



LAGOS LIVES

By Wayne Visser

Lagos lives
Seeding and sprawling
Steaming and smoking
Grasping at the shoreline
Gasping at the skyline
Clinging to its oil-slicked ropes
And singing of its toil-stripped hopes

Praise be!
To the God who sets His people free
To the fiery preacher on TV
To the Sunday throng that still believe
Praise be!
To the beggar and the banker
To the fisher and the swanker
To the struggler and the smuggler
Praise be!

Lagos breathes
Coughing and crooning
Swaggering and swooning
Shouting at the winners
Flouting all the sinners
Unleashing hope with soaring psalms
And greasing all the outstretched palms

Praise be!
To the Son who died upon the tree
To the light that makes the blind to see
To the ear that hears each prayerful plea
Praise be!
To the leaders and the bleeders
To the hackers and the slackers
To the hoppers and the jokers
Praise be!





Lagos moves
Churning and chugging
Squirming and slugging
Jamming on the highways
Cramming in the byways
Convulsing to the market mob
And pulsing to the Fela throb

Praise be!
To the Ghost who lit the flame in thee
To the Word of heavenly decree
To the Three in One and One in Three

Praise be!
To the movers and the shakers
To the moguls and the fakers
To the dealers and the healers
Praise be!

Lagos lives
And breathes
And moves
To a rhythm of its own
To an ancient mystic poem
To a purpose yet unknown
Lagos moves
And breathes
And lives.

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