

To Tokunbo Ajai

Of NTA News & Current Affairs

*You would be amazed to know
how suddenly I had to make a
volte-face in life soon after
death's unwelcome ill-winds
blew across your path and swept you off,
ruining the grace which your winsome
appearance used to lend to the
austere boredom that the screen of my
black-and-white JVC TV could offer.*

*A late but elaborate supper I was
about to enjoy that night when the shock of it
hit me real awfully from the news at nine,
like a ton of hard-baked bricks carelessly
dropping from the skies.*

*Hence all the choice delicacies
had to be feasted upon by flies and
wriggled into by worms the following morning
because your last "good night",
as replayed several times on the screen,
really badly soured my appetite.*

*That last "good night" of yours meant that,
for ever and aye, we have been bereaved of
your worthy, charming, treasurable presence.*

How cruel!

*For the first time ever in my wild, upbeat life
I missed a groovy night party in town and*

*I slept in fits and seizures on the floor,
rapturous in cogitation amidst
sobs, hiccoughs and sighs.*

*Abike Dabiri was deadly grim and
inert on News Line the following Sunday,
while Yusuf Addy only managed to
put on a show of manly ataraxia.*

*Cyril Stober was a ghost in grief, and even my
wilful cat felt the gloom in the air but
she went out and came home pregnant.*

*These days I fondly think of you at least
every 9:00 p.m. and I remain so (very) unstrung:
I expect me to die suddenly too!*

*Friends have said I won't die though, but I have
(already) written a poem for my epitaph anyway.*

*I have also lost faith in many of
the funs of youthful frisks now, and I've again
gotten hold of vestal Religion.*

*I even went to church on Sunday, then visited
the electronics stores on Monday so that
I may have the opportunity of seeing your
final interment in full colour on the screen of
the new colour TV I bought.*

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