### **Unoma Azuah**

Professor of English

Wiregrass Georgia Technical College, USA.

# Foreword

---

The entire world is currently hit by an unprecedented, never-before-seen Covid-19 pandemic, that has taken a heavy toll on the physical and mental well-being of the human race and its survival. This pandemic has made no distinctions of colour, caste, race, religion or country size in terms of economic or military power. It has brought the entire human race on its knees, searching for ways and vaccine to be rid of this gnawing pandemic. Meanwhile, our struggle is on...

In this grim scenario, what do poets and other creative beings do? Well, they try to spread solace and hope through their writings and creative works and thus heal the world. Words looking the reality in the face, soothing words, and many more, also serve as a balm to calm our frayed nerves ...

When my dear friend and respected poet from Nigeria Mr Khalid Imam invited me to write a Foreword for an exclusive poetry anthology *Corona Blues* (A Bilingual collection of Poems on Corona Virus) compiled and edited by accomplished academicians, writers and poets Mr Ismail Bala and Mr Khalid Imam himself, and published by Whetstone Publishers, Kano, Nigeria, I readily agreed because, in this exercise, I saw a release for my pent-up fears about the relentless Corona Virus, currently holding the entire humanity in its vice grip!

The bilingual poetry collection *Corona Blues* has 16 poems in the Hausa Language of Nigeria and 68 poems by 54 poets in the English language. Not familiar with Hausa, I could read only the English poetry section. And wow, what a collection of sensitively penned poems, all themed on the Corona Virus!

As I went through the poems featured in *Corona Blues*, I could sense the myriad emotions, confusions, bewilderment, wonderment, struggles, sense of loss, surrender, atonement for “sins” and finally hope, that the current pandemic Covid-19 has evoked and let loose, that have found a place in the poems! Every poem in this collection is so striking and touches the core of one’s heart! The poems amply demonstrate the thought processes of the poets and the impact of Covid-19 on their life and living, social interactions and outlook for the future.

The first line of the very first poem in this poetry collection took my breath away – short, succinct and impactful!

*(COVID Captives)*

*Six feet apart - or six feet under!*

.....

.....

*Bat-borne, some say*

*Lab-invented, others insist*

*This Unseen Foe has brought*

*Haughty Humanity to its painful knees.*

*(“Snapshot 102” by Niyi Osundare)*

I believe that with the first line itself, the poet Niyi Osundare has superbly captured the maintain-physical-distance-or-perish aspect of the Corona Virus and sent out a strong message! Very commendable indeed!

*Corona Blues* also features the poems of its competent editors Ismail Bala and Khalid Imam, both accomplished poets themselves. The following lines of the poem by Ismail Bala, are at once striking, deep and multi-layered:

*A royal louse who suffers, who has*

*questions*

*About his prominence. The promiscuous*

## Snapshot 102 - Niyi Osundare

(COVID Captives)

Six feet apart - or six feet under!

### II

Strange times, these  
Lockdown penance for a flighty world  
COVID came complete with its viral madness  
Its new World Order, its frightful protocol:

Remember your Six Feet  
Don't shake hands with friend or foe  
Never leave home  
Without your mask

For your erstwhile neighbour  
Is now a Walking Plague  
Shout your greeting from a sterile distance  
Six feet apart - or six feet under

Our tactile world is on virtual retreat  
Virtual classrooms, virtual students  
Virtual teachers, virtual brains, and virtual hearts  
Our brave new era of hide-and-speak

Likewise, the poem "Covid-19" by Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo has a different take on the pandemic:

*Sounds like a code  
Something Ben Brown of the Da Vinci  
code  
fame might have written and where  
the eponymous James Bond might have  
intoned,  
shaken but not stirred.*

*Except that we  
are shaken, stirred, twisted and turned.  
("Covid-19" by Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo )*

The poet's other poem too is engaging with an interesting viewpoint on Covid-19. The universal message carried in these lines also caught my attention:

*Let us arm ourselves with the correct  
information  
And join our hands to fight as one  
To stay at home and do the needful  
And halt the spread of this monster  
Aiming to erase us off  
The face of the earth.  
("The Queen of Death" by Yasir Jibril  
Tofa).*

Some poems are direct, some have used excellent metaphors for the Corona Virus, but overall, every poem in this poetry collection is sincere, full of concern and care, and a plea for an early release from this all-pervading pandemic!

My kudos and respects to the editors Ismail Bala and Khalid Imam for their careful selection of poems for making this a poetry collection that has a poem to suit every mood in these difficult times. My appreciation for the poets who have put their thoughts and heart into their sensitively-penned poems!

I wish *Corona Blues*, an excellently compiled and edited, timely and topical poetry collection, a far and wide reach and readership. As for the pandemic, let's hope and pray, this too shall pass and very soon!

**Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy,**  
Indian poet and Honorary Literary Advisor of CCVA,  
Vijayawada,  
Advisory Panel Member, ISISAR, Kolkata,  
Editorial Counselor-India, International Writers' Journal, USA,  
Editor of Amaravati Poetic Prism' 2016 to 2018 International  
Multilingual Poetry Anthologies

## English Section

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**The Rope in the New Loop: A Coronavirus Tale - Ismail Bala**

A tiger who eats with a crystal plate.  
Three monkeys abreast at pick-pocketing.  
Mouse who do Soduko.  
A police hound who dances with a lady,  
Who takes prisoners' temperature.

A royal louse who suffers, who has questions  
About his prominence. The promiscuous  
Smiling dove. A hundred-year-old tortoise  
Playing poker. A fish  
Who baits his own death, who dies.

The farmer with his cracked palms,  
With his carrot and stick. The evenings  
When they all converge in a cage,  
Drinking stale coffee, swiftly  
Tying the rope in the new loop.

Mountain lions romp in public squares  
Wild boars hold court in mirthless malls  
Chimpanzees strut and sway in empty streets  
Wondering: "Just where are our fellow primates"?

Bat-borne, some say  
Lab-invented, others insist  
This Unseen Foe has brought  
Haughty Humanity to its painful knees.

## Why Should I Not? - Tanure Ojaide

Why should I not take risks with Covid-19;  
why not join protests against the police murder of Floyd  
to register my conscience against the evil of racism  
despite the raging novel Coronavirus?  
What causes more havoc to the land and people:  
the Coronavirus with its tally of over a hundred thousand  
or because of systemic racism the many millions that  
have died in all the centuries of a nation's independence?  
What poses more danger to human existence:  
the virus that can be managed and a vaccine can eliminate  
or the total disregard for blacks and their lives  
by those hiding behind their skin to kill others?  
Why should I not risk a season's pandemic  
to wipe out racism, the endemic epidemic;  
why should I not settle the perennial problem  
before the season's bother over health and jobs?  
If both the Coronavirus and racism bring death,  
why not allow me to choose what to die for—  
be a hero forever by stamping out racism, or  
defying what has only 2% chance of killing me?

## Sweet Scent of life -Mahmud Zukogi

The sweet scent of life  
Of freshly sieved air  
Untainted breeze  
From the mighty controller  
Of oxygen and gasses.

The rains came down  
With the force of a thousand stallion  
Slapping and wiping every dirt  
And the trees dancing of joy  
To the arrival of guarantor of life.

The therapeutic breeze is here  
Breathing life to clogged nose  
The real ventilator is sent forth  
To distil contaminated oxygen  
Aching limbs too filled with ecstasy.

The rains came and we are happy  
Temperature beaten to a pulp  
The pangs of hunger slowed  
A new life is birthed  
To wash off evil viruses of the land.

## Corona Blues - Ola Ifatimehin

He called her name  
In his dreams  
There's a yearning  
In his isolated heart  
That won't be quarantined.

She took a step  
Towards him  
Trembling  
She has just passed  
The Rubicon of social distance  
Now exposed to his touches.

He slid his hands  
Like dirty words to her ears  
And stripped her mask off  
Now she is naked  
To kisses and sneezes.

He slapped himself  
Awake  
The mosquito of reality  
Had just bitten off  
His daydreams  
His heart may wander  
But he is locked down  
Confined to  
Stay home.

## People & Machine & Humans - Ahmed Maiwada

It was people who don't believe until they see  
that first converted  
became believers in the virus  
God-believing humans said  
until they saw it  
they said proof of the unseen  
is necessary  
for humans to leave their pews and columns  
for the new god Corona  
that machine said it saw  
in Israel Arabia Rome and Egypt  
remember machine saw him  
remember machine said it  
remember machine that saw and said it  
peoples' hands did make it  
hands of ones who told you  
they saw the maker  
in those same places  
but you pointed at human error  
what of machine error  
you never saw this god virus  
but you shake and tremble  
you worship him in shadowboxing  
his fear the head of your wisdom  
you have sent heads rolling  
you have got bells tolling  
at the witnesses of erring humans  
how come the prophets' sayings  
you dared to question

## **I Read some Facts about You - Ahmed Maiwada**

I read some facts about you Corona  
you spoke to no one  
that's what I knew  
before the reading and after  
so if you would speak now  
which fact will you counter  
is that your first name  
do you have a title  
did you die and come back  
what faith evolution or big bang  
do you put on a mask in Kano  
do you fear masked people  
or run from washed fingers  
is your reach long or short  
are you one  
are you legion  
is 5g your creator  
look straight up are you made in China  
will you ever leave us  
now or later  
how will you exit  
with your belly full of humans  
with the last trumpet behind you  
as you came quietly  
or till you're chased out with thunders.

## **Covid-19 - Ola Ifatimehin**

There's a giant attacking our lands  
It's time for war  
It has slain thousands  
We all have to be soldiers  
And come to battle  
Wash our hands clean always.

A Goliath brags over our mountains, plains and valleys  
It mocks our seasons and climates  
Ridicules our pristine traditions and global cultures  
We must arise against this goblin  
And sling a shot to its forehead  
By staying at home.

There's a monster calling out to battle  
Stay home  
We must disband the cavalries,  
the battalions, the troupes and squadrons  
And isolate, keep the distance.

Together we shall win,  
For such is the warfare  
The sure strategy to defeat this viral Thanus.

## COVIDO - B M Dzukogi

You hid behind our follies  
to burst on us, when we lay upon ourselves, fallacies of the  
year-ending.

Year ending,  
when clergies call out their folks  
to smell the ferments of their concoctions;  
when government come forth with recitals of illusions;  
when citizens indulge in self-oaths of personal delusions;  
your butts burst on us in the nineteenth  
to produce a jagged shot  
put in our throats.

Are you not done,  
putting your scalpel to my bone, chiselling the enamel  
that makes it white?  
Are you not done,  
putting your shot into my throat  
to choke the fluidity of life?

Are you not done,  
rolling down the lungs  
to burst the alveoli as you sit on them, incubating death?  
The hen sits on the egg to give life You sit on life to give  
death.

## A Tale of Two Poems - Ralia Maijama'a

"Shadows and Dust"  
Said Proximo  
When death was upon him  
Shadows and Walls  
We said  
When COVID came creeping

Not so long ago,  
Home was where I longed to return  
Borne on the thorns of exhaustion  
Buoyed by thoughts of my sofa  
Plush, inviting, waiting for my bottom

Home I now long to escape  
Back to the drudgery of my desk  
I dreamt last night of  
A straight-backed chair,  
Hard and uncompromising  
Beckoning, inviting, waiting for my bottom

Now I dread my sofa —  
Relationship: It's Complicated —  
I hate that I'm its potato  
Same reason why I love it.  
I told you it's complicated

Who was it that said:  
"Death smiles upon us all"  
Well, I wish he wouldn't smile  
Quite so wide.  
And in an aside:  
"His teeth are so ugly!"  
No wonder Donne said:  
"Death be not Proud"

Who knew he was so tiny?  
When Proximo saw him  
He was dressed in  
Black and bearing arms  
Swords and knives that glittered in the sun!  
Now he comes creeping  
Silent and small  
His new name is COVID  
Like David,  
Slaying the Goliaths of man...

Home was sanctuary  
Home was my sofa  
Home meant family  
It still does —  
But...

I long to escape.  
I'm losing my mind.

## **Corona Virus - Yusuf M. Adamu**

Science and virus at the crossroads  
Despite man's technological height  
In spite of the economic might  
Human's superiority is questioned  
In the face of the rise of the microbe

I have never seen humans so scared  
An organism so petite, our eyes cannot see  
Yet so humbling, it has made mankind  
Like the black death of the medieval past

Life is threatened by this frightening virus  
Humans are surely not folding their arms  
We are fighting back with all it takes

Our existence on earth is not negotiable  
We will not succumb to Corona's wickedness  
We shall outlive the outbreak and contain it.

So help us, God!

Alphabet on a fifth string G-  
Uitar to usher the altar

To blast our eardrums to a bland  
Melody of blues to nonsense  
China as the letters

Spelling death to the world  
And the congregation cannot gather  
The ending stream runs of gifts to the prophet

The death of healing the heart with lies  
The birth of masked face and gloved hand  
And the rejection of the gift of physical healers

How hard not to see who then is a friend  
To the old hand of nothing is working  
Fighting back rough and dirty

To feed scarce oxygen into the zeroes  
To keep alive the contract to import  
Masks and glove

Are you not done,  
tearing apart bonds and bounds; the tiny spirits of our souls,  
joined to keep the community? Have you not fed enough  
on our souls?  
If you take all,  
upon whom will you feed  
another day?

Are you not done,  
making our city a morgue,  
with corpses that live,  
markets that sleep,  
houses that imprison?  
Should you not be done now?  
The vast prison you have created  
is about to burst.  
The spirit of man,  
is a spirit in glow,  
the more you block the rays,  
the radiant it becomes,  
and the more it thins to escape.

Walk away now, you,  
the dark ball of death  
Or we work you out.  
A guest that stays too long,  
is a guest in conquest, and  
a guest to be conquered.  
A household coalition lay in wait.

Tell your brother, tell your sister  
those centuries-old witches that  
we lived through their infestations  
The bodies they fell  
decomposed to form manures  
that grew us.  
That's why we lived to see you.

## **The Old Death of Falsehood - Aj. Dagga Tolar**

1  
There is the old death of falsehood  
The spinning of healings from the tongue  
Accompanied by the cacophony of bodies  
Smashing self-down on the spring hook of a script

The fervent fevers the nearly dead to momentarily  
Walking to arranged more sick bodies and minds  
Off certified clinics who also dosage death  
According to the rhythm of the currency

This death of healing is the power of prophets  
To load up God as the wonder drug for all  
Ailments making men and women  
Selling everything of the self

For the healing lasting only the heat  
Of the words of the man of God who cannot  
Be second-guessed from the freedom divinely tapped  
To One Chance the congregation to life released home to  
die

2  
There is a death too of tithes  
And how unable to complain  
About the lockdown births the prophet

To spinning tales of the seventh

## Hey!-Phateema Salihu

Should I surrender before fighting?  
With my fully armoured white blood cell,  
Beautifully furnished lungs and  
The king that is my liver?  
Am I not even worth a fight  
When you cascade like a new bride  
On edge or stick like lice on surfaces  
Hey, answer me!  
Do you get jealous of the crowd, or  
Of brazen handshakes in greeting, or  
Of subtle spread of Salam, or  
Of hugs and kisses  
In churches, mosques, markets, or...

I'm not done,  
See I am a powerful race  
From a powerful kingdom  
Carved from the strongest phylum  
Just to withstand monsters like you  
I engulf myself with just, I say  
Just enough bullets, to shoot you down  
I shall not give you a chance  
Just like you came unaware,  
So shall you leave like the thief you are  
Shameless, stripped and powerless

## Covid-19 - Abubakar Othman

COVID -19 the acute acronym for a covetous, vicious,  
devious world,  
A metaphor for the murderous G8+ organization  
A euphemism for the monstrosity of the 5th Generation  
A figurative reference to the Anti-Christ.

COVID 19 a riddle redolent of the rodent  
The tiny teeth that cracked the riddle of the palm,  
A virtual virus vanquishing the great World of science and  
technology,  
of Drones and terrorism.

COVID -19 the proverbial eyelash  
That made sleepless with pain  
The hawk eyes of the masonic monsters and masters of the  
protocols of death.

COVID -19 the plasmodial slime  
Vegetating on the fungoid fingers of our  
Morally imbecile world leaders.

## Johnsonian Gloom - Adamu Isa Babura

Like the Hijab wearers you so out lough  
Whom you likened to card boxes  
You are now all doom and gloom  
Stay long in your isolated cuboid  
A matchbox house not fit for the ant

My abrasive invalid billionaire "friend"  
Has the oesophagus missed its way  
Venom from the pharynx to the stomach, in reverse  
Carried down to the bellows, anon  
The cytopharynx couldn't indeed ingest  
Ah! No Doctor could saw up the laceration in your GI tract

The super-powered now in a bashful tract  
Better in Hijab than a wheelchair  
Whole PM in a wheelbarrow— ICU  
It is expedient you must admit  
The "God" you worship could not avail  
Your station indeed must resort  
Your oblivious mind must now recall  
Your stance, but a sorry meal  
Indeed, you are under the spell  
Only God above can save the globe  
And save you, may you so reverse  
Pull you up, a recession-proof!

## Covid 19- Ardent 20 - Muhammad Maikyari

The world's a battlefield  
All superpowers have dwindled  
Their economies grossly degenerated  
Their societies have immensely have shrunk

UK's Johnson's health acrid  
Couldn't contain the lethal Covid  
Though standard anti-retroviral amid  
Could barely slightly breathe

While others like Osborne remain paranoid,  
The Scot's compassionate district nurse  
Janice, 58, lost the fight for life, phew!  
She succumbed to the fatal levidrome

Fellow, carefree Nigerians, beware!  
Mr F & Mrs C have dissolved  
Immersed in the desolate sea  
Which lay there in the dreary lane

Sanguine, we stood animated  
Yet pessimistic is the devastated world  
Forlorn, we are forced to remain  
And await the final gloom

We groan at the awful sight  
We howl at the horrid mood  
We lament the dreaded yearn  
We moan for our nation but to no avail

### **In Fear of the Dreadful - Khalid Imam**

Today, we all live  
in the strangest  
of all seasons,  
the spousal shaft  
and its light that  
brightens our night  
like the merry moon  
has to sadly isolate.

In fear of the dreadful,  
the tree and all her caring roots should kiss not  
or take the others' hands  
in a firm loving clasp.

This dark cloud  
of the monstrous virus grudgingly bans  
all the papaya fruits in us  
to flock together not,  
true, the stern unbiased warning now is for all  
to keep life -ventilating social distance -  
no cave or palace is safe!

As I sanitize my hands frequently  
Watching you under this mask  
And my new addiction, staying home,  
Tell me how will you get a punching bag?  
Tell me who will host you and give you peace?

Take not my silence for fear,  
No, I've long ago learnt not to give in to  
Your most delicious food  
I, like the phoenix I am  
Shall rise again, dust off these ashes  
And spit the fire, mightiest in me, on you.

## **In the Quick Sands - Khalid Imam**

Like a forlorn elephant,  
in the quicksands  
of despair and illusion  
our sophisticated world  
is today entrapped  
like a scavenging fox  
gloom is let loose  
doom sets in.

Nothing seems hard  
for even the blind to read our veiled frustration  
and helplessness

Now in stark fear  
and distrust we live.  
sad still, our self-isolated cages  
are homes to abject poverty,  
thrown on our necks are heavy  
chains of hunger and wanton want.

We are preys devoured day and night  
by the merciless monster of serial death  
in a big grave, we are massively buried,  
the few surviving ones among us are nothing  
but stinking bodies with only dry bones left.

Like a vulture that swoops  
on an innocent playful chick,  
our happiness and freedom are gone.

In broad daylight a single virulent virus  
reduces man to a mere struggling zebra  
freshly killed by a gang of partying hyenas

Imprisoned by the fear of the unknown  
the awaiting succulent lips of our caring spouses  
we now avoid with the swiftness a monkey dodges  
the venomous sting of an angry cobra.  
To our intimate lifetime friends  
we retreat without farewell.

Let there be healings.  
Oh God, may Your healings come to our rescue  
may Your compassion save our wrecked ship  
from sinking to Your majestic power we all submit.

**Life Hangs on Threadbare Masks - Abdullahi Ismaila  
Ahmad**

Swish-swash:

The flu comes upon us  
Unarmed deaths swoop on us  
East to West, North and South

Just now in this Covid-19 puddle  
life hangs on threadbare masks  
As ventilators become rare,  
As sanitizers remind us of old habits  
Yet we are caught lockdown  
In virus tainted messed mesh

In the maddening rush to beat Covid-19 thrush  
Ravaging souls, debilitating neighbourhoods,  
Debasing neighbourliness  
We are packed into solitude  
With grim days ahead of us

Swirling still in pollutants  
Scarce air is augmented with oxygen  
To keep life hanging on scarce  
Personal Protective Equipment

Swirling in pollutants  
Life gasps for breath, and the world  
Watches agape, helpless as lives waste  
On stretchers, sprawled heavenward

To stay safe,  
no heedless stem  
is free to go shopping  
together with any  
not mask-wearing leaf  
nor shall any go partying  
with no hand sanitizer  
nearby.

But soon...  
yes, soon our swirled life  
and the solitude visited  
by this virulent strain  
shall vanish and  
the sun shall smile all day again and again  
because the resilience  
of our unyielding human spirit -  
the spirit of love,  
of bonding,  
of care,  
of compassion  
and of wellness  
shall surely triumph  
by the next morning.

## **Hurricane Covid 19 - Khalid Imam**

Busy streets empty  
lively eateries  
and brimful bars  
now mere ghost towns  
markets reduced to graveyards  
schools locked up  
like the Kirikiri prison  
bullish stocks crash  
like a plane  
worship places  
are like quarantined nests with no eggs to hatch  
stay at home is now  
the only bell in the air  
the loud silence  
from all self-isolated stadiums devastated fans  
encaged by fear of the almighty -  
hurricane Covid 19  
like a sail swallowed  
by dreadful waves,  
all hopes seem lost  
from the life-saving vaccine- making labs  
confusion shatters man  
and his technology ineffective  
today our vulnerable world is like a baby deserted by all  
in a land rocked by endless wars  
disillusionment  
visible as the only moon on the sky –  
dim and unsafe is the world we all live,  
where else is our salvation if not from Him -the Merciful  
Healer!

## **In Season of Plague - Khalid Imam**

In the season of plague  
crave not to kiss  
the stink eye  
of an angry wind  
nor should you pray  
to receive a stinker mail  
from the self - shattered  
souls - souls consumed  
by personal feuds  
let your cravings  
be for the warmth  
of love and joy  
you rejoice sharing  
not to jilt you  
pray for safety  
and blissfulness  
to be your comforting  
soul mates against  
the dreadful fear  
of self-isolation  
in lockdown cities  
and parks quarantined.

### **Merciless Lilly - Zakiyyah Dzukogi**

The kitchen's table  
Is where the Lily  
Pierces its venom  
As dark viper  
Letting go of its scent  
To the nose

For the nose  
It dilutes no air  
Discarding the air like: "I'm cold"

Now for the lips  
Whose bare hands  
Pick up the pestles  
And with it,  
Loads the Tommy  
So phoebe hide  
For a dark one  
Barked backing black omen

And for the Tommy  
Whose eyes created a chilled ice  
In the heart of the lips goes:  
"I'm dying"

### **Love, Time and War - Peter Kwange**

Days are dark and screams are loud  
Unto these days, life is scorching  
A moment of silence for those that it burned.

We've become prey in our haven  
And our bodies have become a sanctuary for this predator.  
Come, let's sing a gentle song  
to make our tears fall deep into our palms  
so that it will wash every stain of the pain away,  
For we shall cry no more for this predator.

And for this moment  
You and I should sneak apart  
To seek refuge inside earth's caves  
even though it's darker there and starving.  
Remember!  
No goodbye hugs and kisses  
The enemy might be around the corner.  
Let's part to a distance  
We shall meet again when the war is won  
and build a new home in the walls  
of the moments we've buried.

## **The End - Halima Abubakar**

My instinct penned  
With thought  
Just maybe this might be my last breath  
Tell my children I have heard of this

That my little truth is sneaking out  
That not even my happiness matters  
All I ever wanted now is to breathe

Uninvited I felt its closeness  
through my struggle, I sniffed  
and it went down my throat  
Then it aches through my chest  
Ahhhhh!

Are you the one?

I just want to breathe  
I Pleaded  
Depressed and isolated  
Still finding the problem to my headache

Till I found nigella sativa  
I still reminisce the past and  
how it cures every sickness except death  
It's dark and so we call it "black seed"

Through the depth of my worries  
I found the native Indian herb  
Carda where are you  
Or do I need to join mom

## **CARDAMOM**

This fear of virus now hyped my BP  
until this yellowish-brown came to my rescue,  
improving my blood and reducing my sugar.

## **Breathless - Safiyya Kabir**

Those days it was a melee of breathless  
Souls carried away by the chaotic storm.  
Men were dying and the air was not breathable  
The emptiness spread all around, sweeping everyone away.  
The streets were so quiet  
Like the old folk have never seen before  
But after the waves were done crashing  
We were no longer breathless and the pain was gone.  
The storm has blown itself out  
And we were only made stronger.

While warm tears run down  
To her lips  
To taste: "it's like lemon, I'm dying"  
Breath...

"Let me see that lily  
Of a good flower  
Whose pestles  
I've made food mounds  
To an angel of death

I want to see that lily  
Of a kind flower  
Whose fragrance  
I made food opens  
For me the doors

This poem is a suicide note  
A death one,  
It is no mistake  
I'm not feeling too well  
Maybe I'm mentally infected by the juice  
Of this lily, of a nice flower".

## **A Mystery Unsolved - Khadijah Muzzammil Hanga**

I am Covid19  
Invisible to the naked eye  
Confusion to the scientific world  
Weightless, shapeless  
Armless, shieldless  
Yet bestowed with the power  
To shut the curious eyes

Many will not believe it  
But I have a voice  
Those that listen  
Are the wise  
Those that touch me  
Are bedridden  
Some will survive  
And some will die

I am an August visitor  
I may leave early  
Or stay long  
That I can't reveal

All I can say is  
By the time I depart  
I must have left a message  
A rather intense one

You are just people  
You are just nations  
You are just leaders  
You haven't the capacity  
To scrape the unseen

Not with wisdom  
Not with wealth  
Not with weapons  
Not with witchcraft  
Not with words

How do you kill me?  
When you don't even know me  
Yes, you think you do  
You can guess all you can  
But you don't

I am Covid19  
A name that has made history  
A headline that awakens our humour  
A mystery that remains unsolved

to the world I wrote on the canvass finally:  
may we conquer to hug and tickle ourselves-  
in kisses once more...

### **In the Sun's Sigh - MC Yunus**

We kneel, pray and fast  
Today isn't the day we bury our breaths  
As though the seedlings cast to bloom  
Inside the fury of our fears  
We're not named to die  
Here, we scoop death into a jar  
Slurp and gulp to our fill  
As though we're siblings sown  
In the same ridge

We don't name a child COVID  
It crawls into our homes  
Like maggots in our faeces  
To feast on remnants of our peace  
For this child is a requiem  
We all sang with the voice  
We failed to call God with

19 is the number of death  
Wuhan gifted us with  
That we may cease to say our prayers  
In churches and mosques  
And roll into our hamlets  
To become pagans and atheists  
When we breathe Covid into our lungs

Here  
In a nation as ours  
We see our God  
Only in times when we're almost gone  
Hence, we pray  
Like saints that never sinned  
But today our churches and mosques  
Are plagued palaces  
COVID went to prey  
Before we wake

Let's now go home  
To our snores infested sofas  
To the shrines bequeathed us  
And chant the incantations  
Till our churches and mosques  
Are un-plagued  
For us to pray again

## House Arrest - Ojo Olumide Emmanuel

In the news vitrined an headline-  
a strange one in queue  
of an enigma  
rupturing lungs in pores and a dozen symptoms  
a few sneeze, hearty kiss  
warm hug, gentle handshake  
and it turns bad fate, fatality in scores  
economic woes trailing behind  
I sketch my fears on unseen canvass  
I pencil the world as an inmate-  
in the soothe of their home  
on the crime of Covid-19  
like a mouse, I painted everyone crawling  
into holes to shield the haze of spreading this unseen  
inferno  
I sketched everyone, distanced apart-  
no cleaving in hugs to each other  
again I painted some, dead, uncared for,  
lain by the streets for vulture's chant  
dead alone, rotten alone, casket-less  
no flowers, no elegies of you shall be greatly missed at  
gravestones  
then, I piqued my brush, drew a masked face  
unsmiling to his neighbour's giggling  
with a sanitizer in hand for his hand and mind  
to the infected I painted my heart with get well soon wishes  
in this hearts I deposited rubies of words for the medics  
knowing they are the true heroes out there

## **Tale of Covid 19 - Fadimatou B.**

Cheers!!!  
The full moon in its Mama's arms  
It's time for Grandma fairy tale  
Pregnant with wisdom and lessons to learn  
Ears my love, listen with apt attention  
As grandma tells her tale  
of Covid 19  
"Once upon a time," the story began  
When fever, tiredness and cough were my guests  
We feasted with food and hospitality not so long  
Aches and pains, Mr Diarrhea,  
Miss nasal congestion was also there  
I can't forget the venue like a swoosh of wind  
Like the water from rocks, it's vividly clear  
It was no. Lungs, Respiratory System Street.  
Halls devoid with everything but fear and panic  
That's when the main dish of Corona was served to us  
Forgetting about the deserts of hopes and chances of living  
again  
Salivating and craving to tour their tastes  
Happiness, encouragement our skating boards  
Skating high and high above the land of viruses  
With anger and tears, I take a drive around the town  
Pulling my brakes at the turn of the hotel's "Isolation  
centre"  
For there is the hotel where I shall lodge  
To tour the monstrous land of COVID -19.

## **Caging the Gods - Murtala Uba Mohammed**

Like chickens, the almighty is caged  
Caged, for he cannot move  
In a tent, he had to remain  
Like the red ant in his mound  
He is no longer that all-powerful he was  
As the little creature had taken the lead  
The tiny unseen has turned into a god  
For the mosques and churches, he had closed  
The casinos and cinemas he had banned  
New laws were introduced  
The hunter is now the hunted  
The tyrant is so terrified  
Hiding like other beings  
From the super being, that tiny thing.

## **I'll Hold You - Amrah Aliyu**

Every morn  
I call my quarantined lover,  
To feel a little  
Just a little drop of ease  
Slowly I whisper, I want you near  
She doesn't say a word  
Because her throat hurts  
So I just sit on the line listening to her strange breathe

Doctors made it clear  
I can't go close,  
So I sit right here  
Watching through the window  
Hoping to feel her touch  
One more time  
Thinking of ways I can ease her pain  
Waiting on Jesus  
To shine his light  
Since I cannot have a face to face chat in his house

When dawn comes calling,  
I sneak into her cage  
When she tries to move away  
I kiss her on the lip  
I hold her tight  
For it could be her cure  
Or our rot  
She lets out a sneeze

Right on my cheek  
But I don't care  
For we are souls bound  
I will hold her tight  
In this lifetime  
In another  
And the next to come  
For there is no me  
When she's not there

**Death Searching in Senses and Handshakes - Umar  
Yogiza Jr.**

Is it now that death multiplied its appetite  
its panging footsteps of power bike  
moved beyond news speed & lousy  
time busy, emptying its stocks & herds  
of silent maraud the toom streets  
that patriotism returned to the heart of pillagers  
pinching out of their haunting bounties taken at  
trick-point giving out at camera-point as a charity  
no one answers hard questions like death  
fearful evils surrendered to the higher evil when  
death started calling people by their wealth  
geographically, grief is a blaring metaphor of  
burning memories, a map of mourning  
life fading out on the owner like a candle lighted  
at both ends, Covid-19 unemployed us all  
the strength of flaring death from overseas  
cajoled putrid souls to do good at a desperate time  
good deeds of uncertain time circling the sky  
& death getting stronger as the year grows older.

**Pandemonium -Hassana Suleiman**

Covid 19, the man in a white gown said,  
the lad can barely understand these twisted codes

He knows there's a roughness in his throat  
and a tightening in his chest  
and his lungs are now things he detests

Pandemonium, Pandemic, Pandora....  
From the depths of which  
miserable skunk have you crawled out from?

breezing in with such uncourteous demeanour  
and when the lad heard the words quarantine,

he felt the scorching sun grow faint  
and the sea breeze turned into gall  
the brown earth dried up and  
cracked into fine lines that looked like tears

they bound him up, hounded and locked,  
like an unrepentant thief  
ignoring the real culprit with its airy features that hovers

ready to strike, maim and break  
your immune system, through the air, or  
If you have trailed on another victims sputum,

The lad feels locked in,  
quarantine isn't as fancy as it sounds  
why won't I be left to die?

there's a lot of loopholes  
and not enough fix-up equipment  
for me to use as shield, baton or armour.

### **Rhetorical Question - Yusuf BM**

What do we do  
When days are becoming vectors of silence  
When minds feed on nothing but the delicacy of fear  
What do we do?

What do we do,  
When a foe - like a virus seizes the immune system of our  
society  
When our blood runs only in far distance veins and arteries  
When skins now protest over one another  
What do we do?

Dear world  
What do we do  
When handshakes no longer say peace  
When hugs are becoming sins to our dear souls  
What do we do?

### Wait for a While More - Balogun Kehinde

Twangling twangling twang  
The solemn strings of the night  
Twinkling twinkling twinkle  
The twinkling stars in the dark sky  
O! Behold Mary, the princess  
With a glittering teeth  
And a narrow path of the diastema  
There she sits with the bright  
Charming face shrank...

Like a hunter in the jungle  
I've gone hunting sweet words  
From the forest of the letters  
And dusk till twilight  
I couldn't find even one stroke of 'A'  
Maybe 'cause of Covid's causes...

I'm on my way to the garden  
Coming with the milk moon  
And the brightest stars  
And the fat elephants  
And the singing larks  
And the whole world  
For the night of your day  
Is still a day  
Will you wait for me?

### Covid-19 - Isa T. Hassan

You are the one on every lip  
Not because of a pandemic love.  
Though not endowed with wings  
No cranny of the globe have you spared  
A curse spiced with little blessings.

You have kept aircrafts ports bound  
And have silenced industrial machines  
The ivory towers are sagely enough  
To keep their doors shut and silent  
Denial driven desperados alone dare.

Not dread alone have you spread  
Many a warmthless home you rekindled  
And in the assemblage of the arsenal for your assault  
Enabled dollar diversions to satiate epicurean appetites  
And driving scarcities to tickle merchants.

**Lost in a Familiar Place - Oreoluwa Okediran-  
Olakunde**

Empty street at a glance  
No one in sight,  
The wind sweeping the top of my forehead  
The clean air, very unfamiliar  
The silence grew louder, I shivered  
Curtains closed against graceful balconies  
I was lost in a familiar place.

The quietness, I embraced  
Its stillness, I loathed  
Till I heard the winds clatter  
And the birds joined in the medley  
As the raindrops caressed the trees  
And flipped into a puddle with an echoed pity-patty  
The leftovers, suckled on by thirsty grounds.  
I was lost in a familiar place.

Suddenly, came the loud laughter of the thunder  
Did the earth just do a two-step dance?  
I have been over-powered by nature, I whispered  
So I hid in a peaceful surrender  
And watched the earth merry at the lockdown of humanity.  
I was lost in a familiar place

**A Gift from China –Oladokun Stephen Oladayo**

Death in the air,  
a gift from china  
Covid-19.

house arrest  
or grave arrest  
order by Corona.

I cough, mother flees  
I sneeze, father runs  
I have now turned masquerade.

my ears in Italy  
my eyes in Russia  
I know your might.

few meters away from lovers  
leg greetings, a moral act,  
your handiwork, Mr Corona.

this one life I got  
it is not yours to take  
wind traveller, the agent of death.

## Corona - Modupe Asenuga Olubanjo

I  
Rude Corona kicks class, punches reed!  
With its spikes of a virus, it throws death into the air

Deaths in Wuhan,  
Mourning in the Mediterranean,  
Culture and cuisine quake,  
Florence stops singing,  
Milan in bursts of tears  
Fashion Capital ripped in fears  
Venice's canals spurt waters of sorrow  
Bride of the sea in earth's virulent pangs  
Gondolas desert her watery crevices,  
Long, soul-ripping sobs the world  
The numb Vatican in pangs of pains,  
The eternal city of the Seven Hills in ashen of grief  
Oh, Corona!  
Thou respect neither class nor creed  
Thou revere neither banks of seas nor walls of fire  
Even Spain, Europe's graceful gazelle is impaled...  
Tourists shutter the allure of Madrid royalty,  
Prado Museum lies forlorn  
Barren of Oh! Haaa!  
Ecstatic ululations from hugs of tourism...  
The Big Apple drops at Hades' jeers  
Global Finance centres?  
They fall too...  
West Coast of Chicago weeps

## Ghost of Hitler -Hassanah Suleiman

You called her virus, I call her a war  
Indeed a great war of invisible weapon  
War of no gun, no sword. Neither atomic weapon  
Can eradicate beyond this arsenal.  
It conquers the souls of great men, and  
Forced to shut shops, travels, sports and office  
Not because it was a virus, but for it as a war.  
The anti-terrorist or gender equality manifesto,  
The anti-racism or feminist manifesto of today.  
Have you ever come across Adolf Hitler's resurrection?  
I knew you must know that Jesus will be back  
And fight against injustice?  
We haven't learnt through Muslim's scripts  
Mahdi shall come and wash away our sin?  
Oh, God! Yes, we are sinners...  
This sin was written inside our chests  
Let us say pray and remain indoors, because  
All what we have is none for it, and for it,  
It has all from us.  
See how she sweeps like a broom, and indeed the rubbish  
are we  
She knocked, and she knocks at our door. Be away,  
Be away from folks.  
The Ghost of Hitler is calling  
When she calls say no and stay away and safe.

## **Letter to Mother Earth -Hassanah Suleiman**

You watch your children wither,  
Helpless, and tired from putting up with the ransack  
Of your core by the very being you so much cherish

Now hear them cringe and fall,  
Like dominoes to the perilous Covid-19,  
A smooth killer, a greedy assassin.

Taking lives by the number  
Voices of children become loud echoes,  
The streets are silent, the elements can now rest.

Even your presence breathes well again  
Yet the downfall of your children burns your soul.

The giant virus has them falling like corn ears,  
Bereft from their stalks,  
All that is left of your fresh divine greenery,  
Are scores of corpses and a million graves.  
There is no solution to this man-eating disaster  
Mother Earth, receive in good faith my condolences.

## **Invisible Enemy -Hassanah Suleiman**

Call to arms?  
A war with an invisible enemy  
A battle with no segregation  
with no dichotomy

A feat where heroes die before those they have to save  
A threat that people fail to recognise because it's hardly  
there

But it attacks; you could be aware or not  
Its motives are sacrilegious  
One has got to be tenacious

Covid 19 is real  
There's no point arguing  
Better stay hidden before it deals  
A ruthless blow that may never heal

The virus spread like the sky  
Diabolical magic  
Eating its cure as it spread  
Unknown cure  
Unknown disease  
Knowing unknowingly  
Striping us our fragile hope  
Darkening our pale peace  
Everything sorrowful  
And solitary  
Eyes flow with nothing but  
Fruitless tears

The Windy City hits the canvass  
Corona, you are rude!

Casinos of The Sin City are quiet in their cowardice...  
Can there be penance in the City of Angels?

Domine dirige nos!  
Does Divinity no longer guide, London, the Old Smoke?  
La Ville-Lumiere!  
When again will light torch the darkness of this pandemic,  
O Paris?

And, Africa!  
Land of sun-baked warriors  
Earth's child of sunny, warm breaths and breasts  
Its 54 nipples in the dragon lips of COVID-19.

Armageddon is here?  
Demons of death are by the doorstep?  
Oh! Africa!  
The gold underneath your earth  
Can it heal?  
The oily platinum of the Basin of Chad,  
Can it blunt the COVID arrows of the lungs?  
The vapours from the womb of your earth  
Will they soak this death with death?

Let the fires of the earth arise  
Let them come fumigate death out of this land  
Let them...

## II

Eat your food  
Eat your medicine  
Eat your medicine  
Eat your food,  
The old wise man said.

The world gropes the dark  
Foraging the desert for leaves to vaccinate the pandemic  
Vials of antidote to the deadly plague  
Pineapple  
Carrot  
Ginger  
Garlic  
Tumeric  
Blackseed  
Pungent juice of Neem  
This, that...  
Africa!  
Let the desert rest its barrenness.  
Look the banks of rivers of hope

On either side of your rivers,  
There, the trees of life yield fruits of health:  
Or leaves and barks no longer heal the sick?  
Africa!!!

## Mysterious Nation - Hauwa Aliyu Abubakar

COVID- 19 sighted  
Comes without identity –  
A mysterious nation  
The virus spread and  
Spread and spread  
infecting everyone  
No nation is innocent  
Of its infernal bite  
Even my land —  
Where the minority rule  
The majority with oppressive conspiracy  
This is an iron time  
Everything quiet  
Our lives a hue  
Digging deep at the indoor  
Sighting through the silk  
Windows of sandcastle

We keep moving  
No destination  
No approved prevention  
No ease off the pains  
Buy face mask  
Buy hand glove no money  
Stay indoor  
Avoid crowded place no money  
Sneezing on tissue papers  
No money

The poor opened to show love  
Refrain embrace  
To live a word of forest war survivors  
Penny lost the race  
Those poor giants may win  
If fire may burn some feathers,  
Make woe be told  
When we behold the sun  
That filial objurgating may hold.

### **Covid-19's Silence - Idowu Paul**

Now, the world is deafening  
The silence to the battlefield of no herald  
Barren heavens hunger  
Too much milk the weary Earth drinks  
From hearts full of gall.

And God commanded the purity,  
"Take lead that truth may cry"  
The stampede of youth would enter the battlefield  
The groaning of the lambs  
Call for wolf heart to pounce more.

"Lose the panic from bond"  
Quote the celestials  
"For let us make them, said we,  
"Be the dresser of these merchandises,  
"And water cannot cleanse their feet,  
"Sword and arrows are not enough,  
"Let fear clear some space  
That peace may make his way".

The collision of two Lions,  
The boils their fierce breath may breed,  
The karmic brouhahas  
Overwhelmed the deafening world  
And silence fills the hearts of conglomerations.

Call for God of sanctuaries  
Your house may serve better  
And your joyful liver that pounce and leaps  
Clear you a lunatic dance  
For so your pilot may love,  
There is free movement alone in your veins.

### **A Killer Bird is Spotted - Idowu Paul**

Landed beyond the ground height  
Now pecking the dream of a good catch  
Dumping Joseph's' garments on dunghills  
And will strangle all the big children  
Taking eyes of pity upon Bartholomew

Lo! A large whale is touched  
Asleep Covid-19  
Waking to trouble our big rivers,  
Still evening the Peters,  
Our boat now sinks  
With all our petering ambitions.

Fowler's files forth  
Trailing the way of killer bird  
Covid-19  
Dabble their eyes with blood,  
Return them home at dusk with a gigantic bag of failures  
Still preying the greenhouses  
And suck the chlorophyll of Baobabs.

### **Oh! Cruel Fighter - Adnan Abdulhamid**

Cruelly you fight,  
Offensively you attack,  
Ruining every land with might,  
Openly your attack is launch,  
None can stop your stingy bites,  
Across all land and climes.

Contagiously you diffuse, your  
Odour smell can be felt by all,  
Resisting repellence from them,  
Opponents are in mounts and plains,  
No mistake you hit your tags,  
Arrow of God you are.

Colour choice is not in your case,  
Offering your arms to hug all,  
Race choice is what you detest,  
On no circumstances you stop the bout,  
Northern parallels were first in view,  
Asian winter was where we sought.

Coming south, we frown our faces,  
Opening to Africa, we close our arms,  
Regions in Europe is where you sprawl,  
On their backs waiting to be munch,  
Naïve or clever we all your preys,  
Amongst those you defeated are kings.

### **Corona Musings - Maryam Gatawa**

I turn my country into a poem  
And listen to her play the dead guitar

I wear my country like a watch and keep  
The time, with every death.

I hold my country between my palms  
And see a thousand suns reflecting her.

I don my country this rosary around her hips  
So when she sways they jingle and say:

"shut your doors and stay at home."

## Corona Musing II - Maryam Gatawa

Here I stand  
before your quite streets  
Still ponds and serene skies  
The frogs are croaking  
The swans are out again  
The birds are witnessing  
How I turn your world

Here I stand  
Behind your doors  
This lingering fear  
Announcing me...  
Your sun has gone  
Along its yester-rays  
Upon your lands, I sit  
My invisible throne

Here I come but bearing gifts  
I offer you 'cough' with mild fever  
Accept my gift and be my meal  
I remove my veil let the nakedness show  
Open your doors let me seam your lids.

## I have that Faith - Nura Ahmad

It's indeed a trial time...  
The time of panic,  
The time of bodies going pale...  
The time of others losing dear ones...

I calm myself down and take a deep breath...  
I do have that faith, which races inside me...  
I do have that faith and believe in the Maker of me  
Who taught me the washing of hands at least  
15 times a day and more...  
When I sneeze or cough to cover my mouth...

To survive in a time like this...  
To enjoy his bounties...  
To cherish the life of love and beloved, of give  
And give and give and take...  
To have such feelings that nothing rifts us apart,  
Even the pandemic though...  
Even the social distancing is never a rift...  
At such distance, I show you my face full of smiles and  
I wave...

When you are out of sight, we are together in our hearts...  
Two hearts with a single soul...

Yes, I do have that faith in Him...  
For the impossible is possible in his hands...

### **Too Short, Tough Times Last - Ibekwe Osinakachukwu**

Prison days, lonely days  
When we sit with hunger sharing the same bed with sorrow  
In a blanket of darkness  
Counting days to pass as it ticks, the longer days  
When thought roams around like the moon in the cloud  
And eyelids dance upwards  
A ghost dance by the silent drums of the night  
Waiting for the day to come  
As if night never wish to go  
Hoping to see a new day  
With a hope that groans of yesterday will bawl  
The night has darkened the day  
We wash our hands even when there is no food  
Covering our noses we look like a masquerade  
The nocturnal voices of the mortar and pestle die in silence  
Only the drums of hunger we heard  
And our yawning plays a good flute  
How do we survive this?  
The longer days of agony, thoughtful days of sorrow  
When our eyes feed with sleep  
And bodies weakness bathe  
Sitting like the cripple  
And like a bird in the cage  
Hoping to be free one day  
Until the silent breeze speaks  
Hope returns  
Then the breeze whispers  
Patient! Patient!

CORONA virus, Alas beware,  
Oh CORONA! You're but a servant of God,  
Remember to slay those destined by Him,  
On those whom God had wished,  
Not in Africa, Europe or Asia, you  
Admit those in your registered book.

Come and listen to what I say,  
On no account you slay those,  
Run to personal hygiene  
Outside your circle, they befall, your  
Novelty we seek refuge in God,  
Admit those taken by you in to Aljannah.

## **Pandemic -Abraham Zillion Airs**

The Invaders are here! A thermic tachycardiac friends.  
Quarantine price endemic,  
Epidemic even with pandemic hands.  
Whose tomorrow history would crack  
Covid -19 endemic like no other pandemic spread trends.

The Black manhood empowering the other men  
Fairy tale history from the "Neanderthals"  
Story frames  
Deceptionist serving saints lines white lies three times.  
My country in Africa on admission syndrome pandemic  
dies.  
And I'm not made of glass that would break the light eyes  
yes.

Whose tomorrow there when the invaders pandemic is  
here?  
Asking questions of immortality and solidarity everywhere.  
Dancing us all in terms of a party  
Of red wines with "No Lights" there.  
Our vaults drowned in hook, line and sinker tears in fears.

Quarantine price washing hands birthing a phoenix end to a  
world without end.  
Couldn't it be the admission syndrome is our endemic  
pandemic ends?

## **COVID-19 - Ibekwe Osinakachukwu**

As smart as it is,  
It startles  
Our failure of not being vigilant  
Those thoughtless days  
Unpreparedness  
Without knowing  
It takes us unaware  
Like a dream  
Our sleeping days  
The mighty ones have fallen  
Fear marches around us  
It steps echoed  
Knocking to our hearing  
We wake up  
In a midst of the night  
Ready to prepare  
It is too late  
The grey balls of smoke  
Have covered the sky  
Not knowing what to do  
But slowly staggering downwards  
Stepping to the rivers of confusion  
Where our faces are washed with disappointment  
Our eyes cleared  
Drunken eyes  
Watching like a blind ghost  
Then we lock ourselves up  
The prison we put ourselves  
Our freedom lies in the hand of our enemy  
Covid-19

## **In These Times - Sunday Folashade Omowumi**

In chaos,  
In strife,  
In fear and in fright.  
Even in these times.  
You and I,  
Shoulder to shoulder,  
With words, mouths glued to ears.

Frozen barricades,  
Locked curtains,  
Pure fingers,  
Kilometres apart.  
Even in these times,  
Should bad blood and rancour mould up bricks?  
Bricks for fences?

Our hearts are tied in knots.  
Connected to the next and the next till the last.  
Built into a thread, a thread that's not to be seen but felt.  
Even in chaos,  
In strife,  
In fear and fright.  
Even in these times.

The silent moment echoes  
The message of the breeze  
The ugliness of the sky never last  
The thunder may slap the sky  
And the sky wails  
But the dance of tears never last  
The dreams of yesternight slip away  
When morning awake  
Yesterday shall never come  
Even though it does, never forget  
Too short, tough times last.

## **We have Survived the War -Ibekwe Osinakachukwu**

Whatever that happens to the grass  
Rejoice the grass have survived  
After a March of the elephant  
The grass was treaded in the burrow  
The tears that danced yesterday  
As if is the end of the road  
When our teeth dances in silent  
Oil never fails to kiss our lips  
We wonder how we survive the war  
Rejoice! Let laughter dance on your lips  
The elephant has fallen  
And the grass dances forever  
By the flute of the wind  
We shall never forget the elephant  
If thunder could not tear the sky  
Together with the elephant, they will fade away like the sun  
The longer days, the moon cradles  
Yesterday, tomorrow bade farewell  
Never wish to embrace  
But yesterday will forever live tomorrow  
Tomorrow tells tomorrow  
How the grass eats the pumpkins with no leaf  
In the face of the hungry elephant  
Whatever that happens to the elephant is what the grass  
wave with joy  
When the war is over  
The dew embraces the grass  
And the treaded burrowed earth smiles  
Then we say we have survived the war!

## **Desolate Land - Kunle Daramola**

Let there be heaven, earth, sun, moon, stars, seas,  
Let the plague knocks on their doors, the blood had dried  
up,  
Reflection from the pyramid, 10<sup>th</sup> plague will be the first,  
The earth simulates the sky; dark, empty, silenced,  
And the birds forcefully caged,  
Depressed in their nests; the hawk hunts no more,  
The parrot gossips no more and the eagle loses its  
dominion.  
The love song stops, as the rhythm is punctuated,  
Melodious chants distorted as the ears blur,  
Legs for dances crippled  
  
But a little star shins through the centre of the roof,  
Awakens the blood again,  
Awakens the firstborn from its coffin.  
The birds from the nests,  
The love from the lusts  
And the legs from immobility...

## **The Authorized Version - Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo**

Shakespeare created new words for his plays and sonnets.

The authorized version brought a somewhat  
sonorous authority to the language as it is spoken today.

Now this- a plague;  
a petulant and pestilently painful virus,  
creating new words and making them go viral.

A linguistic exercise!  
And so, now people are no longer lugubrious,  
but Covidious, Covidic, corovicious.  
The beautiful word, Corona  
and it's counterpart word penumbra,  
have been rendered nugatory

My old school might have to change its name.  
The chill beer is losing market share  
The dentist must find a new name for the crown of the  
teeth.

The monk's tonsure, the saints' halo,  
the process of the investiture of Bishops  
or Kings must be called by other words.  
An invisible enemy- viral combatant-  
changing words; changing national identities.

## **The Wind of Reality - Bibian Aloba**

A wind of reality has blown; a novel wind,  
so strong a wind that has codswallop science.  
A mighty wind that has wish-washed wealth, power and  
class.

A new narrative that has taught us the essence of our being:  
love and compassion, and the need  
to retrace our steps else we live or leave with the wind.  
There are helplessness and confusion in the land,  
technology, science, wealth, connections,  
power has suddenly become confused and gasping for  
breath.

The wind has swept the commoners  
and the mighty into the same treatment centres without  
discrimination.

This novel wind is a leveller,  
reminding us of how limited we are as mortals.  
Covid 19 has brought a new reality  
to the world we thought we had control of...  
Change has come.

You adhere, you live.  
You disobey, you leave.

## **The New Order - Bibian Aloba**

There is a tiny, invisible agent.  
Too small to be seen by light microscopy  
Yet it has powerful effects on its own  
This unprecedented agent does not know class  
Color, gender, religion, position, age or race  
Choices or options are taken away by the agent!

This tiny but powerful agent has  
Injected disruptive pills into our world  
It has questioned relationships, commitments and loyalty  
It has questioned the way we live  
Loneliness and damnation are staring  
At the faces of those who threw  
Love, compassion, family and relationships into the gutter.  
The bars, clubs, airlines, airports,  
Viewing centre's, churches, schools,  
Mosques, businesses, must adhere  
And operate within the new world order.

This agent has forced us to retrace  
Our steps, stay at home with our  
Families and to do things differently.

The things we chase after...  
Technology and science, wealth, connections,  
Power is suddenly defenceless and confused  
There are helplessness and confusion in the land.

Covid-19 has brought a new order and the virus!  
The world has succumbed  
To the life the agent has brought... a new order...

**Living Plagues - Terfa Danjuma Nenger**

And the world roars  
In the pool of a living plague  
They say is black and white  
And Man has become a vague  
Bewildered by its own form  
What becomes of humanity?  
Now sails on a pool of our dissent  
All men have become birds  
Beaten by our impunity

Together  
Distance isn't a song  
Sang by morning birds  
It is the separation of good from evil

Let's stop looking  
at it and maybe like  
a quantum particular it might lose energy and fade...  
Who knows?

## **Covid-19 - Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo**

Sounds like a code  
Something Ben Brown of the Da Vinci code  
fame might have written and where  
the eponymous James Bond might have intoned,  
Shaken but not stirred.

Except that we  
are shaken, stirred, twisted and turned.

Coded!

Ebola from Ebola  
Lassa from Lassa  
Spanish flu from Kansas or Arkansas,  
As far from Spain as you can get  
But not Wuhan  
Not Chinese  
The plot thickens  
or not!

Mutant!  
An exquisite creation in a two way  
or maybe three-way biochemical warfare race.  
Who is to say, except to say in our colloquial Nigerian  
a voice that 'no one holy pass'!  
No, not one!

So let the game of blame stop  
Let's not play the game of thrones  
Let the dying cease  
Let the sick be healed  
Let the infections be rolled back  
Let the virus morph into the chemical  
Or other clouds from which it came  
Let the sunshine again!  
Let....!

### **The Perfect Vaccine is Love - Lorhuna Msonter**

I am shaking, my heart is fainting alone  
They said we should stay at home  
Stay safe, stay alone at home  
Can you tell the homeless to stay at home?  
Can you tell the beggars on the street to stay at home?  
Can you tell those sleeping under the bridges to stay at home?  
Can you who is telling others to stay at home,  
stay at home when suffering, hunger, power failure,  
Unemployment is staying with you at home?  
How can you tell the same people  
Who has been running away from home,  
Because of Boko-Haram Killings to stay at home,  
Stay alone, and stay safe?  
Long before now, it wasn't easy,  
We were just trying to feed on hand to mouth.  
Now, there is Covid-19 they said don't touch your ears,  
Eyes, nose or mouth,  
Now, how do my people survive,  
When they live on daily income as they work day in, day  
out?  
Now, how do my people survive,  
When the aid the government promised was only received  
by word of mouth?  
So I open my mouth, I speak out  
They lied to us, I don't need to shout  
This thing is here, and it's spreading like wildfire,  
causing havoc, your family and friends

### **The String of Discord - Terfa Danjuma Nenger**

Unsettled by the peace of the world  
They schemed to sow the seed of discord in our farms of  
living  
Through chimneys of annihilation,  
Vessels of separatism,  
Sermons of false truth of medicine.  
  
Our unity, they flushed with fear  
Livelihood washed away with waves of pandemic  
Making us prostitutes of needs  
Merchant beggars for light and might.  
  
As they trade our freedom for petals,  
Sitting on the throne of deals,  
The media become our feeding bottles of lies,  
As the eagles shower their droppings  
For revitalizing and cleansing the land,  
Arithmetic wears a new garment.  
  
As the string of discord binds us in pain,  
Siblings become strangers,  
Friends, ceremonial enemies  
Hospitals become death malls.  
  
No embrace or hugging, they say  
For embrace died among lovers,  
Hugging became a luxury  
that even the rich can no longer afford.

Handshake is bedridden, awaiting death or recovery  
This compound word, in our imagination transplanted,  
Becomes the death knell on our family ties.

The child running errand is trapped  
And the father cannot go in search  
Husbands wallow in masturbation,  
Confined to their farms, away from their wives  
Feeding fat from the produce of their strife.

Some sleep with their wealth under their pillows  
With no one to Bata with  
Others are victims of hungdemic and povdemic.  
Living has never been more worthy and death more  
worrisome  
We ride in official vehicles to malls, awaiting  
Death in isolation and funeral by strangers  
The iniquities of this world are the brainchild of barons  
Dressed in the string of discord.

**.....With Sanitizers and Gloves - Adepoju Isaiah Gbenga**

On every street of man  
lies a scraggy bone.

Lifelessly on the ground,  
Every handshake  
A little suspicious!  
A slight sneezing  
everybody takes cover.

Soldiers troop in with  
Heavy artillery, buildings  
Crumble and rumble,  
Heaven and earth unmended and  
the hosts of earth  
with sanitizers and gloves.

The virus spread like a sky  
Diabolical magic  
Eating its cure as it spread  
Unknown cure  
Unknown disease  
Knowing unknowingly  
Striping us our fragile hope  
Darkening our pale peace  
Everything sorrowful  
And solitary  
Eyes flow with nothing but  
Fruitless tears

are gonna get it if they don't already have it,  
it's tragic I tell you madness,  
the scientist said old people get worse,  
but most get it eventually, and now there is no way to  
contain its effects.  
But don't be afraid, despite what you hear or see on your  
T.V,  
there is good news during this pandemic.  
To fight loneliness people are performing concerts on their  
balcony,  
hosting online Zoom shows of their companies.  
Listen to me just like every other tragedy  
we can let this destroy us, or we can use it to our benefits  
and repair or relationships with our brothers and sisters,  
wipe away silly grudges,  
because when it's all said and done all we had in this world  
was each other.  
So be alert and not fearful,  
if you feeling scared and lonely,  
I recommend you immediately dialling the hotline of a level  
headed friend or foe.  
Don't expose yourself but decontaminate yourself through  
dance,  
laughter, and meditation.  
The year 2020 has taken a lot of lives  
May we use this tragic moment to finally wake up to what's  
important.  
Right now tell someone that you care for them,  
yes right now tell them that you cherish them if they are not  
with you, call them up, tell them you will always be there

for them because together is the only way we will rise  
above this pandemic.  
The only vaccine for this virus is love.

### **Mysterious Nation - Hauwa Aliyu Abubakar**

COVID- 19 sighted  
Comes without identity –  
A mysterious nation  
The virus spread and  
Spread and spread  
Infecting everyone  
No nation is innocent  
Of its infernal bite  
Even my land —  
Where the minority rule  
The majority with oppressive conspiracy  
This is an iron time  
Everything quiet  
Our lives a hue  
Digging deep at the indoor  
Sighting through the silk  
Windows of sandcastle

We keep moving  
No destination  
No approved prevention  
No ease off the pains  
Buy face mask  
Buy hand glove no money  
Stay indoor  
Avoid crowded place no money  
Sneezing on tissue papers  
No money

She strikes the young and old with the same force  
And kisses the rich and poor with equal passion  
And sends to the grave which she deems fit

### **The String of Discord - Aisha Umar**

Unsettled by the peace of the world  
They schemed to sow the seed of discord in our farms of  
living  
Through chimneys of annihilation,  
Vessels of separatism,  
Sermons of false truth of medicine.

Our unity, they flushed with fear  
Livelihood washed away with waves of pandemic  
Making us prostitutes of needs  
Merchant beggars for light and might.

As they trade our freedom for petals, sitting on the throne of  
deals,  
The media become our feeding bottles of lies,  
As the eagles shower their droppings for revitalizing and  
cleansing the land,  
Arithmetic wears a new garment.

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Siblings become strangers,  
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Living has never been more worthy and death more  
worrisome  
We ride in official vehicles to malls, awaiting  
Death in isolation and funeral by strangers  
The iniquities of this world is the brainchild of barons  
Dressed in the string of discord.

### **The Lockdown - Yasir Jibril Tofa**

When the rich heard of the lockdown  
They went shopping  
For food and groceries and the like of  
Like in a festive period or for merriment  
To them, it's a time of abundance

When the poor heard of the lockdown  
They knelt and prayed for intervention  
To them, hunger is the virus  
And the lockdown is the prison  
Where getting food is survival

When health workers heard of the lockdown  
They praised and extolled the government  
That the way to stop Corona is here  
The magic done in Saudi and the USA  
For community transmission is disastrous

But when I learnt of the lockdown  
I stocked my shelf with new book collections  
To feed my soul  
And water the dry land of my mind  
For there is no better light  
To lit my way down the path of musing

When the queen of death arrives  
When the queen of death arrives,  
She strikes fiercely and doesn't care whose ox is gored,

## Hausa Section

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### The Queen of Death - Yasir Jibril Tofa

When the queen of death arrives  
She moves freely and at will  
Like her sisters that came before  
She doesn't respect borders  
Moving majestically across the globe  
From east to west, she wreaks havoc and causes pain

When the queen of death arrives  
She romances the lead and sleeps with the led  
And spreads in communities like wildfire in a dry forest  
As individuals refuse to take heed  
She rules and governs with all audacity

When the queen of death arrives  
She brought the world superpowers to the knees  
She confuses the most developed empires and baffles the  
dependent  
countries  
She destroys the wealth of nations and halts the world  
economy  
By her might, she makes the world standstill

When the queen of death arrives  
Let us not focus on trivialities  
For we are all in this together  
To defeat it or be martyred by it  
Head or tail, we should do our part

When the queen of death arrives  
Let it be known that I did my part  
I told my people about Covid – 19  
A beast that ravages nations and causes suffering  
But can be prevented with discipline and correct practices

When the queen of death arrives  
Let us arm ourselves with the correct information  
And join our hands to fight as one  
To stay at home and do the needful  
And halt the spread of this monster  
Aiming to erase us off  
The face of the earth.

## **Pandemic - Bilal A. Kiyawa**

Global pandemic COVID-19 aka Corona Virus,  
Coyly named by a Youtuber as My Shrona Cyrus,  
Due to the platform seeing the word as not desirous,

Fearing his content to be swiftly demonetized,  
Corporations twisted morality overly sensitized,  
Thinking not a place for their products to be advertised,

He's one of the lucky ones coming from a place of  
privilege,  
Some are without of even a bone, tendon or cartilage,  
Being in poverty due to race, skin colour or heritage,

To protect us Governments enacting a societal shutdown,  
Resulting in businesses being tragically squashed into the  
ground,  
All I see is poverty, layoffs and insecurity speedily inbound,

No amount of debt will provide economic continuation,  
On the horizon is crippling national degradation,  
We must arise and wholly sustain our nation.

*sa ba ko kaɗan*". Koƙarin samun bayanai daga marubuta game da tunaninsu akan wannan annoba ya haifar da samuwar wannan littafi.

Wannan littafin yana bayyana tunane-tunane da ra'ayoyi da kuma sahihan bayanai. Littafin na da muhimmanci ga al'ummomin Najeriya har ma da adabin duniya, sakamakon mawuyacin hali na ban mamaki da duniya ta tsinci kanta a ciki. Abin nazari ne bincikar irin halin da ake rayuwa a yanzu bayan bullar wannan annoba ko kuma rubuta baitoci don faɗakarwa da tunasar da al'umma yadda za su kare kansu.

Abu mafi muhimmanci shi ne yadda wannan littafin ya zama tamkar dandalin baje-kolin fasaha da tunani da kwarewa iri-iri. Marubuta da mawaƙa sun yi amfani da harshen gama-gari na adabi – mai nuna tausayawa, haɗin kai da kuma aiki tare – domin bayyana motsin zuciyar mutum cikin salon burgewa. Sun yi rubutu game da lafiya, yanayin fargaba, tsoro, rashin tabbas, tsanani, roƙon Allah, da kuma buƙatar haɗuwa da sauran mutane. Sun yi bayanin ayyukan yau da kullum, kamar su wanke hannu, yin amfani da magungunan kashe cututtuka, saka takunkumin fuska da kuma bai wa juna tazara a wuraren tarurruka.

Duk da kasantuwar waɗannan sabbin al'amuran, marubutan sun dage kan cewar wajibi ne dukkanmu mu kasance al'umomi kamar yadda aka san mu bisa manufar haɗin kai da isar da saƙonni, da aminci da kuma yarda da juna.

### **Patrycja Koziel, PhD**

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## **Gabatarwa**

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Annobar Korona watau Kobid-19 ta faro daga gabashin duniya a kasar Sin, sannu ta yaɗu tamkar wutar daji zuwa sassan duniya, gabas da yamma kudu da arewa. Ba ta bar manyan garuruwa ba balle kananan da suke koma baya wajen harkar kula da lafiya. Wannan annoba ta nuna yatsunta ga manyan ƙasashe da hukumomin lafiya masu ji da kansu ganin yadda suka kasa katabus wajen daƙile ta tun farkon bullarta.

Wannan dalilin ya sa marubuta da ma'abota ayyukan adabi bibiyar wannan mugunyar annoba, da nufin bayar da gwaggwabar gudummawa a kan irin tasirinta da illolinta ga al'umma. Kai! Har ma da nuni ko tattaunawa a kan sanin haƙifanin wannan annoba a idon mutanen da suke sun yi nisa a ilimin zamani da ma waɗanda ba su yi zurfi ba.

A wannan kundin waƙoƙi, sha'irai sun waƙe wannan annoba a kan irin tasirinta kamar a *Waƙar Koronabairas* ta Abdullahi Abubakar Lamido da *Waƙar Cutar Korona* ta Halliru Abdullahi da *Korona Cutar Zamani* wallafar Mukhtar Mudi Sipikin sai kuma wadda mace mai kamar maza, Umma Aliyu Musa ta rubuta mai suna *Korona Mai Sarauta*.

Wasu daga marubutan kuwa sun yi kai kawo ne cikin matsayin wannan annoba da irin yadda wasu ke inkarin ta. A iya ganin wannan ra'ayin kamar yadda Khalid Imam cikin waƙarsa *Siyasa ce Korona* da wadda Zaharaddeen Nasir ya wallafa mai suna *Akwai Korona?*

## Ta'aliki

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Illar wannan annoba ta ratsa duk wani al'amari da dan'adam yake yi. Ta fuskar addini, mawakan sun kawo yadda Korona ta hana yin jam'in salloli biyar na rana, kai har ma da Sallar Juma'a ba a nan sashenmu na duniya ba, har ma a can kasar Makka da Madina. Waƙar Khalid Imam *Korona a Kano* da kuma *Idi Loton Korona* sun zayyana yadda al'amarin Salla ya kasance. Cikin wannan fuskar ce Bashir Ibrahim Na'iyā ya yi tasa waƙar da ya sa wa suna *Wace ce Ita?*

Haka dai, wannan littafi na waƙoƙin Hausa na Korona ya sake buɗe shafin yin waƙe-waƙe ga al'amuran da suka shafi rayuwar al'umma. Ayyukan adabi, musamman ma waƙa, ta kasance hanya ɗaya tilo da mutane suka fi sauraro domin samun nishadi da ilimantarwa. Waɗannan waƙoƙin sun zama gudummawar Hausawa ga korar wannan annoba da ta zo ta ɗaiɗaita tattalin arziki duniya kamar yadda kusan dukkanin marubutan nan suka nuna cikin waƙoƙinsu.

Daga karshe, ina fata gudummawar nan da hazikan marubuta waƙoƙin Hausa suka bayar za ta taimaka wajen ilimantar da mai karatu. Ga masu son gane yadda ya kamata a kiyaye kai daga kamuwa da wannan cutar ta Kobid-19 sai a karanta waƙoƙin. Ko ba komai dai wannan kundin waƙoƙin ya killace mana wannan annoba a fagen adana tarihin abubuwan da suka wakana.

### **Ibrahim Garba Satatima, PhD**

Dangaladiman Farfesa  
(Associate Professor)  
Sashen Koyar da Harsunan Nijeriya,  
Jami'ar Bayero

Shekarar 2020 ta zo da wani irin kalubalen da ya ɗauki hankalin duniya gabaki ɗaya, wato bayyanar annobar Koronabairas, wadda aka fi sani da Kobid-19 ko cuta mai sarƙe numfashi a harshen Hausa. Sabuwar cuta ce da ba a san ta ba kafin watan Disambar 2019 inda ta bayyana a birnin Wuhan na kasar Sin. Mahukuntan ƙasashe daban-daban a duniya sun ɗauki matakan da suka dace domin ɗaƙile yaɗuwar ta, ciki har da rufe iyakokin biranen da abin ya shafa har ma da iyakokin ƙasashe, sannan aka rufe muhimman wuraren da suka haɗa da kasuwanni da makarantu da filayen jiragen sama da majami'u da kuma maSallatai.

Matakan ɗaƙile Kobid-19 na killace mutane ya canja hanyoyin gudanar da aiki da yadda ɗan'adam ke gudanar da harkokin rayuwa na yau da kullum. Waɗannan matakan sun shafi tattalin arziki da zamantakewa. Mutane da dama sun rasa ayyukansu, wasu kuma sun samu tasgaron ciyar da iyalinsu sakamakon zaman kulle. Haka kuma, tuni wasu alamomin na illolin da wannan annobar za ta haifar nan gaba sun fara bayyana a halin yanzu.

Samun amsar makarin cutar da ba a sani ba wadda kuma take tasiri ga zamantakewa, na cikin ayyukan adabi bisa doron nazari da tunani da hasashe domin zaburarwa da kuma hobɓasa cikin ƙarfin gwiwa da himma. Wannan zai sa duk da mawuyacin yanayin da aka tsinci kai, za a jure a saba da shi, kuma a fahimci yadda za a tunkari sababbin kalubale. Chinua Achebe, wanda ya assasa kungiyar marubata ta Najerija, ya faɗi a jaridar *Atlantic Online* a hirar da ta yi da shi ranar 2 ga Agusta, 2000 cewar, "*Idan kun ji labari daga ɓangare ɗaya kurum, to ba za ku taɓa fahimtar*

Al-Razzaku Fatahu Sarkinmu,  
Al-Alimu ruwa fa ya ci mu,  
Al-Khaliku Kai ne muradinmu,  
Albari'u Allah Ka Cece mu,  
Muta'ali ka san muradanmu,  
Yau kuka manya da yaranmu.  
Annobar nan tafi karfinmu.  
Naso yau taka yi a yankinmu,  
Jagorori uli-amrinmu,  
Allah kare zunubai namu.

**Hazbiyallahu- (Dr.) Aminu Ladan Abubakar (ALA)**

HAZBI ALLAH HAZBUNALLAHU  
SARKI ALLAH SHARE KUKANMU  
GA ANNOBA TA FI KARFINMU.  
HAZBI ALLAH HASBUNALLAHU.

Allah Ya Allahu Ya Allah  
Allah Ya Rahamanu Ya Allah,  
Allah Ya Maliku ya Allah,  
Allah Ya Kuddusu Ya Allah,  
Allah Ya Salamu Ya Allah,  
Allah Ya Muminu Ya Allah  
Allah Muhaiminu Ya Allah,  
Allah Ya Jabbaru Ya Allah  
Allah Ya Kahhara Ya Allah  
Annobar nan kar ta shafe mu.

Ya Allah Sarki Ma ji kanmu  
Ya Allah Rahamanu Rahimu,  
Almalik iko na Mulkinmu,  
Alkuddus! Salamu gatanmu,  
Al-Mumin Allah Muhaiminu,  
Ya Azzizu Ka share kukanmu,  
Al-Jabbaru Ka dubi kokenmu,  
Ya Kahharu Ka dubi rauninmu,  
Ya Wahhabu maza da matanmu.  
Mun zo Allah Kaj ji kai namu.

Allah domin shehunai namu,  
Wannan da suke raya dararenmu,  
Wal Shabbabu Kushu'un 'ya'yanmu,  
Wannan masu riƙo da sarkinmu  
Don yan yarorin tsakaninmu  
'Yan alhamdu dugwi-dugwi namu,  
Don dabbobi na tsakaninmu  
'Yan kale da suke tsakaninmu,  
Don miskinai don marayunmu  
Allah lamunce wa kukanmu.

Allah Kai Kas san sabubbanta,  
Kana kuma Kai ke da ikonta,  
Mu bayi ne naKa tamkarta,  
Sannan mun san Kai Ka aiko ta,  
Domin mu bayi mu hankalta,  
Allah istigfari mun furta,  
Mun tuba a gare Ka mun furta,  
Janye wannan guguwar cuta,  
Don kaunar Mahmudu dangata,  
Linzamin kauna da bautarmu.

Allah Kad da Ka duba halinmu,  
Ba don mu ba Ilahu Sarkinmu,  
Allah Kad da Ka kalli sabonmu,  
Ya Jabbaru Ka amshi tubanmu,  
Allah Kai ne Ka umarce mu,  
Mu yi roko a gare Ka Sarkinmu,  
Sannan Kai alƙawari gunmu,  
In mun roka za Ka karbe mu,  
Kai duba da ido na jin kanmu,  
Don kaunar Mahmudu Manzonmu,

Allah duka mun raina wayonmu,  
Mun ƙaskanta Ka duba kukanmu,  
Mun raunanna Ka karbi tubanmu  
Mun jikkata zamo a damanmu  
Mun firgitta zamo kuzarinmu,  
Ba wayo da tsumi a tsarinmu,  
Sai kuka a gare Ka Sarkinmu,  
Kai ɗin ne mai amsa kukanmu  
Kai ne mai kare Muradanmu,  
Don sunan Asma'u Linjamu,

Don Sunnar Mahamudu Limamu  
Don kaunarKa da shi Ka dube mu  
Don saƙon da Ka bai wa Manzonmu,  
Alkur'ani sa Ya cece mu,  
Don sirrinku da shi Masoyinmu,  
Don Sallah da Ka sa tsakaninmu,  
Mun tuba muna tirza goshinmu,  
Gafarce mu Ka kalli kokenmu,  
Allah don Asahabu Manzonmu,  
Wannan masu biyar Masoyinmu,

Ga cuta tamkar wutar daji  
Mai kai 'ya'yan Adamu jeji,  
Ta kai wasu har ma cikin juji,  
Ai zafinta ko ya wuce yaji,  
Ya Jabbaru Ka ba mu agajji,  
Koke yau sai Kai Ubangiji,  
Wane gogaji giji-giji,  
Hanta ta motsa diyan hanji,  
Sai dai tsuwwa har da karaji,  
Ba mai ceto sai Murabbinmu.

Ni Imam Khalid na Indo,  
Jikan Hauwa'u tabbas.

Na san cutar Korona,  
Ƙanwa ce gun talauci.

Wajen ƙeta da sharri,  
Har ma yawo a dangi.

Ni nan zan sanya aya,  
Cikin waƙar Korona.

Allahu Ka sa mu gane,  
Mu tuba zuwa gare Ka.

### **Annobar Korona - Khalid Imam**

Masu gaɗa suna ta shewa,  
'Yan caca da masu karta.

'Yan daudu da ma kilaki,  
Sun tsere babu kowa.

Tituna leƙa ka duba,  
Kasuwanni har mashaya.

Makarantu har sinima,  
'Yan kwalo da masu dambe.

Sun ɓace duk don Korona,  
Ko ina duka tsit kake ji.

Ta bi Gwamna har gidansa,  
Ta shaki wuyan Minista.

Can a Ladan ga Yarima,  
Ta bi shi cikin turaka.

A Abuja har a Villa,  
Ta shige ciki ta yi sheƙa.

Tai ƙwayaye ta yi 'ya'ya,  
Ta mife ƙafa a faɗa.

Tabbas cutar Korona,  
Annoba ce ta gaske.

A maSallatai da coci,  
Duk an koma ga Allah.

Sarki Mai shirya komai,  
Dole ne bauta gare Shi.

Ba tsiƙi kuma ba dabara,  
Duniya yau an bi Allah.

Masu sheƙe aya su more,  
A Italiya ko Amurka.

Har kasar Sin can a Chana,  
Ta kai da yawa kushewa.

Ko Farisa har Faransa,  
Ba kowa yau a titi.

Kufai a kirayi Turai,  
Champions League an tsaya cik.

Ba a yin zancen Ronaldo,  
Har Messi ba batunsa.

Ita annobar Korona,  
Cuta ce babu shakka.

Ba ta kunya ba ta tsoro,  
Ba ta sabo ba sanayya.

Yau mutum ya gane cewa,  
Bai da karfi sai na Allah.

Bai da sauran duk dabara,  
Kariyarsa tana ga Rabbu.

Gatan kowa Ilahu,  
Mui ta bauta mai da da'a.

Ma rabauta a yau da gobe,  
Don ko dai cutar Korona.

Wa'azi ce babu shakka,  
Me ja shi ke asara.

Kurciya in ta yi kuka,  
Saƙo nata ban da wawa,

Bare gaula da soko.  
Masu shashanci a hanya.

Hankali kura kira shi,  
Ta yin zabari na guga.

Mai rabo shi ke rabauta,  
In an wa'azi ya dauka.

Zunubansa ya nemi tuba,  
Kan ya ji shi cikin kushewa.

Ni Khalid ba ni shakka,  
Tabbas cutar Korona.

Jan kunne ce gare mu.  
Mu bar sabo da sharri.

Mu so junanmu gaske,  
Hakan zai taimake mu.

Kanawa ga mu gun Ka,  
Mun miƙa wuya gare Ka,  
Sauƙin cutar Korona,  
Ka ba mu a yau mu huta,  
Tuba duka mun yi gun Ka.

Bakano ne ni Khalidu,  
Imam yaya ga Hafiz,  
Sulaiman ma ƙani ne,  
Shi Abubakari wajena,  
Ai ƙani ne babu shakka.

### **Korona a Kano - Khalid Imam**

A Kano yau ga Korona,  
Ya Ilahu muna gare Ka,  
Kariya duka ba ya taKa ,  
Ba tsimi yau ba dabara,  
Sai miƙa wuya wajen Ka.

A gida kowa ya zauna,  
'Ya'ya mata da dangi,  
Ba fita kuma babu yawo,  
Ko zuwa zance da karta,  
Kasuwanni duk a kulle.

Cunkuso duk mu daina,  
Ba a son jama'a su taru,  
Gida na biki da ƙwallo,  
Gwamna ya ce mu gane,  
Lafiyarmu a yau mu duba.

Fuska baki mu kare,  
Domin ƙwayar Korona,  
Ta nan ke kama kowa,  
Numfashi duk ta shaƙe,  
Nan take ta kai kushewa.

Ba a son duk mai Korona,  
Yai mu'amulla da kowa,  
Yin hakan kan sa ta haihu,  
Jama'a da yawa ta danne,  
Da wuƙa domin ta yanka.

Killace kai har iyali,  
Masu yi suke da riba,  
Ba asara ko ta ahu,  
Kuma ba su babu kuka,  
Hankali nasu ya yi aiki.

Kai rahoton mai Korona,  
Shi rigakafi wajibi ne,  
Magana a yi nesa-nesa,  
Tazara sosai a bayar,  
Cikin taro mu lura.

Sha ruwa sosai a kullum.  
Yin hakan an ce haƙiƙa,  
Wajen yaƙar Korona,  
Shan ruwa na daƙile ta,  
Allahu Ka sa mu dace.

A Kano yau ga Korona,  
Lafiyar yara mu lura,  
Hannaye duk a wanke,  
Sabulu sanya ka cuda,  
Don tsafta na da kyawu.

Ita annobar Korona,  
Ta fi hantsi kewayawa,  
Zazzabiinta yana da ƙarfi,  
Tarinta yana da naci,  
Taurin kai ta fi jaki.

Wannan cuta mu duba,  
Yaro tsoho da babba,  
Mai kuɗi talaka da sarki,  
Soja liman da gyartai,  
In ta samu sai ta danne.

Ta kar da yawa a Chana,  
In kana Legas ka zauna,  
Umarni na Manzo,  
Annoba in ta bulla,  
Kar ka je koko a zo ma.

Fatawa an yi ta na ji,  
Juma'a za mui a ɗaki,  
Duk maSallatai a kulle,  
Zamani ya zo da riga,  
Babu zaɓi sai sakawa.

Romon dutse ana sha,  
Ga mai haƙurin dafawa,  
Mu daina batun siyasa,  
Mu bar zargi ga kowa,  
Gun Ilahu mu je mu tuba.

Allah Sarkin sarauta,  
Ji ƙan mu dare da rana,  
Duka sauƙi na wajenKa,  
Rana da wata da sammai,  
Lafiyarsu duka na gare Ka.

Tuba Sallar farilla,  
Mu taru mu dinga yin su,  
Waraka duka sai mu gan ta.

Komai tsananin masifa,  
Ban da Allah zo fada min,  
Wane ne maganinta?

## **Siyasa Ce Korona - Khalid Imam**

Ya ku jama'a ku duba,  
Batun lamarin Korona,  
Akwai lauje cikinsa.

Ga siyasa ga bukату,  
Ga ruđu ga nufaka,  
Cikin lamarin Korona.

Mai gane nađin da lauje,  
Sai yai nazari sadidan,  
Kan su sa shi duhu a daki.

An fake da batun Korona,  
Asusu kaf garinmu,  
Sun washe babu hujja.

Guzuma dai an fake ne,  
Karsana suka so su harba,  
Gafiya aikinta sata.

Ban da aikin 'yan gidoga,  
Makiya Allah da Daha,  
Ba a binne irin masifa.

A ce an shuka dawa,  
A jikin bayi na Allah,  
Kawai domin bukata.

Da sunan magani ne,  
Na kwayoyin Korona.  
Na ji hankaka da hantsi.

Ya ci laya ya yi niyya,  
Manufar cuta da sharri,  
Ko ana so ko da karfi.

Wannan niyya ta sharri,  
Kwangila ce babu fashi,  
Wadda za su sayar da riba.

Kurciya ilimi gare ta,  
Na ji ta ce yau mu lura,  
Jari hujja da illa,

Ko makaho in lura,  
Rikicin sai na fi jari,  
Duniya ya nannade ta.

Ya sanya kasar Amurka,  
Da Chana idan ka gan su,  
Daga zambo sai harara.

Juna kullum sukan yi,  
Wannan kan zargi wancan,  
Cewa kwayar Korona.

Makircin 'yan uba ce,  
Masu bin bayi Ilahu,  
Da sharri suna fakewa.

Da batun kwayar Korona,  
Shukar da Ilahu duk Yai,  
Suna neman su sare.

Gafala da yawa mutane,  
Yau hakika sun yi ainun,  
Sun bar tsoron Hakimun.

Wanda ke iko da komai,  
Mutum aljan da ciwo,  
Sai dai cutar Korona.

Ita ma cutar Korona,  
Da za mu tsaya mu duba,  
Ai baiwa ce wajenSa.

Yadda Yas so wajibinta,  
Iko nata kama gwamna,  
Sarki na tasha ba duku.

Tabbas duka bai wajenta,  
Yin rigakafi na da kyawu,  
Amma in za mu gane.

Ikon mutuwa a rayu,  
Rashi samu da ciwo,  
Ba ya hannun Korona.

Dukkan lamuran mutane,  
Allah Sarkin sarauta,  
Shi kadai ke sarrafa su.  
Inda mai ja zo da hujja,  
Ba ni sake bari na Sallah,  
Sahun Sallar farilla.

Domin tsoron Korona,  
Da mu gane duk mu buɗe,  
MaSallatai na Sallah.

**Wakar Korona - (Dr.) Aminu Ladan Abubakar (Alan waka) da Salisu Yaro da Muftahu Lafaze da Mubarak Dutse da Sa'id Jafar (Singer) da Ibrahim A. Yusuf da kuma Isa Dangago**

Mabudi: Ehhhhhhhhhh! Music industry Hausa ke saƙo don 'yan'uwana,  
Mai kama da shirin zuwa shi ake aika wa 'yan'uwana,  
Alan al'umma ne da masu bayani 'yan'uwaaaaaaah!.

Mabudi 2: Salisu yaro ne,  
Muftahu Laffazi,  
Mubarak Dutse,  
Da Sa'idu Singa,  
Ibrahim A. Yusuf,  
Isa Dangago.....  
Ya Allah!  
Uh'uhm'uhm Ya Allaaah!

'Y/amshi: Yau dai duka duniya mun shige a halin damuwa,  
Silar cuta ta Korona tasa mun shiga dimuwa,  
Ya Allah Ka kare dukkan mutanen faɗin duniya.

**Idi Loton Korona - Khalid Imam**

Na fahimci batun Korona,  
Makirci na cikinsa,  
Sharri raini akwai shi,  
Shugabanni sun ƙi Allah,  
Sun makance sun shagalta,  
Sallar Juma'a da idi,  
Sun hana domin Korona,  
Sahun Sallah sukan ce,  
Akwai haɗari a yin sa,  
Don na ji suna ta shela,  
In an yi sahu na Sallah,  
Za a ɗau cutar Korona.

In suna selfie da dangi,  
Mata sun rungume su,  
Ba sa tuna za a kamu,  
Da ƙwayoyin Korona,  
Talakawa masu tsoro,  
Korona tana biɗar su,  
Don ta kama ko ta lashe,  
In suna cin kasuwarsu,  
Ba sa tuna kwai Korona,  
Kasuwarsu kawai sukan ci.

Masu sai da abinci birni,  
Farashi sun rubanya,  
Tsada sun yi ta ainun,  
Kare ba babbakewa,  
Sun ke ci ba ruwansu,  
Romonsa karen sukan sha,  
Gwamnatoci na ganinsu.

Abinci da kyar ake ci,  
Ya tsefe ya yi tsada,  
Duk da ga cutar Korona,  
A Sifaniya har a Jamus,  
Musulmi na ta Sallah,  
Mu a nan sun tattare mu,  
A gidaje an a je mu,  
Tallafi ci ko ruwan sha,  
Babu sam su ba ruwansu.

Sun garke duk kafafe,  
Na yin wa'azi su gane,  
A cikin Sallah da dace,  
Sauki waraka na illa,  
A yin Sallah akwai su.  
Idi loton Korona,  
A Kano mun yi dahir,  
Matanmu maza da yara,  
Mun yi shi muna ta murna,  
A Kano mun gode Allah,  
Mu Kanawa mun bi dahir,  
Gwamna ya gane hanya,  
Gaskiya ya rungume ta,  
Ya bar wancan da gadin,  
Titi bodar garinsu.

Masu kwakwazo a titi,  
Cewa yaki ake yi,  
Duk maSallatai a kulle,  
Jam'in Sallah a daina,  
Ko su kama mutum su daure,  
Sun manta duk masifa,  
Ko ana yaki a fili,

Ko mai tsananin gumurzu,  
Muminai sai sun yi Sallah,  
Kuma yin jam'i a Sallah,  
Ga mazaje wajibi ne.

Juma'a kul yau ka bar ta,  
Domin wata can Korona,  
Waraka duka na ga Allah,  
Sauki duka na wajenSa,  
Cuta mutuwa da ciwo,  
Iko duka na wajenSa,  
Sauki waraka ta cuta,  
Har ciwo na wajenSa,  
Ciwo dai bai kashewa,  
Ita dai mutuwa mu gane,  
Ba ruwanta da masu ciwo,  
Lokacinka take farauta,  
Ko da ciwo babu ciwo.

Ta je Jamus har Saudi tamu  
Ta je ga Italiya, Turkey tamu  
Mutanen Farisa nan ta samu  
Ta yo ta'adi barna gare mu.

Ta make baki ta kar bature  
Cutar Kobidsam ba ta ware  
Coci, maSallaci ta share  
Ta na barna ne duk gare mu.

Ba ta kasa ba ta kabila  
Ba ta warewa a jumla  
Ta na tafiya a cikin *dalala*  
Ta na barna cuta gare mu.

Ta kama wuya hanci ta shaƙe  
Ta sa attishawa har a sarƙe  
Ta sa jinya ko ma a sheƙe  
Musamman tsofaffin cikinmu.

Tana ta'adi cutar Korona  
Ta ce dangi sam kar mu gana  
Halinta na cuta ne Korona  
A bar gaba duk mu gare mu.

Ta tsai da kasa ta kulle *border*  
Ta zam police mai ba da *order*  
Ta zam *killer* aikinta murder  
Ta zam hadari a gun mu.

Jagora: Yau dukkan al'uma na duniya muna ƙangi na fama,  
Silar cutar da Korona ta saka mu asarƙa,  
Mu dinga rigakafi, in kwa mun ƙi mu zamma cikin  
nadama,  
Ku ga shakuwa damuwa ma babu damar ai yi gaisa,  
Cikin wagga rayuwa duk al'uma muna ta kokawa,  
Allah kai mana magani Salisu Yaro ne na Ala.

Jagora: Ehh, mu zauna ag-gida kar mu damu da wannan  
'yan uwa,  
Domin haka na nufin za mu tsira da wannan  
damuwa,  
A dinga yawaita wanke hannu don yaz-zama  
garkuwa,  
Mu sanya abin rufe baki gun ziyartar 'yan'uwa,  
Idan za kayyi tari ka koma gefe ɗan'uwa,  
Ka ba da gudummawa taka ka ji a wannan rayuwa,  
Isa Dangago kansakalin Alan waka na duk duniya.

Jagora: Ya Allah Ka yi cuta sannan kuma Kai Ka yi magani,  
A yau cutar Korona ta zo ta yi mana sansani,  
Ba tallaka babu mai hali yau dukka muna gani,  
Gashi tana ta yaɗo har kuma an rasa magani,  
Umarnin massana mu riƙe su muna kuma tsantsani,  
Dokar likitoci ai rigakafi ce kuma magani,  
Sa'id Singa na Ala ku ji ni da baiti nawa ni,  
Saƙo na Aminu Ala zuwa ga mutanen duniya.

'Y/amshi: Yau dai duka duniya mun shige a halin damuwa,  
Silar cutar da Korona ta sa mun shiga ɗimuwa,  
Ya Allah Ka kare dukkan mutanen faɗin duniya.

Jagora: Babban kalubale na wajenta hukumar ‘yan uwa,  
A kula da iyakoki kar da a buɗe ‘yan uwa,  
Sai harkar tallafi taimakon da ake yi wa ‘yan uwa,  
To a bi su gida-gida don kwa yunwa babbar  
garkuwa,  
Sai dole zaman gida in ga yunwa sam bai yuwa,  
Ai duban nuttsuwa kan abin da na furta ‘yan uwa.

Jagora: Eh! Ni kirana al’uma ga abin da zai zama kariya,  
Tsoron Allah, Sarki Mai mulkin duniya,  
Mu rike addu’a, don tsira samun yafiya,  
Mu rike istiggifari mu tuba mu wanye lafiya,  
Mu bi zancen likkitocinmu su suka zammana  
kwalliya,  
Ibrahim A. Yusuf gudummawata zan yo badawa.

Jagora: Ya Allah Ahhadu,  
Ya Allah Majidu,  
Ya Allah Zahiru,  
Ya Allah Baɗinu,  
Ya Ahdu Sammadu,  
Ya Allah Wahidu,  
Allah Alimu,  
Mujibud-Da’awati,  
Mu tuba muna ta kuka gare mu Ka yi mana tallafa,  
Muftahun Ala nai roko Rabbi yaye cutuka.

‘Y/amshi: Yau dai duka duniya mun shige a halin damuwa,  
Silar cutar da Korona ta sa mun shiga ɗimuwa,  
Ya Allah Ka kare dukkan mutanen faɗin duniya.

## Wakar Korona - Murtala Uba

Rabbi Tabaraka Khalikinmu  
Tsare mu da ciwon nan Korona

Da sunnan Allah za ni fara  
Wanda Ya yo sammai Ya kara  
Da yin kasai ba duba gaira  
Tabaraka Allah Khalikinmu.

Salati da Salla gun Rasulu  
Muhammad Ahmadu ne *usulu*  
Da shi aka buɗe dukkan *ukulu*  
Abin kauna da biya gare mu.

Yabon *aliy* da sahubu duka  
Da ma *tabi*, *atba’u* naka  
Ka sa *ulama’u* da ba su shakka  
Wadannan ne futulu gare mu.

Rabbi ka ban hikima na tsara  
A kan su Kobidyau za ni rera  
Cuta ta tsiya mai sa hasara  
Wanda ta zam matsala gare mu.

A Chana ta fara ‘yar gadara  
Ta keta Europe a cikin tijara  
America sai da ta yo tsirara  
Ta taushe Trump, wa’azi gare mu.

Dakta Sani gwanin Hadisi,  
Wanda ko da bai da sisi,  
Ba shi yin karya ga nassi,  
Kuma ba zai kare bididi'a ba.

Ga Gwani Salissu Shehu,  
Shugaban wa'azi da sulhu,  
Masanin boko da fiqhu,  
Har makaşid Shehu bai bari ba.

Shehu Ahmad Murtalawa,  
Dakta Ahmad Dogarawa,  
Sai Gwani Mansuru Yelwa,  
Sheikh Disinan ma ba zan bari ba.

Wanga su am Malamanmu,  
Masu karfafa zuciyarmu,  
Masu tsabar tausayinmu,  
Kuma ba naira suke hari ba.

Ga shi dai sun ba da hujja,  
Lokacin da ake da haja,  
In da duk aka ba da hujja,  
Ai sai bi ba da gardama ba.

Kar ku yarda da masu musu,  
Ban da sauraron batunsu,  
In ka ɗau zancen irinsu,  
Ba ka ɗau hanyar rigakafi ba.

Na kasa fahimta ke Korona?  
Me kika so gun 'yan uwana?  
Wane naki? Na je mu gana  
Don ya kira ki, ki sau gare mu.

'Yar karama kin rusa garke  
Kin ɗaure dubu, kin sa a turke  
Halinki kisa, naushi ki doke  
Kin fa matsa tsanani gare mu.

Ke ce super, gun ki power  
Kin yo umarni ga kowa  
Kin wa'azi kuma kin yo tilawa  
Kin daki har azzalimanmu.

Sun yi laƙwas sun gane Allah  
Shi ke iko duk ga jumla  
Don haka ni na bar dalala  
Kin wa'azi faɗakar gare mu.

Fata Jallah Gwani Ka yaye  
Ka yo sauyi sanyo ta janye  
Ka buɗi idonmu mu zam a waye  
Mun yi biyar Ka Ilahu gun mu.

Hamdullahi na gode Allah  
Murtala na yabi mai kamala  
Muhammadu ne tushen adala  
Rabbi Ka yo sauki gare mu.

## Wakar Koronabairas - Abdullahi Abubakar Lamido

Ga shi dai Sarkin Musulmi,  
Yai kiran dukkan Musulmi,  
Da su dau magana ta ilmi,  
Ba zancen masu gardama ba.

Mallamai sun yo bayani,  
Bisa Hadisi da Kur'ani,  
Da jawaban masu fannin,  
Likitoci ba da yaudara ba.

Sunka ce cutar Korona,  
Maganinta a je a zauna,  
Dukkanin taro a daina,  
Ba kawai Salla ta Juma'a ba.

Shehunai sun ba da fatawa,  
Kan bukatar fara halwa,  
A gida, kowa da kowa,  
Ya yi Salla don ya roki Rabba.

Maganin cutar Korona,  
Babba dai shi ne a zauna,  
A gida yawo a daina,  
Ba tare da kyale addu'a ba.

Addu'a kam ba kamarta,  
Ba makami samfurinta,  
Tashi duk dare don ka yi ta,  
Ba a samu kamarta gun tsari ba.

Bayan haka dau mataki,  
Ka sako "mask" nan a baki,  
Hannuwa ka lizimci wanki,  
Ba sai a wurin nadar tuwo ba.

In kana jin zazzabi fa,  
Ko yawan tari da zuffa,  
Ba batun wani kaffa-kaffa,  
Maza je can hospital a duba.

Mallamanmu suna nasiha,  
Da jawabi ga fasaha,  
Kan dabarun kare sihha,  
Ga sunayensu ban rage ba.

Sheikh Sharif Muftin Kasarmu,  
Dr. Khalid Shugabanmu,  
Sheikh Abubakar Igwaninmu,  
Birnin Kudu bai rawar kafa ba.

Sannu Dakta Bashir Aliyu,  
Mai Hadis, Tafsir, Zakiyyu,  
Rabbana Sarki Ganiyyu,  
Ya tsare mana lafiyarka Baba.

Sai mu je gun Sakkwatawa,  
Dakta Mansur masu baiwa,  
Masu gadon Annabawa,  
Bai bar mu cikin dibi-dibi ba.

Shehu Ibrahim Makwarari,  
Yai jawabai tun a fari,  
Masu gamsarwa da tsari,  
Bai yi sassauci ga mai musu ba.

### **Wakar Cutar Korona - Halliru Abdullahi**

Na gano wani malamina,  
Wanda yai shahara da suna,  
Ya yi baitocin Korona,  
Dalibin shi ma ba zai gaza ba.

‘Yan uwa ku matso ku ji ni,  
Kun ga cutar ta yi muni,  
Ta hana mu dukkan sukuni,  
Ta shigo kuma tun ba mui shiri ba.

Kun ga cutar nan Korona,  
Ta katse harka a Chana,  
Ta shigo birnin Madina,  
Har cikin Harami ba ta bari ba.

Ai Koronar wanga farni,  
Ta fure dukkan tunanin,  
Massana kan wanga fanni,  
Sun fa ce ba su gane maganin ba.

Shi ya sa na ga ya kamata,  
Nai kira ga mutan kasata,  
Addu'a dai kar mu bar ta,  
Magani ne ba na tantama ba.

Likkitoci sun bayani,  
Malamai ma sun yi nuni,  
Shugabanni sun umarni,  
Bin matakai ba da gardama ba.

Ban da ma tsabar jahala,  
Wa ya kai su Imamu Salla?  
Wa ya kai su biya ga Allah?  
Ba a kai su kiran Ubangji ba.

Amma nan fa akwai bayani,  
Dole ne fa zan yi nuni,  
Gun masu hannu da shuni,  
Hanzari ne ba batun gudu ba.

Masu kuddi na kira ku,  
Tallakawa na jiran ku,  
Don ku kawo taimakonku,  
Kuma ba canjin kudinsu gaba.

Albishir ya masu naira,  
Wagga dama ce ku lura,  
Ku yawaita hali na hairan,  
Ba dunkule naku hannuwan ba.

Shugabanni zan kira ku,  
Ku ji tsoron Khalifinku,  
Ku bi kadun ‘yan kasarku,  
Ba kui wasa da lafiya ba.

Kar saboda Koronabairas,  
Ai ta amfani da biros,  
A yawaita su sata-virus,  
Ba ku ba mabiyanku tallafa ba.

Toh, ku fara rabon abinci,  
Don a dan rage wanga kunci,  
Tun da dai kuka samu kunci,  
To kar ya zamo ba kui shiri ba.

Masu rauni duk ku duba,  
Da waƙanda ba sui shiri ba,  
Ba su tanadi ‘yan kuɗi ba,  
Masara ma sam ba sui awu ba.

Kar ku bar su cikin zalama,  
Kar ku sa su shiga nadama,  
Kun hana su zuwa su nema,  
Sannan ba ku ba su ko kwabo ba.

Sun guje cutar Korona,  
Sun shige ɗaki su zauna,  
Ga cikinsu yana ta funa,  
Bai sami abin da zai taɓa ba.

Addu’ar mazlumikun san,  
Babu shamaki gun ta tun can,  
In dai suka yi ta kun san,  
Allah ba zai ki addu’ar ba.

Rabbana Sarkin sarauta,  
Wanda Kai ne Mai Nagarta,  
Damuwa fa ta tsananta,  
Yayewa na gare Ka Rabba.

Mun yi roko gun Ka Allah,  
Mun yi tuba gun Ka Jalla,  
Don yawan Azumi da Salla,  
Ka raba mu da jarrabar ga babba.

Toh a nan ne zan yi birki,  
A cikin ɗan wanga aiki,  
Addu’ata wanga aiki,  
Rabbana Sarki Gwani Ya karɓa.

Gombe ne babban garina,  
Lamido Abdullahi suna,  
Kuma Amir ne laƙƙabina,  
A gidanmu suna kira ni Baba.

Tuni ta bulla nahiyar Amurka,  
Tai kaka-gida kan masu farka,  
Ta kasa haja har ta fara harka,  
Sai ga shi ta kwararo Afirka,  
Ta shigo Najeriyar ba mayani.

Likitoci sun ce wagga cuta,  
Tsakanin mutane take tsiyarta,  
Ta bazu ko'ina kan ma a kifta,  
Da an sha hannu da mai ita,  
Masana sun ce akwai bayani.

Wanke hannu har da soso,  
An hana mu shiga cunkoso,  
Social distance ake so,  
Ba a ce kar mui mu'amala ba.

Jami'ai suka ce mu kauce,  
Gefe can in za mu face,  
Kar mu sa jama'a su arce,  
Don Korona ba za ta bar mutum ba.

Kun ga dai cutar Korona,  
Maganin ta a je a zauna,  
Dukkanin taro a daina,  
Ba kawai Sallah ta Juma'a ba.

Dan'uwa dauko mataki,  
Sanya kyallen nan a baki,  
Hannuwa ka lizimci wanki,  
Ba kawai wanka da alwala ba.

In kana dan tari-tari,  
Ko jiki naka babu kwari,  
In kasala ta yi tsauri,  
Je a duba ba da jinkiri ba.

Na ga kowa na ta tsoro,  
Babu babba babu yaro,  
Duk ana kauce wa taro,  
Ban ga laifin masu yin hakan ba.

Ai hukuma ta yi doka,  
Kar waninmu da dai ya taka,  
Kun ga wanda ya karya doka,  
To hukuma ba ta kau da kai ba.

Shugabanni sai ku motsa,  
Tun da kun ce kar mu motsa,  
Tallafi ku fitar ku watsa,  
Don talakka ba zai ki tallafi ba.

Masu kudfi ma gare ku,  
Sai ku karkade kunnuwanku,  
Ga garabasa gare ku,  
Kar ku ce fa ba za ku tallafa ba.

'Yan'uwa kada mui butulci,  
Don Korona mu bar zumunci,  
Dukkaninmu muna da 'yancin,  
Yin waya mu kira mu gai da baba.

To dabara ce gare mu,  
Sai mu gyara dukan halinmu,  
Addu'a mu yi dukkaninmu,  
Allah Ya ye dukkanin annoba.

To a nan zan dakata ni,  
Don tunanin ya yi rauni,  
Halliru nake kun ji dai ni,  
Dalibi ne ba fa malami ba.

## **Korona Cutar Zamani! - Mukhtar Mudi Sipikin**

Alhayyu Mai ji da gani,  
Ya Mahaliccin magani,  
Dukkan cuta tun tuntuni,  
Mai bin jiki ta shige jini,  
Yaye mana annobar zamani.

Salati ga mabudin alheri,  
Garkuwa da dukkan sharri,  
Almustafa Sayyadil Bashari,  
Da alai sahabu abin fahari,  
Da nagari har farshen zamani.

'Yan'uwa kan Korona zan batu,  
Annobar da duniya ke batu,  
Mai hana sukunin buƙatu,  
Daga Sin aka ce ta tabbatu,  
A Wuhan zahirinta da badini.

A Miladiya dubu biyu sha tara,  
Ga watan sha biyu tai tattara,  
Ta bayyana har ta kangara,  
Har ake ce mata Kobid sha tara,  
Ga shi a duk duniya tai sansani.

Daga Sin sai ga ta a Turai,  
Italiya, Jamus ko ina sarai,  
Ta kama masu kudi da fakirai,  
Ta kashe tsofaffi da jarirai,  
Korona annobar wanga zamani.

Legas da Kanon Dabo ba sassauci,  
Ya Ilahi Rabbi ina mafita?

An ce a killace, amma ga yunwa ta tunkaro,  
Dukan yai yawa, ko na kai ma ba karewa a wannan karo.

Kanon Dabo dai, ta'aziyya ake da zaman makoki,  
Ya Allahu Kai ne Mai hanyar bullewa.

Fatanmu shi ne, mai sarautar nan a dunkule mai toho,  
Yadda ta bayyana, kuma ta mamaye ta hana mu safara da  
ƙodago.

Ya Rabbi, ƙyamushe ta cikin sauki,  
Hakika wannan shekara ta ishe mu darasi babba.

Kar a kusanci mai yawan tari,  
Ko mai yawaita atishawa a gari,  
Mutane su ba da tazara da tsari,  
Na mita biyu tsakaninsu su shiri,  
Su sa takunkumi ko-ko mayani.

Kar a yawaita fita daga gida,  
A zau-zauna waje-waje guda,  
A wanke hannaye a jaddada,  
Da sabulun kashe cuta an fada,  
Ka ji rigakafin Koronar zamani.

Bayan yawan wanke hannu,  
A ƙaranta taƙa baki da idanu,  
Har hanci kar a taƙa da hannu,  
Sai an wanke shi a sannu-sannu,  
Haka masana suka yi bayani.

Alamunta an ce kamar mura,  
Maƙogwaro take kamawa almira!  
Ta sa mutum tari ka ji ja'ira!  
Ta sarke numfashi ya ta'azzara,  
Huhu ya yi kunci haka ba sukuni.

Tana sa ciwon kai da zazzabi,  
Jiki yai ta ciwo duk babu dadi,  
Ta sanya kasala a jiki tai fadi,  
Ta riƙe maƙoshi a ƙasa tadi,  
Na tsawon wasu makwanni.

Ta fi illa in ta kama tsoho,  
Tuni takan sa ya yi goho,  
Ta kai shi kasa a maho,  
Rigakafi maganin wohoho!  
Daga annobar wagga zamani.

Ya Fa'alul-lil ma yuridu,  
Mun sujjada ga mu du,  
Gare Ka mai amsar ibadu,  
Don fiyyayen halittu du,  
Korona Kai mana magani.

Wakar ga ta a baiti sha biyar,  
A cikin tsarin ko 'yar biyar,  
Daga Mukhtari, Sipikin inkiyar,  
Dan Kano garin siye da siyar,  
Da kayayyakina duk zamani.

## **Korona Mai Sarauta- Umma Aliyu Musa**

Ga wata aba mai yado,  
Ba ta miya bare a sha romo..

A watan disamba kasar Sin ta dau zafi,  
A garin Wuhan ta zam ba shiga bare fita.

Ga ta a dunkule, amma mai yado,  
'Yar mitsitsiya bare idanu su gano.

An yi a kare yaduwarda, 'yar bala'i,  
Amma kash, a Amurka har ta bulla.

A nahiyar Turai, kasashensu ta damko,  
Italiya, Safaniya, da Jamus duk ta leko.

Aru-arun mutuwa, jama'a duk cikin kunci,  
Yankin Lombardy, Korona tai kaka-gida.

Wai shin mece ce gaskiyar mu gano?  
Cuta ce daga Ilahi abin dogaro?

Koko kirkira aka yi don a yi ragi?  
Ragin jama'a har ta nahiyarmu Afirka?

Rabbi ga mu gare Ka muna roko,  
Rabbi, nahiyarmu muke ma tsoro.

Kare mu, kada Korona tai yabi,  
Shiga dai ta yi, amma fitar ne ba mu sani ba.

Kaico! Mai sarauta ta gangaro,  
Dauka take ba sani ba sabo.

## Wace Ce Ita? - Bashir Ibrahim Na'iya

Ita ce wacce ba ta zuwa,  
Sai dai a je mata.

Ita ce wacce ba ta amsa gayyata,  
Sai an gayyace ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta dako,  
Sai dai a yi dakon ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta zuwa gayyar sodi,  
Sai an gayyace ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta tafiya mai nisa,  
Sai dai a dauke ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta ma tashi,  
Sai dai an tashi da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta shiga kasa,  
Sai dai a shiga da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta shiga gidan kowa,  
Sai dai a shiga da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta zama,  
Sai an zaunar da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta yawo,  
Sai dai a yi yawo da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta farko,  
Sai an yi farko da ita.

## Akwai Korona? - Zaharadden Nasir

Ya jama'a ku mu zo mu zauna,  
Mu yi nazari sannan mu auna,  
Kan kwayar cutar Korona,  
Mu gano me ne gaskiyarta.

Shin cutar nan gaskiya ce?  
Ko kuwa dai don wane ya ce,  
To jama'a mu takaita zance,  
Mu nemi sani kan samuwarta.

Duk da tunanina kadai ne,  
Ga ilimin ma ba yawa ne,  
Amma ra'ayina ku gane,  
Ni na yarda da bulluwarta.

Hujjoji uku za mu kalla,  
Ji da gani na ido akalla,  
Ko kuma dai zallar misala-  
Ga duniya, bari in takaita.

Da farko ta bullo a Chana,  
Sai Italy da Spain mu auna,  
Sai a America to ka zauna,  
Kai nazari kuma ka kwatanta.

Idan har karya ne aboki,  
Ta ya duk za a haɗe gabaki dai,  
Duniya kuma masu mulki,  
Su yi karya kan wanga cuta?

Don haka ya kai dan uwana,  
Yarda da cutar zo mu zauna,  
Mu yi nazari a cikin lumana,  
Mu nemo hanyar kariyar ta.

Farko dai mu tafaita taro,  
Wanke hannu sai mu fero,  
Musabaha ko da da yaro,  
Sai mu rage yi kar mu manta.

Sannan in za ka yi tari,  
Ko atishawa ko minshari,  
Tafin hannu babu tsari,  
Kar da mu sa domin tarar ta.

Safar hannu za mu sanya,  
Ko handkerchief kar mu yi sanya,  
Kuma fuskar jama'a mu juya,  
Yin haka zai rage yaduwarta.

In ka ji tarin ya ki tsaiwa,  
Ko atishawar ta ki tsaiwa,  
Ko zazzabi mai sanya kuwwa,  
Nemi wuri a gida ka huta.

Tsawon sati biyu in kana ji,  
Kar da ka je asibiti ka ji,  
In a Kano kake to kana ji,  
Ga wata lamba zan faɗe ta.

Na so yin baiti na lamba,  
Amma ta ki ta ba ni haiba,  
To farshen wakar ku duba,  
Za na rubuta mukku lamba.

Zaharadden Nasir ku ji ni,  
Na san kun san ni da rauni,  
To ni nai wakar ma'auni,  
Baiti sha biyar cif, na yo ta.

A karshe gun Allah mu koma,  
Mu tuba gare Shi da istikama,  
Mu roki Ya yaye wa al'umma,  
Don Shi ne Mai maganinta.

Su o'o da o'o da ni har ke,  
Mu gyara halinmu mu yo katari.

Hannu sanataiza mun wanke,  
Mu wanke zuciya duk lamari.

I: In ma an toshe bodoji,  
Mu toshe saba wa Witri.

N: Nutso a musu, zagin Oga,  
Mu kama Kitabullah, zikiri.

E: Eh na san an yo lockdown,  
Mu koma kofar Muktadiri.

Z: Zunubinmu mu bar shi gujewarmu,  
Mai Kobid, ko wahalar sihiri.

A: A yo zakka, mu riƙe Allah,  
Da Annabi Daha wa Zulkadari.

I: In mun haka Zai yaye cutar,  
Kamar danginta mu yo nazari.

Y: Yi duba annobar Amwas,  
Da sahabbai ta miƙa kabari.

I: Irinta Spain ai sun ji jiki,  
Tunusiya ma ta sa su jiri.

M: Mutum miliyan ashirin da biyar,  
Sai barzahu can a Spain garari.

Ita ce wacce ba ta dadewa,  
Sai an dadar da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta yaƙuwa,  
Sai an yaƙa ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta ɗauka,  
Sai dai a ɗauke ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta rayuwa mai tsawo,  
Sai a jikin wanda ya rayar da ita.

Ita ce wacce kiyayewar Allah,  
Za ta kiyaye mu kawai.

**Ciwon Cikin Barewa - Bilyaminu Zakari Hamisu  
Abulwarakat Ayagi**

Y: Ya Shafiy mai shafe garari,  
Annoba ta sanya mu jiri.

A: Alkafiy ninka salatinka,  
Ga Mudalsamu babban al'amari.

'Y: 'Ya'ya da sahabbai masu biyar,  
Sunnarsa ila yaumil hashari.

A: An zo ga kurunkus ya jama'a,  
Nafsi-nafsi an fara shiri.

N: Na san jama'a mun shigangada yau,  
Korona tana hana yin buduri.

U: Uwa in har an yanka ta,  
Dan tayi makoma tai kabari.

W: Wai yau an kulle bodoji,  
Diflomasiyya ba lamari.

A: Airport, an kulle market,  
MaSallatai ma ba zikiri.

M: Makarantu, coci, gidan casu,  
Tituna sun zam ma kamar sarari.

U: Uwa da uba, 'ya'ya a gida,  
Ya beraye in kun nazari.

K: Kan Koronabairas cutar nan,  
Kobid -19 yau ta ci gari.

O: Omon ashirin ya zam hamsin,  
Da kyar ne za ka siyo gishiri.

M: Mutane na ta zuba, mutuwa,  
Tana dintsa a cikin marari.

A: A Chana ta bulla a 2019,  
Ta zaga kasashe sun fi dari.

G: Gawar da ta samar na da yawa,  
Kusan miliyan daya na garari.

A: A can Maka ta kulle harami,  
Da Madinatu wayyo ni da jiri.

A: Asham da Tahajjud har jam'i,  
A sassa babu bare zikiri.

L: Larura, yunwa, ga kunci,  
Mutane babu yawan fahari.

L: La budda uba ne zai dauka,  
Gwaiwarsa iyalai sai nazari.

A: Anya kuwa wannan cuta ce?  
Ko dai laifinmu ga Alwitri.

H : Haba jama'a ku mu dudduba,  
Da zaki ba a rabe sukari.

Idan ta kama mutum ba nisa,  
Nan take sai ta janye ransa

Matsala tata gun yawonta,  
Bata barin kowa don kanta

Tana tsalle daga wani da wani,  
Tana shiga jiki ba wani tsani

Illar ta bata jin duk magani,  
Balle ka yi mata ma dan nuni

Shu'uma ce kwarai Korona,  
Ba ta burin ku zauna lafiya

Jallah Sarki guda mai zamani,  
Kai ne tsayayyen da ba Shi da kini

WajenKa muke neman tsira,  
Ka raba mu da wannan fatara

Koronabairas ai fatara ce,  
Mai sa jikkuna su zam lalace

Mun gode Allah gwani daya Sarki,  
Da ya bamu rai da karfin jiki

A: A 1918 ga Sars ma,  
A two 0,0 da 3 ba'ari.

N: Na ji baƙon dauro sumol Pox ma,  
A seventeen, eighty nine a gari.

A: An ce ta kar jama'a miliyan,  
Dari uku, wayyo ta fi dari.

M: Mu duba ga kwalara an yo,  
Da whooping cough in mun nazari.

A: Amma Allah Ya yaye su,  
Ra'ufu, Rahimu Aya Witri.

G: GurinSa mu kai duk kukanmu,  
A shayi sai an sa sukari.

A: Abin shanya kayan rana,  
Gyadar dogo zai yo bari.

N: Na waigo kan duk mai mulki,  
Ka ji tsoron Rabbi ka bar fahari.

I: In ka rangwanta ka dace,  
In ka yi biris ka tuno kabari.

N: Na dawo gun ku ku rangwanta,  
Ku mai da wufarku a sha bidiri.

K: Ku ne mu masu siya a siyar,  
A market kui sauki a wuri.

O: O'o'o kai talakan an ce,  
Tambarinka cikinka ya yo katari.

R: Rife Allah tamkar tsuntsu,  
Ko ba noma sai ka yi ziri.

O: Ok wazanin Mutadarik ne,  
Fa'alun, Fa'alun, Fa'alun, nazari.

N: Na yo Afirilu da fourty eight,  
A twenty nai wannan shi'iri.

A: Abulwarakati nake rokon,  
a Shafiy mai shafe garari.

## **Koronabairas Shu'uma - Danladi Z. Haruna**

Mun shiga uku mun lalace,  
Korona ta saka duk mun zauce,

Rayukanmu akwai matsaloli,  
Zuwanta ya kara duk matsaloli

Duka kasuwanni an kulle su,  
Wuraren Sallah an rurrufe su

Korona ta saka duk mahukunta,  
Mulaka'u da mu sun wahalta

Duniya duka ta gigice,  
Abubuwa duka sun balbalce

Rana da zafi, inuwa kuna,  
Mun wahalta kwarai a Korona

Ita zazzabi ce kamar mashako,  
Ga mura, ga ciwon zirnaƙo

Kisa take yi babu tsayawa,  
Bayan kisan kuma ga wahalarwa

Kan Korona mutane sunata crying  
Mutane wasu sun daina cooking,  
Allah muna bukarar Your helping,  
Mutane mu koma ga discipling,  
Kun ji Korona tana kasarmu.

Korona ta hana buying/selling,  
Mutane mu yawaita walking,  
Everything yana da timing,  
Problems Allah will be solving,  
Jama'a karmu manta da Ilahu.

Rayuwa tana da daci,  
Wata rana za ta yi zaki,  
Komai ya na da lokaci,  
Mu guji yin cin mutunci,  
Iyaye mu taimake su.

Al'umma muna takaici,  
Mutuwa tana wajen Ilahi,  
Duk cuta tana da lokaci,  
Wata rana sai labari.  
Allah Ka ceci rayuwarmu.

Na tabbata za mu ga bayanta,  
Har mu zo mu muna zancen ta

Mai rubutun waƙar 'Danladi ne,  
Shi mai roƙon Rabbana sauƙi ne

Ya Allah kawo ƙarshenta Korona,  
Watan wata ran mu zamto murna

### **Korona Tana Da Illa - Aliyu Idris Birnin Kudu**

Farko na sanya Allah,  
Shi ne Ya ce mu yi Sallah,  
Jama'a mu koma ga Allah,  
Mu bi umarnin Sarki Allah,  
Allah Shi ne da rayuwar mu.

Addu'a tana da falala,  
Koronabairas tana da illa,  
Kowa yasan tana da matsala,  
Jama'a mu koma ga Jalla,  
Allah Kai ne Za Ka taimakemu.

Korona ta hana dancing,  
Mutane sun daina working,  
Wasu ma sun daina smoking,  
Du'ai ga Allah Shi ne the king,  
Allah Kai ne abin yabonmu.

Mutane mu dan rage talking,  
Always mu yawaita praying,  
Wallahi Korona is killing,  
Kowa ya rage yin sleeping,  
Mu koma ga Sarki ilahu.

People just we staying,  
Mu daina yawaita going,  
Cikin dare mu dinga praying,  
Allah ne Zai ba mu assisting,  
Shawarata mu roki Ubangijinmu.

Mutane na cikin hungering,  
Kowa ya dan rage playing  
Karmu manta da observing,  
Kan Korona sai ana researching,  
Duk mu koma gidajenmu.

People mu guji touching,  
Environment always be cleaning,  
Everybody mu guji smoking,  
Karmu manta da learning,  
Domin gyaran tarbiyar rayuwarmu.

Makarantu an daina teaching,  
Every day we are hearing,  
Korona maganinta praying,  
Allah every place is going,  
Allah mu dai Kai ne kariyar mu.

Korona ta hana traveling,  
Mutane suna ta running,  
Ya kamata mu yi thinking,  
Domin mu samu enjoying,  
Qur'an ya dace ai karatu.

Yin hakuri yana da rana,  
Mai yasa aka bar rikon amana,  
Ya kamata mu riƙe amana,  
Mu daina yawan cin amana,  
Allah kai ne madogarar mu.

Ya kamata mu koma ga Ilahu,  
Mu koma biyayya ga iyayenmu,  
Mu haɗa har da malamanmu,  
Kar ku manta sunana Aliyu,  
Sarkin Yaƙin Malumman Mutazu.

Akwai maganin Korona,  
Masu shirka su daina,  
'Yan lesbian su daina,  
'Yan luwaɗi suma su daina,  
To sai Allah ya taimake mu.

Ma su yin sabo su daina,  
Yin barna da muke mu daina,  
Gaskiya ya kamata mu nuna,  
Hanyar cin abinci Korona ta hana,  
Komai wuya kar mu manta Allahu.

'Yan uwa mu yawaita zumunci,  
Mu daina yawan cin mutunci,  
Sannan mu rage cin hanci,  
Komai wuya akwaita da sauki,  
Allah Shi dai yana ganin mu,

Al'amarin Korona akwai ban tsoro,  
Korona ta saka mu cikin jin tsoro,  
Saboda Kobid masoya najin tsoro,  
Kobid-19 ta saka rayuwarmu tsoro,  
Ya Allah Ka tsare rayuwarmu.

Korona mai raba da mahaifi,  
Idan ta kama da sai tarihi,  
Idan ta kama uba sai an killace shi,  
Duk mai Korona ba a barin shi,  
Kunga jama'a mu koma ibadu.

Samun sauƙin mutum akillaceshi,  
Domin kar al'umma su tabashi,  
Hakan shi zai taimaka aji sauki,  
Kun ga kenan Kobid-19 na da bala'i,  
Idan aka bar mai cutar sai ta yadu.

Gwamnati tasa a killace mu,  
Domin kare lafiyar jikinmu,  
Amma Gwamnati ki tallafe mu,  
A taimaki al'ummar kasarmu,  
Domin yunwa kar ta karmu.

Kar mu manta Korona illa ce,  
Sanadin Korona aka rufe gidaje,  
Mutane ya kamata mu gane,  
Da dama asusunmu duk ya kare.  
Gwamnatin fasa ki taimake mu.

Allah Ka kawo mana dauki,  
Qur'ani mu rungume shi,  
Mu yi aiki da abin da ke cikin shi,  
Ya kamata mu daina zalunci,  
Allah Kai ne Ka halacce mu.

Jama'a mu koma ga Allah,  
Mutane mu dinga Sallah,  
Tunaninmu ya koma ga Allah,  
Komai ya yi zafi maganinsa Allah,  
Jama'a mu kwantar da hankalinmu.