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## Tale of a Survivor

(September, 2020.)

Samson Kefas Galadima

Our compound,  
Which was once a playing ground for kids  
Is now a memorial park for martyrs.  
A compound which was once the Garden of Eden, Now fumes with blood more than  
an abattoir.  
Our hamlet which was once a home of heritage and hospitality, Now lies prostrate  
in ruins and hostility.

Our farmlands, that once secreted milk and honey,  
Now gushes with the blood of saints like water from a stream.  
What if I told you that our strong walls  
Where our beautiful artefacts once hung,  
Have now been replaced with photographs of martyrs?

Helplessly I watched as the demons of destruction  
Raped and robbed our land; Stripped down our sisters  
And feasted on their pale chocolate hymens.  
I watched keenly as they robbed them of their pride  
And imprinted on their souls indelible scars.  
With fluid dripping down my cheeks,  
I watched with untold horror, trepidation froze my fists  
As they left death and destruction in their wake.

I felt bludgeoned with agonizing trauma  
How sacred life has become immaterial makes me wonder  
Witnessing how our age-long museum and historic fortress  
Is now reduced to fractions of broken clays makes me restless  
My throbbing heart bleeds hearing the bleating of goats  
And the snorting of pigs which was once  
The tradition of cockcrow in my village  
Now stifled by the grunting of vultures.

Was I spared to tell the rest of us  
That the butcher-birds are not done preying yet?  
Was I spared to tell the world that  
Their second coming will be worse than the Rwandan genocide?

My tale might never appear on a newspaper headline;  
My story might never draw the ire of my fellow compatriots  
And I know my tale seeking for justice may never be addressed  
By our insensitive leaders in the corridors of power  
Nor a takeaway for those under the scorching bower.

If you can read this tale, hear this:  
Today, you may hear the rattle of gunshots rocking my neighbourhood,  
And tomorrow, it might be the hail of bullets raining at your doorsteps.  
Speak now or never because genocide is never a comic punch line.

#EndGenocideNow  
#EndBanditryNow  
#EndBokoHaramNow  
#Pray4SouthernKaduna  
#Pray4KatsinaState  
#Pray4BornoState  
#Pray4Nigeria  
#Pray4MiddleEast.

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