

After my Degree, what's Next?

~~~Ali Oboshi Ibrahim

I thought I'll be back,  
back home or to the street,  
At the street I would sit at Papa's warehouse,  
while at home, maybe sleep wake-up and get kalachi from mom.  
But God said No.

My father thought I'll be back,  
Back at his farm or warehouse,  
tilling the ground or arranging sack of *Egusi*,  
Oh! poor graduate, he never wished me bad but if I had no job,  
I must follow him to farm or sit at the street.  
But God said No.

My mother thought I'll be back,  
Back home, collecting the small profit she realized from her *Egusi* business,  
Daddy will take *Ciroma* to farm,  
Oh! poor *Ciroma*, so fragile and weak,  
will God relegate you to farm?  
But God said No.

My stepmom thought I'll be back,  
Back home so she could laugh  
After all there are many graduates without work,  
A child should chase money not book,  
Is degree food?  
He will come back to farm.  
But God said No.

My Uncle thought I'll be back  
Back to beg him because he is God Lieutenant,  
who will give him admission,  
who will make him serve at Abuja,  
who will give him Job,  
He will come back on his knees.  
But God said No.

My brothers thought I'll be back  
Back home to stay in their house,  
A House they couldn't furnish for their parents,  
It is hard to get work with a degree.  
Oh! poor graduate, what a problem?  
But God said No.

My mates thought I will be back,  
Back to the street so they can laugh,  
Degree no be food.  
Man should drop his takardan mai kosai and hustle.

But God said No!  
God said NO and Capital NO!

*~~~Ali Oboshi Ibrahim is a young Nigerian poet. He writes with great inspiration spurred by reality.*