

Obododimma Oha

Englishes & Englishes

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New leashes
Holding the old admirations
In a carnival of identity

Prospero's magic still prospers
On the tongue of Caliban
And Crusoe reads his heroism
In the last sentence of his Man Friday

Here, in the Bight of Biafra & the Bight of Benin
You can catch the shifting colours & sounds & smells
Of a traveling tongue

What if privilege becomes *priviledge*
Ds are not for dogs alone
And could be smuggled into any word
That opens her legs wide

English is too English
For the non-native looking for *accomodation* in the queen's backyard,
For double rooms in long words are costly pleasures

Can he add some salt, some pepper
To his exotic speech,
So that you can swallow a mouthful
Of *pronounciation*?

English is too English
In a Lagos *garage*, where travel touts,
Repair your attitude with a brilliant abuse.

If you get cross anyway, do not head
For the zebra crossing,
For the best drivers like *bushmeat*
And can't see what business zebras have
With the tarred road

Now you say I am *running my mouth*

Leave what is written on the *motor* and enter the *motor*
After all, you cannot *hear* the smell
Of the driver's teeth
Unless you are *seating* near him