

What is freedom but a mere slogan and chant?  
What is freedom than a device to propel mob attacks?  
Your salary and sweat, the government collects through tax,  
You live fake lives just to maintain a certain class,  
All your private information is stored on facebook, twitter and credit cards.

We wear other people's names to have a name,  
Rate ourselves by the price tags of our wrist watches and mobile phones.  
Exquisite designs, persian rugs and sophisticated gadgets we have in our homes.  
Hypocritical smoke screens to cover our pain

The plant of freedom is watered with the blood of the innocent and gullible.  
But its fruits are for none but the elite few.  
It is like the fog that accompanies the morning dew,  
A facade that hampers an objective view

They say revolutions are voice of the people,  
Breaking the shackles of the oppression and evil,  
But power never went to the people,  
They were nothing but vehicles  
Used and thrashed like tissues  
To achieve the ideas of a ruling class.  
We are slaves to their economy,  
Majority working to feed the minority  
And if your vote counts in democracy,  
How come the party chooses its candidacy?  
If education liberates the mind,  
Who decides what to teach you and I?

Gender equality?  
Nothing but a plot to rob your homes of matrimony.  
Women are now bread-winners,  
Men are now content with being baby-sitters.  
Christianity has bred more enmity  
Than Christ made on the way to Gethsemane.  
Islam with the promise of virgins  
Has turned young men to terrorists.

If your religion is the only way,  
You need not venture on jihads and crusades,  
I would not have a different face and we would speak the same language.

We are born free but move in chains,  
Strung to baggages of Deep-seated notions.  
Fed to us by agents of socialization and acculturation.  
Entrapping us further like rats in the rat race.  
What is real about reality tv?  
Are tragedies, kidnappings and bloodsheds the only news in the evenings?  
The modern definition of beauty is slim,  
Characters and values we have thrown to the thrash bins.  
Feeding the dogs, roaches, rodents and vermins,  
I guess that's why they don't indulge homosexually.

Freedom

Is this what Sekou Toure fought for?  
And why the Libyans are at war?  
The reason the motion was moved by Enahoro  
And the very same promise given by Charles Taylor.  
A Liberia where a diamond is worth more than a child,  
A Nigeria full of religious wars and ethnic strifes  
A Libya that America has made blind  
Or a Guinea that has not recovered since the poet died.  
Freedom, freedom, freedom.  
Sent from my BlackBerry® wireless handheld from Glo Mobile.

**Nwakanma Chika**