

Wizard of The Two Riles

Poems



Mohamed A. Eno

Wizard of the
Two Niles

Poems

Mohamed A. Eno

Order this book online at www.trafford.com
or email orders@trafford.com

Most Trafford titles are also available at major online book retailers.

© Copyright 2015 Mohamed A. Eno.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the written prior permission of the author.

Cover Design by
Manasseh B. Mukoshi

Printed in the United States of America.

ISBN: 978-1-4907-5677-6 (sc)

ISBN: 978-1-4907-5676-9 (e)

Because of the dynamic nature of the Internet, any web addresses or links contained in this book may have changed since publication and may no longer be valid. The views expressed in this work are solely those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, and the publisher hereby disclaims any responsibility for them.

Trafford rev. 04/16/2015

 **Trafford**
PUBLISHING® www.trafford.com

North America & international
toll-free: 1 888 232 4444 (USA & Canada)
fax: 812 355 4082

Contents

Introduction.....	vii
PART I A WIZARD'S WORLD.....	1
Wizard's Whispers.....	3
Wizard of the Two Niles	4
Ritual Sacrifice.....	5
The Wizard's Morning Ritual	6
The Wizard's Afternoon Ritual	7
The Wizard's Evening Ritual	8
The Wizard's Incantation.....	9
The Wizard's Trumpet.....	10
College of Nilotic Wizardry	11
The Wizard's Twins	12
Wizardry Clientele.....	13
The Wizard's Wittiness.....	14
Wizard of Wizards	15
The Wizard at a Wedding	16
Wizards' Gala	17
The Wizard's Incarceration	18
The Return of the Wizard.....	19
Revelations.....	20

PART II BOGUS CHIEF’S HOOTING HOLE21

Acts Too Insane! 23
Victim of Fortuitous Sights.....24
The Chief’s Hooting Hole..... 25
Sodom and Gomorrah Theatre 26
Inside Senior Chief’s Prayer Room.....27
Empowering the Chief..... 28

PART III LEARNING THE LESSONS OF OUR
UNLEARNING..... 29

In the Spirit of Our (Un)“Shared Values”31
Shabab vs. “Shared Values”32
Imposters a.k.a. Islamists 33
Lessons on Youth Education 34
From Orphans to Army Men 35
“Rescue” Operation..... 36
The Blame Game37
Singing the Same Old Song..... 38
Atrocious Institutions 39

PART IV NOT ALL ARE TOO INNOCENT.....41

A Veiled Samaritan..... 43
Arms under the Veil 44
Smart in Veil..... 45
Venomous Veil..... 46

Introduction

*Ninkii wareegaaw walaa aragee, Wiineey Rooble waa!**

One who wanders (odd hours) encounters surprises (the unexpected) / Oh, isn't this Wiineey Rooble!

A Maay Somali folktale goes that Wiineey Rooble, a young female, was so obsessed with folk dance that she would travel long distances, no matter how late the hours of the night, to attend one of such events of entertainment. In this particular episode, she was woken up in the middle of the night by the faint sound of singers very distant. She sneaked out of the house, tracing the sound toward the direction it was coming from. She was not bothered by either the distance or the loneliness through the forest in which she traveled. As she approached the scene of the dance, she could hear a leader singer/poet introducing the next verse to the singers:

Ninkii wareegaaw walaa aragee / Wiineey Rooble waa!

One who wanders (odd hours) encounters surprises (the unexpected) / Oh, isn't this Wiineey Rooble!

As she came closer, she became stunned by the fact that she was a subject of discussion—not knowing how they could recognize her as she had not informed anyone of her trip. Indeed Wiineey Rooble had to deal with an unusual situation because, contrary to her expectation, the dancers

she had strived to join were not humans but a group of Jinn enjoying themselves away from the vicinity of humans.

In these poems, the imaginary peculiar and the experiences lived comingle in versatile rhythms and rhymes. Whether the anthological presentation of the imaginary or the demonstration of the experiences or whether both were coincidental is a matter for readers to decide, drawing their own perceptions of yet another imaginary tale in which the narrative leads them rather than the narrator. This is because some of the narratives exhibited here are indeed unusual and would require a great deal of patience on the part of the reader to separate what was the original imaginary and what has been encountered as peculiar experience that had disturbed the narrator prior to the narrativization of the odd encounter. On the other hand, the complex world of experience has a variety of underpinning factors: Is the experience in question a lived one? Is it a seen or witnessed reality? Does it relate to the imagery and imagination of the narrator, writer, or author, etc.? Are the observations through the imagination and the subjects of the imagery metaphorical? Or, is the experience an authorial portrayal of a social reality shared or witnessed by others? These, in my opinion, offer a reflection of how a reader/decoder will interpret the poetic narratives expressed in the verses and at their disposal. The aim, as I've done here, is to present to the reader what to reflect on, and the type of reflection, the quality of meaning to be made out of the narrative and narration, is to be left to the reader. This is what I have done in many of the poems in this collection.

* My translation

Part I

A Wizard's World

Wizard's Whispers

The harder the society strives
To erect enviable structures
In knowledge and enlightenment
The more the wizard wanes the efforts
Often in the dark of the night
Many a time he's been a cause
Of the citizens' delirium
Since he has a monopoly
On the incumbent's ear
While wandering in the royal court
He whispers into it for hours
Every word in the book of hypocrisy
So no one is here no more
In this hut we call a home

Wizard of the Two Niles

A frail, skeletal body with shaggy
gray hair,

Hollow cheeks gutted in
from every corner of the face

He comes as naked as an old stick
in a desert –

A stick anguished by the peeling
of its skin eons ago;

At the sickening sight
the chiefs and elders dropped down
on their knees.

Hastily they murmured prayers
Supplications for safety.

As he approached the village
the eyes of the shadowy figure swell
to the size of a fist.

The horror flushed embryos out of
their cozy shelters.

From the horizon spirits stooped out of
hideouts of smoke

and the extraneous male figure fell into fits
A crocodile skin dangled from one shoulder,

a calabash of blood on the head
Human genitals in the hand

And swinging and swaggering from the depth
of his muddy butthole was

A huge ceremonial horn of a rhino.

Ritual Sacrifice

He chewed a mixture of cobwebs and unroasted coffee beans. In trembling hands he held two hens in a tightly knotted bag. He wore a weirdly stitched yellow robe with large pockets up on the chest and on the back. With every exhale he puffed a gush of heavy-smelling tobacco made from home-brewed weird leaves. Then splatters of odorous blood on the doorsteps awakened goose bumps on the inhabitants. Inexplicable inscriptions on the eastern walls of every house startled the residents: a deadly spell of mysterious witchery cast on us by an old wizard from the Two Nile.

The Wizard's Morning Ritual

Like in the snobbish corners
Of Nairobi's Westland
Or the posh quarters of
Mogadishu's new Lido
In the rich environs of
My new home's Utalii Club
Lives a crafty magician.
He licks his feet a dozen times
At every day's dusk and dawn
Solemnly he showers too
With the urine of a concubine
Mixed with amassed saliva
From his adult female child
Infantile in size and mind.

The Wizard's Afternoon Ritual

After every lunch hour he attends
To a date with the call of nature.
At this time every day, he must
Defecate in the kitchen, right next
To a massive pot of hot fish bones.
Here, spirits of strenuous Jinn tribes hold
Their ancestral feast behind a
Smothering oven of human sacrifices
Donated the previous night.
At the peak of the ritual
He dances head down, bottom up
His flailing tiny legs in the air
As he drinks greenish fluid
Trickling down from his hosepipe.

The Wizard's Evening Ritual

Foaming smoke flies out
From a crystal vase adjacent
To heavy heaps of clay
Made of sickly tobacco phlegm

Tiny spirits in curling waves
Crawl from the heavens
Clad in camouflage gear
Amidst cascades of cocoons

The wizard wanes into wild winds
Half an eye popped into the east
Half hinged on the center forehead
Fountains of blood from every surface

A fowl-like phantom falls from heaven
To feast with the host of cannibals
Housed in wizard's home
Who conquer societal calm
Down to the basin of death's anger

The Wizard's Incantation

Upon entering the mosque
He jets out three or four salvos
Deafening heavy rockets
Brand-named Wizardo-Jet-Fart.
The explosion entices
Ghastly spirits into
Dances of Nilotic tunes
In one dance he defrosted
Petrified hooligans, who left
The earth many centuries ago
Only to fathom among them
Himself but in disguise
As the head ghost of wickedness

The Wizard's Trumpet

A trumpet was blown
From inside the house
With no evident signs of life
But a few rabbits and fingers of a hen
Hidden under the mat of a magician
Most disrespected in the Blue Nile.
From the toilet chirped a choked child
Gutting splashes of floodwater
Into every loose end of an alley
Scaring all the humans in the heavy float
Of the trumpet blown from the aged anus
Of the chief sorcerer of the Two Niles.

College of Nilotic Wizardry

At work when he appeared
From the distance one day
Office ware violently floated
In a terrifying whirlwind
Expressionless staff involuntarily
Became deactivated
A disorganized executive rushed
Out of the compound
Went down with distressful shriek
A desolate cry of apology
Senior Nilotic comrades paraded
Chanting with huge rosaries
Hanging down the neck
Glorious lyrics of praise buzzing
For the compatriot just promoted
From head cleaner to head of Faculty
Of Magical Arts and Sciences
At the College of Nilotic Wizardry.

The Wizard's Twins

Waiting for the verdict heightened
communal anxiety
Incessant deliberations consumed
brains of the brainy
Until the chief justice of the baboon
community reaffirmed
The ruling by the judge of the chimpanzee
domestic court:
Exhibited evidence supported
without doubt
Uncle Wizard's fathering of the
mysterious twins
Born to a defendant she-gorilla
a fortnight earlier
Whom he'd impregnated a
decade ago today
In a city of the Blue Nile
dubbed the *Horn*.

Wizardry Clientele

In the wizard's house in Island Village
They discovered a double-tongued cat
With three eyes on the head's back
It becomes white under the moon
And turns under the sun into blue
At dawn one tongue sings
In glory of the wizard
At noon the other wages a war
Of words to the wizard
Till he marries her in the evening

The Wizard's Wittiness

The authorities summoned the wizard one day
To explain about the neighbors' complaints
Of a mysterious scuffle among unseen speakers
Strong smell of tobacco with no smokers in sight

Before advancing to another question
A client of the wizard entered the arena
With a couple of enormous escorts
Who called off the inquiry
On grounds of the alien protection code
The incumbent had duly encoded

Wizard of Wizards

Three voices gossip on a dark rainy night
The listeners remain keen, though quiet
Of a female complainant over a male
Accused of stealing goods unmentionable
But as the moonlight returns
Three figures disappear on the horizon:
The wizard, the chief, and the wife

The Wizard at a Wedding

During the wedding ceremony
The poet's song unravels secrets
Of man-to-man companionship
A vexed wizard sends
A wingless eagle into the air
The leader produces milk
Out of a pregnant male bee
The wizard's wife casts
Disability onto the leader
Citizens stampede out of the town
Houses lay leveled to the ground
Lions and leopards in a long laughter

Wizards' Gala

It was long time coming, spectacularly
We awaited
Locking wed with a wizard's daughter
Waned the life of
Middilu, the crippled groom and crawler
Who'd learned too little in life
He was alerted of the looming tragedy
The devious clans of lepers
Secret gatherings in his courtyard
His oblivion after the first attack
Saw us bereaving his departure
Well prior to his ultimate demise.

The Wizard's Incarceration

Upon extracting its gist
The wizard blazed the scripts
He cursed the rain
For sustaining the yield
He slaughtered a cow
After suckling its milk dry
He attempted to scare off
A host of alien exorcists

He suspended his wife
To elude with a concubine
He exalted white ghosts
To take up the leadership
After the enemies' message
For a duel engagement
And hid the armory away
He advised idiotic followers
To indulge in fratricide
So he'd assume inheritance
Of the abandoned royal court
Unknown he'd wake up one day
Incarcerated in the regal bunker

The Return of the Wizard

Like a nomad's camel in the desert
Wizard of the Two Niles came wearing
Large wooden rings on the neck
Dried shrubs stuck in the lower lip
Smelling like a decomposed pig
Left at the dumpster for days

From a nylon basket on his back
Hung the leg of a pinkish toddler
In the other one in his hand
Intestines were squeezing each other
And he walked stripped along the street
His disorderly genitals dancing and dangling
Before his terrifying belly swollen

Revelations

In the district hospital
Where the wizard's daughter works
Missing organs of the dead
Became the order of the day
Until one day when the corpse
Of a devil worshipper's child
Jumped out of the wizard's bag
Which the daughter had smuggled out
Between the fat thighs under her apron

Part Two

Bogus Chief's Hooting Hole

Acts Too Insane!

Secret that spreads like wildfire
Defies the norm of containment
Leaving its custodian with agony

For, silence prevailed under oppression
Blazes the heart of even the heartless
No matter what the healing process

Disregarding culture and faith
Certainly causes doom to the duo
Who so audaciously did the undoable

Victim of Fortuitous Sights

Many are blamed for not seeing
What they had a duty to do so
Many are vilified for seeing
What they were not to see
Deliberately or accidentally
For the actors of the acts seen
Design the acts to be enacted
And the enforcement agents
Are trained to condemn the seer
Of the unsightly sight he'd seen

The Chief's Hooting Hole

I recall that day and
The scene of the incident
And the sight...
The shocking sight that was
A precursor to my undoing;

Bogus Chief's loose dress
Was turned up
Over his forward-bending head
His hands firm
On a desk at the front
The ugly wizard Frail Gray
Glued to his behind
Bumping to and fro into him
I don't know what and why

The chief groaned and groaned –
Of pain, or joy? I don't know which;
But aimfully Senior Chief responded
To the rough rhythm and rhyme
Of wizardly Gray's body motion.

Whenever the desert breeze
Of the winter evening rode in
With the old wizard's rusty rod
Lo! I heard
Senior Chief's hooting rectum
Like a faulty '50s Fiat Five-Hundred.

Sodom and Gomorrah Theatre

...and the litigant peasant calls
To the academic society
And the learned on the bench
Of secluded Desert Court:
Am I culpable for witnessing
The hideous sight I did see?
Or should you curse Senior Chief
For donating his private back
To elderly Frail Gray?
I challenge the adjudicators of
The Sodom and Gomorrah Theater:
Would you give the guilty verdict
To the coincidental spectator?
Or would you convict of crime
Performers of the ugly drama
In that chilly winter evening
Who acted it in public office?

Neither had Senior Chief a word to say
Nor had Frail Gray been able to show up
As the chief judge ordered recess
To leave a crucial case undetermined

Inside Senior Chief's Prayer Room

Like pictures of ancient Egyptian writings
Unfathomable drawings appear in the royal court
Patterns embossed with congealed blood
Surrounded by large stains of puss and mucous
Over them flocks of hungry flies feasting
And our emperor's servants every other while
Parade earnestly with jars of frankincense smoking
A religious ritual honoring a horned monster
Hanging over the papyrus of the old painting

Empowering the Chief

Across the scene lay incapacitated humans
The early comers for the day's work
The disturbing view mesmerized the cleric
Who'd arrived to de-bewitch the compound
Only to become another victim at the entrance
By the time the paramedics arrived
The victims had disappeared mysteriously
The rest recovered from a temporary hypnosis
The wizard very active in the parking lot
A pot of Nilotic *Karkadde* juice in the right hand
The left one rotating a chain of green rosaries
Around the soaked head of the chief officer

Part III

Learning the Lessons
of Our Unlearning

In the Spirit of Our (Un)“Shared Values”

A couple of incidents in Paris attracted
An amalgam of Western allies
From America to Israel
Western values were shared
Solidarity to avenge
For the blood of innocent victims
Under a couple of dozen;
Earlier we lost in Africa humans
Over thousands and unaccountable
From the Horn to the heart of Abuja
Just a few unworthy lives wasted
Far away in the *heart of darkness*
A people not we share so much with
Values as our Western values
Despite the “Shared Values” treaty
We so cleverly duped them into

Shabab vs. “Shared Values”

How futile our regional authorities
How vain the security treaties signed
What a shame to the hi-tech economies
We earn from emerging industries
How hollow the “shared values” approach
And the billions spoiled in the cause
For, imposters self-named The Youth
Stole the opportunity to engage
“The wretched of the earth” among us
Thus innocent victims pay the price
Of the looming disaster we disdained

Imposters a.k.s. Islamists

At the heart of the Horn's forests
Brigands of outlaws established
Ultra-modern institutions
They offer advanced education
Skills in the combat sciences
To the underage the state ignored
Owing to the leaders' lust
For individual wealth creation

Lessons on Youth Education

In camps for subversive training
Children live with distorted image
Of life they learned as worthless
And The Youth inebriated them
With hatred to whole mankind
Indoctrination of the unorthodox
Inculcation of ideological farce

From Orphans to Army Men

In the land called the Horn
Ahead of committing fratricide
The elite instigate infanticide
As the norm of out-group cleansing

When an entire orphanage came
Under the attack of her ethnic militia
Amina saved her clan compatriots
Before denouncing on the local media
The atrocities of the ill-fated orphans
Although she orchestrated them a week earlier

“Rescue” Operation

Our army commander’s kids called
From a top college in the West
In a quick change of mood
He convened
The callous boys of *Kun Dile*
A squad called “Killers of a Thousand”
To conduct their “routine rescue operation”

In just a couple of hours
Corpses were strewn in the streets
Had an ugly story to tell
Tens of looted vehicles
Fully loaded with booty
The commander is escorted
To the nearest Express Transfer
To “rescue” his family in Europe
From hunger and starvation
And expulsion from varsities
Due to a lack of tuition fees

The Blame Game

The political pimping of one another
The blame game stays much a reality
Societal neglect of the ethics agency
Crowning favoritism in ethnic jingoism
Intricacies that perplex the detachment
Of bygone anomalies form present riddles
The ills and animosities sown within
Repudiate a remedy to homeland Africa
Diminishing aspirations of yesterday's fight
Into the painful glum of our nothingness today
Under a leadership lost in a bedeviled journey
No farther than filling the belly and the pocket

Singing the Same Old Song

In the nationalist school hymn
They taught us
The foreigners crept into the land
In the dark
At daylight everything was subjected
Under their control
So I adored chanting the lyrical composition
Condemning the aliens:
Oppressors, looters, dominators, exploiters
Till the intruders departed in disgrace
But duplicates dragged in a doctrine
Not so different in the new dictionary
That decades of five later we do sing:
Dictators, suppressors, pillagers, abusers

Atrocious Institutions

In Africa's region of the Horn
Where iniquity embraces atrocity
The abuse of children eludes
The eyes of the authority
Whose absurdity for accumulation
Exceeded the norms of avarice

In the Horn as we see it every day
Mysteries of the unexpected occur
As the norm and not the exception
Even when orphanages are turned
Overnight into illicit army camps
It is an average life in the Horn
Where the underage are trained on
The application of vicious atrocities
Under the laws of heinous inhumanity

Part IV

Not All Are Too Innocent

A Veiled Samaritan

He owes his survival
To the veiled Samaritan
Who tipped me about
A looming destruction
That rocked the earth
All around the vicinity

As he hurried round the corner
His fear-stricken feet too sluggish
A horrendous blast thundered
From the scene he had just left

The familiar voice of
The female he'd left home
Echoed astonishing words
Into his unbelieving ears
Advising him to escape
Immediately
From a suicidal raid she'd organized

Arms under the Veil

How beautiful her pious words
Admonition that purifies the heart
They offered her a graceful welcome
Even made her an educator honorable
In the all-female grand mosque
But society's suspicion was aroused
On why in a city reputable for peace
Fatal eruptions engulfed environments
A short while after she had left the area.

Though she disclaimed any wrongdoing
They discovered her with modern gadgets
She used to relay messages across nations
With codes such as *white monkeys, caterpillars*
Brown goats, pretty serpents, hungry larvae
And confirmations like *canoe capsized*.

Smart in Veil

Pious Suleqa is a worshipper
Donned in a guru ninja's outfit
When men strive out for a living
She schools the females at home
In the evening when the males return
To the mess she crafted in the day
She assumes a role among the mediators
In favor of squashing the marriage
In her bid of enticing every man
For the post of a loyal concubine

Venomous Veil

She is fond of spitting at the fireplace
Where aunts lay uncharacteristic eggs
Where strange amphibians populate
And a servant delivers them at the market
For the customers from Juju Island
Where our ancestral spirits abandoned
In melancholy of magical attacks
Spelled off by a wicked lady in a veil

