Kwaraption

Khalid Imam
Ola Ifatimehin
Kwaraption
(An Engausa Poetry Anthology)
Kwaraption: An Engausa Poetry Anthology

Editors:

Khalid Imam & Ola Ifatimehin, 2021.

ISBN: 978-978-59258-0-7

First published in Nigeria, 2021
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Published by:
Whetstone Publishers
(An Imprint of Whetstone Arts & Translation Services)
No:1394, Rimi Market Road, Yakasai B, Kano City, Kano – Nigeria.
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Dedication

To Y. Z. Ya’u – a passionate fighter against corruption and a keen believer in an egalitarian society.
Acknowledgements

We are thankful to almighty God for the priceless gift of life, His grace and His support to us. Indeed, we have to begin by registering our special gratitude to Him for metamorphosing this experimental project to a reality.

We are indebted to Malam Y. Z. Ya’u, the Executive Director, CITAD for his tenacious passion in the Engausa poetry experiment and for providing adequate funding to publish this first Engausa poetry anthology. Also for believing in this new poetry sub-genre in Engausa form, acknowledgment must be made to some perspective members of the All Poets Network International (APNETi) especially the likes of Maryam Gatawa, the Chief Executive Officer/ Managing Director of Gatmeals Limited (a Kano based fast growing multiproducts food company with customers throughout Nigeria) for sponsoring the Maiden APNETi/Gatmeals Engausa Poetry Prize in July, 2021.

Our immeasurable gratitude goes to Odoh Diego Okenyedo, the Country Director of Splendors of Dawn Poetry Foundation and Founder/ Managing Director of Isu Media Limited for his remarkable support and encouragement in making this Engausa poetry project a reality through partnership with his Akweya TV.

We wish to acknowledge with appreciation all the talented poets who participated in the first two pioneering Engausa Poetry Workshops organized by APNETi. The first workshop put together in collaboration with the Akweya TV was hosted on Zoom Meeting Room on 19th June, 2021, while the second one was held physically at the Department of Theatre and Performing Arts, Faculty of Communication, Bayero University, Kano in partnership with the CITAD and Gatmeats Limited on 10th July, 2021.

Our eternal gratitude goes to all members of APNETi especially, Prof. Olu Obafemi, Prof. Tanimu Abubakar, Prof. Al-Bishak, MON, Prof. Saleh Abdu, Prof. Ibrahim Bello-Kano, Prof. Ibrahim Malumfashi, Prof. Yusuf Adamu, Prof. Razinat T.
Mohammed, BM Dzukogi, Paul Liam, Ismail Bala, Dr. Aisha Umar, Kabura Zakama, Dr. Ralia Maijama’a, Maikudi Zukogi, Dr. Saka Aliyu, Dr. Umma Aliyu Musa, Sulaiman Zailani, Zahradeen Ibrahim Kalla and many others too numerous to mention for their invaluable contribution to the Engausa debate on APNETi WhatsApp platform.

Special appreciation goes to Dr. Abubakar Othman of the Department of English and Literary Studies, University of Maiduguri for his brilliant introduction to this anthology.

Finally, to all members of our immediate families, we remain eternally grateful for the love and stable mind we have always enjoyed from them especially during the course of putting this experimental anthology together.

Khalid Imam
Ola Ifatimehim, PhD

Kano- Nigeria.
6th December, 2021.
Note from APNETi

The All Poets Network International (APNETi) 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.

APNETi 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 in all its ramifications using poetry as a vehicle.

At APNETi, we believe poetry is not just the soul of society or a bridge for promoting unity and peaceful coexistence, but a potent tool to sensitize people to actively fight corruption. Sure, if poetry is properly popularized and wisely deployed it could serve as a sharp hoe for weeding all forms of corruption in our immediate societies and the world.

For the second time now, APNETi, with funding from CITAD, is presenting to all lovers of poetry and general readers another refreshing, unique and very rich anthology of Nigerian poetry titled Kwaraption. It is common knowledge that corruption in Nigeria has held the nation captive. Nigeria at the moment is like a prisoner in the dungeons of corruption.

At APNETi, we felt coming up with this anthology using the medium of Engausa - a popular sub-genre of poetry presently sweeping the entire vastness of Northern Nigeria, is one sure way not just to offer poets the opportunity to sensitize the citizens to fight against the monster of corruption, but also to contribute in unchaining Nigeria from its shackles.

This goes on to tell you that the APNETi is a conscious and innovative community of poets driven to use the vehicle of poetry in promoting public awareness on all issues relating to not just corruption, but health, peace, democracy, gender, security, youth empowerment and societal development within Nigeria.
and across the world. *Kwaraption: An Anthology of Engausa Poetry* is yet another project out of many to expect from APNETi. Indeed, the APNETi is here to stay to continue offering all poetry readers fresh poetry from its enriched oasis.

For contact, you can reach out to us via this email: allpoetsnetwork@gmail.com

Khalid Imam  
Founder/Curator  
All Poets Network International (APNETi)  
Kano - Nigeria.

7th December, 2021
Note from CITAD

Corruption has remained pervasive and endemic in Nigeria. Yet everybody speaks on the need to fight it because it is undermining the capacity of Nigeria to transform as a modern industrial economy. Government, especially the Buhari regime, claims to be fighting and even claims to be winning the battle against corruption. One of its anti-corruption agencies periodically offers us a performative act in a theater that is the whole country. It regales us of money and property it recovers from corrupt people. It tells us how many arrests it has made (not really about conviction, which has remained abysmally low), it even regularly parades yahoo-yahoo boys (and girls!) and other internet criminals as if their criminality is the biggest component of corruption in the country.

Yet, it appears that with every performance, corruption seems to wax stronger than reducing. Every once in a month, one high profile corruption episode is drawn to the attention of the media, who like the EFCC, enjoys the show and let the drums beat. But after the show, we hear nothing else about the cases or even the individuals. In some cases, they find their way back to their offices, more experienced to perfect their corruption acts. Not long ago, the EFCC itself was embroiled in a controversy involving its key officials, centering around certain corrupt acts but as usual, the music has gone and we are left dry as to what was achieved or the mileage covered in that battle against corruption in the country. While government is often quick to respond to reports of Transparency International that issues the annual corruption perception index (and here I have an over 180-page volume of brutal by the government to the last TI report), it has never deemed it necessary to respond to the three international corruption leak papers, namely the Panama, Paradise and Pandora papers which have revealed among other things, a number of Nigerian politicians and office holders involved in various acts of corruption such as money laundry, tax evasion, illicit financial flow, illegal shareholding in equally
illegal shell companies and non-declaration of hidden assets in their Asset Declaration forms.

Somehow by now, Nigerians ought to understand that we cannot win the battle against corruption by outsourcing it to government, whose functionaries are both perpetrators and beneficiaries of corrupt acts. We must claim the battle as ours and prosecute it by ourselves. Fighting corruption is not the battle of government. Government can and indeed should support but whether it does dependents on how Nigerians strategize and act to fight their battle, and ultimately, the success of the fight against corruption is dependent not on the benevolence of government but on the capacity and agency of Nigerians to act and demand as well as enforce accountability on governments in the country. In this, it means we all must join in devising creative ways of raising citizens to catalyze their agency of action against corruption.

That mobilizing has to send out messages in ways that the citizens can comprehend and in ways that connects corruption to their existential conditions and realities. It is in furtherance of such agency activation discourse that CITAD identifies with and supported the publication of this Enguasa anthology on corruption. While not all Nigerians speak Enguasa (which is the coinage of a specific code-switching language use, combining English and Hausa) many people including non-Hausa speakers find it much easier to express themselves in Engausa than either in English or Hausa. It is our hope that the anti-corruption messages embedded in the various poems in this anthology will go a long way in mobilizing citizens’ voice, activating their agency to act against corruption.

Y. Z. Ya’u
Executive Director, CITAD
Introduction

This Anthology of poems, *Kwaraption* couldn’t have come at a more auspicious time than now. Corruption in Nigeria today has assumed the status of a national identity which we adorn ourselves with like a royal regalia. As a national pride, we covet it, we adore it, and nobody dare deride it. Corruption has become our religion and style of governance. Corruption in the Parliament, corruption in the Villa, corruption in the Temple of justice, corruption in Churches, Mosques and Shrines. Indeed, we so much rever it that we have created anti-corruption agencies to protect corruption and punish those who harbor anti-corruption tendencies.

Of course, corruption has been with us from the beginning of creation, an inevitable human shortcoming aptly metaphorized in the Hausa saying that “mutum tara ya ke”, thus divesting humans of the attribute of infallibility. But corruption then were essentially moral transgressions bordering on greed, lust, ego and temptation, such as happened in the Garden of Eden. Nevertheless, the consequences of such transgressions were severe. There were several admonishments against lust (for power), temptation and seduction as elements of moral corruption. The Bible tells us that ‘If you look at a woman lustfully you have committed adultery’, therefore, ‘Than for one part of your body to throw you into hell fire, better pluck it and throw it away’. Similarly, the Hadith warns women against temptation, telling them that ‘The best among you women are those who lower their gaze in the presence of men’. As for the ego and lust for power, the Greeks have also warned that ‘Insolent words uttered in the arrogant consciousness of power were always heard in heaven and always punished’. And when the people of Sodom and Gomorrah persisted in their lifestyle of licentiousness, God did destroy their beautiful cities by burying them upside down.
In modern times where moral corruption has become the hallmark of progress of the so-called civilized West, have the people not experienced the severe consequences of their conduct? Today, Europe and their surrogates in other climes are constantly being visited by earthquakes, wildfires, furious floods and many other natural disasters as Divine punishment for spreading corruption on the land. Their leaders face humiliation from the citizens who pelt them with shoes and slap them on the face. And now, we have the Coronavirus as the greatest *annobar corruption* that has come to destroy their economy, deplete their already sterile population and expose the inadequacies of their civilization.

These ancient and modern consequences of corruption are enough warnings for us in Nigeria to take a firm stand against corruption. But *deaf, dumb and blind* we keep wallowing in its sludge and shifting the blame to others. It has now become not only a diversionary tactics, but also an escapist strategy to put the blame for corruption on the entire society. That we are all involved in corruption right from the individual, the family, the community to government and all elites, that we are all in one way or the other responsible for the sustainability of corruption. Yes, we are all involved voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or willy-nilly. However, every disease has its origin, and no reasonable doctor will blame the patient for going down with and epidemic disease. Corruption is an epidemic in Nigeria, and like the covid-19 pandemic, which is itself a yardstick for measuring corruption in government, there are those who benefit from this corruption and there are those who bear the brunt of it. This is the message we are getting from these brave, patriotic, young Nigerians who have come together to put up this treasure trove of poetic discourse on corruption as a pandemic in Nigeria.

The anthology comprises of 51 poems penned by 45 poets tackling the issue of corruption as it affects education, health, human development, terrorism and religion, among others. In their critical discourses we are made to understand that corruption...
in Nigeria is not only invincible but also in all places visible. However, unlike the older generation who merely rant against corruption, this young, vibrant, new brand poets do not just condemn it but also take a stand to fight it: ‘We, the young need to rise/Engage ourselves in this fight/To hold leaders to account’. This resolves of the poets is very much in tandem with the call made to the populace by Chinua Achebe in his declaration that: ‘Our guarantee against the worst ravages of a corrupt government is a vigilant populace (read youth) that knows its rights and can feel outraged and say no to sacrilege (brackets mine)’.

In saying NO! to corruption, these poets have fashioned out a language or style of communication that allows for free flow of ideas without linguistic inhibition. The use of English and Hausa simultaneously in their composition, a style known as Engausa, has added significant weight to expressions. This style which is known to text linguistics as code-switching makes their poetry accessible to both the elite and lay readers of their poems. In addition, the style helps them achieve rhythm, harmony and musicality as essential elements of good poetry:

\[
\text{Corruption ya zama infection} \\
\text{Yaduwa yake babu medication} \\
\text{Ya lalata mana nation}
\]

\[
\text{Na fara da sunar Allah the merciful} \\
\text{Wanda a gare Shi we are grateful}
\]

\[
\text{Na kasance ina thinking} \\
\text{Yadda kasarmmu take sinking} \\
\text{Development yana ta crumbling.}
\]

(Aisha A. Zubairu)

The Enguasa style is not only for rhythm but also useful for aesthetics and internal logic. This is evident in the poem “Cutar Zamani” where the poet says ‘I write a poem of Enguasa
While in the poem “Octopus” we find an apt comparison with corruption whose logic is that the invincibility of corruption is like the ability of the octopus to regenerate each time you cut its tentacles: ‘My mind tarstore/e/seeing kasaitataccen octopus/wanda yake instant regeneration/ once you cut one tentacle. Nan take it grows monstrous’. The poem: “Abin Takaici” by Farida Mohammed Shehu perhaps marks the climax of the aesthetics of Enguasa poetry.

At the thematic level the poets in this anthology all agreed to the idea that corruption is a monster that ravages the fabrics of society. Indeed one of the poets aptly describes the corrupt person as a Terrorist: ‘A corrupt kira shi dün ta’adda’. While another poet compares corruption to a plague, a pandemic hence the title word ‘annoba’.

That burden, they call corruption
Bakarannoba, ‘Kwarafshan’
Mai haifar da tarin tension
(The kwarafshan Tree)

In his poem: “Annobar Corruption”, Khalid Imam demonstrates how corruption is more dangerous than Covid-19, proving the fact that it is merely diversionary tackling Coronavirus while we have a more virulent virus in corruption.

Mun bar jaki a gona,
Mun kama bugu na taiki,
The corruption is a real monster

Mohammed Aliyu Mustapha reiterates this theme of monstrosity in his poem “Annoba” by describing corruption as ‘… babbar annoba/ that eats deep into/ The fabric of humanity’. The cumulative effect of this annoba is the undermining of the
very foundation of our nation as graphically painted by Murtala Uba Mohammed in the poem: “Corrupt Nation”.

\[
\begin{align*}
Yau corruption ke ta action \\
Har da ya tafa constitution \\
Sai few kan ce objection \\
So I can’t see future for a nation \\
Paying lip service to corruption \\
More so idan ba ta da direction.
\end{align*}
\]

The directionlessness of the nation manifests in the odious conduct of the politicians, the decadence of the police, the despicable judges without justice, the teachers that cheat, the parents without parenting and the entire gamut of the elites.

However, the poets are not all gloomy poets full of lamentations. Some of them can be both sarcastic and satirical in their attitude towards the corrupt. In the poem “Bragging da kayansata”, Ajuji Hassan lampoons the puffy protruding belly of the corrupt man who,

\[
\begin{align*}
There he stands akimbo \\
Yana kallo kamar barawa \\
Arzikinmu ya tara carrying pot belly...
\end{align*}
\]

The satire does not only end with the corrupt man but also goes on to ridicule the poor who revere the thief and wait at his gate for crumbs and the pittance he gives them, ‘He loves to brag da kayan sata/giving us a fraction hakan mu koma muna ihu/kamar mabarata muke jira kullum at his door’.

Even our national symbols like the flag and the coat-of-arm are not spared from the satirical pen of the poets. They are perceived as symbol of corruption or as shields to protect the corrupt. Hence, Elizabeth Zaphaniah in her sacarstically titled poem: “Soyayyar Corruption” ridicules both the leaders and the followers over their rat-race for corruption, where corruption is
personified as a human with a dangerous disease running away from people so as not to infect them, but the people crave for the disease running the guanlet to catch him. ‘Na yi fama don in gudu/ Amma sun ce suna sona/ Shugaba ne da mabiya/ masu shi da masu nema’. It is at this point that Zephaniah ridicules our iconic symbols as signifying nothing but corruption.

Yaushe za mu shaki iskar adalci mu ‘yan kasa?
Yaushe za mu ga Eagle na fighting corruption
Ba fear ba mercy ba son kai?

On the whole, Kwaraption has raised so many vital questions about the mental state of Nigerians and the existence of Nigeria as a nation. While they do not pretend to have the answers to our problems and the solution to corruption, they seem resolved to fight it doggedly in their own ways as concerned citizens and patriots.

Abubakar Othman, Ph.D
Department of English and Literary Studies
University of Maiduguri
Nigeria.
Note from Editors

Bilingual compositions are not new. There is hardly any language in the world which has remained in its pristine state. Various cultural systems of expression have at one point or the other, either due to acculturation or sheer adventurism on creative voyages, have found the admixture of two languages in art and artistic endeavors both appealing and freeing. It is in this sense that we promote the Engausa poetry genre; a genre which combines the English Language (Eng) as well as the Hausa Language (ausa) in a creative blend that embodies a thought, theme, or body of meaning making and signification. In other words it is poetry which uses English and Hausa as its diction. And this should not be mistaken for Ingausa.

The underlining difference being that while Ingausa is a term for the substitution of Hausa words with their English variants largely due to a limitation of the writer’s/speaker’s Hausa vocabulary, Engausa is a deliberate artful synthesis of English language and Hausa language in all the splendor of their sense making propensities. One is a linguistic weakness, Engausa is expressive power.

Engausa poetry is a different sub-genre combining English and Hausa languages to create a poem that is neither Hausa nor English, but Engausa. To ensure that the new genre is understood and appreciated, a number of workshops were organized by All Poets Network International (APNETi) and a competition in collaboration with GATMEALS was also initiated to promote Engausa poetry. The patronage and participation as well as the creative output that followed were overwhelming. Poets across walks of life sent in poems in the Engausa fold. This was refreshing as it appears that Engausa poetry is a plausible form of poetry.

So, we have an emerging form and we needed an anthology to put it to the test. As they are wont to do, CITAD nominated to sponsor an Engausa anthology as long as it would
be harbored at the utilitarian dock of humanity. They chose the theme of corruption, which in our opinion is apt and timely, to add to the efforts of arresting the menacing epidemic in our social as well as political culture. The result is what you have in your hands; an experiment that we hope would grow bountifully and catch on, as they say.

The contributions in the collection navigate the various vicissitudes of the nature and effects of corruption in Nigeria. Abba T. Shariff’s “Corruption” sets the tone for what is to come. He describes corruption as a “DNA borne multi-faceted beast” which is “Nourished by favoritism, nepotism, /Regionalism, bigotry, greed, deceit,/ Insincerity and dishonesty”. Abdulrahman Nuhu curses the malice in his “Corruption La’ananne”. Abubakar Isah Baba likens corruption to a tick. These introductory poems lead the pack on the sad journey of what corruption has done to Nigeria and why it must be fought and rejected by all means. Aisha Aliyu Zubairu’s poem, “Corruption ya Zama Infection” is a supplication for God’s intervention especially because, as Aliyu Idris aptly entitles, “Corruption Na Tauye ‘Yanci”. Y.Z. Ya’u’s “Sai Maitaimako” projects the cultural consent that we unconsciously give to politicians whom we would rather appeal to for little perks and giveaways than hold accountable for the deplorable state of our society. He seems to suggest that we are all guilty of corruption because of our “tributary economy”, as Prof. Ibrahim Bello-Kano once declared to refer to our sense of entitlement to be assisted by those who are well to do among us.

It is with a double, if not paradoxical, excitement that we present the first Engausa anthology to you all.

Khalid Imam  
Ola Ifatimehin, Ph.D  
Editors
Engausa Poems
Corruption | Abba T. Shariff

Not doing the right thing
At the right time
DNA borne multi-faceted beast.
Taurarwa mai wutsiya.

Nourished by favoritism, nepotism,
Regionalism, bigotry, greed, deceit,
Insincerity and dishonesty.
Like the COVID 19,
Stealthily it infects.

No class, no status, nor age.
Komai cancantarka baka samun
Admission, employment, promotion,
Ko wani hakkinka sai da
Gesture in cash or ‘kind’.

Kwarafshon,
Hantsi leƙa gidan kowa.
Gidan Malami, Jahili, Maikudi, Talaka,
Ma’aikaci ko zauna-gari-banza.

Ravaging all systems and values
Like chemical weapon.
Kickback, over invoicing,
Under-construction,
Fund padding, virement.

Adulteration,
Examination Malpractice,
Falsification of results and reports,
Informants abound.
Justice denial,
Yellow journalism.
The great do with impunity.

Glorified with honours and titles
Like war heroes.

Appointed and elected to high offices.
Paupers now millionaires.
Dare dāya Allah Kanyi Bature.

The Less bear and cherish with joy
Or branded enemies, detractors.
Tsaka mai wuya.
Hercules, Tarzan,

King Kong, Terminator.
Neutralizer, destroyer.
Pulverizes the souls and hearts of fighters.
Ya hana mu ci gaba.

Mun kasa ci gaba.
Mun kasa kassara shi.
Ill wind, blowing us to blind alley.

Ina mafita?
Perhaps, may be, hopefully.
Religious, social or cultural re-orientation.
Corruption La’ananne | Abdulrahman Nuhu

Yau kasarmu tana recession
Sanadin bazuwar corruption
Ba development sai regression
Mun zamo wasu zany nation
Innovation kamar bama iya ba.

Matasa sai malpractice
Basu reading, basu practice
Exams sai dai su yo chips
Sai su tanadi yan stipends
Dishonest dealings mu kira shi zamba.

Yanzu basu karanta textbook
Basu son harka da notebook
In ana lecture su yo jook
Sai yawan musu kamar kook
A nook suke yini ba cikin aji ba.

Na jiyọ wani information
Ko a gun yin promotion
In kace kai, no corruption!
Sai a zabga ma demotion
Conditions bakai reaching ba.

Dubι har sector na'yan health
Rashawa na causing maternal death
Je ka labour ward gun masu yin delivery
Kudin bed ma har da fixed rate
Foul play bai kyale lafiya ba.

Don samuwar patriotism
Da tabbatar professionalism
Dolen dole mu kore nepotism
Ba shi kadai ba har tribalism
Favouritism the biggest aiki na kwaɓa.
Siyasa sai karyar manifestation
Yanzu ba a zaɓe sai nomination
Duk silar la'ananniya corruption
Kashin dankali, we have no regulation!
Agitation muka afka ba ḋanka ba.

In dai muna son revolution
Dole kowa yai correction
Mu hade kai ba division
Sai muce, no more corruption!
Actions follow ba kwarmato ba.
Tick | Abubakar Isah Baba

Just look at yadda muke rayuwa
No integrity kowace kusurwa
Not even in shrines balle kasuwa
Our corruption din ma is over
Tsayi kullum yake tamkar tower
Ya zamo mana problems booster
It causes abubuwa masu yawa
Poverty mai kashe gwiwa
Insecurity mai karkatse rayuwa
Ga misalan scandals nan da yawa
Democracy din ma not completely kosher
Babu tabbas zaɓen we're just hover
Kai! Ko'ina fa kaje da manoeuvre
So sad! Kwaɓunmu ya yi ruwa
Ga students za kaga sun yawa
Education ba shida ganuwa
All our things sun zama mediocre
Malpractice har dasu magic centre
Ita ko 'expo' ta zamo wani showing care
No read nor write sai holewa
Leaders, rulers har ma talakawa
Mun mance wind watau guguwa
Mai hademu greater har lesser
Kunga! Let's us rise mu bar talker
Mu yi against din shi mu kar corner.
Lamentations for a Country | Adesina Ajala

So, when we sit to sing this song kamar kukan tsuntsu,
Mu tuna da cewa:
It is not the country that makes its people
Rather the people make the nation.
We are the villains in this tragic story of a country
Drowning under the waters of corruption.
This country is overtly stained and we still flaunt it as beauty.
Wear it a cologne of deodorants
But our noses still remind us of this guilt.
Say, “Great people, Great nation.”
Say whatever to white-wash this sepulchre,
But for this blight under our finger nails.
Mun san cewa gida da aka gina da yau yayyafi ne zai kwantar da shi.
You see, this is not when to point fingers.
When you point a finger, three others curl at you.
Kunya kamar ruwan cikin rami ne,
Dole sai ya fasa ga kowa in an matsa.
Corruption is the common denominator that divides
Of this land without fractions.
It is the norm like day and night.
Yaushe zamu warke daga wannan ciwon ne?
Wa zai haska fitilar gaskiya ciki wannan duhun baƙi?
Where are the midwives of a simmering dawn,
The ones who will pave way for this yearning
To birth the pantheon lights.
This country needs to be made whole
And set sail from the clutch of corruption
Before it goes for a ridiculous wholesale.
Kuma mun san da cewa no night exceeds the threshold of sunrise.
Kamar guguwa, the sons (and daughters) are rising.
Ma su zuciyar gyarar lalacewar kasarmu.
Muna buƙatar haske, fari kamar dusar ƙankara.
Dirty Pockets | Aisha Abba Haladu

Sun ce mu yi musu riga da wando
Kuma sun bar mu da cin kwado
Ga wahala kamar cin bado
Kwaraption is a deathly sin
Spreading like a wild fire
Torturing hearts and desires
Tattalim su muke kamar sabon kwando
Suna rabar da dukiyarmu kamar taɓabbu

You made our lives miserable
Abun duk ya sukurkuce
Have you ever seen our determination?
Now, we are in full actions
We cannot let you shot against the light

Saboda ku, mun bar karatu
Zama muke sai surutu
And the heart turns to be the slave of affliction
Kamar ana zare rai daga madaci
Dirty pockets and minds
Dole rai ya dinga dacic
Gaiety left us ramar an yi mutuwa
Rayuwa muke cikin talauci
Kwaraption ta yi mana samame
Corruption, Corruption... | Aisha Aliyu Jibril

This is an old narrative of my fatherland
Tatsuniyar gizo bata wuce ta ƙoƙi
A horrible being that has swallowed all glories of my land
Haka yake bashi da halacci.

I heard it is what hinders us from reaching the moon
Bashi da takamemiyar kama ko kuma inganci
It may be gigantic or just a teaspoon

Amma akwai shi da lalata, ga zaki kamar algaita
It is an ugly bully demolishing our society,
Stealing integrity and honesty
Bashi da albarka, haramcin shi ya tabbata

Oh you poison!
Why did you inject our leaders?
Har likitoci baka bari ba
Mace, yaro harda babba

You are an emotional cancer
Yana da hadfari gashi da santsi
We need to avoid it, that’s the answer
Mu kauce masa duk rintsi

It is a monster
Duhu neduk wanda ya bika ya bata
Chase it out of all region
Cinsa ya haramta
Do not rehearse it's scripture it has no religion.
Corruption ya Zama Infection
Aisha Aliyu Zubairu

Corruption ya zama infection
Yaɗuwa yake babu medication
Ya lalata mana nation

Har da harkar education
Sai ka zama corrupt za kaci examination
Harkar ilimi shattered by corruption

Kasuwanci ya zama perversion
Algus ya zama competition
Komai ya zama confusion

Ba harkar kudī ne kawai corruption ba
Wani kwalba zaka bashi satisfaction
Burin kowa ya samu satisfaction

Allah Ka gyara mana nation
Ka kawo mana mai yakī da corruption
Ta hanyar addu’a da election.
Bragging da Kayan Sata | Ajuji Hassan I. (Amin)

There he stands akimbo
Yana kallo kaman barawo
Arzikinmu ya taracarrying pot belly
Like an expectant mother
Bayan talaka na hamma
Trusting God for manna

Shi ne wallahi,
He loves to brag da kayan sata,
Giving us a fraction hakan mu koma muna ihu,
Kamar mabarata muke jira kullum at his door,
Hoping to get a bite daga tuwon gidansa

Sallah an ce daga Liman take spoiling
Sai dai kuma the fight against corruption
Is ours all in har zamu dage
Sauyi na gari muke fata
Alheri daga zuci yake farawa.
The Oak Tree | Aliyu Musa

Ni Ali batu zanyi akan corruption,
Idan ka so kace demoralization.
Garemu ya zama social vice,
Eating deeply into our systems
Rauni da illa ya yi unlimited,
Institutions sun zama weak
All these, due to rogue deeds.

Contractors, public officials,
Officers a khaki suna da hannu.
Revenue officer koDansanda,
Ruining the integrity of their work
Under-the-table transactions -
Payments dìn da ba a iya sanction-
Theft in government, ruwan dare.

Corruption has deep roots
Like Oak trees ta yankin North America,
Uprightness will save us all
Najeriya kasata ta gado.
Talaka ya kara fadawa kunci,
Reality dìn kasata kenan
Yet, we hope for betterment.

We, the youths need to rise,
Engage ourselves in this fight.

Gwamnati kadai bazata iya ba,
Oops! They aren't even trusted,
Noodles namu ma sun sace,
Not to talk of other resources.
Alas, it's our responsibility.
Combatting corruption
Hath, never been
Aikin mutum dàya.
Ni da kai mu hadà kai
Get our people aware
Enlightened and empowered.

To hold our leaders to account.
Have transparent systems, from
Institutions namu na Legislative,
Shari'ar har ma da executive.
Corruption Na Tauye ‘Yanci| Aliyu Idris

Na fara da sunar Allah the merciful,
Wanda a gare Shi we are grateful,
My Lord wanda Bai nuna bambanci.

Na kasance ina thinking,
Yadda ƙasarmu take ta sinking,
Development yana ta crumbling,

Lamarin is disappointing har da takaici.
Cin hanci Bature ya kirashi corruption,
Yasa mu cikin discombobulation,

Halin da ƙasar take ciki kamar fiction,
Mutum dая ke handame allocation,
Ya bar ma'aikata da ‘yan ƙasa cikin tension,

Suyi ta rayuwa without pension,
Rayuwarsu ta ƙare hopeless babu adalci.

Wannan ɓarakar ta mai da ƙasarmu unstable,
Ta yaya zamu samu rayuwa sustainable,
Tattalin arzikinmu disable,
Duk because of cin hanci.

How can we survive cikin farin ciki?
Stomach da yunwa a ciki,
Corruption ya tauye mana ‘yanci.
We Shall Not Be Afraid... | Amatullah Saulawa

A kullum in nayi tunani da nazari,
We have great heroes a da can,
My question gare mu: shin laifin nasu wa ne
Yau ƙasa is in shamble?

Ko mun ƙasa daukan darasi daga gun su ne?
Cutace da take jikinmu,
Maganin kuma namu ne.

We have laws,
Shin ko muna kare shi kuwa?
Or better still ko mun ƙi bin su ne?

A wani ɓangare kuma laifin namu ne,
Yes, our faults,
If dictators shift gears we bring them back,

Wani fanni na zuciyata tana tambaya ko dai tsoro ne,
Killing our country,
Drowning future, slowing present,
Like pregnant woman,
We don't know what it will give birth to,
Har sai bayan ta haihu,
But we are not late,

We can still be brothers’ keepers,
We can work to lift ourselves,
Muso ma ‘yan uwanmu da abin da muke so ma kanmu.

Saboda wannan ḋasarmu ce,
Gadon mune, hakkin mune,
Sai mun zamto masu kishi da jajircewa,
Sai mun toshe ƙofar gaba da junə,  
Mu farfadə da tattalin arzikinmu,  
Mu tallafi yaranmu,  
Su yi kishin ƙasarsu.

Mu yaki abokin gabanmu  
Corruption to the last.

We should not be afraid to fight for what we own to the last,  
We should not be afraid to rise and be great again.
Cutar Zamani| Ameer Naseer Ameen

In the name of the mighty Creator,
I write a poem of Engausa nature.
Rubutaccen zance sai a paper,
Dadin wakako a rera.
Saye da sayarwa sai da Naira,
To walk in the rain ai sai da laima.

Oh! Aƙasata, corruption ai shi da laima,
Abokanaine tamkar bread and butter.
So we were told wai kar mu manta.
Alhali tuni zukata sun kazanta,
The art of corruption mun laƙanta,
Mun shaku tamkar jini da hanta.

Yara da manya kowa yai kaddarawa,
Wai a ranar da Allah Ya kai damo ga harawa,
Za ya ci, ya yi ɓarna har da ma musgunawa.
Amma fa da shi ake zagin those in power,
His greediness as tall as Eifel tower,
His intentions never good, always sour.

You see, we live in a time when honesty is history,
Talaka, Mai kudi, jahili har malami,
Son kai ya daura mana takunkumi,
We make deals with corruption and bribery.
Misalin Audu mai gonar tumaturi
Who was entrusted in charge of tallafi.
He sold all the free takin zamani,
Supplied to empower all farmers.

A labarin wani teacher ja'iri,
He replaced a student haziƙi,
Da sunan dan wani attajiri
A scholarship dīn magajin gari.
Shi, His Ekselesin zamani,
Ya kwashe kudin ‘yan gari
Ya je neman wata mai kallabi.

Kai! Corruption yakan illata Ilimi,
Ya kuma gurguntarda economy,
Boosting rashin aiki and poverty,
Har ma ya rura wutun insecurity
It destroys us and our society,
Throwing our future into a jeopardy.

Tau, Yunwa dai ba a mata lahaul,
Wannan zance nayi da Engausa.
For a change ai duka sai mun zauna,
Mugun hali duka mun sauya.
Inda corruption ya zama cutar zamani,
Gaskiya tsoron Allah su ne magani.
Like a Thorn in our Shoes | Basheerah Adams

Have you seen a nation drop to its knees?
Mine has bowed to corruption
A vice so strong
It destroys everything in its path
It came into the picture
And left us broken

I thought the wise man said
Muna samun sauƙi ne kawai?
But how can we deal with this wave in our midst
Like a thorn in our shoes
Pricking on our progress

Tashi, ci abinci, yi barci
That’s Mr. Ahmed’s routine
Where’s the hustling spirit?
Ya rasa kwarin-guiwan yin aiki
This was never an option
But the wave got him too.

Yaseer dreams of a life
Where his maid gets justice
An elephant lie!
The harsh reality remains
Idan baka da arziki
Kai ba kowa bane.

Where’s that happiness you feel?
From the lives you've destroyed?
Octopus | Basheer Adamu Gobir

My mind ta tsorata
Seeing kasaitataccen octopus
Wanda yake instant regeneration
Once you cut one tentacle
Nan take it grows monstrous.

My society yana lalacewa
Mallamai custodians of morals
Corruption ya zame musu way of life
Suna koyar da cheating
Instead of mentoring and tarbiyya
A kasuwa da ofis and fields
Kowa son rashawa and bribes
Everyone sai son kai
Sun zama societal menaces
A nation ya kassara!

Sai nayi bribing mum
Then settle Mallam and papa
The world ta zamo min bleak
Babu masu gaskiya at all!
There's no part d'in rayuwa
That corruption yau yaki raguwa
His children sun mamaye al'umma
His grandchildren sun addabi kowa
Teacher likita soja da ma police!

Corruption ya canza mu
We've turned against each other
Dole ne mu change our worldview
Or we become perpetual slaves!
Yaki da corruption
Must begin with me and you
Mu yiwa kanmu fadà.
To rescue our ship
Kafin yai capsizing!

Choice namune a yau
Between progress and backwardness
For sure change begins from ni da kai
Tare da taimakon Allah our Lord!
A Sick Mother | Bashir Abubakar

Yin gudu akan gwadaben tsira
A runner can stumble with destiny
Tuntuɓen da ka iya zama kamar sara
Andleave a scar in the runner's progeny.

Yesterday, our mother was thirty
Sai tasha wani gurbataccen ruwa
So sweet, but quenched her thirst
Ashe zakin gubane mai bugarwa.

Today, she was diagnosed sick
Gashi ta shayar da mu baki dāya
With breast-milk that made us hicks
Idanunta sun zama kogi nasu, sai zubda kwalla.

Our mother needs the words of prayer
Saboda zafin ciwo ko tasamu sauƙi
But, the venom stirs our thoughts
Don harshenmu da dandanon zaki.

We believe that we are sick too
Amma mun dâu kansakali maimakon magani
Against our nest and blame our mom
Duk dacewa hantsi ya karato.

We are on the edge of the journey
Gashi alkukinmu ya mutu
How can we finish this journey?
Dole sai musamo kyastu.
Soyayyar Corruption | Elizabeth Zephaniah

I
Soyayya guban zuciya
Na sha na bugu da wuya
Riƙon amanar shegiya
Da dadī a baka, da wuyan aikatawa

Nace ina sonsa
Yau kuma zuciyata tayi tsatsa
Ban da tabbcacin abin da zan faɗa
Ba ta yi gaba ba, kamar ban motsa ba

Shekaru suna karuwa amma ban girma
Ba cin gaba sam sai na cin hanci da rashin zaman lafiya
Ni ne corruption the chains against your progress.

Na yi fama don in gudu
Amma sun ce suna so na
Shugabane da mabiya
Masu shi da masu nema.

II
Yau azaba ta same mu kamar budurwa da gaye
Muna faɗawa cikin ta kamar yara a maye
Neman muyi barci kamar kaji don ta yi mana fyade
Mu ne ‘yan gari amma kullum gudu muke kamar biri

An nada ku don tsare jama'a
Amma kuna yi ga wanda kuka ga dama
Kar fa ku manta, you are not to police only the rich,
You are to secure the cities and villages for all
Take no bride from any- rich and poor
Yaushe zamu shaki iskar adalci mu ‘yan kasa?
Yaushe zamu ga Eagle na fighting corruption
Ba fear ba mercy ba son kai?
Abin Takaici | Farida Mohammed Shehu

I am Nigeria! Once a beautiful nation
Blessed beyond imagination
Abin takaici yau I bleed as a nation
My children have destroyed my foundation
Engaging in all forms of corruption
Corruption yayi jijiya in every institution
Yabi jini da ɓargon most of the population
Masu kishi are mute for fear of suspension
Expulsion and even assasination

Mtseww!
Some politicians sun yi kaca-kaca da ni as a nation
Wai yau ni ke neman aid from a foreign organization
Ina rokon ‘ya’yan da na raina su bani donation
Abin takaici ace there is no money a account din federation
Sun kai ‘ya’yansu kasar waje in pursuit of good education
Leaving our schools in severe stagnation
Ko ciwon kunne suke zasu tafi kasar waje for medication
At times har da hospitalization
Leaving my hospitals without machines for investigation
Da sunyi hutu phewww sun tafi abroad vacation
Leaving me with no places for recreation
Diverting public funds in foreign denomination
A gida da waje sun mallaki tafkeken mansion

Mtseww!
They have ruined me with massive importation
Gashi talakawa find it hard to engage in local production
Saboda they are in power they don't pay taxation
Buying posh cars despite the inflation
Leaving me with a crippled system of transportation
Kullum cikin yin dinki don basa repetition
Samsam fa basa jin radadin recession
Wasu kudin mafa suna samu ne through extortion
A fannin stealing da karbar bribe to fa sun iya calculation
Duk sanda aka fitar da kudafe for any intervention
It is a celebrated moment for diversion

Mtseww!
Su ne gaba wajen samawa ‘ya’ yansu manyan aiki on graduation
Da kayi magana sai suce ai suna da qualification
Karyane kawai suna dai da connection
Automatically employed without application
And always on the list for promotion
Saboda nepotism ya samu strong foundation

Mtseww!
Wai inadun talaka mai distinction?
Sai dai iyaye su hada masa contribution
Ya nemi sana’ar hannu cikin rana as occupation
Wato talaka baya son office with air condition?
Duk da wannan cutar talakawa nake basu standing ovation
Wai yaushe za su gane cewa suke bata mana nation?
Philanthropist Na Gangan | Fatima Zubairu Hamza

Barazana ta đan ta’adda,
Bata mai da shi gwarzo,
A corrupt kira shi đan ta’adda
Unlocked hundred millions.
Bullied rook, towards uterus,
Took seat; roomy at ovum.
Yet won; with no eyes, hands, feet ko head.
Yet won; with no road, menu, chapter ko licence.
Traced all; with no more a single bid than.
Woeful; worthy of all fist.
Danger; a residue conjugate.

Kuma afterwards he got to walk,
Got a gun full of bullets.
Got vision, decorated in balls
Got recipe,built on soils!
Gaula kuwa har da dolo,
Talalar da kamar ta saki,
Ta laburta a yau da gwalo.
Karshe tumɓur ta tuɓe,
Kurmus fikira ta ṫone,
Where are those arms a dubu?

Destablized Mr. Desperateness,
Ban da ma santsi na government,
‘Daura bokanci ga dough ma,
Sassaƙar greediness har ila yau,
Har dakon lobbying a loving,
Bargon nauyi da kaifì,
Sun lullube duka sassa,
Kwari na kaya ka keto,
Sarewar fari ka buso,
Luxury castle ka ruso.
What has it deposited?
Where is wind restricted?!
Half loaf is better than none.
How crunchy is the monster?
Buhu na aya da tsakuwa,
Ba su jima kan hakura!
Zugar cigiya desert it!
Philanthropist na gangan,
Ko a baubaucin tasono.
Baya bin hanci ya cinye!!
The Kwarafshan Tree | Fatima A.Y.M (FAYM)

With heavy hearts and saddened minds
Idanunmu ke viewing various kinds
Of rayuwa in diverse lands...

Yau duniyarmu is devoid of zest
With our East turning to West
Weighed down by a burdened chest

That burden, they call corruption –
Bakar annoba, 'Kwarafshan'
Mai haifar da tarin tension

Leaving marks so indelible...
Nay! Abin ya zarce fable
But al'umma ke likimo cikin bubble!

While glorifying certificates even if fake,
'Sabitecture' are sidelined in their wake
Yausha za mu farka for God's sake?

Kwarafshan has become gama-gari
Wutar gobara mai kona gari
Kuma miki mai haifar da kari
From schools to glossy offices
In homes and societal recesses
It announces its presence in many faces

Breeding hardened hearts, merciless souls
Scrawny wolves and hapless foals –
Dejected youth with unworthy goals

Assha! Cin hanci ya zama wasila
Na fafutikar shigewa villa
Har promotion sai an bada dala...
Malpractice in exams and elections  
Forgery in offices and taskokin nations  
Deception even in tubs of lotions!

Kash! Major criminals are walking free  
While unfortunate victims na cikin mari  
Garkâme cikin tasku da dâri  
As the masses languish in talauci  
Experiencing danniya da zalunci  
Da fitinar rurwar wutar rikici  
With scarce resources, little tsaro  
With broken hearts drowning in sorrow  
They look here and there for a hero...

But dear brothers, sisters, reflect –  
What birthed corruption, left us bereft  
Of values, revelling in theft?

Why act as if 'tis a bastard shoot,  
An incredible viral plant without root?  
Kwararafshan bishiya ce, with roots and fruit.

And where else could the remedy lie  
But in ourselves, by and by?  
Let's expel corruption from the low to the high.
Rashawa | Hafsah Ja’afar

Na tsaya ga taken kasata Nijeriya
Kasa mai albarka da albarkatu
Mai attajirai, masu ilimi da 'yan siyasa.

The labour of our heroes past
Have been in vain
Handama da babakere
Wadaka da dukiyar kasa.

Our merciless senioras and senioritas
Reaping the fruit of our labour
Cold blooded fanged beings
Sucking and draining our blood and sweat.

Cin hanci da rashawa shi suka sa gaba
Ko da tsiya ko da tsiya tsiya
Sun kasa,
Sun tsare,
Sun raka,
Sun rabe!

Weap not child,
Our ancestral voices echoed in our dreams
Mai hakuri yakan dafa dutse har ma yasha romonsa
We pray and cry in silence
There's always a light by the end of the tunnel
So help us God!
Mu Hada Kai | Haneefa Musa Isah

Corruption has destroyed my country
Kowa ma karɓa yake yi
Teacher har ma da student
Police mai controlliing traffic
Kowa is corrupt in my country
I am always wondering how to end this
Hausawa, Igbo da Yarabawa
Har ma da sauran dukkan ḋabilu
Dole we have to be united
Sai mun hada ƙarfi da ƙarfe
United we stand and divide we fall
Let’s all unite to end this corruption.
We Chant Change in Chains | Izu-Kings Amadi

When sea gods 'discovered' men
Alone, they basked in care of law
But talakawa locked in cage of law -
Few hands that cleaned their tables
Ate morsels that opened their eyes.

For they ate that fruit as well
They sacked the gods to fly our flag
Munching our cake now alone
Oh siyasa, mulki akwai dadi

We can't breathe
Air is banked abroad
From nostrils in coma
With Honorable Yunwa elected
Crime guards our doors

We sing for change
With explosive hearts
Where wind of change is caged

Running to pulpits
Leads us to devils
Running to guards
Bullet rains on us
Running to court
Naira ruins the wig
Saving hands of school
Caged in dollar terms
Unborn tomorrow
Sold to Dollar-Yuan
In land of cin hanci
Before yaran masu kudi queue for food
Reading begging bowls as books
Their unconceived tomorrow aborted
In Them-ocrathieves elime

Gurbatattun 'yan siyasa
We can't breathe in their care
They aren't doctors but diseases
We chant change in chains

How can we breathe, dan majalisa
In crushing weight of your absence?
How can we breathe, shugaba
In raining arrows of your eyes?
How can we dodge, cin hanci?
In tsunamic wave of your handshake
Freezing flood of your spits?
How can we hear, dan siyasa
In the raucous of your quietness?
How can we live, dan tsako
Where one finger eats for all?
We chant for kyawawan dabi'u in chains.
Let's Change Before... | Ja'afar Mustapha Sarki

Mu ke ji da gani da kau da idanu,
Mu faɗi susani don su saka hannya,
Because I'm a citizen too, ba magana sannu-sannu,
Let it rise on the shoulder of every patriotic citizen
Include you, Amina da Aminu.

Jiya fari, gobe ja, to waya iya sanin halin da jibi zata kunsa
He suffered a lot to survive so don me za a kwace jarinsa...
Hali zanen dutse, ilimi a kullum nemansa ake,
Amma corruption a kullum sai dâda rassa?

My question goes to you the giver and the receiver,
If you know the right thing and you are a true believer,
Give nothing, if possible report, never become a deceiver.

Nasani dawuya,
In baka bada talalamaba kabada tatiya,
Because kana tunanin zakarasa maibaka kariya.

Hmm!
I told you and let me repeat,
Don’t give a bribe, haka shi ne alheri.
Let's change before mai kira Yai kira,
Allah Sarkin Alkalai Yana a madakata
Waiting for the giver and receiver of bribe.
We Have Failed... | Ja'afar Mustapha Sarki

In simpler words Nigeria
Despite the versatility of this nation
The land mass and area
We have failed to show cooperation

Sun ce mu yi zaɓe komai zai canja
Amma kullun kara samu suke cikin danja
Komai yai tsada, har manja da magi.

Da police sun ganka da Naira sun amshe
We come out to protest da sun ganmu harbe
Abin takaici yau the police sunzamaarmy robbers.

Graduates sun zama‘yan zaman banza a lungu
Kasa sai cin bashi,
Ma’aikata ba albashi, an bar su da bashi.

Mu zama ‘yan kasa masu kishi
Yau nai alwash to be “faithful, loyal and honest”
To speak the truth and give no bribe
I call on you all to join me brothers and sisters
Because together we can build a strong nation
With hope, development and aiki tuƙuru,
In mun bar cin hanci
Sojojinmu naSambisa za su yi nasarar yaƙi
All is possible but honesty is the key.
Untitled | Jamila Musa

Ance"Someday, you'd be successful"
Keep going kamar ruwa a cikin teku
Ko sunmanta I'm just a daughter to Malam Tukur
And Babana only sells diesel da man fetur
To unlock rabin'littafin mafarkina'
Dole na baiwa bosses dīna jikina
Kaico!! A lady has to taste life like gidan jahannama.
Remind me akan neighbor na Mattias
Wanda ya zana exams dīn Theater Arts
Kirīkiri his results were chewed before his eyes
Dalilinsa bashida wani da zai tsaya masa
Mai karfī ya tsauunin Minna
Kaico! Rayuwarmu a yau connection ne jari
"Ahaifeka gidan wani or you'd have to know wani"is now the tsari
Son of Ɗantata sai ya mari na Ɗanliti
Fin karfī kura ta mari biri
Azamanin masu grey hair abin alfahari
Graduate na aji 7 aiki was waiting for him.
Report yanuna Sergent yakarbi loma
As Falmata lays unconscious har wata goma
Bayan dān Alhaji raped her ruthlessly a gona
This is Nigeria bawata maganar doka
Alhaji da segent tsautsayi yana akan kowa
Ko bai faɗa kan matanku ba zai faɗawa ‘ya’yanku.
Masu using karfinsu suna cutar mutane
Wear some shame ku bar kwadāyi
Domin shine root dīn zamanku mugaye.
Annobar Corruption | Khalid Imam

Mun bar jaki a gona,
Mun kama buguna taiki,
The corruption is a real monster –
More dreadful than Covid 19
A killer virus it is deep down it eats our nation
Reducing our dear mother
To a mere lifeless tree with wilted leaves
And dead fruits.
Inuwa yau babu samsam
Ko’ina rana ka ruga
Everywhere the ungly face
Of annobar corruotion rules
Slaughter slabs sunan asibitocinmu
A yau ganin likita sai mai Naira
Ba gado ba gado is the song in public hospitals.
In many schools a fili ake satar amsa,
Miracle centers a business that pays
Ta waya da email ake turo amsa.
Petrol stations are extortion centers.
Today, justice is delayed for the high bidders.
Police sai da na goro suke yin operation.
Tabbas, in Nigeria annobar corruption
Is a very big cancer
Rashawa a coci
Rashawa a masallaci.
Wannan masifa ina zata kai mu?
Male and female
Yara da manya na amsar kwarafshin.
Distinguished Hyenas | Khalid Imam

Pretty robbers
Day and night
They scavenge
Ofis zuwa ofis
Cornering all
The juicy contracts
And job offers
For themselves
And their kids.

Hankaka bai da kunya
In broad daylight
Ke maida dan wani tasa shekar
Kura ita ko da gashi
Ko ba yanka na Liman
Sai tai wawa du ta wafce
Vultures feed on blood and carcass.

In our clime
Distinguished hyenas
Suka zare ido a ba su
Arziki nakasa su danne
To build castles
And big malls in Dubai and Asokoro
Leaving the poor that voted them in city – slums
With no water to drink and no good roads
The corrupt globetrotters
Enjoy holidays in Paris and New York
With funds to meant for schools and scholarship.

In our rejected villages
Daga mun koka in silence
Sai ka ji su suna ta kwarwa
Suna kuwa sukance: “Aikinmu shirya doka a kasa.”
Corruption ya zama flood
A kasarmu Ngeriyan
It is everywhere -
Growing branches
In our homes,
Markets and schools.

Corruption destroys
Like an angry storm
It tastes sweet like honey
But it leaves bitter and great matsaloli
Here and there.

Corruption dare ne
Mai duhu duɗum.
Tabbas corruption rana ne
Mai zafi da kuna.
A Despicable Disease | Khadija Muzammil Hanga

Cin hanci da rashawa
Where exactly are you dragging us to?
Ledears and the led duk kanwar ja ce
What gain is there duk mun zama daya?

A despicable disease
We all know
Amma ina!
Selfishness and kwadäyi
Flooded our zuciya.

Masu yi sun san kansu sarai
Yet they scowl
When you don call them Honarabul
Son abin duniya dai!
But duniya budurwa ce to a fool
Kuma duniya dai…
Nan gani nan bari.
Write it Down | Linda Mustapha

They are the big shots,
Enriched from many years of pilfering
Monies from our treasuries and from our taxes
They go about reducing people’s dreams
And tell us they are on top of the matter

But:
Suna ta danna set
Suna ta danna lambar, suna ta tafa hannu
Amma ba wanda zai rubuta!
With monies swallowed by snakes, lions and baboons
The politicians make an oath to rusticate bought votes
And coerced hands

But:
Suna ta danna set
Suna ta danna lambar
Suna ta tafa hannu
Amma ba wanda zai rubuta!
We ask them to write it down
What they have stolen and what they have given
Why we are forced to live poorly
And why we cannot live large like they do

But:
Suna ta danna set
Suna ta danna lambar
Suna tafa hannu
Amma ba wanda zai rubuta!
The larceny is deadly
Now they kill without remorse
And tell us we are ungrateful
We called, lamented and pleaded
Amma ba wanda zai saurare mu!
Buhu Buhu Iskanci | Linda Mustapha

I am saddened
Confused and displaced
My take home pay, a ridicule
My counselors all a conglomerate of clowns
Turning in and out
Buhu, buhu, iskanci.

I am clipped by their impeccable fallacies
Which profess elegant leadership and daunting programmes
That sharpens their corrupt minds and manipulating hearts
Just so they can hand us
Buhu, buhu iskanci
Wayyo Allah na!
Me and my people will die of hunger, hatred and tunani
For believing in them and their manifestos
Not to talk of their za'kin baki
Which has made us slaves to dying morals
We say no to irreconcilable tenets
Transported in several bags of iskanci.
Yours and Mine | Madinah Abdulsamiu

The political thuggery spoils our Arewa,
We abandon the core values of being ‘yan’uwa.
Empowering youth’s with weapons a maimakon aiki.
Who would change the change when the change bama namu bane?
Who would do the talking in ban da ni da kai.
Who would end corruption, in ba mu ba?
Ganmon Korufshin | Madinah Abdulsamiiu

In the land where everyone embraces kanzon kurege
The family where heads choose zaman lafiya ko ci gaba?

KORUFSHIN is a demon...
Sucking into oceans of wasted blood, tears and sweat
Mumbari ne na kura,
Gininsa banza ne har da wofi.

Like Bacteria a giginya,
Deprives heroes and idiots of peace,
What are we to do?
Lokacin kisa...
Nau'i daya,jini har da fata?

Korufshun burning hunger ce,
Korufshun deep rooted oak ne,
Korufshun immediate Lucifer ne.

We talk of democracy.
Har freedom don hypocrisy.
When men still kiss bribes.
When religious leaders are depraved.
Schools and hospitals now in shamble.
Duka suke malpolitics?

Korufshun is dishonesty
Korufshin is fraudulent use of power
By rogo da gyada that captures more power.
Oh Corruption | Maimuna Awwal Kuta

White as snow, red as rose
This world was a platter of gold.
Stories untold, slowly unfold
Innocent kids of old now kings so bold.

Oh Corruption!
Is this you?
Can’t you see how you have been spinning us around?
Ka daɗe kana hana mu cigaba.

You are a foe to my country but you seem to be famous,
Kasa mutane basu iyawa sai da kai,
You have already become our addiction,
Ga shi babu wani abu mai kyau tattare da kai.

You have made us completely dishonest,
Kasa wasu cikin jin dadi, wasu kuma na wahala.
You are the virus we think has no effect on us,
Amma ga shi ka daɗe kana bata mana zuciya.

Oh Corruption!
You run through our veins,
You have eaten so deep, and you are now a way of life.
But it is never too late to stand against corruption,
With transparency as a dynamic change agent,
With the last stroke of my pen,
Ina fata corruption ya zo karshe.
Har Da Ni | Maryam Bappa

Har da ni wadda na amshi kwangila,
Domin amfani, a gina maku sabon gida,
Instead I built a mansion, to house my wandering cows,
With no conscience to question,
My reasoning (the size) of a mouse.

Har da ni wadda naketa shari'a,
Aka yi magudî, muka zubar da kuri'a,
Every day you shed a tear, I am to blame for it,
And all that you have to bear, not knowing what to eat.

Har da ni wadda na rufe idanu,
Na karkata tsani, don hawa kan alamu,
Had I not put much water, into a leaking pot,
I would not be that daughter, who had to abort.

Har da ni wadda na boye shinkafa,
For price to shoot to the moon na siyan super atamfa,
My greed had put a rifle, between a father's eyes,
By one who could not stifle the rolling of death's dice.

Har da ni wadda na sa fuska biyu,
Na toshe zuci a yayin da take ihu.
Unknown to me she had lost, so much more than her pride.
"My beauty is now all rust', said an intended bride.

Har da ni an cuce ni nayi shiru,
Domin tun kafin ni an yi dâya anyi biyu,
I am waiting for my turn to be at other end,
So that I could be reborn as a chameleon's blend.

Har da ni a cin hanci da rashawa,
Na saida imani a can hanyar Bashama,
They now perceive my salute as a backstabbing poke,
And long to be in pursuit of a friend turned to a joke.
On My Father’s 61st Rebirth | Musa Adamu

Upon this day  
In the early hours of October  
I journeyed back home  
To witness the “auspicious” celebration;  
The rebirth of my father  
A kowane shekara  
A wannan ranar  
Yakan bamu labarai  
Akan kowace tabo da ke jikinsa

But, on this day  
We were more pained than hurt  
His tales never warm  
Like the rising sun  
Neither were they shady like the setting sun

Amma a wannan karon  
Komai ya yi tsit  
Daga jin kalamansa  
Na rashin amanar mabiyansa  
Da ’ya’yansa a gare shi.  
On this day  
The wealth of my father were accounted for  
From the mystics of swallowing snakes  
Of burning offices upon requested investigations  
Of missing billions of dollars without trace  
Down to a servant owning a billion  
From the moon.

Mahafina!  
A shekarunsa  
Jikinsa kamar na yaro  
Amma zuciyarsa  
Na neman gurbacewa
Daga radadin ciwukan da ya samu
Akan ba wa wasu ajiyar dukiyoyin
Da babu alamar dawowarsu
This wealth
Budgeted for the benefit of all
In providing hospitals, good roads,
Security, standard education, good life for
The masses
All dished by a ‘privileged few’

Ranar farin ciki agareshi
Tazama ranar ba’kin cikinsa
Ranar birthday dinsa ta zama tamkar ta ajalinsa
My father!
A man of diversity in beauty
Coined from a northern Father and a Southern mother
Educated by a Western uncle and
Blossomed by an Eastern aunt

My father does not hold grudges
Neither does he forget
But forgives only to remain peaceful
By allowing bygones be bygones
Upon this day,
We were yet again chosen
To carry on with his dream
If at all my father’s vision and mission are true
Then, upon us is the duty
To unite as brothers
Giving no room to ethnic, religious or regional differences
Yet to foster a new beginning
To bring a cure
Upon this long-aged young man’s
Dying heart.
In all, “Gaskiya ta fi kobo”. 
Annoba | Muhammad Aliyu Mustapha

It’s the cankerous evil
Kuma babbar annoba
That eats deep into
The fabric of humanity
Ta karya kashin bayan
Duk wani ci gaba

It suffocates the country
Zaman tare ta bi ta dagule
It stifles the civil service
Ta shaƙe duka hanyar ci gaba

It distorts political affairs
A yau siyasa ta ɓalgace
Trade and commerce duka
Wannan muguwa ta murƙushe
The social order bleeds profusely

Wayyo Allah ‘yan‘uwa
This matsala defies all
Possible solutions kun ji fa
What do we do to salvage
Wannan lamari kuwa?
The ills of this wicked being
Are multifarious yana yin kaca-kaca da al’umma
Destroying the legitimacy of the state

This development, a ganina begins
At home lokacin da iyaye ke yin tarbiyya
It takes morals to trainƙananan yara
Tun ran gini, tun ran zane moral upbringing is about
Giving kyakkyawan misali to the young
Ka yi karya, ka sha taba  
In the presence of your kids  
Ka kwace kudin uwarsu ka soke  
All these suna ganinka  
What a wrong trainer!

Ha’inci da zalunci dabi’unka  
You never hide it from young ones  
Don me ba za mu ga annoba ba.  
God save us!

Su kuwa yara kankana  
Leaders of tomorrow ake ce musu  
Their upbringing affects  
Rayuwarsu duka  
Including the way they think and do  
Har da leading others a rayuwa.
Corrupt Nation | Murtala Uba Mohammed

Yau corruption ke ta action
Har da ya tāba constitution
Sai few kan ce objection
So I can’t see future for a nation
Paying lip service to corruption
More so idan ba ta da direction.

Politicians take the larger share
Of this blaming
Har da police
Mai grabbing
And judges
For misjudging
Ma su justice irin na jungle
And a teacher that cheats.

Iyaye ma have their share
For being parents
Without parenting
For bending and
For cutting corners
Mai yin hakan is found wanting
Kila ma sunansa wanted
Ya yi endorsing corruption
Ya yi tarayya in a scam.
Barawo Mai Biro | Moses Edozie

Baba once told me a story
About a thief who never left his room
‘Wai a cikin office ya yi sata da pen da takarda. Kash!’

He fell out of love with ‘yanci
And fed himself with cin hanci
Amma Baba shin wane ne wannan?
‘Dan wani gari ne?’

Baba cursed my thoughts,
Said I behaved like him.
‘Ba ka san sunansa ba
Kake so ka san garinsu?’ Ya amsa ni.

It starts by favoritism
Idanan fi son wani
Tribalism
‘Dan garinmu ne

I wonder where this is rooted
Only but one answer I thought.
Tarbiyar daga gida ka fara

When I asked my Baba
‘Mene ne maganinta?’
Only one answer he says.

Gaskiya Dokin karfe!
Ba da Rashawa | Nura Bature

Deep down inside the system there's
Our greatest enemy: corruption.
When everybody sees the bad as cool,
It is hard to make any correction.
Ba da rashawa yana kashe kasa I hope you spread the information.
You've got the information now, it's time to take the action.
Kasarmu babu lafiya saboda fate of education.
Let's fight it hard, let's advance in diamond formation.

Mun san babu kyau amma munata kara mishi flavour.
We wanna be rewarded amma we don't want the labour.
Mun san menene ya kamata amma we lack sense of humor.
They see it is okay but it is not for the real men of honor.
Muna ta karya dokoki kawai muyi ma juna favour.

Corruption is the reason why we're slaves: bamu da freedom
What a shame!
Kukan Kurciya | Ola Ifatimehin

Yau shugaban kasa came to our school
Ya taho da mutanensa a manyan motoci
The roads to our school have been deplorable
Amma don the President was coming
Sai aka gyara, kowa na ta murna.

Ance an sami gold a kauyenmu
The President was there to commission the site himself
So he needed to make a quick stop over at our school
Saboda ilimi aka ce maginin jahilci ne
We were all gathered at the assembly ground.

I saw the face of the President
And I turned to look at our classrooms
The outside walls were recently painted in his honour
Cikin ajujuwa kuwa ba kujeru ba allo
Headmaster sai dadî yake ta ji a sabuwar babbar rigarsa.

Da muka gama rera national anthem
“Great lofty heights attain,
To build a nation where peace and justice shall reign”
Sai Shugaban Kasa ya koma motarsa
Mu kuma aka kadâ mu back to class kamar awakai.

Ance Headmaster ya amshi kudî bai rabar ba
The teachers are looking for him but he is nowhere to be found
School ta hargitse wai the President brought dividends of democracy
Ta tagar ajinmu kurciya tai cara, sannan ta ce:
“Kurrurr Kurrrrr
Hattara, corruption is the new education.”
Corruption a Kasata | Saeed Muhammed Lawan

A kasata ana cinikinmu mukomuna kwance,
Zukatan shugabanninmu sun lalace.

They steal our grocery dry,
Shouting false patriotism on top of our voices.

Ina dan sanda maras kishin kasa
Mai karɓar cin hanci a hannun talakawa.

They sing bail is free amma sai dana goro
Ake regaining freedom from police station.

Harada soja mai shirin kare kasa
Mai karɓarna goro a hannun ‘yan ta’adda.

Corruption eats up our sense of humanity
Korofshon annoba ne, duk sai mu guje shi.

Harada wasu malamaina cikin jami'a
Masu sanko tamkar dattijan kwarai.

They use our daughters’ bridal-blood
To ink pass marks, wayyo! Abin takaici.

Korofshon gobara ce tacinye gida, ta lashe daji
Korofshin maye ne ya dauke diya ya cinye danta.

And panhandlers, whose aim is to shoot
With the arrow of fake identity.

Harada 'yan kasuwan nahiyarmu,
Wai shin yaushe ne zamu bar tafiyar nan?

Perhaps when it takes away our humanity
Bit by bit from our souls.
And when ɗalibai study for hope ba wai
Suyi shirin kwashe dukiyar gwamnati ba

Korofshon ce mafarin matsalarmu
Babbar silar tawayenmu.

A ḋasata talaka ke fatan durkushewa attajiri
Let's light up the night for a better tomorrow!
The Disaster | Sagiru Wakili

My heart weeps
From years ago har yau
Idanuwana suna ta bleeding
Because of the disaster in town.

It is here muna gani
Following us swiftly
Mummuke yake tayi
It's taking us down.

With its kwari na gwiwa
Yayi gini ya zauna
Mun barshi yana ta karuwa
It's taking us down.

Tsokaci zanyi kadān
Illar disaster I stick to say
Ko da hulata za a cire
I must uncover what's in the gown.

It makes something not
When the smile has run
Daga fuskar mai dama
Daga nan he turns into clown.

Ga kwakwalwa brilliant
Ya je e'cole ya dage
His knowledge turned him skilled
But wani yayi amfani da brown envelope

The disaster in this midst
Is not a native but a comer
We have to smoke it in a summer
For goodness of tomorrow's town.
Ya Tara Dukiya | Saleh Abdulmajeed Muhammad

Babubukatar wani dogon labari or a brief introduction
Bari in tafi kai tsaye and make it clear, it is time for revolution.
Against the evil that crushes the backbone
Of every striving al'umma as a nation!
A ko’ina yake faruwa not only in a fixed position!
We seem lost and cannot fathom the cause of the the addiction!

Mu tafi tare sannu a hankali and see if we can
Get out of the confusion.
Muna gani a kullum a kan internet har zuwa kan television.
Tun ana maganar ba kula but yanzu ta zama topic of discussion.
Cuta ce mai munin cutarwa a gare mu ko ba confession.
Illolinta na gurgunta mu, because amfaninta
Even in darkness it's just an illusion.

Ta kai wane ya tara dukiya har ya fara construction.
But a poor boy from a poor background
Doesn't even have a dream to reach his ambition.
Ko ba haramci, kasan hakkin wani ne take caution!
You bribed, an hana shi an ba ka ba cancanta ko irin as an option?
Ka saɓa doka, yet you bribed kana tunanin wayo ko civilization?

Listen my brother, ka san abin da white man
Ya ambata as aberration?
Those in this evil ya kamata a cire a cikinmu as in demission.
This is a call to all as an extension
Because it is a disease affecting not just us
But also the younger ones in addition
Mu gyara don kanmu, saboda yanzu ya rage namu decision!
A Painful Wound | Sufian Ibrahim

My dear country, the giant of Africa mai sani yawan alfahari,
Full of natural resources masu tarin arziƙi,
Plagued with a deadly disease mai kore annuri,
Which has made my country handicapped a mummunan yanayi,
A pleasant demonic dwelling a wani lamari,
It is corruption mai mugun dafi,
Chained in a free pandemic kamar wanda yaci gari,
A painful wound that has been gleefully nursed tareda rarrashi,
Slowly seeping and rapidly festering a gurare mara adadi,
Indeed a sad story mai cike da alhini.

The agony caused by this so called disease yafi zafin yaji,
Cantankerous cancer spreading da yawan kari,
Besmeared across my country kamar nama da ƙazamin yadi,
A sticky plaster in our midst that has hardened
To become a destructive liƙi,
Inflicting suffering mai tsananin zugi,
The effects planted are nothing but mugun dashi.

Bribery has become the order of the day saboda lalaci,
A denounced celebrity only in the eyes of masu azanci,
Cherishing to the blind eyes of masu shashanci,
Beguiled in the form of an innocent hasafi,
Wildly creeping like an unpretentious toshi,
Breeding insecurity which has eaten deep into the heart
Of this country wanda ya zame mana bala'i.

Our leaders relish this detrimental disease tareda zumuɗi,
Blinded by the repugnant smoky opium
Of avarice mai warin hayaki,
Sharply slitting open our reserves kamar da yankan mashi,
Making it linger deplorably da babban huji,
Ignored scornfully kamar banza da wofi,
Left rotting kamar a juji,
Pathetically yearning to be revamped koda da curi.

The common masses are also well versed in the act mai tarin muni,
Like a spell conjured to subjugate honesty a kowane sansani,
The results have left many in poverty and hunger kamar baƙin fari,
Others have left emigrating domin cirani,
Wayyo! The sweet cries you'll hear when it backfires
Tunda an yi rashin tunani.

The unfortunate state of our economy yasa mu rashin jari,
We're very rich yet mune kullum a bashi,
We've turned to a laughing stock out there wasu harda zagi,
We still are not taking decisive steps koda ake mana gori.
This is a clarion call for all a kowane sashi,
It's our collective duty to kill corruption a tsayar da adalci,
Radically disciplined banda gigi,
Taking decisive steps mu tashi,
We won't see the changes we're clamouring for saida yunkuri,
Delaying isn't an option mu daina da jinkiri,
Now is the time mu yishi da wuri,
For a corrupt-free Nigeria inda zamuyi biki, juyi tareda nishadi.
Kwarapshan | Sani Abdullahi Salisu

Tauraruwar kasa filled with albarkatu  
Uwa a Africa mai share gurbatattu  
Rumfa sha shirgi, country mai matatu  
Na man futur, but catch 22.

We are Nigerian, proud we must be, not fret  
To showcase what we conceive here we sit  
Kaikayi a ranmu yake kamar motsin rat  
We need a rest, har muyi barci a net.

There's no limitation to any of our mafarki  
We have a burning desire for our cigaban harƙoƙi  
But Kwarapshan thrives, with unceasing giyoyi  
I'm afraid, tsunami ta shige jijiyoyi.

Every nook and cranny harda mu Hausawa  
Gaskiya a yau daiko ina rayuwa  
Ta zama difficult musamman ga talakawa  
My pen will never dry until ba batu na rashawa.
Kayan da Muka Kwaso | Shafa’atu M. Balarabe

Ita fa rana ƙyalƙyalin baƙin ciki take a yau
Duk mun kwaso kaya
Kamar dasu za mu baƙunci ƙasa
We don't ask of the cupboards of those
Who have came centuries before us
"Ai bani na fara ba, kuma wasu ma sun kwashi abin da yafi nawa"
Our hearts whisper and we abide
Ko dubawa bama yi
Tattalin dai muke ta zubawa
Alƙalami kuma ya dinga rufa mana asiri
Kamar wata labulan sirri
Our eyes are blinded with the glitters of sharri
We have hidden behind the scenes
Lies and deceits
Muke ta zubowa a kunnuwan mutane
Suna ganinta zuma?
Mu kuma musani ruwan dalma ce.
Da zarar mun hau
Shikenan! Duniya ta zame mana gidan disco
Muyi ta kwason kaya,
We dine with them and call them friends
We call them allies and give them leadership over our heads.
Ranar da kuma muka kwaso kayan da yafi karfinmu.
They fall to the earth and bring us down with them.
Abubuwan da muka gina su faɗo ƙasa warwas
Subarmu da neman tsaridaga sharrin maƙiya
We are left with nothing
But the deeds that come with kayan da muka kwaso.
Cemeteries | Umma Ahmed A.

Under the sun
Within earth
We weaved the garden with arrows and bows
Dripping blood
Celebrating cemeteries
With tears and faith
As tomorrow’s light sings freedom.

A kwana a tashi
Yaro da gemu
Amma sai dai Kash!
Kowane bakin wuta da na shi haya kín
Da sannu sannu akan gane
Keta ta gida ta fi nawaje zafi.

Our bows and arrows
Penetrated the target
But aimed our backs
And now we're crippled
Bleeding like a slaughtered cow
Our cries became entertaining
While our pains turned into
The world's great exhibition

Da aka tambayi yaron
Wai shin yaya haka?
Yace daðín duniya ce
Ta tsone min ido
Kuma tambarim talaka cikinsa
Wanda ya je Misra
Bazai so zama a kauye ba
We wandered in the
Devil's den which was once home
With fire in our hearts
Seeking to survive
Wondering when our backs would heal
From the torturous act of our brothers
How would we harvest fruits without the seed?

Yaushe duniya zata kalli
Talaka ta kira shi mutum
Haka zalika zomo
Baya kamuwa a zaune
Our shackled minesshall no more worship
The tune of evil because together
We are a broom.
**Kwaraption | Umma Aliyu Musa**

Mama don’t let kwaraption flow  
It’s stinky mien into your homes  
Dip not into Maigida’s purloin  
Ko reduce kudin cefane, a coge  
Wallahi sibe ma kwaraption ne

Baba income yana buƙatar appreciation  
Kudin office ka rage, ka lamushe  
Lining your aljihu for son rai  
At home ka dulmiya ƙarname cikin iyali  
Eating haram Baba shi ma kwaraption ne

Oga siyasa ta zo, ana campaign  
Dolling out tsaba and stealing the votes  
Sworn in with pleadges ashe duka karya ce  
Mutane sun yi jangwan, hope becomes hopeless  
Wannan ma Oga indeed kwaraption ne

Yara in school duk compromised  
No karatu but wanting to excel  
Failing exams and zaman kashe wando  
Raina sana’a, rashin ambition ma  
Walla hakan ma kwaraption ne

Shugabanni satar kudâde a kai abroad  
Rashin lafiya, an sulale an ruga abroad  
Our hospital groaning, babu kayan aiki  
Ga bayi talakawa suffering at home  
Ku sani fa, hakan kwaraption ne

A kasuwa, a awo an tauye  
‘Yan kasuwa farashi kullum kari  
Rice na wayyo, gero ma na wayyo
Tashi suke kamar gwabron zabo
Rashin tausayin masses shi ma kwaraption ne

A sanya khaki a cutar da mutane
Ci da uniform tamkar ruwan dare
A hanya direba ya mika, Uniform ya amshe
Lallai a sani cin hakkin kasa ne
Don wannan fa mummunar kwaraption ne

From up to down duk an dulmuye
Talaka na badakala amma na zagin leaders
Leaders na cuwa-cuwa in a heartless way
Najeriya na crying da suffering da wannan burden
Wannan cakwakiya ma tabbas kwaraption ne.
Gobarar Daji | Yahaya Abubakar

Babu tantama, babu musu
Kickback has become
An extensively recited lyrical poem
Collusion, clientelism, nepotism, familism
Kai harma da favouritism
Sun zamo mana ruwan dare.

Its scourge had permeated all nooks and crannies
Ofisoshi har gidaje
It has smoothly metamorphosed
Into a powerful and cruel hydra-headed monster
Kai jama'a! Muna wani hali.

Cin hanci yayi shuhura
It ruins opportunities
And creates rampant inequalities
It yields bad governance
'Yancin dan Adam bai bari ba
Shi din ai yardstick ne
Of going scotfree of any crime
No matter how heinous it can be.

It makes people to respect and idolise kudi
Duk sunyi imanin cewa;
Money is the alpha and omega of everything
Kazalika, it has become the heart and center of everything
Materialistic attitude na al'ummarmu a yau
Deceitfulness and complacency nasu
Shi ya tabbatar da haka.

Dalilin kazantar cin hanci
Our economic growth is in shambles
Educational system is trampled upon
Security and health services are grossly abused and have collapsed
Tabbas! Cin hanci is a terrifying cankerworm.

The staggering magnitude of cin hanci
Has ravaged the moral fabric of our society
It is a cantankerous ailment
Wanda ya zamadole mu yakeshi
By pushing a moral war against it
As an evil doldrum
Tabbas cin hanci yau zai karmu
Idan ba mu mike tsaye ba.
Sai Mai Taimako | YZ Ya’u

Da yawa na kiransa Sai Mai Taimako
Because he doles out gifts to all
Who cares where ya sami kudinsa,
Who else really cares ya san adadin kudinsa?
His generosity was all.

On the day the EFCC came for him
The youth were ready to fight,
For him their lives they put on the road
Sun dâu makamai masu yawa
Ku ma sun tare kofar gidansa su da yawa
Ready to kill on his behalf.

And they were told
Ya wafce da kudîn gina makarantu
Ya kwashe kudînsu na asibi
Saboda haka yaransu ba su da schools
Kauyukansu ba asibi ba titi
Now they know the source of his money
Allah Sarki, Sai Mai Taimako.
About the Editors

Khalid Imam, the Festival Director of Nigeria Poetry Festival, (NIPOFEST) is the Initiator and Curator of the All Poets Network International, Muryar Adabi and Sirrin Arziki da Nasara platforms. He is a Kano born postmodernist African panegyric poet, teacher, translator, editor, literary columnist and a multiple award-winning bilingual poet and playwright. He has published in 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 Cetedal of Excellence, The Bird’s Evidence, Hawayen Alhini and A Wise Whisper*. 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 a number of 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 *Poet of the Week* by numerous newspapers poetry platforms such as: *Weekly Trust, New Nigerian Newspapers, Public Agenda, Blueprint*, and *Platform*. And his poetry works 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 APNETi, 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, Rahama Radio, Weekly Trust Newspapers, Blueprint Newspapers, Aminiya, Platform and many others. He is happily married with children and he is based in Kano state.

Dr. Ola Ifatimehin, the Artistic Director of NIPOFEST and Programme Officer of All Poets Network International (APNETi) is a poet and dramatist. He lectures in the Department of Theatre and Performing Arts, Faculty of Communication, Bayero University, Kano, where he currently serves as the Head. He holds a BA, MA and PhD degrees in Theatre and Performing Arts from the prestigious Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. He is a highly skilled stage director and actor. Dr. Ifatimehin is the consulting Head of Research and Education, Arojah Royal Theatre, Abuja. He is also the Chief Executive Officer and Director of Tropes and Icons Ltd, a private Theatre Company. Dr. Ifatimehin is one of the leading proponents of Engausa poetry. He is the pioneering editor, "Poems and their Stories" for All Poets Network International (APNETi). His poem 'Corona Blues' and 'Covid-19' are published in the collection of poems titled Corona Blues edited by Khalid Imam and Ismail Bala. He also publishes his poems on his Instagram page.
The indefatigable editors of this unique and epoch making anthology are at the forefront of a new and exciting poetic “sub-genre”. The Engausa poem, as the eponymous portmanteau English-Hausa coinage shows, is a hybrid, “salad” poetry combining the two languages, often to a great poetic catharsis. And what a better way to announce the arrival of Engausa poetry than through an equally special anthology showcasing the works of a promising group of poets whose works collectively address the cankerworm, which corruption has unfortunately become in Nigeria. While the Nigerian poetry scene is far from being static or boring, this new sub-genre would certainly re-invigorate it. As W. H. Auden says, poetry makes nothing happen, but in this case it would draw attention to the evil of corruption and underline the efforts of how poets are working to bring about a change in Nigeria. - Isma’il Bala, a Poet & Translator

Kwaraption is an anthology of poems that deploys the use of Hausa and English languages as a mixed-common language of the contemporary Nigerian society. The coming into being of this book is a popularization of a genre that has orally been with us, and has overtaken the Northern Nigerian spaces, ruthlessly penetrating all the tribes of the region. Engausa is the language of the future Nigeria since young people are its major speakers. This hybridization of language was imminent as people of different ethnic groups get mixed daily. And that it is coming in poetry form fulfills the adventurous nature of artists to break bounds and create new forms that make human activities solution-based. - BM Dzukogi, Founder, Hilltop Creative Arts Foundation

Kwaraption appropriates the unique linguistic nuances of the English and Hausa languages into an innovative poetic form. This new poetic genre incorporates the aesthetic elements of these languages in a marriage of poeticity. The poems are neither completely written in Hausa nor English, their beauty lies in the inherent meaning and appeal that the reader drives from reading them. Far from its linguistic appeal, the anthology boldly speaks to corruption. Kwaraption is worthy of critical appraisal especially its innovative approach to indigenise poetry. - Paul Liam, Poet & Literary Critic

If they can have Spanglish, we can have Engausa, which is becoming very popular in Northern Nigeria, especially among young people. Engausa poetry has an appeal that may begin to catch on in other parts of Nigeria. - Kabura Zakama, Poet and Critic

Kwaraption challenges our capacity to express an abstract idea such as corruption in languages closer to the people. It is an anthology of valuable metaphors, similes and synecdoche. - Odoh Diego Okenyedo, Splendors of Down Foundation/ AkweyTV
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