

Ali Juju and the 54 thieves

A Poem

It is that time of year
The incumbent strongmen of Africa
Assemble for their grand Jamboree affair
In the City of Flowers
Where the seasons Suddenly fly
Into a magical universe of unseasonable bliss
Light years away
From the epidemic of misery and tyranny
Sweeping the lands and peoples
They lead and leave behind.

It is that time of year
When the godfathers
Of the power cartel Africa Unlimited
Demented monarchs
Veteran despots
Military dictators
Ailing autocrats
Rebel commanders
Revolutionary demagogues
Pseudo-nationalists
Scheming warlords
Rent-seeking opportunists
Megalomaniac usurpers
Ethnic supremacists
Tribal chauvinists
False prophets
Fake democrats
Predatory conmen
Flock to the Illusions Capital of Africa
And pack the soulless corridors and haunted chambers
Of the hermetically sealed Africa Hall
Peddling the peculiar and lethal pan-African leadership
fetish
That has kept the cradle of humanity and its teeming masses
In perpetual anomie and bondage.

This year
The lords of intrigue
Flanked by mercurial aid lords and vulture capitalists
Gather in the Machinations Capital of Africa

For yet another malefic spectacle
Of the linchpins of oligarchy and kleptocracy
Proclaiming a rapturous, clinical, clean break
With the lucrative rackets
And privileged patronage networks
That keep their decadent, rat-infested dominions afloat.

In this special year
The 55th anniversary of the long-tailed calamity
The master weavers
Crown their landmark 30th Union Summit
With a bizarre episode
Of the one thousand and one night African beauty
Featuring the mega thriller
Ali Juju and the 54 thieves.

In the Africa Unlimited scheme of things
A dark, deeply entrenched Orwellian cabal
Holds sway.
Sovereignty is majestic void
Predation is power
Tyranny is liberty
Bondage is freedom
Poverty is progress
Violence is peace
Reign of terror is rule of law
Humiliation is dignity.
Beautiful Africa blossoms in gore and despair.

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