The Young Millionaire

Oji, my brother, is Jack of all trades
He is a power broker
His thoughts are loudspeakers
His breath is a bank of clouds
His eyes are red balls of fire
His speech is an earth tremor
His walks are giant strides.

Oji, my brother, is a tin·god
He takes a new title everyday
His staff is an iroko tree
His fan is lined with ostrich and eagle feathers
He is decorated with gorgeous costume
With gold necklace, anklets and jewelry
When he passes people spread damask cloth on the ground, making ululation

Oji, my brother, is a genuine importer
He imports rice and milk and flour
And hoards fuel in his house
He imports minting machines
And circulates money like the central bank
In fact, Oji is a young millionaire!

Oji, my brother, is loving and generous
He imports chicks and chickens
Runs a brood of concubines
And breeds a harem of half-caste children.
In fact, Oji is a shining example of a good citizen
A transparent, if practical patriot
And a notorious statesman,
Indeed, he is a world of excellence!