

## Poems

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### **Justice is Dead**

Justice died last night  
In the cold weather  
In the lonely night  
In his kennel  
And the rodents entered freely  
How are the mighty fallen!  
The criminals are back  
No more respite for the poor  
The hope of the masses is gone  
We are naked  
And we are doomed  
Your teeth were soothing on my body  
But deadly on the scoundrels  
Your claws were calmly on my hands  
But lethal on the criminals  
You caressed me with your tongue daily  
And tortured my adversaries with the same  
Your presence was reassuring  
But frightening to the intruders  
Your barking made them flee

But your barking ushered me in like a king  
The hunter has been hunted  
Justice is gone!  
Your furs were fluffy  
But now you are gone forever  
No more wagging of your tail  
Who will now eat the bones?  
Justice died without a single child  
To succeed you in the Ministry of Justice  
My warrior, defender and companion.  
My friend!  
Good bye!

## **Thank You Lord For My Cross**

Thank you, Lord for the cross that you gave to me to carry.  
When I look at the cross of others  
I thank you for my own  
Even though I carry mine with tears  
Others have no more strength to cry about theirs  
Thank you, Lord I still can cry.

Thank you, Lord for the cross that you gave to me to carry  
When I look at the cross of others  
I thank you for my own  
Even though I sometimes faint carrying it  
Some others have died while carrying theirs  
Thank you, Lord I am still alive to carry mine.

Thank you, Lord for the cross that you gave to me to carry  
When I look at the cross of others  
I thank you for my own  
Even though my bed is wet every night with my tears  
Others have no bed to soak their tears  
Thank you, Lord for my bed is big enough to hold my tears

Thank you, Lord for the cross that you gave to me to carry  
When I look at the cross of others  
I thank you for my own  
Even though you comfort me when I am weary  
Others have no one to comfort them  
When they are discouraged.

Thank you, Lord for the cross that you gave to me to carry  
When I look at the cross of others  
I thank you for my own  
While others are lonely carrying theirs  
You are always by my side  
Even though I do not see you

Thank you, Lord for giving me a big cross to carry  
And a big head to lift it

Thank you, Lord for giving me a black cross to carry  
And a black skin to match it

Thank you, Lord for giving me a long cross to carry  
And a long arm to embrace it

Thank you, Lord for giving me a heavy cross to carry  
And a strong spine to raise it.

**Jide Ajidahun** is a professor of comparative literature and dramatic literature at Adekunle Ajasin University, Akungba Akoko, Ondo State, Nigeria. He teaches in the Department of English Studies of the same institution. He was formerly head of the Department of Performing Arts, Adekunle Ajasin University, Nigeria. He is a poet and also a playwright. He is the current editor of the Literary Scholars Association of Nigeria's journal; member of the English Scholars' Association of Nigeria (ESAN); member, West African Association for Commonwealth Literature and Language Studies (WAACLALS), and a member of the Society of Nigeria Theatre Artists (SONTA) among others. He is also an alumnus of the Galilee International Management Institute, Israel.