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Corona Blues

(A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry)

Ismail Bala
Khalid Imam

WHETSTONE PUBLISHERS
Kano - Nigeria

Corona Blues
A Bilingual Anthology of Poetry

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The MacArthur Foundation and the International Institute of Education, we extend our profuse appreciation and immeasurable gratitude for making publication funds available.

We commend all members of the All Poets Network for their encouragement and informed suggestions on how to improve this anthology and for spreading the message inviting other poets across Nigeria.

And to our publisher, we say a big thank you for all the painstaking work done to ensure quality production.

Ismail Bala
Khalid Imam

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Dedication

Dedicated to all the frontline healthcare workers and the victims of the Coronavirus worldwide, especially those who lost their lives in the fight to tame the deadly virus.

Fortuitously in June, we got a grant from the MacArthur Foundation in association with Institute for the International Education (IIE) to carry out public education and community mobilization against COVID 19 activities in Kano State to raise public awareness on COVID 19 and improve observance of basic precautionary protocols as advised by health professionals and the Nigerian Centre for Disease Control (NCDC). Our main tool at the time was to train young community activists, give them a mini-grant and get them to conduct community sensitization and mobilization programmes in their communities.

But given the enormity of the problem, we were also opened to other ideas. We mounted several radio programmes given the deeply rooted culture of radio listening in the state. We partnered with online newspapers publishers to provide them with content and deployed various social media tools. In all these, we were apprehensive that we could leave out significant segments of the population in our reach. It was in the context of this apprehensive that we welcomed the proposal by APNET to do an anthology of poems around the theme of Corona. We thought, first, that the very invitation to artists and poets to compose and submit poems was going to serve the purpose of mobilizing this important segment of social influencers to contribute to the campaign on their own. But secondly, we realized that by getting these people to put down their emotions, feelings, observations, reality-lens, etc into poems, they could be able to capture those feelings that could transform the obvious trust deficit that had characterized the relationship between citizens and government concerning messaging around COVID 19. Here was a government that was committed to imposing lockdown in a large commercial centre where most of the people work in the informal sector. It was not ready to provide meaningful palliatives to address the impact of the lockdown,

About the Editors

Ismail Bala writes in English and Hausa. His poetry and translations have appeared in the UK, the USA, Canada, India and South Africa, in journals such as *Poetry Review*, *Ambit*, *New Coin*, *Okike*, *A Review of International English Literature* and *Aura Literary Arts Review*. Born and educated to university level in Kano, he did his post-graduate studies at Oxford. He is a Fellow of the International Writing Programme of the University of Iowa.

Khalid Imam is a Nigerian post-modernist African panegyric poet, teacher, translator, editor, literary columnist and a multiple award-winning bilingual playwright and poet. He has published in the UK, US, India, Germany, Canada and Poland, among others. Khalid Imam has authored over a dozen books including *Letter to My Students*, *Sodangi*, *Barde Barbushe*, *Kundin Hirarrakin Bukar Usman*, *Falsafar Bukar Usman*, *The Amigo Sisters* and *Justice, Fairness & the Quest for Egalitarian Societies*. He has edited *A Citadel of Excellence*, *The Bird's Evidence*, *Hawayen Alhini* and *A Wise Whisper*. Khalid Imam is the Initiator and Curator of the *All Poets Network*, *Muryar Adabi* and *Sirrin Samun Arziki da Nasara* on WhatsApp and other social media handles. He runs a literary column in the Kaduna based *Platform Magazine*. As a motivational speaker, he writes a column for *Muryar Arewa*, a leading Hausa magazine also based in Kaduna. He was among the ten finest Nigerian writers selected by the Wole Soyinka Foundation in 2017 to participate at the SAIL Program in Lebanon. Imam is a former Vice Chairman of the Association of Nigerian Authors Kano State Branch. As a freelance researcher, Khalid Imam contributed chapters in several publications on Language,

Literature, Media, Culture and Gender issues within Nigeria and beyond. He also published dozens of academic articles and book reviews in journals, newspapers and online platforms. Khalid Imam, who is the Executive Director of Whetstone Arts and Translation Services and Khalid Imam Academy, is a member of several national and regional writers and professional bodies including Association for the Development of Education in Africa (ADEA), Linguistic Association of Nigeria (LAN), Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA), Nigerian Folklore Society (NFS), Northern Nigerian Writers' Summit (NNWS), Association for the Promotion of Nigerian Languages and Culture (APNILAC), English Language Teachers Association, Kano (ELTAK), among others. Imam is a recipient of several awards including the most prestigious Kano Forum Award for Humanitarian Development. For his deep love of poetry and creative production, he was crowned as the *Poet of the Week* by numerous newspapers poetry platforms such as *Weekly Trust*, *New Nigerian Newspapers*, *Public Agenda*, *Blueprint*, and *Platform*. And his poetry could be read in dozens of national and international anthologies. Khalid Imam's creative writings especially poems, articles and reviews are available on online platforms including APNET, Global Poetry Net, The African Writers, Young African Poets, African Poets' Union, The Write Squad, African Doctoral Lounge, Asian Literary Society, Motivational Strips, Working on Different Truths Group and World Pictorial Poetry Forum, among others. Khalid Imam due to his literary activism has granted dozens of scintillating and provoking interviews to both print and broadcast media such as BBC Hausa, Voice of Nigeria, NTA, Freedom Radio FM, Radio Kano, Pyramid Radio, Express FM Kano, Rahma Radio, *Weekly Trust* Newspapers, *Blueprint* Newspapers, *Aminiya*, *Platform* and many others. He is happily married with children and he is based in Kano state.

Notes from CITAD

Although CITAD has a long history of supporting literary activism, when the All Poets Network (APNET) approached us with the idea of doing an anthology on Corona, we received this not just as another literary support outing. Rather, we saw in it an opportunity to leverage additional avenues for public education around COVID 19. As the secretariat of the **Kano Against COVID 19**, CITAD has been at the thick of the campaign to convince a largely sceptical population that COVID 19 is real.

We have from that vintage position seen the various strands of both opposition and disbelief about COVID 19 in Kano, where the pandemic made a dramatic landing in which unlike in other places where it started slowly, here by the time it was recognized, it had reached the level of community transmission and therefore was massively affecting communities. Yet, the majority of the people did not want to believe it and regarded it as some sort of conspiracy.

We quickly realized the difficult task that this entails and therefore thought to think out of the box and looked for every available tool, channel, etc to reach to the population with convincing messages to alter their perceptions and belief about the pandemic. We also realized that there would be no one single message for all people or one single channel to reach out to all. Right from this early period, when the pandemic made its landing in Kano, we opted to deploy a multi-media genre campaign strategy, allowing us to reach out with messages in different forms and formats and using various channels to reach out to our audience.

Introduction

James Baldwin considered himself a witness to life, so he went on to create a memorable body of literature whose courageous striving to reach the truth continues to irradiate the path of generations. Flora Nwapa, described as the mother of modern African Literature, bequeathed to us a rich and reliable history—a past dignified and a present worthy of documentation. Further, the poetry of Niyi Osundare identifies the writer as an aesthete and activist, one who consolidates his or her awareness of such a writer's talent and communal heritage. Likewise, the editors of this anthology and its contributors, attempt to make sense of the changes in our world and thereby illuminate the efficacy of literature to record and to restore.

Corona Blues foregrounds the importance of art to humans. Since poetry allows us to weave our sorrow into songs, the poets have shown just how therapeutic it is to search for light in dark corners, to trace beauty in ugly places, to sing of love and hope in the time of a pandemic. We now see, through their testaments, how freeing it is to measure time with memory, how redeeming it is to unite our voices against our common enemy.

For instance, Osundare's "Snapshot 102" which opens the collection, captures, with clarity and urgency, the new ways of living ushered in by the COVID-19 pestilence. The poet seems to suggest that Coronavirus and life share something in common—unpredictability, so he reminds us to "Never leave home/Without Dour'd mask." But there is a strong and persistent feeling that his words create in us, and as we mediate on his poem, we begin to realize that the mask means more than what the poet expresses. Conversely, Tanure Ojaide's "Why Should I Not?" erases our

especially to vulnerable groups but was telling people to social distance, practice hygiene and keep to protocols as advised by the NCDC and health professionals. This trust-deficit was at the centre of the disbelief by people about COVID 19. We thought that by getting artists and poets to deploy their creativity, emotional appeal to convey the depths of their feelings about COVID 19, we could get our messages in fresh forms and format from a voice that was not implicated by the trust deficit syndrome.

Given that the centre of disbelief was not just the English using elites but also located in the large population of Hausa language users, we were happy when APNET said the anthology would be bilingual, in both English and Hausa. And here it is! We would like to express our appreciation APNET for the collaboration and partnership and to thank especially, the two editors of the volume, Khalid Imam and Ismail Bala for their commitment to this project.

Y. Z. Ya'u
Executive Director
CITAD

Words from the All Poet Network

The All Poets Network (APNET) is a platform created to promote thrilling poetry and poetic productions across borders. Membership goes beyond poets residing in Nigeria. There are poets from other sister African nations and other parts of the world. We are all united by our common love for poetry.

APNET was formed in 2019 not just to produce poetry for poets. No! Our vision is to give voices to unheard poets and to deploy poetry to entrench harmony, development and transformation of human society using poetry as a vehicle. At APNET, we believe poetry is the soul of society and a bridge of unity which if properly popularized and wisely deployed it could serve as a soothing balm against intolerance and division in our immediate societies and the world over.

APNET with the support from CITAD and funding from the MacArthur Foundation and the International Institute for Education presents to lovers of poetry and general readers one of the most refreshing, unique and very rich anthologies of Nigerian poetry on the subject of Coronavirus pandemic. It is public knowledge, the world has never gone through a devastating and most trying time where mutual distrust and suspicion become the order of the day. Out of the fear of this unpredictable virus, family life and businesses have been shattered.

At APNET, we felt coming up with this anthology is one sure way not just to document the event but to offer poets the opportunity to lend their voices not just to fight back but to raise hope as well as

reassure the world that the human spirit especially that of poets is so powerful not to submit to the deadly disease sheepishly.

This goes on to tell you that APNET is a conscious and innovative community of poets driven to use the vehicle of poetry in promoting public awareness on issues relating to health, peace, democracy, gender, security, youth empowerment and societal development, not only within Nigeria but across the world. *Corona Blues* for sure is just one project out of many to be born by APNET.

Keep a date with APNET for poetry fresh from the oven.

Khalid Imam

Founder/Curator

All Poets Network

Kano - Nigeria.

allpoetsnetwork@gmail.com

17th November 2020

*Smiling dove. A hundred-year-old
tortoise
Playing poker. A fish
Who baits his own death, who dies.*
(“The Rope in the New Loop: A
Coronavirus Tale” by Ismail Bala)

And these lines by Khalid Imam hold out hope:

*yes, soon our swirled life
and the solitude visited
by this virulent strain shall vanish and
the sun shall smile all day again and
again*

(“In Fear of the Dreadful” by Khalid
Imam)

This bilingual poetry collection has 4 meaningful poems by Khalid Imam - “In the Quicksands”, “In the Fear of the Dreadful”, “Hurricane Covid-19” and “In Sea of Plague”), each of which makes for an engaging read.

These concluding lines of a short poem that raises questions that plague us daily in these times of the pandemic caught my attention:

*Dear world
What do we do
When handshakes no longer say peace
When hugs are becoming sins to our
dear souls
What do we do?*
(“Rhetorical Question” by Yusuf B M)

doubt about the complex nature of the mask. The poet considers racism as destructive as Coronavirus, so he declares, "...allow me choose what to die for..." When Ola Ifatimehin charges us to "Wash our hands clean always" in "Covid-19," it becomes necessary to think of poetry as an epithet of layered meanings. The title poem, "Corona Blues" also by Ifatimehin, takes love to realistic heights, threatened only by physical distance. Aj. Dagga Tolar's "The Old Death of Falsehood," interrogates the role of religion in the spread of conspiracy theories. The poet recognizes ignorance as a deadlier virus.

Every poem in this collection invites us to imagine. It invites us to feel and to rise from the gloom of our fettered condition. Each poem bears witness to an inimitable period in history. It documents as well as heals us through the hurt. As a bilingual anthology, it offers us a double sense of beauty, with the indigenous and the foreign complementing each other.

Unoma Azuah

Professor of English

Wiregrass Georgia Technical College, USA.

Foreword

The entire world is currently hit by an unprecedented, never-before-seen Covid-19 pandemic, that has taken a heavy toll on the physical and mental well-being of the human race and its survival. This pandemic has made no distinctions of colour, caste, race, religion or country size in terms of economic or military power. It has brought the entire human race on its knees, searching for ways and vaccine to be rid of this gnawing pandemic. Meanwhile, our struggle is on...

In this grim scenario, what do poets and other creative beings do? Well, they try to spread solace and hope through their writings and creative works and thus heal the world. Words looking the reality in the face, soothing words, and many more, also serve as a balm to calm our frayed nerves ...

When my dear friend and respected poet from Nigeria Mr Khalid Imam invited me to write a Foreword for an exclusive poetry anthology *Corona Blues* (A Bilingual collection of Poems on Corona Virus) compiled and edited by accomplished academicians, writers and poets Mr Ismail Bala and Mr Khalid Imam himself, and published by Whetstone Publishers, Kano, Nigeria, I readily agreed because, in this exercise, I saw a release for my pent-up fears about the relentless Corona Virus, currently holding the entire humanity in its vice grip!

The bilingual poetry collection *Corona Blues* has 16 poems in the Hausa Language of Nigeria and 68 poems by 54 poets in the English language. Not familiar with Hausa, I could read only the English poetry section. And wow, what a collection of sensitively penned poems, all themed on the Corona Virus!

As I went through the poems featured in *Corona Blues*, I could sense the myriad emotions, confusions, bewilderment, wonderment, struggles, sense of loss, surrender, atonement for “sins” and finally hope, that the current pandemic Covid-19 has evoked and let loose, that have found a place in the poems! Every poem in this collection is so striking and touches the core of one’s heart! The poems amply demonstrate the thought processes of the poets and the impact of Covid-19 on their life and living, social interactions and outlook for the future.

The first line of the very first poem in this poetry collection took my breath away – short, succinct and impactful!

(COVID Captives)

Six feet apart - or six feet under!

.....

.....

Bat-borne, some say

Lab-invented, others insist

This Unseen Foe has brought

Haughty Humanity to its painful knees.

(“Snapshot 102” by Niyi Osundare)

I believe that with the first line itself, the poet Niyi Osundare has superbly captured the maintain-physical-distance- or-perish aspect of the Corona Virus and sent out a strong message! Very commendable indeed!

Corona Blues also features the poems of its competent editors Ismail Bala and Khalid Imam, both accomplished poets themselves. The following lines of the poem by Ismail Bala, are at once striking, deep and multi-layered:

*A royal louse who suffers, who has
questions*

About his prominence. The promiscuous

Snapshot 102 - Niyi Osundare

(COVID Captives)

Six feet apart - or six feet under!

II

Strange times, these
Lockdown penance for a flighty world
COVID came complete with its viral madness
Its new World Order, its frightful protocol:

Remember your Six Feet
Don't shake hands with friend or foe
Never leave home
Without your mask

For your erstwhile neighbour
Is now a Walking Plague
Shout your greeting from a sterile distance
Six feet apart - or six feet under

Our tactile world is on virtual retreat
Virtual classrooms, virtual students
Virtual teachers, virtual brains, and virtual hearts
Our brave new era of hide-and-speak

Likewise, the poem "Covid-19" by Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo has a different take on the pandemic:

*Sounds like a code
Something Ben Brown of the Da Vinci
code
fame might have written and where
the eponymous James Bond might have
intoned,
shaken but not stirred.*

*Except that we
are shaken, stirred, twisted and turned.
("Covid-19" by Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo)*

The poet's other poem too is engaging with an interesting viewpoint on Covid-19. The universal message carried in these lines also caught my attention:

*Let us arm ourselves with the correct
information
And join our hands to fight as one
To stay at home and do the needful
And halt the spread of this monster
Aiming to erase us off
The face of the earth.
("The Queen of Death" by Yasir Jibril
Tofa).*

Some poems are direct, some have used excellent metaphors for the Corona Virus, but overall, every poem in this poetry collection is sincere, full of concern and care, and a plea for an early release from this all-pervading pandemic!

My kudos and respects to the editors Ismail Bala and Khalid Imam for their careful selection of poems for making this a poetry collection that has a poem to suit every mood in these difficult times. My appreciation for the poets who have put their thoughts and heart into their sensitively-penned poems!

I wish *Corona Blues*, an excellently compiled and edited, timely and topical poetry collection, a far and wide reach and readership. As for the pandemic, let's hope and pray, this too shall pass and very soon!

Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy,

Indian poet and Honorary Literary Advisor of CCVA,
Vijayawada,

Advisory Panel Member, ISISAR, Kolkata,

Editorial Counselor-India, International Writers' Journal, USA,

Editor of Amaravati Poetic Prism' 2016 to 2018 International
Multilingual Poetry Anthologies

English Section

**The Rope in the New Loop: A Coronavirus Tale - Ismail
Bala**

A tiger who eats with a crystal plate.
Three monkeys abreast at pick-pocketing.
Mouse who do Soduko.
A police hound who dances with a lady,
Who takes prisoners' temperature.

A royal louse who suffers, who has questions
About his prominence. The promiscuous
Smiling dove. A hundred-year-old tortoise
Playing poker. A fish
Who baits his own death, who dies.

The farmer with his cracked palms,
With his carrot and stick. The evenings
When they all converge in a cage,
Drinking stale coffee, swiftly
Tying the rope in the new loop.

Mountain lions romp in public squares
Wild boars hold court in mirthless malls
Chimpanzees strut and sway in empty streets
Wondering: "Just where are our fellow primates"?

Bat-borne, some say
Lab-invented, others insist
This Unseen Foe has brought
Haughty Humanity to its painful knees.

Why Should I Not? - Tanure Ojaide

Why should I not take risks with Covid-19;
why not join protests against the police murder of Floyd
to register my conscience against the evil of racism
despite the raging novel Coronavirus?
What causes more havoc to the land and people:
the Coronavirus with its tally of over a hundred thousand
or because of systemic racism the many millions that
have died in all the centuries of a nation's independence?
What poses more danger to human existence:
the virus that can be managed and a vaccine can eliminate
or the total disregard for blacks and their lives
by those hiding behind their skin to kill others?
Why should I not risk a season's pandemic
to wipe out racism, the endemic epidemic;
why should I not settle the perennial problem
before the season's bother over health and jobs?
If both the Coronavirus and racism bring death,
why not allow me to choose what to die for—
be a hero forever by stamping out racism, or
defying what has only 2% chance of killing me?

Sweet Scent of life -Mahmud Zukogi

The sweet scent of life
Of freshly sieved air
Untainted breeze
From the mighty controller
Of oxygen and gasses.

The rains came down
With the force of a thousand stallion
Slapping and wiping every dirt
And the trees dancing of joy
To the arrival of guarantor of life.

The therapeutic breeze is here
Breathing life to clogged nose
The real ventilator is sent forth
To distil contaminated oxygen
Aching limbs too filled with ecstasy.

The rains came and we are happy
Temperature beaten to a pulp
The pangs of hunger slowed
A new life is birthed
To wash off evil viruses of the land.

Corona Blues - Ola Ifatimehin

He called her name
In his dreams
There's a yearning
In his isolated heart
That won't be quarantined.

She took a step
Towards him
Trembling
She has just passed
The Rubicon of social distance
Now exposed to his touches.

He slid his hands
Like dirty words to her ears
And stripped her mask off
Now she is naked
To kisses and sneezes.

He slapped himself
Awake
The mosquito of reality
Had just bitten off
His daydreams
His heart may wander
But he is locked down
Confined to
Stay home.

People & Machine & Humans - Ahmed Maiwada

It was people who don't believe until they see
that first converted
became believers in the virus
God-believing humans said
until they saw it
they said proof of the unseen
is necessary
for humans to leave their pews and columns
for the new god Corona
that machine said it saw
in Israel Arabia Rome and Egypt
remember machine saw him
remember machine said it
remember machine that saw and said it
peoples' hands did make it
hands of ones who told you
they saw the maker
in those same places
but you pointed at human error
what of machine error
you never saw this god virus
but you shake and tremble
you worship him in shadowboxing
his fear the head of your wisdom
you have sent heads rolling
you have got bells tolling
at the witnesses of erring humans
how come the prophets' sayings
you dared to question

I Read some Facts about You - Ahmed Maiwada

I read some facts about you Corona
you spoke to no one
that's what I knew
before the reading and after
so if you would speak now
which fact will you counter
is that your first name
do you have a title
did you die and come back
what faith evolution or big bang
do you put on a mask in Kano
do you fear masked people
or run from washed fingers
is your reach long or short
are you one
are you legion
is 5g your creator
look straight up are you made in China
will you ever leave us
now or later
how will you exit
with your belly full of humans
with the last trumpet behind you
as you came quietly
or till you're chased out with thunders.

Covid-19 - Ola Ifatimehin

There's a giant attacking our lands
It's time for war
It has slain thousands
We all have to be soldiers
And come to battle
Wash our hands clean always.

A Goliath brags over our mountains, plains and valleys
It mocks our seasons and climates
Ridicules our pristine traditions and global cultures
We must arise against this goblin
And sling a shot to its forehead
By staying at home.

There's a monster calling out to battle
Stay home
We must disband the cavalries,
the battalions, the troupes and squadrons
And isolate, keep the distance.

Together we shall win,
For such is the warfare
The sure strategy to defeat this viral Thanus.

COVIDO - B M Dzukogi

You hid behind our follies
to burst on us, when we lay upon ourselves, fallacies of the
year-ending.

Year ending,
when clergies call out their folks
to smell the ferments of their concoctions;
when government come forth with recitals of illusions;
when citizens indulge in self-oaths of personal delusions;
your butts burst on us in the nineteenth
to produce a jagged shot
put in our throats.

Are you not done,
putting your scalpel to my bone, chiselling the enamel
that makes it white?
Are you not done,
putting your shot into my throat
to choke the fluidity of life?

Are you not done,
rolling down the lungs
to burst the alveoli as you sit on them, incubating death?
The hen sits on the egg to give life You sit on life to give
death.

A Tale of Two Poems - Ralia Maijama'a

"Shadows and Dust"
Said Proximo
When death was upon him
Shadows and Walls
We said
When COVID came creeping

Not so long ago,
Home was where I longed to return
Borne on the thorns of exhaustion
Buoyed by thoughts of my sofa
Plush, inviting, waiting for my bottom

Home I now long to escape
Back to the drudgery of my desk
I dreamt last night of
A straight-backed chair,
Hard and uncompromising
Beckoning, inviting, waiting for my bottom

Now I dread my sofa —
Relationship: It's Complicated —
I hate that I'm its potato
Same reason why I love it.
I told you it's complicated

Who was it that said:
"Death smiles upon us all"
Well, I wish he wouldn't smile
Quite so wide.
And in an aside:
"His teeth are so ugly!"
No wonder Donne said:
"Death be not Proud"

Who knew he was so tiny?
When Proximo saw him
He was dressed in
Black and bearing arms
Swords and knives that glittered in the sun!
Now he comes creeping
Silent and small
His new name is COVID
Like David,
Slaying the Goliaths of man...

Home was sanctuary
Home was my sofa
Home meant family
It still does —
But...

I long to escape.
I'm losing my mind.

Corona Virus - Yusuf M. Adamu

Science and virus at the crossroads
Despite man's technological height
In spite of the economic might
Human's superiority is questioned
In the face of the rise of the microbe

I have never seen humans so scared
An organism so petite, our eyes cannot see
Yet so humbling, it has made mankind
Like the black death of the medieval past

Life is threatened by this frightening virus
Humans are surely not folding their arms
We are fighting back with all it takes

Our existence on earth is not negotiable
We will not succumb to Corona's wickedness
We shall outlive the outbreak and contain it.

So help us, God!

Alphabet on a fifth string G-
Uitar to usher the altar

To blast our eardrums to a bland
Melody of blues to nonsense
China as the letters

Spelling death to the world
And the congregation cannot gather
The ending stream runs of gifts to the prophet

The death of healing the heart with lies
The birth of masked face and gloved hand
And the rejection of the gift of physical healers

How hard not to see who then is a friend
To the old hand of nothing is working
Fighting back rough and dirty

To feed scarce oxygen into the zeroes
To keep alive the contract to import
Masks and glove

Are you not done,
tearing apart bonds and bounds; the tiny spirits of our souls,
joined to keep the community? Have you not fed enough
on our souls?
If you take all,
upon whom will you feed
another day?

Are you not done,
making our city a morgue,
with corpses that live,
markets that sleep,
houses that imprison?
Should you not be done now?
The vast prison you have created
is about to burst.
The spirit of man,
is a spirit in glow,
the more you block the rays,
the radiant it becomes,
and the more it thins to escape.

Walk away now, you,
the dark ball of death
Or we work you out.
A guest that stays too long,
is a guest in conquest, and
a guest to be conquered.
A household coalition lay in wait.

Tell your brother, tell your sister
those centuries-old witches that
we lived through their infestations
The bodies they fell
decomposed to form manures
that grew us.
That's why we lived to see you.

The Old Death of Falsehood - Aj. Dagga Tolar

1

There is the old death of falsehood
The spinning of healings from the tongue
Accompanied by the cacophony of bodies
Smashing self-down on the spring hook of a script

The fervent fevers the nearly dead to momentarily
Walking to arranged more sick bodies and minds
Off certified clinics who also dosage death
According to the rhythm of the currency

This death of healing is the power of prophets
To load up God as the wonder drug for all
Ailments making men and women
Selling everything of the self

For the healing lasting only the heat
Of the words of the man of God who cannot
Be second-guessed from the freedom divinely tapped
To One Chance the congregation to life released home to
die

2

There is a death too of tithes
And how unable to complain
About the lockdown births the prophet

To spinning tales of the seventh

Hey!-Phateema Salihu

Should I surrender before fighting?
With my fully armoured white blood cell,
Beautifully furnished lungs and
The king that is my liver?
Am I not even worth a fight
When you cascade like a new bride
On edge or stick like lice on surfaces
Hey, answer me!
Do you get jealous of the crowd, or
Of brazen handshakes in greeting, or
Of subtle spread of Salam, or
Of hugs and kisses
In churches, mosques, markets, or...

I'm not done,
See I am a powerful race
From a powerful kingdom
Carved from the strongest phylum
Just to withstand monsters like you
I engulf myself with just, I say
Just enough bullets, to shoot you down
I shall not give you a chance
Just like you came unaware,
So shall you leave like the thief you are
Shameless, stripped and powerless

Covid-19 - Abubakar Othman

COVID -19 the acute acronym for a covetous, vicious,
devious world,
A metaphor for the murderous G8+ organization
A euphemism for the monstrosity of the 5th Generation
A figurative reference to the Anti-Christ.

COVID 19 a riddle redolent of the rodent
The tiny teeth that cracked the riddle of the palm,
A virtual virus vanquishing the great World of science and
technology,
of Drones and terrorism.

COVID -19 the proverbial eyelash
That made sleepless with pain
The hawk eyes of the masonic monsters and masters of the
protocols of death.

COVID -19 the plasmodial slime
Vegetating on the fungoid fingers of our
Morally imbecile world leaders.

Johnsonian Gloom - Adamu Isa Babura

Like the Hijab wearers you so out lough
Whom you likened to card boxes
You are now all doom and gloom
Stay long in your isolated cuboid
A matchbox house not fit for the ant

My abrasive invalid billionaire "friend"
Has the oesophagus missed its way
Venom from the pharynx to the stomach, in reverse
Carried down to the bellows, anon
The cytopharynx couldn't indeed ingest
Ah! No Doctor could saw up the laceration in your GI tract

The super-powered now in a bashful tract
Better in Hijab than a wheelchair
Whole PM in a wheelbarrow— ICU
It is expedient you must admit
The "God" you worship could not avail
Your station indeed must resort
Your oblivious mind must now recall
Your stance, but a sorry meal
Indeed, you are under the spell
Only God above can save the globe
And save you, may you so reverse
Pull you up, a recession-proof!

Covid 19- Ardent 20 - Muhammad Maikyari

The world's a battlefield
All superpowers have dwindled
Their economies grossly degenerated
Their societies have immensely have shrunk

UK's Johnson's health acrid
Couldn't contain the lethal Covid
Though standard anti-retroviral amid
Could barely slightly breathe

While others like Osborne remain paranoid,
The Scot's compassionate district nurse
Janice, 58, lost the fight for life, phew!
She succumbed to the fatal levidrome

Fellow, carefree Nigerians, beware!
Mr F & Mrs C have dissolved
Immersed in the desolate sea
Which lay there in the dreary lane

Sanguine, we stood animated
Yet pessimistic is the devastated world
Forlorn, we are forced to remain
And await the final gloom

We groan at the awful sight
We howl at the horrid mood
We lament the dreaded yearn
We moan for our nation but to no avail

In Fear of the Dreadful - Khalid Imam

Today, we all live
in the strangest
of all seasons,
the spousal shaft
and its light that
brightens our night
like the merry moon
has to sadly isolate.

In fear of the dreadful,
the tree and all her caring roots should kiss not
or take the others' hands
in a firm loving clasp.

This dark cloud
of the monstrous virus grudgingly bans
all the papaya fruits in us
to flock together not,
true, the stern unbiased warning now is for all
to keep life -ventilating social distance -
no cave or palace is safe!

As I sanitize my hands frequently
Watching you under this mask
And my new addiction, staying home,
Tell me how will you get a punching bag?
Tell me who will host you and give you peace?

Take not my silence for fear,
No, I've long ago learnt not to give in to
Your most delicious food
I, like the phoenix I am
Shall rise again, dust off these ashes
And spit the fire, mightiest in me, on you.

In the Quick Sands - Khalid Imam

Like a forlorn elephant,
in the quicksands
of despair and illusion
our sophisticated world
is today entrapped
like a scavenging fox
gloom is let loose
doom sets in.

Nothing seems hard
for even the blind to read our veiled frustration
and helplessness

Now in stark fear
and distrust we live.
sad still, our self-isolated cages
are homes to abject poverty,
thrown on our necks are heavy
chains of hunger and wanton want.

We are preys devoured day and night
by the merciless monster of serial death
in a big grave, we are massively buried,
the few surviving ones among us are nothing
but stinking bodies with only dry bones left.

Like a vulture that swoops
on an innocent playful chick,
our happiness and freedom are gone.

In broad daylight a single virulent virus
reduces man to a mere struggling zebra
freshly killed by a gang of partying hyenas

Imprisoned by the fear of the unknown
the awaiting succulent lips of our caring spouses
we now avoid with the swiftness a monkey dodges
the venomous sting of an angry cobra.
To our intimate lifetime friends
we retreat without farewell.

Let there be healings.
Oh God, may Your healings come to our rescue
may Your compassion save our wrecked ship
from sinking to Your majestic power we all submit.

**Life Hangs on Threadbare Masks - Abdullahi Ismaila
Ahmad**

Swish-swash:

The flu comes upon us
Unarmed deaths swoop on us
East to West, North and South

Just now in this Covid-19 puddle
life hangs on threadbare masks
As ventilators become rare,
As sanitizers remind us of old habits
Yet we are caught lockdown
In virus tainted messed mesh

In the maddening rush to beat Covid-19 thrush
Ravaging souls, debilitating neighbourhoods,
Debasing neighbourliness
We are packed into solitude
With grim days ahead of us

Swirling still in pollutants
Scarce air is augmented with oxygen
To keep life hanging on scarce
Personal Protective Equipment

Swirling in pollutants
Life gasps for breath, and the world
Watches agape, helpless as lives waste
On stretchers, sprawled heavenward

To stay safe,
no heedless stem
is free to go shopping
together with any
not mask-wearing leaf
nor shall any go partying
with no hand sanitizer
nearby.

But soon...
yes, soon our swirled life
and the solitude visited
by this virulent strain
shall vanish and
the sun shall smile all day again and again
because the resilience
of our unyielding human spirit -
the spirit of love,
of bonding,
of care,
of compassion
and of wellness
shall surely triumph
by the next morning.

Hurricane Covid 19 - Khalid Imam

Busy streets empty
lively eateries
and brimful bars
now mere ghost towns
markets reduced to graveyards
schools locked up
like the Kirikiri prison
bullish stocks crash
like a plane
worship places
are like quarantined nests with no eggs to hatch
stay at home is now
the only bell in the air
the loud silence
from all self-isolated stadiums devastated fans
encaged by fear of the almighty -
hurricane Covid 19
like a sail swallowed
by dreadful waves,
all hopes seem lost
from the life-saving vaccine- making labs
confusion shatters man
and his technology ineffective
today our vulnerable world is like a baby deserted by all
in a land rocked by endless wars
disillusionment
visible as the only moon on the sky –
dim and unsafe is the world we all live,
where else is our salvation if not from Him -the Merciful
Healer!

In Season of Plague - Khalid Imam

In the season of plague
crave not to kiss
the stink eye
of an angry wind
nor should you pray
to receive a stinker mail
from the self - shattered
souls - souls consumed
by personal feuds
let your cravings
be for the warmth
of love and joy
you rejoice sharing
not to jilt you
pray for safety
and blissfulness
to be your comforting
soul mates against
the dreadful fear
of self-isolation
in lockdown cities
and parks quarantined.

Merciless Lilly - Zakiyyah Dzukogi

The kitchen's table
Is where the Lily
Pierces its venom
As dark viper
Letting go of its scent
To the nose

For the nose
It dilutes no air
Discarding the air like: "I'm cold"

Now for the lips
Whose bare hands
Pick up the pestles
And with it,
Loads the Tommy
So phoebe hide
For a dark one
Barked backing black omen

And for the Tommy
Whose eyes created a chilled ice
In the heart of the lips goes:
"I'm dying"

Love, Time and War - Peter Kwange

Days are dark and screams are loud
Unto these days, life is scorching
A moment of silence for those that it burned.

We've become prey in our haven
And our bodies have become a sanctuary for this predator.
Come, let's sing a gentle song
to make our tears fall deep into our palms
so that it will wash every stain of the pain away,
For we shall cry no more for this predator.

And for this moment
You and I should sneak apart
To seek refuge inside earth's caves
even though it's darker there and starving.
Remember!
No goodbye hugs and kisses
The enemy might be around the corner.
Let's part to a distance
We shall meet again when the war is won
and build a new home in the walls
of the moments we've buried.

The End - Halima Abubakar

My instinct penned
With thought
Just maybe this might be my last breath
Tell my children I have heard of this

That my little truth is sneaking out
That not even my happiness matters
All I ever wanted now is to breathe

Uninvited I felt its closeness
through my struggle, I sniffed
and it went down my throat
Then it aches through my chest
Ahhhhh!

Are you the one?

I just want to breathe
I Pleaded
Depressed and isolated
Still finding the problem to my headache

Till I found nigella sativa
I still reminisce the past and
how it cures every sickness except death
It's dark and so we call it "black seed"

Through the depth of my worries
I found the native Indian herb
Carda where are you
Or do I need to join mom

CARDAMOM

This fear of virus now hyped my BP
until this yellowish-brown came to my rescue,
improving my blood and reducing my sugar.

Breathless - Safiyya Kabir

Those days it was a melee of breathless
Souls carried away by the chaotic storm.
Men were dying and the air was not breathable
The emptiness spread all around, sweeping everyone away.
The streets were so quiet
Like the old folk have never seen before
But after the waves were done crashing
We were no longer breathless and the pain was gone.
The storm has blown itself out
And we were only made stronger.

While warm tears run down
To her lips
To taste: "it's like lemon, I'm dying"
Breath...

"Let me see that lily
Of a good flower
Whose pestles
I've made food mounds
To an angel of death

I want to see that lily
Of a kind flower
Whose fragrance
I made food opens
For me the doors

This poem is a suicide note
A death one,
It is no mistake
I'm not feeling too well
Maybe I'm mentally infected by the juice
Of this lily, of a nice flower".

A Mystery Unsolved - Khadijah Muzzammil Hanga

I am Covid19
Invisible to the naked eye
Confusion to the scientific world
Weightless, shapeless
Armless, shieldless
Yet bestowed with the power
To shut the curious eyes

Many will not believe it
But I have a voice
Those that listen
Are the wise
Those that touch me
Are bedridden
Some will survive
And some will die

I am an August visitor
I may leave early
Or stay long
That I can't reveal

All I can say is
By the time I depart
I must have left a message
A rather intense one

You are just people
You are just nations
You are just leaders
You haven't the capacity
To scrape the unseen

Not with wisdom
Not with wealth
Not with weapons
Not with witchcraft
Not with words

How do you kill me?
When you don't even know me
Yes, you think you do
You can guess all you can
But you don't

I am Covid19
A name that has made history
A headline that awakens our humour
A mystery that remains unsolved

to the world I wrote on the canvass finally:
may we conquer to hug and tickle ourselves-
in kisses once more...

In the Sun's Sigh - MC Yunus

We kneel, pray and fast
Today isn't the day we bury our breaths
As though the seedlings cast to bloom
Inside the fury of our fears
We're not named to die
Here, we scoop death into a jar
Slurp and gulp to our fill
As though we're siblings sown
In the same ridge

We don't name a child COVID
It crawls into our homes
Like maggots in our faeces
To feast on remnants of our peace
For this child is a requiem
We all sang with the voice
We failed to call God with

19 is the number of death
Wuhan gifted us with
That we may cease to say our prayers
In churches and mosques
And roll into our hamlets
To become pagans and atheists
When we breathe Covid into our lungs

Here
In a nation as ours
We see our God
Only in times when we're almost gone
Hence, we pray
Like saints that never sinned
But today our churches and mosques
Are plagued palaces
COVID went to prey
Before we wake

Let's now go home
To our snores infested sofas
To the shrines bequeathed us
And chant the incantations
Till our churches and mosques
Are un-plagued
For us to pray again

House Arrest - Ojo Olumide Emmanuel

In the news vitrined an headline-
a strange one in queue
of an enigma
rupturing lungs in pores and a dozen symptoms
a few sneeze, hearty kiss
warm hug, gentle handshake
and it turns bad fate, fatality in scores
economic woes trailing behind
I sketch my fears on unseen canvass
I pencil the world as an inmate-
in the soothe of their home
on the crime of Covid-19
like a mouse, I painted everyone crawling
into holes to shield the haze of spreading this unseen
inferno
I sketched everyone, distanced apart-
no cleaving in hugs to each other
again I painted some, dead, uncared for,
lain by the streets for vulture's chant
dead alone, rotten alone, casket-less
no flowers, no elegies of you shall be greatly missed at
gravestones
then, I piqued my brush, drew a masked face
unsmiling to his neighbour's giggling
with a sanitizer in hand for his hand and mind
to the infected I painted my heart with get well soon wishes
in this hearts I deposited rubies of words for the medics
knowing they are the true heroes out there

Tale of Covid 19 - Fadimatou B.

Cheers!!!
The full moon in its Mama's arms
It's time for Grandma fairy tale
Pregnant with wisdom and lessons to learn
Ears my love, listen with apt attention
As grandma tells her tale
of Covid 19
"Once upon a time," the story began
When fever, tiredness and cough were my guests
We feasted with food and hospitality not so long
Aches and pains, Mr Diarrhea,
Miss nasal congestion was also there
I can't forget the venue like a swoosh of wind
Like the water from rocks, it's vividly clear
It was no. Lungs, Respiratory System Street.
Halls devoid with everything but fear and panic
That's when the main dish of Corona was served to us
Forgetting about the deserts of hopes and chances of living
again
Salivating and craving to tour their tastes
Happiness, encouragement our skating boards
Skating high and high above the land of viruses
With anger and tears, I take a drive around the town
Pulling my brakes at the turn of the hotel's "Isolation
centre"
For there is the hotel where I shall lodge
To tour the monstrous land of COVID -19.

Caging the Gods - Murtala Uba Mohammed

Like chickens, the almighty is caged
Caged, for he cannot move
In a tent, he had to remain
Like the red ant in his mound
He is no longer that all-powerful he was
As the little creature had taken the lead
The tiny unseen has turned into a god
For the mosques and churches, he had closed
The casinos and cinemas he had banned
New laws were introduced
The hunter is now the hunted
The tyrant is so terrified
Hiding like other beings
From the super being, that tiny thing.

I'll Hold You - Amrah Aliyu

Every morn
I call my quarantined lover,
To feel a little
Just a little drop of ease
Slowly I whisper, I want you near
She doesn't say a word
Because her throat hurts
So I just sit on the line listening to her strange breathe

Doctors made it clear
I can't go close,
So I sit right here
Watching through the window
Hoping to feel her touch
One more time
Thinking of ways I can ease her pain
Waiting on Jesus
To shine his light
Since I cannot have a face to face chat in his house

When dawn comes calling,
I sneak into her cage
When she tries to move away
I kiss her on the lip
I hold her tight
For it could be her cure
Or our rot
She lets out a sneeze

Right on my cheek
But I don't care
For we are souls bound
I will hold her tight
In this lifetime
In another
And the next to come
For there is no me
When she's not there

**Death Searching in Senses and Handshakes - Umar
Yogiza Jr.**

Is it now that death multiplied its appetite
its panging footsteps of power bike
moved beyond news speed & lousy
time busy, emptying its stocks & herds
of silent maraud the toom streets
that patriotism returned to the heart of pillagers
pinching out of their haunting bounties taken at
trick-point giving out at camera-point as a charity
no one answers hard questions like death
fearful evils surrendered to the higher evil when
death started calling people by their wealth
geographically, grief is a blaring metaphor of
burning memories, a map of mourning
life fading out on the owner like a candle lighted
at both ends, Covid-19 unemployed us all
the strength of flaring death from overseas
cajoled putrid souls to do good at a desperate time
good deeds of uncertain time circling the sky
& death getting stronger as the year grows older.

Pandemonium -Hassana Suleiman

Covid 19, the man in a white gown said,
the lad can barely understand these twisted codes

He knows there's a roughness in his throat
and a tightening in his chest
and his lungs are now things he detests

Pandemonium, Pandemic, Pandora....
From the depths of which
miserable skunk have you crawled out from?

breezing in with such uncourteous demeanour
and when the lad heard the words quarantine,

he felt the scorching sun grow faint
and the sea breeze turned into gall
the brown earth dried up and
cracked into fine lines that looked like tears

they bound him up, hounded and locked,
like an unrepentant thief
ignoring the real culprit with its airy features that hovers

ready to strike, maim and break
your immune system, through the air, or
If you have trailed on another victims sputum,

The lad feels locked in,
quarantine isn't as fancy as it sounds
why won't I be left to die?

there's a lot of loopholes
and not enough fix-up equipment
for me to use as shield, baton or armour.

Rhetorical Question - Yusuf BM

What do we do
When days are becoming vectors of silence
When minds feed on nothing but the delicacy of fear
What do we do?

What do we do,
When a foe - like a virus seizes the immune system of our
society
When our blood runs only in far distance veins and arteries
When skins now protest over one another
What do we do?

Dear world
What do we do
When handshakes no longer say peace
When hugs are becoming sins to our dear souls
What do we do?

Wait for a While More - Balogun Kehinde

Twangling twangling twang
The solemn strings of the night
Twinkling twinkling twinkle
The twinkling stars in the dark sky
O! Behold Mary, the princess
With a glittering teeth
And a narrow path of the diastema
There she sits with the bright
Charming face shrank...

Like a hunter in the jungle
I've gone hunting sweet words
From the forest of the letters
And dusk till twilight
I couldn't find even one stroke of 'A'
Maybe 'cause of Covid's causes...

I'm on my way to the garden
Coming with the milk moon
And the brightest stars
And the fat elephants
And the singing larks
And the whole world
For the night of your day
Is still a day
Will you wait for me?

Covid-19 - Isa T. Hassan

You are the one on every lip
Not because of a pandemic love.
Though not endowed with wings
No cranny of the globe have you spared
A curse spiced with little blessings.

You have kept aircrafts ports bound
And have silenced industrial machines
The ivory towers are sagely enough
To keep their doors shut and silent
Denial driven desperados alone dare.

Not dread alone have you spread
Many a warmthless home you rekindled
And in the assemblage of the arsenal for your assault
Enabled dollar diversions to satiate epicurean appetites
And driving scarcities to tickle merchants.

**Lost in a Familiar Place - Oreoluwa Okediran-
Olakunde**

Empty street at a glance
No one in sight,
The wind sweeping the top of my forehead
The clean air, very unfamiliar
The silence grew louder, I shivered
Curtains closed against graceful balconies
I was lost in a familiar place.

The quietness, I embraced
Its stillness, I loathed
Till I heard the winds clatter
And the birds joined in the medley
As the raindrops caressed the trees
And flipped into a puddle with an echoed pity-patty
The leftovers, suckled on by thirsty grounds.
I was lost in a familiar place.

Suddenly, came the loud laughter of the thunder
Did the earth just do a two-step dance?
I have been over-powered by nature, I whispered
So I hid in a peaceful surrender
And watched the earth merry at the lockdown of humanity.
I was lost in a familiar place

A Gift from China –Oladokun Stephen Oladayo

Death in the air,
a gift from china
Covid-19.

house arrest
or grave arrest
order by Corona.

I cough, mother flees
I sneeze, father runs
I have now turned masquerade.

my ears in Italy
my eyes in Russia
I know your might.

few meters away from lovers
leg greetings, a moral act,
your handiwork, Mr Corona.

this one life I got
it is not yours to take
wind traveller, the agent of death.

Corona - Modupe Asenuga Olubanjo

I
Rude Corona kicks class, punches reed!
With its spikes of a virus, it throws death into the air

Deaths in Wuhan,
Mourning in the Mediterranean,
Culture and cuisine quake,
Florence stops singing,
Milan in bursts of tears
Fashion Capital ripped in fears
Venice's canals spurt waters of sorrow
Bride of the sea in earth's virulent pangs
Gondolas desert her watery crevices,
Long, soul-ripping sobs the world
The numb Vatican in pangs of pains,
The eternal city of the Seven Hills in ashen of grief
Oh, Corona!
Thou respect neither class nor creed
Thou revere neither banks of seas nor walls of fire
Even Spain, Europe's graceful gazelle is impaled...
Tourists shutter the allure of Madrid royalty,
Prado Museum lies forlorn
Barren of Oh! Haaa!
Ecstatic ululations from hugs of tourism...
The Big Apple drops at Hades' jeers
Global Finance centres?
They fall too...
West Coast of Chicago weeps

Ghost of Hitler - Hassanah Suleiman

You called her virus, I call her a war
Indeed a great war of invisible weapon
War of no gun, no sword. Neither atomic weapon
Can eradicate beyond this arsenal.
It conquers the souls of great men, and
Forced to shut shops, travels, sports and office
Not because it was a virus, but for it as a war.
The anti-terrorist or gender equality manifesto,
The anti-racism or feminist manifesto of today.
Have you ever come across Adolf Hitler's resurrection?
I knew you must know that Jesus will be back
And fight against injustice?
We haven't learnt through Muslim's scripts
Mahdi shall come and wash away our sin?
Oh, God! Yes, we are sinners...
This sin was written inside our chests
Let us say pray and remain indoors, because
All what we have is none for it, and for it,
It has all from us.
See how she sweeps like a broom, and indeed the rubbish
are we
She knocked, and she knocks at our door. Be away,
Be away from folks.
The Ghost of Hitler is calling
When she calls say no and stay away and safe.

Letter to Mother Earth -Hassanah Suleiman

You watch your children wither,
Helpless, and tired from putting up with the ransack
Of your core by the very being you so much cherish

Now hear them cringe and fall,
Like dominoes to the perilous Covid-19,
A smooth killer, a greedy assassin.

Taking lives by the number
Voices of children become loud echoes,
The streets are silent, the elements can now rest.

Even your presence breathes well again
Yet the downfall of your children burns your soul.

The giant virus has them falling like corn ears,
Bereft from their stalks,
All that is left of your fresh divine greenery,
Are scores of corpses and a million graves.
There is no solution to this man-eating disaster
Mother Earth, receive in good faith my condolences.

Invisible Enemy -Hassanah Suleiman

Call to arms?
A war with an invisible enemy
A battle with no segregation
with no dichotomy

A feat where heroes die before those they have to save
A threat that people fail to recognise because it's hardly
there

But it attacks; you could be aware or not
Its motives are sacrilegious
One has got to be tenacious

Covid 19 is real
There's no point arguing
Better stay hidden before it deals
A ruthless blow that may never heal

The virus spread like the sky
Diabolical magic
Eating its cure as it spread
Unknown cure
Unknown disease
Knowing unknowingly
Striping us our fragile hope
Darkening our pale peace
Everything sorrowful
And solitary
Eyes flow with nothing but
Fruitless tears

The Windy City hits the canvass
Corona, you are rude!

Casinos of The Sin City are quiet in their cowardice...
Can there be penance in the City of Angels?

Domine dirige nos!
Does Divinity no longer guide, London, the Old Smoke?
La Ville-Lumiere!
When again will light torch the darkness of this pandemic,
O Paris?

And, Africa!
Land of sun-baked warriors
Earth's child of sunny, warm breaths and breasts
Its 54 nipples in the dragon lips of COVID-19.

Armageddon is here?
Demons of death are by the doorstep?
Oh! Africa!
The gold underneath your earth
Can it heal?
The oily platinum of the Basin of Chad,
Can it blunt the COVID arrows of the lungs?
The vapours from the womb of your earth
Will they soak this death with death?

Let the fires of the earth arise
Let them come fumigate death out of this land
Let them...

II

Eat your food
Eat your medicine
Eat your medicine
Eat your food,
The old wise man said.

The world gropes the dark
Foraging the desert for leaves to vaccinate the pandemic
Vials of antidote to the deadly plague
Pineapple
Carrot
Ginger
Garlic
Tumeric
Blackseed
Pungent juice of Neem
This, that...
Africa!
Let the desert rest its barrenness.
Look the banks of rivers of hope

On either side of your rivers,
There, the trees of life yield fruits of health:
Or leaves and barks no longer heal the sick?
Africa!!!

Mysterious Nation - Hauwa Aliyu Abubakar

COVID- 19 sighted
Comes without identity –
A mysterious nation
The virus spread and
Spread and spread
infecting everyone
No nation is innocent
Of its infernal bite
Even my land —
Where the minority rule
The majority with oppressive conspiracy
This is an iron time
Everything quiet
Our lives a hue
Digging deep at the indoor
Sighting through the silk
Windows of sandcastle

We keep moving
No destination
No approved prevention
No ease off the pains
Buy face mask
Buy hand glove no money
Stay indoor
Avoid crowded place no money
Sneezing on tissue papers
No money

The poor opened to show love
Refrain embrace
To live a word of forest war survivors
Penny lost the race
Those poor giants may win
If fire may burn some feathers,
Make woe be told
When we behold the sun
That filial objurgating may hold.

Covid-19's Silence - Idowu Paul

Now, the world is deafening
The silence to the battlefield of no herald
Barren heavens hunger
Too much milk the weary Earth drinks
From hearts full of gall.

And God commanded the purity,
"Take lead that truth may cry"
The stampede of youth would enter the battlefield
The groaning of the lambs
Call for wolf heart to pounce more.

"Lose the panic from bond"
Quote the celestials
"For let us make them, said we,
"Be the dresser of these merchandises,
"And water cannot cleanse their feet,
"Sword and arrows are not enough,
"Let fear clear some space
That peace may make his way".

The collision of two Lions,
The boils their fierce breath may breed,
The karmic brouhahas
Overwhelmed the deafening world
And silence fills the hearts of conglomerations.

Call for God of sanctuaries
Your house may serve better
And your joyful liver that pounce and leaps
Clear you a lunatic dance
For so your pilot may love,
There is free movement alone in your veins.

A Killer Bird is Spotted - Idowu Paul

Landed beyond the ground height
Now pecking the dream of a good catch
Dumping Joseph's' garments on dunghills
And will strangle all the big children
Taking eyes of pity upon Bartholomew

Lo! A large whale is touched
Asleep Covid-19
Waking to trouble our big rivers,
Still evening the Peters,
Our boat now sinks
With all our petering ambitions.

Fowler's files forth
Trailing the way of killer bird
Covid-19
Dabble their eyes with blood,
Return them home at dusk with a gigantic bag of failures
Still preying the greenhouses
And suck the chlorophyll of Baobabs.

Oh! Cruel Fighter - Adnan Abdulhamid

Cruelly you fight,
Offensively you attack,
Ruining every land with might,
Openly your attack is launch,
None can stop your stingy bites,
Across all land and climes.

Contagiously you diffuse, your
Odour smell can be felt by all,
Resisting repellence from them,
Opponents are in mounts and plains,
No mistake you hit your tags,
Arrow of God you are.

Colour choice is not in your case,
Offering your arms to hug all,
Race choice is what you detest,
On no circumstances you stop the bout,
Northern parallels were first in view,
Asian winter was where we sought.

Coming south, we frown our faces,
Opening to Africa, we close our arms,
Regions in Europe is where you sprawl,
On their backs waiting to be munch,
Naïve or clever we all your preys,
Amongst those you defeated are kings.

Corona Musings - Maryam Gatawa

I turn my country into a poem
And listen to her play the dead guitar

I wear my country like a watch and keep
The time, with every death.

I hold my country between my palms
And see a thousand suns reflecting her.

I don my country this rosary around her hips
So when she sways they jingle and say:

"shut your doors and stay at home."

Corona Musing II - Maryam Gatawa

Here I stand
before your quite streets
Still ponds and serene skies
The frogs are croaking
The swans are out again
The birds are witnessing
How I turn your world

Here I stand
Behind your doors
This lingering fear
Announcing me...
Your sun has gone
Along its yester-rays
Upon your lands, I sit
My invisible throne

Here I come but bearing gifts
I offer you 'cough' with mild fever
Accept my gift and be my meal
I remove my veil let the nakedness show
Open your doors let me seam your lids.

I have that Faith - Nura Ahmad

It's indeed a trial time...
The time of panic,
The time of bodies going pale...
The time of others losing dear ones...

I calm myself down and take a deep breath...
I do have that faith, which races inside me...
I do have that faith and believe in the Maker of me
Who taught me the washing of hands at least
15 times a day and more...
When I sneeze or cough to cover my mouth...

To survive in a time like this...
To enjoy his bounties...
To cherish the life of love and beloved, of give
And give and give and take...
To have such feelings that nothing rifts us apart,
Even the pandemic though...
Even the social distancing is never a rift...
At such distance, I show you my face full of smiles and
I wave...

When you are out of sight, we are together in our hearts...
Two hearts with a single soul...

Yes, I do have that faith in Him...
For the impossible is possible in his hands...

Too Short, Tough Times Last - Ibekwe Osinakachukwu

Prison days, lonely days
When we sit with hunger sharing the same bed with sorrow
In a blanket of darkness
Counting days to pass as it ticks, the longer days
When thought roams around like the moon in the cloud
And eyelids dance upwards
A ghost dance by the silent drums of the night
Waiting for the day to come
As if night never wish to go
Hoping to see a new day
With a hope that groans of yesterday will bawl
The night has darkened the day
We wash our hands even when there is no food
Covering our noses we look like a masquerade
The nocturnal voices of the mortar and pestle die in silence
Only the drums of hunger we heard
And our yawning plays a good flute
How do we survive this?
The longer days of agony, thoughtful days of sorrow
When our eyes feed with sleep
And bodies weakness bathe
Sitting like the cripple
And like a bird in the cage
Hoping to be free one day
Until the silent breeze speaks
Hope returns
Then the breeze whispers
Patient! Patient!

CORONA virus, Alas beware,
Oh CORONA! You're but a servant of God,
Remember to slay those destined by Him,
On those whom God had wished,
Not in Africa, Europe or Asia, you
Admit those in your registered book.

Come and listen to what I say,
On no account you slay those,
Run to personal hygiene
Outside your circle, they befall, your
Novelty we seek refuge in God,
Admit those taken by you in to Aljannah.

Pandemic -Abraham Zillion Airs

The Invaders are here! A thermic tachycardiac friends.
Quarantine price endemic,
Epidemic even with pandemic hands.
Whose tomorrow history would crack
Covid -19 endemic like no other pandemic spread trends.

The Black manhood empowering the other men
Fairy tale history from the "Neanderthals"
Story frames
Deceptionist serving saints lines white lies three times.
My country in Africa on admission syndrome pandemic dies.
And I'm not made of glass that would break the light eyes
yes.

Whose tomorrow there when the invaders pandemic is
here?
Asking questions of immortality and solidarity everywhere.
Dancing us all in terms of a party
Of red wines with "No Lights" there.
Our vaults drowned in hook, line and sinker tears in fears.

Quarantine price washing hands birthing a phoenix end to a
world without end.
Couldn't it be the admission syndrome is our endemic
pandemic ends?

COVID-19 - Ibekwe Osinakachukwu

As smart as it is,
It startles
Our failure of not being vigilant
Those thoughtless days
Unpreparedness
Without knowing
It takes us unaware
Like a dream
Our sleeping days
The mighty ones have fallen
Fear marches around us
It steps echoed
Knocking to our hearing
We wake up
In a midst of the night
Ready to prepare
It is too late
The grey balls of smoke
Have covered the sky
Not knowing what to do
But slowly staggering downwards
Stepping to the rivers of confusion
Where our faces are washed with disappointment
Our eyes cleared
Drunken eyes
Watching like a blind ghost
Then we lock ourselves up
The prison we put ourselves
Our freedom lies in the hand of our enemy
Covid-19

In These Times - Sunday Folashade Omowumi

In chaos,
In strife,
In fear and in fright.
Even in these times.
You and I,
Shoulder to shoulder,
With words, mouths glued to ears.

Frozen barricades,
Locked curtains,
Pure fingers,
Kilometres apart.
Even in these times,
Should bad blood and rancour mould up bricks?
Bricks for fences?

Our hearts are tied in knots.
Connected to the next and the next till the last.
Built into a thread, a thread that's not to be seen but felt.
Even in chaos,
In strife,
In fear and fright.
Even in these times.

The silent moment echoes
The message of the breeze
The ugliness of the sky never last
The thunder may slap the sky
And the sky wails
But the dance of tears never last
The dreams of yesternight slip away
When morning awake
Yesterday shall never come
Even though it does, never forget
Too short, tough times last.

We have Survived the War -Ibekwe Osinakachukwu

Whatever that happens to the grass
Rejoice the grass have survived
After a March of the elephant
The grass was treaded in the burrow
The tears that danced yesterday
As if is the end of the road
When our teeth dances in silent
Oil never fails to kiss our lips
We wonder how we survive the war
Rejoice! Let laughter dance on your lips
The elephant has fallen
And the grass dances forever
By the flute of the wind
We shall never forget the elephant
If thunder could not tear the sky
Together with the elephant, they will fade away like the sun
The longer days, the moon cradles
Yesterday, tomorrow bade farewell
Never wish to embrace
But yesterday will forever live tomorrow
Tomorrow tells tomorrow
How the grass eats the pumpkins with no leaf
In the face of the hungry elephant
Whatever that happens to the elephant is what the grass
wave with joy
When the war is over
The dew embraces the grass
And the treaded burrowed earth smiles
Then we say we have survived the war!

Desolate Land - Kunle Daramola

Let there be heaven, earth, sun, moon, stars, seas,
Let the plague knocks on their doors, the blood had dried
up,
Reflection from the pyramid, 10th plague will be the first,
The earth simulates the sky; dark, empty, silenced,
And the birds forcefully caged,
Depressed in their nests; the hawk hunts no more,
The parrot gossips no more and the eagle loses its
dominion.
The love song stops, as the rhythm is punctuated,
Melodious chants distorted as the ears blur,
Legs for dances crippled

But a little star shins through the centre of the roof,
Awakens the blood again,
Awakens the firstborn from its coffin.
The birds from the nests,
The love from the lusts
And the legs from immobility...

The Authorized Version - Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo

Shakespeare created new words for his plays and sonnets.

The authorized version brought a somewhat
sonorous authority to the language as it is spoken today.

Now this- a plague;
a petulant and pestilently painful virus,
creating new words and making them go viral.

A linguistic exercise!
And so, now people are no longer lugubrious,
but Covidious, Covidic, corovicious.
The beautiful word, Corona
and it's counterpart word penumbra,
have been rendered nugatory

My old school might have to change its name.
The chill beer is losing market share
The dentist must find a new name for the crown of the
teeth.

The monk's tonsure, the saints' halo,
the process of the investiture of Bishops
or Kings must be called by other words.
An invisible enemy- viral combatant-
changing words; changing national identities.

The Wind of Reality - Bibian Aloba

A wind of reality has blown; a novel wind,
so strong a wind that has codswallop science.
A mighty wind that has wish-washed wealth, power and
class.

A new narrative that has taught us the essence of our being:
love and compassion, and the need
to retrace our steps else we live or leave with the wind.
There are helplessness and confusion in the land,
technology, science, wealth, connections,
power has suddenly become confused and gasping for
breath.

The wind has swept the commoners
and the mighty into the same treatment centres without
discrimination.

This novel wind is a leveller,
reminding us of how limited we are as mortals.
Covid 19 has brought a new reality
to the world we thought we had control of...

Change has come.

You adhere, you live.

You disobey, you leave.

The New Order - Bibian Aloba

There is a tiny, invisible agent.
Too small to be seen by light microscopy
Yet it has powerful effects on its own
This unprecedented agent does not know class
Color, gender, religion, position, age or race
Choices or options are taken away by the agent!

This tiny but powerful agent has
Injected disruptive pills into our world
It has questioned relationships, commitments and loyalty
It has questioned the way we live
Loneliness and damnation are staring
At the faces of those who threw
Love, compassion, family and relationships into the gutter.
The bars, clubs, airlines, airports,
Viewing centre's, churches, schools,
Mosques, businesses, must adhere
And operate within the new world order.

This agent has forced us to retrace
Our steps, stay at home with our
Families and to do things differently.

The things we chase after...
Technology and science, wealth, connections,
Power is suddenly defenceless and confused
There are helplessness and confusion in the land.

Covid-19 has brought a new order and the virus!
The world has succumbed
To the life the agent has brought... a new order...

Living Plagues - Terfa Danjuma Nenger

And the world roars
In the pool of a living plague
They say is black and white
And Man has become a vague
Bewildered by its own form
What becomes of humanity?
Now sails on a pool of our dissent
All men have become birds
Beaten by our impunity

Togetherness
Distance isn't a song
Sang by morning birds
It is the separation of good from evil

Let's stop looking
at it and maybe like
a quantum particular it might lose energy and fade...
Who knows?

Covid-19 - Ode Andrew Eyeoyibo

Sounds like a code
Something Ben Brown of the Da Vinci code
fame might have written and where
the eponymous James Bond might have intoned,
Shaken but not stirred.

Except that we
are shaken, stirred, twisted and turned.

Coded!

Ebola from Ebola
Lassa from Lassa
Spanish flu from Kansas or Arkansas,
As far from Spain as you can get
But not Wuhan
Not Chinese
The plot thickens
or not!

Mutant!

An exquisite creation in a two way
or maybe three-way biochemical warfare race.
Who is to say, except to say in our colloquial Nigerian
a voice that 'no one holy pass'!
No, not one!

So let the game of blame stop
Let's not play the game of thrones
Let the dying cease
Let the sick be healed
Let the infections be rolled back
Let the virus morph into the chemical
Or other clouds from which it came
Let the sunshine again!
Let ... !

The Perfect Vaccine is Love - Lorhuna Msonter

I am shaking, my heart is fainting alone
They said we should stay at home
Stay safe, stay alone at home
Can you tell the homeless to stay at home?
Can you tell the beggars on the street to stay at home?
Can you tell those sleeping under the bridges to stay at home?
Can you who is telling others to stay at home,
stay at home when suffering, hunger, power failure,
Unemployment is staying with you at home?
How can you tell the same people
Who has been running away from home,
Because of Boko-Haram Killings to stay at home,
Stay alone, and stay safe?
Long before now, it wasn't easy,
We were just trying to feed on hand to mouth.
Now, there is Covid-19 they said don't touch your ears,
Eyes, nose or mouth,
Now, how do my people survive,
When they live on daily income as they work day in, day out?
Now, how do my people survive,
When the aid the government promised was only received by word of mouth?
So I open my mouth, I speak out
They lied to us, I don't need to shout
This thing is here, and it's spreading like wildfire,
causing havoc, your family and friends

The String of Discord - Terfa Danjuma Nenger

Unsettled by the peace of the world
They schemed to sow the seed of discord in our farms of living
Through chimneys of annihilation,
Vessels of separatism,
Sermons of false truth of medicine.

Our unity, they flushed with fear
Livelihood washed away with waves of pandemic
Making us prostitutes of needs
Merchant beggars for light and might.

As they trade our freedom for petals,
Sitting on the throne of deals,
The media become our feeding bottles of lies,
As the eagles shower their droppings
For revitalizing and cleansing the land,
Arithmetic wears a new garment.

As the string of discord binds us in pain,
Siblings become strangers,
Friends, ceremonial enemies
Hospitals become death malls.

No embrace or hugging, they say
For embrace died among lovers,
Hugging became a luxury
that even the rich can no longer afford.

Handshake is bedridden, awaiting death or recovery
This compound word, in our imagination transplanted,
Becomes the death knell on our family ties.

The child running errand is trapped
And the father cannot go in search
Husbands wallow in masturbation,
Confined to their farms, away from their wives
Feeding fat from the produce of their strife.

Some sleep with their wealth under their pillows
With no one to Bata with
Others are victims of hungdemic and povdemic.
Living has never been more worthy and death more
worrisome
We ride in official vehicles to malls, awaiting
Death in isolation and funeral by strangers
The iniquities of this world are the brainchild of barons
Dressed in the string of discord.

.....With Sanitizers and Gloves - Adepoju Isaiah Gbenga

On every street of man
lies a scraggy bone.

Lifelessly on the ground,
Every handshake
A little suspicious!
A slight sneezing
everybody takes cover.

Soldiers troop in with
Heavy artillery, buildings
Crumble and rumble,
Heaven and earth unmended and
the hosts of earth
with sanitizers and gloves.

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Diabolical magic
Eating its cure as it spread
Unknown cure
Unknown disease
Knowing unknowingly
Striping us our fragile hope
Darkening our pale peace
Everything sorrowful
And solitary
Eyes flow with nothing but
Fruitless tears

are gonna get it if they don't already have it,
it's tragic I tell you madness,
the scientist said old people get worse,
but most get it eventually, and now there is no way to
contain its effects.
But don't be afraid, despite what you hear or see on your
T.V,
there is good news during this pandemic.
To fight loneliness people are performing concerts on their
balcony,
hosting online Zoom shows of their companies.
Listen to me just like every other tragedy
we can let this destroy us, or we can use it to our benefits
and repair or relationships with our brothers and sisters,
wipe away silly grudges,
because when it's all said and done all we had in this world
was each other.
So be alert and not fearful,
if you feeling scared and lonely,
I recommend you immediately dialling the hotline of a level
headed friend or foe.
Don't expose yourself but decontaminate yourself through
dance,
laughter, and meditation.
The year 2020 has taken a lot of lives
May we use this tragic moment to finally wake up to what's
important.
Right now tell someone that you care for them,
yes right now tell them that you cherish them if they are not
with you, call them up, tell them you will always be there

for them because together is the only way we will rise
above this pandemic.
The only vaccine for this virus is love.

Mysterious Nation - Hauwa Aliyu Abubakar

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A mysterious nation
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Spread and spread
Infecting everyone
No nation is innocent
Of its infernal bite
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Our lives a hue
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Sighting through the silk
Windows of sandcastle

We keep moving
No destination
No approved prevention
No ease off the pains
Buy face mask
Buy hand glove no money
Stay indoor
Avoid crowded place no money
Sneezing on tissue papers
No money

She strikes the young and old with the same force
And kisses the rich and poor with equal passion
And sends to the grave which she deems fit

The String of Discord - Aisha Umar

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The Lockdown - Yasir Jibril Tofa

When the rich heard of the lockdown
They went shopping
For food and groceries and the like of
Like in a festive period or for merriment
To them, it's a time of abundance

When the poor heard of the lockdown
They knelt and prayed for intervention
To them, hunger is the virus
And the lockdown is the prison
Where getting food is survival

When health workers heard of the lockdown
They praised and extolled the government
That the way to stop Corona is here
The magic done in Saudi and the USA
For community transmission is disastrous

But when I learnt of the lockdown
I stocked my shelf with new book collections
To feed my soul
And water the dry land of my mind
For there is no better light
To lit my way down the path of musing

When the queen of death arrives
When the queen of death arrives,
She strikes fiercely and doesn't care whose ox is gored,

Hausa Section

The Queen of Death - Yasir Jibril Tofa

When the queen of death arrives
She moves freely and at will
Like her sisters that came before
She doesn't respect borders
Moving majestically across the globe
From east to west, she wreaks havoc and causes pain

When the queen of death arrives
She romances the lead and sleeps with the led
And spreads in communities like wildfire in a dry forest
As individuals refuse to take heed
She rules and governs with all audacity

When the queen of death arrives
She brought the world superpowers to the knees
She confuses the most developed empires and baffles the
dependent
countries
She destroys the wealth of nations and halts the world
economy
By her might, she makes the world standstill

When the queen of death arrives
Let us not focus on trivialities
For we are all in this together
To defeat it or be martyred by it
Head or tail, we should do our part

When the queen of death arrives
Let it be known that I did my part
I told my people about Covid – 19
A beast that ravages nations and causes suffering
But can be prevented with discipline and correct practices

When the queen of death arrives
Let us arm ourselves with the correct information
And join our hands to fight as one
To stay at home and do the needful
And halt the spread of this monster
Aiming to erase us off
The face of the earth.

Pandemic - Bilal A. Kiyawa

Global pandemic COVID-19 aka Corona Virus,
Coyly named by a Youtuber as My Shrona Cyrus,
Due to the platform seeing the word as not desirous,

Fearing his content to be swiftly demonetized,
Corporations twisted morality overly sensitized,
Thinking not a place for their products to be advertised,

He's one of the lucky ones coming from a place of
privilege,
Some are without of even a bone, tendon or cartilage,
Being in poverty due to race, skin colour or heritage,

To protect us Governments enacting a societal shutdown,
Resulting in businesses being tragically squashed into the
ground,
All I see is poverty, layoffs and insecurity speedily inbound,

No amount of debt will provide economic continuation,
On the horizon is crippling national degradation,
We must arise and wholly sustain our nation.

sa ba ko kadan”. Koƙarin samun bayanai daga marubuta game da tunaninsu akan wannan annoba ya haifar da samuwar wannan littafi.

Wannan littafin yana bayyana tunane-tunane da ra’ayoyi da kuma sahihan bayanai. Littafin na da muhimmanci ga al’ummomin Najeriya har ma da adabin duniya, sakamakon mawuyacin hali na ban mamaki da duniya ta tsinci kanta a ciki. Abin nazari ne bincikar irin halin da ake rayuwa a yanzu bayan bullar wannan annoba ko kuma rubuta baitoci don fadakarwa da tunasar da al’umma yadda za su kare kansu.

Abu mafi muhimmanci shi ne yadda wannan littafin ya zama tamkar dandalin baje-kolin fasaha da tunani da kwarewa iri-iri. Marubuta da mawaƙa sun yi amfani da harshen gama-gari na adabi – mai nuna tausayawa, haɗin kai da kuma aiki tare – domin bayyana motsin zuciyar mutum cikin salon burgewa. Sun yi rubutu game da lafiya, yanayin fargaba, tsoro, rashin tabbas, tsanani, roƙon Allah, da kuma buƙatar haɗuwa da sauran mutane. Sun yi bayanin ayyukan yau da kullum, kamar su wanke hannu, yin amfani da magungunan kashe cututtuka, saka takunkumin fuska da kuma bai wa juna tazara a wuraren tarurruka.

Duk da kasantuwar waɗannan sabbin al’amuran, marubutan sun dage kan cewar wajibi ne dukkanmu mu kasance al’umomi kamar yadda aka san mu bisa manufar haɗin kai da isar da saƙonni, da aminci da kuma yarda da juna.

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Gabatarwa

Annobar Korona watau Kobid-19 ta faro daga gabashin duniya a Kasar Sin, sannu ta yaɗu tamkar wutar daji zuwa sassan duniya, gabas da yamma kudu da arewa. Ba ta bar manyan garuruwa ba balle kananan da suke koma baya wajen harkar kula da lafiya. Wannan annoba ta nuna yatsunta ga manyan kasashe da hukumomin lafiya masu ji da kansu ganin yadda suka kasa katabus wajen daƙile ta tun farkon bullarta.

Wannan dalilin ya sa marubuta da ma’abota ayyukan adabi bibiyar wannan mugunyar annoba, da nufin bayar da gwaggwabar gudummawa a kan irin tasirinta da illolinta ga al’umma. Kai! Har ma da nuni ko tattaunawa a kan sanin haƙikanin wannan annoba a idon mutanen da suke sun yi nisa a ilimin zamani da ma waɗanda ba su yi zurfi ba.

A wannan kundin waƙoƙi, sha’irai sun waƙe wannan annoba a kan irin tasirinta kamar a *Wakar Koronabairas* ta Abdullahi Abubakar Lamido da *Wakar Cutar Korona* ta Halliru Abdullahi da *Korona Cutar Zamani* wallafar Mukhtar Mudi Sipikin sai kuma wadda mace mai kamar maza, Umma Aliyu Musa ta rubuta mai suna *Korona Mai Sarauta*.

Wasu daga marubutan kuwa sun yi kai kawo ne cikin matsayin wannan annoba da irin yadda wasu ke inkarin ta. A iya ganin wannan ra’ayin kamar yadda Khalid Imam cikin waƙarsa *Siyasa ce Korona* da wadda Zaharaddeen Nasir ya wallafa mai suna *Akwai Korona?*

Ta'aliki

Illar wannan annoba ta ratsa duk wani al'amari da dan'adam yake yi. Ta fuskar addini, mawaƙan sun kawo yadda Korona ta hana yin jam'in salloli biyar na rana, kai har ma da Sallar Juma'a ba a nan sashenmu na duniya ba, har ma a can kasar Makka da Madina. Waƙar Khalid Imam *Korona a Kano* da kuma *Idi Loton Korona* sun zayyana yadda al'amarin Salla ya kasance. Cikin wannan fuskar ce Bashir Ibrahim Na'ia ya yi tasa waƙar da ya sa wa suna *Wace ce Ita?*

Haka dai, wannan littafi na waƙoƙin Hausa na Korona ya sake buɗe shafin yin wake-wake ga al'amuran da suka shafi rayuwar al'umma. Ayyukan adabi, musamman ma waƙa, ta kasance hanya ɗaya tilo da mutane suka fi sauraro domin samun nishaɗi da ilimantarwa. Waɗannan waƙoƙin sun zama gudummawar Hausawa ga korar wannan annoba da ta zo ta ɗaiɗaita tattalin arziƙin duniya kamar yadda kusan dukkanin marubutan nan suka nuna cikin waƙoƙinsu.

Daga karshe, ina fata gudummawar nan da hazikan marubuta waƙoƙin Hausa suka bayar za ta taimaka wajen ilimantar da mai karatu. Ga masu son gane yadda ya kamata a kiyaye kai daga kamuwa da wannan cutar ta Kobid-19 sai a karanta waƙoƙin. Ko ba komai dai wannan kundin waƙoƙin ya killace mana wannan annoba a fagen adana tarihin abubuwan da suka wakana.

Ibrahim Garba Satatima, PhD

Dangaladiman Farfesa

(Associate Professor)

Sashen Koyar da Harsunan Nijeriya,

Jami'ar Bayero

Shekarar 2020 ta zo da wani irin kalubalen da ya ɗauki hankalin duniya gabaki ɗaya, wato bayyanar annobar Koronabairas, wadda aka fi sani da Kobid-19 ko cuta mai sarke numfashi a harshen Hausa. Sabuwar cuta ce da ba a san ta ba kafin watan Disambar 2019 inda ta bayyana a birnin Wuhan na kasar Sin. Mahukuntan ƙasashe daban-daban a duniya sun ɗauki matakan da suka dace domin ɗakile yaɗuwar ta, ciki har da rufe iyakokin biranen da abin ya shafa har ma da iyakokin ƙasashe, sannan aka rufe muhimman wuraren da suka haɗa da kasuwanni da makarantu da filayen jiragen sama da majami'u da kuma maSallatai.

Matakan ɗakile Kobid-19 na killace mutane ya canja hanyoyin gudanar da aiki da yadda ɗan'adam ke gudanar da harkokin rayuwa na yau da kullum. Waɗannan matakan sun shafi tattalin arziƙi da zamantakewa. Mutane da dama sun rasa ayyukansu, wasu kuma sun samu tasgaron ciyar da iyalinsu sakamakon zaman kulle. Haka kuma, tuni wasu alamomin na illolin da wannan annobar za ta haifar nan gaba sun fara bayyana a halin yanzu.

Samun amsar makarin cutar da ba a sani ba wadda kuma take tasiri ga zamantakewa, na cikin ayyukan adabi bisa doron nazari da tunani da hasashe domin zaburarwa da kuma hoɓɓasa cikin ƙarfin gwiwa da himma. Wannan zai sa duk da mawuyacin yanayin da aka tsinci kai, za a jure a saba da shi, kuma a fahimci yadda za a tunkari sababbin kalubale. Chinua Achebe, wanda ya assasa ƙungiyar marubata ta Najeriya, ya faɗi a jaridar *Atlantic Online* a hirar da ta yi da shi ranar 2 ga Agusta, 2000 cewar, "*Idan kun ji labari daga ɓangare ɗaya kurum, to ba za ku taɓa fahimtar*

Al-Razzaḳu Fatahu Sarkinmu,
Al-Alimu ruwa fa ya ci mu,
Al-Khaliku Kai ne muradinmu,
Albari'u Allah Ka Cece mu,
Muta'ali ka san muradanmu,
Yau kuka manya da yaranmu.
Annobar nan tafi karfinmu.
Naso yau taka yi a yankinmu,
Jagorori uli-amrinmu,
Allah kare zunubai namu.

Hazbiyallahu- (Dr.) Aminu Ladan Abubakar (ALA)

HAZBI ALLAH HAZBUNALLAHU
SARKI ALLAH SHARE KUKANMU
GA ANNOBA TA FI KARFINMU.
HAZBI ALLAH HASBUNALLAHU.

Allah Ya Allahu Ya Allah
Allah Ya Rahamanu Ya Allah,
Allah Ya Maliku ya Allah,
Allah Ya Kuddusu Ya Allah,
Allah Ya Salamu Ya Allah,
Allah Ya Muminu Ya Allah
Allah Muhaiminu Ya Allah,
Allah Ya Jabbaru Ya Allah
Allah Ya Kahhara Ya Allah
Annobar nan kar ta shafe mu.

Ya Allah Sarki Ma ji kanmu
Ya Allah Rahamanu Rahimu,
Almalik iko na Mulkinmu,
Alkuddus! Salamu gatanmu,
Al-Mumin Allah Muhaiminu,
Ya Azzizu Ka share kukanmu,
Al-Jabbaru Ka dubi kokenmu,
Ya Kahharu Ka dubi rauninmu,
Ya Wahhabu maza da matanmu.
Mun zo Allah Kaj ji kai namu.

Allah domin shehunai namu,
Wannan da suke raya dararenmu,
Wal Shabbabu Kushu'un 'ya'yanmu,
Wannan masu riƙo da sarkinmu
Don yan yarorin tsakaninmu
'Yan alhamdu dugwi-dugwi namu,
Don dabbobi na tsakaninmu
'Yan kale da suke tsakaninmu,
Don miskinai don marayunmu
Allah lamunce wa kukanmu.

Allah Kai Kas san sabubbanta,
Kana kuma Kai ke da ikonta,
Mu bayi ne naKa tamkarta,
Sannan mun san Kai Ka aiko ta,
Domin mu bayi mu hankalta,
Allah istigfari mun furta,
Mun tuba a gare Ka mun furta,
Janye wannan guguwar cuta,
Don ƙaunar Mahmudu dangata,
Linzamin ƙauna da bautarmu.

Allah Kad da Ka duba halinmu,
Ba don mu ba Ilahu Sarkinmu,
Allah Kad da Ka kalli sabonmu,
Ya Jabbaru Ka amshi tubanmu,
Allah Kai ne Ka umarce mu,
Mu yi roko a gare Ka Sarkinmu,
Sannan Kai alƙawarigunmu,
In mun roka za Ka karbe mu,
Kai duba da ido na jin ƙanmu,
Don ƙaunar Mahmudu Manzonmu,

Allah duka mun raina wayonmu,
Mun ƙaskanta Ka duba kukanmu,
Mun raunanna Ka karbi tubanmu
Mun jikkata zamo a damanmu
Mun firgitta zamo kuzarinmu,
Ba wayo da tsumi a tsarinmu,
Sai kuka a gare Ka Sarkinmu,
Kai ɗin ne mai amsa kukanmu
Kai ne mai kare Muradanmu,
Don sunan Asma'u Linjamu,

Don Sunnar Mahamudu Limamu
Don ƙaunarKa da shi Ka dube mu
Don saƙon da Ka bai wa Manzonmu,
Alkur'ani sa Ya cece mu,
Don sirrinku da shi Masoyinmu,
Don Sallah da Ka sa tsakaninmu,
Mun tuba muna tirza goshinmu,
Gafarce mu Ka kalli kokenmu,
Allah don Asahabu Manzonmu,
Wannan masu biyar Masoyinmu,

Ga cuta tamkar wutar daji
Mai kai 'ya'yan Adamu jeji,
Ta kai wasu har ma cikin juji,
Ai zafinta ko ya wuce yaji,
Ya Jabbaru Ka ba mu agajji,
Koke yau sai Kai Ubangiji,
Wane gogaji giji-giji,
Hanta ta motsa ɗiyan hanji,
Sai dai tsuwwa har da karaji,
Ba mai ceto sai Murabbinmu.

Ni Imam Khalid na Indo,
Jikan Hauwa'u tabbas.

Na san cutar Korona,
Ƙanwa ce gun talauci.

Wajen ƙeta da sharri,
Har ma yawo a dangi.

Ni nan zan sanya aya,
Cikin waƙar Korona.

Allahu Ka sa mu gane,
Mu tuba zuwa gare Ka.

Annobar Korona - Khalid Imam

Masu gaɗa suna ta shewa,
'Yan caca da masu karta.

'Yan daudu da ma kilaki,
Sun tsere babu kowa.

Tituna leƙa ka duba,
Kasuwanni har mashaya.

Makarantu har sinima,
'Yan kwalo da masu dambe.

Sun face duk don Korona,
Ko ina duka tsit kake ji.

Ta bi Gwamna har gidansa,
Ta shaƙi wuyan Minista.

Can a Ladan ga Yarima,
Ta bi shi cikin turaka.

A Abuja har a Villa,
Ta shige ciki ta yi sheƙa.

Tai ƙwayaye ta yi 'ya'ya,
Ta miƙe ƙafa a fada.

Tabbas cutar Korona,
Annoba ce ta gaske.

A maSallatai da coci,
Duk an koma ga Allah.

Sarki Mai shirya komai,
Dole ne bauta gare Shi.

Ba tsiƙi kuma ba dabara,
Duniya yau an bi Allah.

Masu sheke aya su more,
A Italiya ko Amurka.

Har kasar Sin can a Chana,
Ta kai da yawa kushewa.

Ko Farisa har Faransa,
Ba kowa yau a titi.

Kufai a kirayi Turai,
Champions League an tsaya cik.

Ba a yin zancen Ronaldo,
Har Messi ba batunsa.

Ita annobar Korona,
Cuta ce babu shakka.

Ba ta kunya ba ta tsoro,
Ba ta sabo ba sanayya.

Yau mutum ya gane cewa,
Bai da karfi sai na Allah.

Bai da sauran duk dabara,
Kariyarsa tana ga Rabbu.

Gatan kowa Ilahu,
Mui ta bauta mai da da'a.

Ma rabauta a yau da gobe,
Don ko dai cutar Korona.

Wa'azi ce babu shakka,
Me ja shi ke asara.

Kurciya in ta yi kuka,
Saƙo nata ban da wawa,

Bare gaula da soko.
Masu shashanci a hanya.

Hankali kura kira shi,
Ta yin zabari na guga.

Mai rabo shi ke rabauta,
In an wa'azi ya dauka.

Zunubansa ya nemi tuba,
Kan ya ji shi cikin kushewa.

Ni Khalid ba ni shakka,
Tabbas cutar Korona.

Jan kunne ce gare mu.
Mu bar safo da sharri.

Mu so junanmu gaske,
Hakan zai taimake mu.

Kanawa ga mu gun Ka,
Mun miƙa wuya gare Ka,
Saukin cutar Korona,
Ka ba mu a yau mu huta,
Tuba duka mun yi gun Ka.

Bakano ne ni Khalidu,
Imam yaya ga Hafiz,
Sulaiman ma ƙani ne,
Shi Abubakari wajena,
Ai ƙani ne babu shakka.

Korona a Kano - Khalid Imam

A Kano yau ga Korona,
Ya Ilahu muna gare Ka,
Kariya duka ba ya taKa ,
Ba tsimi yau ba dabara,
Sai miƙa wuya wajen Ka.

A gida kowa ya zauna,
'Ya'ya mata da dangi,
Ba fita kuma babu yawo,
Ko zuwa zance da karta,
Kasuwanni duk a kulle.

Cunkuso duk mu daina,
Ba a son jama'a su taru,
Gida na biki da ƙwallo,
Gwamna ya ce mu gane,
Lafiyarmu a yau mu duba.

Fuska baki mu kare,
Domin ƙwayar Korona,
Ta nan ke kama kowa,
Numfashi duk ta shaƙe,
Nan take ta kai kushewa.

Ba a son duk mai Korona,
Yai mu'amulla da kowa,
Yin hakan kan sa ta haihu,
Jama'a da yawa ta danne,
Da wuƙa domin ta yanka.

Killace kai har iyali,
Masu yi suke da riba,
Ba asara ko ta ahu,
Kuma ba su babu kuka,
Hankali nasu ya yi aiki.

Kai rahoton mai Korona,
Shi rigakafi wajibi ne,
Magana a yi nesa-nesa,
Tazara sosai a bayar,
Cikin taro mu lura.

Sha ruwa sosai a kullum.
Yinhakanance haƙiƙa,
Wajen yaƙar Korona,
Shan ruwa na daƙile ta,
Allahu Ka sa mu dace.

A Kano yau ga Korona,
Lafiyar yara mu lura,
Hannaye duk a wanke,
Sabulu sanya ka cuda,
Don tsafta na da kyawu.

Ita annobar Korona,
Ta fi hantsi kewayawa,
Zazzabinta yana da karfi,
Tarinta yana da naci,
Taurin kai ta fi jaki.

Wannan cuta mu duba,
Yaro tsoho da babba,
Mai kuɗi talaka da sarki,
Soja liman da gyartai,
In ta samu sai ta danne.

Ta kar da yawa a Chana,
In kana Legas ka zauna,
Umarni na Manzo,
Annoba in ta bulla,
Kar ka je koko a zo ma.

Fatawa an yi ta na ji,
Juma'a za mui a daki, Duk
maSallatai a kulle, Zamani
ya zo da riga, Babu zafi
sai sakawa.

Romon dutse ana sha,
Ga mai hakurin dafawa,
Mu daina batun siyasa,
Mu bar zargi ga kowa,
Gun Ilahu mu je mu tuba.

Allah Sarkin sarauta,
Ji kan mu dare da rana,
Duka sauki na wajenKa,
Rana da wata da sammai,
Lafiyarsu duka na gare Ka.

Tuba Sallar farilla,
Mu taru mu dinga yin su,
Waraka duka sai mu gan ta.

Komai tsananin masifa,
Ban da Allah zo fada min,
Wane ne maganinta?

Siyasa Ce Korona - Khalid Imam

Ya ku jama'a ku duba,
Batun lamarin Korona,
Akwai lauje cikinsa.

Ga siyasa ga bukату,
Ga ruđu ga nufaka,
Cikin lamarin Korona.

Mai gane nađin da lauje,
Sai yai nazari sadidan,
Kan su sa shi duhu a daki.

An fake da batun Korona,
Asusu kaf garinmu,
Sun washe babu hujja.

Guzuma dai an fake ne,
Karsana suka so su harba,
Gafiya aikinta sata.

Ban da aikin 'yan gidoga,
Ma'kiya Allah da Daha,
Ba a binne irin masifa.

A ce an shuka dawa,
A jikin bayi na Allah,
Kawai domin bukata.

Da sunan magani ne,
Na kwayoyin Korona.
Na ji hankaka da hantsi.

Ya ci laya ya yi niyya,
Manufar cuta da sharri,
Ko ana so ko da karfi.

Wannan niyya ta sharri,
Kwangila ce babu fashi,
Wadda za su sayar da riba.

Kurciya ilimi gare ta,
Na ji ta ce yau mu lura,
Jari hujja da illa,

Ko makaho in lura,
Rikicin sai na fi jari,
Duniya ya nannadè ta.

Ya sanya kasarAmurka,
Da Chana idan ka gan su,
Daga zambo sai harara.

Juna kullum sukan yi,
Wannan kan zargi wancan,
Cewa kwayar Korona.

Makircin 'yan uba ce,
Masu bin bayi Ilahu,
Da sharri suna fakewa.

Da batun kwayar Korona,
Shukar da Ilahu duk Yai,
Suna neman su sare.

Gafala da yawa mutane,
Yau hakika sun yi ainun,
Sun bar tsoron Hakimun.

Wanda ke iko da komai,
Mutum aljan da ciwo,
Sai dai cutar Korona.

Ita ma cutar Korona,
Da za mu tsaya mu duba,
Ai baiwa ce wajenSa.

Yadda Yas so wajibinta,
Iko nata kama gwamna,
Sarki na tasha ba duku.

Tabbas duka bai wajenta,
Yin rigakafi na da kyawu,
Amma in za mu gane.

Ikon mutuwa a rayu,
Rashi samu da ciwo,
Ba ya hannun Korona.

Dukkan lamuran mutane,
Allah Sarkin sarauta,
Shi kadai ke sarrafa su.
Inda mai ja zo da hujja,
Ba ni sake bari na Sallah,
Sahun Sallar farilla.

Domin tsoron Korona,
Da mu gane duk mu budè,
MaSallatai na Sallah.

Wakar Korona - (Dr.) Aminu Ladan Abubakar (Alan waka) da Salisu Yaro da Muftahu Lafaze da Mubarak Dutse da Sa'id Jafar (Singer) da Ibrahim A. Yusuf da kuma Isa Dangago

Mabudī: Ehhhhhhhhhh! Music industry Hausa ke saƙo don 'yan'uwana,
Mai kama da shirin zuwa shi ake aika wa 'yan'uwana,
Alan al'umma ne da masu bayani 'yan'uwaaaaaaah!.

Mabudī 2: Salisu yaro ne,
Muftahu Laffazi,
Mubarak Dutse,
Da Sa'idu Singa,
Ibrahim A. Yusuf,
Isa Dangago.....
Ya Allah!
Uh'uhm'uhm Ya Allaaah!

'Y/amshi: Yau dai duka duniya mun shige a halin damuwa,
Silar cuta ta Korona tasa mun shiga dimuwa,
Ya Allah Ka kare dukkan mutanen faɗin duniya.

Idi Loton Korona - Khalid Imam

Na fahimci batun Korona,
Makirci na cikinsa,
Sharri raini akwai shi,
Shugabanni sun ƙi Allah,
Sun makance sun shagalta,
Sallar Juma'a da idi,
Sun hana domin Korona,
Sahun Sallah sukan ce,
Akwai haɗari a yin sa,
Don na ji suna ta shela,
In an yi sahu na Sallah,
Za a ɗau cutar Korona.

In suna selfie da dangi,
Mata sun rungume su,
Ba sa tuna za a kamu,
Da kwayoyin Korona,
Talakawa masu tsoro,
Korona tana biɗar su,
Don ta kama ko ta lashe,
In suna cin kasuwarsu,
Ba sa tuna kwai Korona,
Kasuwarsu kawai sukan ci.

Masu sai da abinci birni,
Farashi sun rubanya,
Tsada sun yi ta ainun,
Kare ba babbakewa,
Sun ke ci ba ruwansu,
Romonsa karen sukan sha,
Gwamnatoƙi na ganinsu.

Abinci da kyar ake ci,
Ya tsefe ya yi tsada,
Duk da ga cutar Korona,
A Sifaniya har a Jamus,
Musulmi na ta Sallah,
Mu a nan sun tattare mu,
A gidaje an a je mu,
Tallafi ci ko ruwan sha,
Babu sam su ba ruwansu.

Sun garke duk kafafe,
Na yin wa'azi su gane,
A cikin Sallah da dace,
Sauki waraka na illa, A
yin Sallah akwai su. Idi
loton Korona,
A Kano mun yi dahir,
Matanmu maza da yara,
Mun yi shi muna ta murna,
A Kano mun gode Allah,
Mu Kanawa mun bi dahir,
Gwamna ya gane hanya,
Gaskiya ya rungume ta,
Ya bar wancan da gadin,
Titi bodar garinsu.

Masu kwakwazo a titi,
Cewa yaki ake yi,
Duk maSallatai a kulle,
Jam'in Sallah a daina,
Ko su kama mutum su daure,
Sun manta duk masifa,
Ko ana yaki a fili,

Ko mai tsananin gumurzu,
Muminai sai sun yi Sallah,
Kuma yin jam'i a Sallah,
Ga mazaje wajibi ne.

Juma'a kul yau ka bar ta,
Domin wata can Korona,
Waraka duka na ga Allah,
Sauki duka na wajenSa,
Cuta mutuwa da ciwo,
Iko duka na wajenSa,
Sauki waraka ta cuta,
Har ciwo na wajenSa,
Ciwo dai bai kashewa,
Ita dai mutuwa mu gane,
Ba ruwanta da masu ciwo,
Lokacinka take farauta,
Ko da ciwo babu ciwo.

Ta je Jamus har Saudi tamu
Ta je ga Italiya, Turkey tamu
Mutanen Farisa nan ta samu
Ta yo ta'adi barna gare mu.

Ta make baki ta kar bature
Cutar Kobidsam ba ta ware
Coci, maSallaci ta share
Ta na barna ne duk gare mu.

Ba ta kasa ba ta kabila
Ba ta warewa a jumla
Ta na tafiya a cikin *dalala*
Ta na barna cuta gare mu.

Ta kama wuya hanci ta shaƙe
Ta sa attishawa har a sarƙe
Ta sa jinya ko ma a sheƙe
Musamman tsofaffin cikinmu.

Tana ta'adi cutar Korona
Ta ce dangi sam kar mu gana
Halinta na cuta ne Korona
A bar gaba duk mu gare mu.

Ta tsai da kasa ta kulle *border*
Ta zam police mai ba da *order*
Ta zam *killer* aikinta murder
Ta zam hadari a gun mu.

Jagora: Yau dukkan al'uma na duniya muna ƙangi na fama,
Silar cutar da Korona ta saka mu asarƙa,
Mu dinga rigakafi, in kwa mun ƙi mu zamma cikin
nadama,
Ku ga shakuwa damuwa ma babu damar ai yi gaisa,
Cikin wagga rayuwa duk al'uma muna ta kokawa,
Allah kai mana magani Salisu Yaro ne na Ala.

Jagora: Ehh, mu zauna ag-gida kar mu damu da wannan
'yan uwa,
Domin haka na nufin za mu tsira da wannan
damuwa,
A dinga yawaita wanke hannu don yaz-zama
garkuwa,
Mu sanya abin rufe baki gun ziyartar 'yan'uwa,
Idan za kayyi tari ka koma gefe dan'uwa,
Ka ba da gudummawa taka ka ji a wannan rayuwa,
Isa Dangago kansakalin Alan waka na duk duniya.

Jagora: Ya Allah Ka yi cuta sannan kuma Kai Ka yi magani,
A yau cutar Korona ta zo ta yi mana sansani,
Ba tallaka babu mai hali yau dukka muna gani,
Gashi tana ta yado har kuma an rasa magani,
Umarnin massana mu riƙe su muna kuma tsantsani,
Dokar likitoci ai rigakafi ce kuma magani,
Sa'id Singa na Ala ku ji ni da baiti nawa ni,
Saƙo na Aminu Ala zuwa ga mutanen duniya.

'Y/amshi: Yau dai duka duniya mun shige a halin damuwa,
Silar cutar da Korona ta sa mun shiga dīmuwa,
Ya Allah Ka kare dukkan mutanen faɗin duniya.

Jagora: Babban kalubale na wajenta hukumar ‘yan uwa,
A kula da iyakoki kar da a buɗe ‘yan uwa,
Sai harkar tallafi taimakon da ake yi wa ‘yan uwa,
To a bi su gida-gida don kwa yunwa babbar
garkuwa,
Sai dole zaman gida in ga yunwa sam bai yuwa,
Ai duban nuttsuwa kan abin da na furta ‘yan uwa.

Jagora: Eh! Ni kirana al’uma ga abin da zai zama kariya,
Tsoron Allah, Sarki Mai mulkin duniya,
Mu riƙe addu’a, don tsira samun yafiya,
Mu riƙe istiggifari mu tuba mu wanye lafiya,
Mu bi zancen likkitocinmu su suka zammana
kwalliya,
Ibrahim A. Yusuf gudummawata zan yo badawa.

Jagora: Ya Allah Ahhadu,
Ya Allah Majidu,
Ya Allah Zahiru,
Ya Allah Baɗinu,
Ya Ahdu Sammadu,
Ya Allah Wahidu,
Allah Alimu,
Mujibud-Da’awati,
Mu tuba muna ta kuka gare mu Ka yi mana tallafa,
Muftahun Ala nai roko Rabbi yaye cutuka.

‘Y/amshi: Yau dai duka duniya mun shige a halin damuwa,
Silar cutar da Korona ta sa mun shiga ɗimuwa,
Ya Allah Ka kare dukkan mutanen faɗin duniya.

Wakar Korona - Murtala Uba

Rabbi Tabaraka Khalikinmu
Tsare mu da ciwon nan Korona

Da sunnan Allah za ni fara
Wanda Ya yo sammai Ya kara
Da yin kasai ba duba gaira
Tabaraka Allah Khalikinmu.

Salati da Salla gun Rasulu
Muhammad Ahmadu ne *usulu*
Da shi aka buɗe dukkan *ufulu*
Abin kauna da biya gare mu.

Yabon *aliy* da sahubu duka
Da ma *tabi*, *atba*’u naka
Ka sa *ulama*’u da ba su shakka
Wadannan ne futulu gare mu.

Rabbi ka ban hikima na tsara
A kan su Kobidyau za ni rera
Cuta ta tsiya mai sa hasara
Wanda ta zam matsala gare mu.

A Chana ta fara ‘yar gadara
Ta keta Europe a cikin tijara
America sai da ta yo tsirara
Ta taushe Trump, wa’azi gare mu.

Dakta Sani gwanin Hadisi,
Wanda ko da bai da sisi,
Ba shi yin karya ga nassi,
Kuma ba zai kare bididi'a ba.

Ga Gwani Salissu Shehu,
Shugaban wa'azi da sulhu,
Masanin boko da fiqhu,
Har makaşid Shehu bai bari ba.

Shehu Ahmad Murtalawa,
Dakta Ahmad Dogarawa,
Sai Gwani Mansuru Yelwa,
Sheikh Disinan ma ba zan bari ba.

Wanga su am Malamanmu,
Masu karfafa zuciyarmu,
Masu tsabar tausayinmu,
Kuma ba naira suke hari ba.

Ga shi dai sun ba da hujja,
Lokacin da ake da haja,
In da duk aka ba da hujja,
Ai sai bi ba da gardama ba.

Kar ku yarda da masu musu,
Ban da sauraron batunsu,
In ka ɗau zancen irinsu,
Ba ka ɗau hanyar rigakafi ba.

Na kasa fahimta ke Korona?
Me kika so gun 'yan uwana?
Wane naki? Na je mu gana
Don ya kira ki, ki sau gare mu.

'Yar karama kin rusa garke
Kin ɗaure dubu, kin sa a turke
Halinki kisa, naushi ki doke
Kin fa matsa tsanani gare mu.

Ke ce super, gun ki power
Kin yo umarni ga kowa
Kin wa'azi kuma kin yo tilawa
Kin daki har azzalimanmu.

Sun yi laƙwas sun gane Allah
Shi ke iko duk ga jumla
Don haka ni na bar dalala
Kin wa'azi faɗakar gare mu.

Fata Jallah Gwani Ka yaye
Ka yo sauyi sanyo ta janye
Ka buɗi idonmu mu zam a waye Mun
yi biyar Ka Ilahu gun mu.

Hamdullahi na gode Allah
Murtala na yabi mai kamala
Muhammadu ne tushen adala
Rabbi Ka yo sauki gare mu.

Wakar Koronabairas - Abdullahi Abubakar Lamido

Ga shi dai Sarkin Musulmi,
Yai kiran dukkan Musulmi,
Da su dau magana ta ilmi, Ba
zancen masu gardama ba.

Mallamai sun yo bayani,
Bisa Hadisi da Kur'ani,
Da jawaban masu fannin,
Likitoci ba da yaudara ba.

Sunka ce cutar Korona,
Maganinta a je a zauna,
Dukkanin taro a daina,
Ba kawai Salla ta Juma'a ba.

Shehunai sun ba da fatawa,
Kan bukatar fara halwa,
A gida, kowa da kowa,
Ya yi Salla don ya roki Rabba.

Maganin cutar Korona,
Babba dai shi ne a zauna,
A gida yawo a daina,
Ba tare da kyale addu'a ba.

Addu'a kam ba kamarta,
Ba makami samfurinta,
Tashi duk dare don ka yi ta,
Ba a samu kamarta gun tsari ba.

Bayan haka dau mataki,
Ka sako "mask" nan a baki,
Hannuwa ka lizimci wanki,
Ba sai a wurin nadar tuwo ba.

In kana jin zazzabi fa,
Ko yawan tari da zuffa,
Ba batun wani kaffa-kaffa,
Maza je can hospital a duba.

Mallamanmu suna nasiha,
Da jawabi ga fasaha,
Kan dabarun kare sihha,
Ga sunayensu ban rage ba.

Sheikh Sharif Muftin Kasarmu,
Dr. Khalid Shugabanmu,
Sheikh Abubakar Igwaninmu,
Birnin Kudu bai rawar kafa ba.

Sannu Dakta Bashir Aliyu,
Mai Hadis, Tafsir, Zakiyyu,
Rabbana Sarki Ganiyyu,
Ya tsare mana lafiyarka Baba.

Sai mu je gun Sakkwatawa,
Dakta Mansur masu baiwa,
Masu gadon Annabawa,
Bai bar mu cikin dibi-dibi ba.

Shehu Ibrahim Makwarari,
Yai jawabai tun a fari,
Masu gamsarwa da tsari,
Bai yi sassauci ga mai musu ba.

Wakar Cutar Korona - Halliru Abdullahi

Na gano wani malamina,
Wanda yai shahara da suna,
Ya yi baitocin Korona,
Dalibin shi ma ba zai gaza ba.

‘Yan uwa ku matso ku ji ni,
Kun ga cutar ta yi muni,
Ta hana mu dukkan sukuni,
Ta shigo kuma tun ba mui shiri ba.

Kun ga cutar nan Korona,
Ta katse harka a Chana,
Ta shigo birnin Madina,
Har cikin Harami ba ta bari ba.

Ai Koronar wanga farni, Ta
kure dukkan tunanin,
Massana kan wanga fanni,
Sun fa ce ba su gane maganin ba.

Shi ya sa na ga ya kamata,
Nai kira ga mutan kasata,
Addu'a dai kar mu bar ta,
Magani ne ba na tantama ba.

Likkitoci sun bayani,
Malamai ma sun yi nuni,
Shugabanni sun umarni,
Bin matakai ba da gardama ba.

Ban da ma tsabar jahala,
Wa ya kai su Imamu Salla?
Wa ya kai su biya ga Allah?
Ba a kai su kiran Ubangji ba.

Amma nan fa akwai bayani,
Dole ne fa zan yi nuni,
Gun masu hannu da shuni,
Hanzari ne ba batun gudu ba.

Masu kudɗi na kira ku,
Tallakawa na jiran ku,
Don ku kawo taimakonku,
Kuma ba canjin kudɗinsu gaba.

Albishir ya masu naira,
Wagga dama ce ku lura,
Ku yawaita hali na hairan,
Ba dunkule naku hannuwan ba.

Shugabanni zan kira ku,
Ku ji tsoron Khalifinku,
Ku bi kadun ‘yan kasarku,
Ba kui wasa da lafiya ba.

Kar saboda Koronabairas,
Ai ta amfani da biros,
A yawaita su sata-virus,
Ba ku ba mabiyanku tallafa ba.

Toh, ku fara rabon abinci,
Don a dan rage wanga kunci,
Tun da dai kuka samu kunci,
To kar ya zamo ba kui shiri ba.

Masu rauni duk ku duba,
Da waɗanda ba sui shiri ba,
Ba su tanadi ‘yan kuɗi ba,
Masara ma sam ba sui awu ba.

Kar ku bar su cikin zalama,
Kar ku sa su shiga nadama,
Kun hana su zuwa su nema,
Sannan ba ku ba su ko kwabo ba.

Sun guje cutar Korona,
Sun shige daki su zauna,
Ga cikinsu yana ta kuna,
Bai sami abin da zai taɓa ba.

Addu’ar mazlumikun san,
Babu shamaki gun ta tun can,
In dai suka yi ta kun san,
Allah ba zai ki addu’ar ba.

Rabbana Sarkin sarauta,
Wanda Kai ne Mai Nagarta,
Damuwa fa ta tsananta,
Yayewa na gare Ka Rabba.

Mun yi roko gun Ka Allah,
Mun yi tuba gun Ka Jalla,
Don yawan Azumi da Salla,
Ka raba mu da jarrabar ga babba.

Toh a nan ne zan yi birki,
A cikin ɗan wanga aiki,
Addu’ata wanga aiki,
Rabbana Sarki Gwani Ya karɓa.

Gombe ne babban garina,
Lamido Abdullahi suna,
Kuma Amir ne laƙƙabina,
A gidanmu suna kira ni Baba.

Tuni ta ɓulla nahiyar Amurka,
Tai kaka-gida kan masu farka,
Ta kasa haja har ta fara harka,
Sai ga shi ta kwararo Afirka,
Ta shigo Najeriyar ba mayani.

Likitoci sun ce wagga cuta,
Tsakanin mutane take tsiyarta,
Ta bazu ko'ina kan ma a kifta,
Da an sha hannu da mai ita,
Masana sun ce akwai bayani.

Wanke hannu har da soso,
An hana mu shiga cunkoso,
Social distance ake so,
Ba a ce kar mui mu'amala ba.

Jami'ai suka ce mu kauce,
Gefe can in za mu face,
Kar mu sa jama'a su arce,
Don Korona ba za ta bar mutum ba.

Kun ga dai cutar Korona,
Maganin ta a je a zauna,
Dukkanin taro a daina,
Ba kawai Sallah ta Juma'a ba.

Dan'uwa ɗauko mataki,
Sanya kyallen nan a baki,
Hannuwa ka lizimci wanki,
Ba kawai wanka da alwala ba.

In kana ɗantari-tari,
Ko jiki naka babu kwari, In
kasala ta yi tsauri,
Je a duba ba da jinkiri ba.

Na ga kowa na ta tsoro,
Babu babba babu yaro,
Duk ana kauce wa taro,
Ban ga laifin masu yin hakan ba.

Ai hukuma ta yi doka,
Kar waninmu da ɗai ya taka,
Kun ga wanda ya karya doka,
To hukuma ba ta kau da kai ba.

Shugabanni sai ku motsa,
Tun da kun ce kar mu motsa,
Tallafi ku fitar ku watsa,
Don talakka ba zai ki tallafi ba.

Masu kudffi ma gare ku,
Sai ku karkade kunnuwanku,
Ga garabasa gare ku,
Kar ku ce fa ba za ku tallafa ba.

'Yan'uwa kada mui butulci,
Don Korona mu bar zumunci,
Dukkaninmu muna da 'yancin,
Yin waya mu kira mu gai da baba.

To dabara ce gare mu,
Sai mu gyara dukan halinmu,
Addu'a mu yi dukkaninmu,
Allah Ya ye dukkanin annoba.

To a nan zan dakata ni,
Don tunanin ya yi rauni,
Halliru nake kun ji dai ni,
Dalibi ne ba fa malami ba.

Korona Cutar Zamani! - Mukhtar Mudi Sipikin

Alhayyu Mai ji da gani,
Ya Mahaliccin magani,
Dukkan cuta tun tuntuni,
Mai bin jiki ta shige jini,
Yaye mana annobar zamani.

Salati ga mabudfin alheri,
Garkuwa da dukkan sharri,
Almustafa Sayyadil Bashari,
Da alai sahabu abin fahari,
Da nagari har farshen zamani.

'Yan'uwa kan Korona zan batu,
Annobar da duniya ke batu,
Mai hana sukunin buƙatu,
Daga Sin aka ce ta tabbatu,
A Wuhan zahirinta da badini.

A Miladiya dubu biyu sha tara,
Ga watan sha biyu tai tattara,
Ta bayyana har ta kangara,
Har ake ce mata Kobid sha tara,
Ga shi a duk duniya tai sansani.

Daga Sin sai ga ta a Turai,
Italiya, Jamus ko ina sarai,
Ta kama masu kudi da fakirai,
Ta kashe tsofaffi da jarirai,
Korona annobar wanga zamani.

Legas da Kanon Dabo ba sassauci,
Ya Ilahi Rabbi ina mafita?

An ce a killace, amma ga yunwa ta tunkaro,
Dukan yai yawa, ko na kai ma ba karewa a wannan karo.

Kanon Dabo dai, ta'aziyya ake da zaman makoki,
Ya Allahu Kai ne Mai hanyar bullewa.

Fatanmu shi ne, mai sarautar nan a dunkule mai toho, Yadda
ta bayyana, kuma ta mamaye ta hana mu safara da kodago.

Ya Rabbi, kyamushe ta cikin sauki,
Hakika wannan shekara ta ishe mu darasi babba.

Kar a kusanci mai yawan tari,
Ko mai yawaita atishawa a gari,
Mutane su ba da tazara da tsari,
Na mita biyu tsakaninsu su shiri,
Su sa takunkumi ko-ko mayani.

Kar a yawaita fita daga gida,
A zau-zauna waje-waje guda,
A wanke hannaye a jaddada,
Da sabulun kashe cuta an fada,
Ka ji rigakafin Koronar zamani.

Bayan yawan wanke hannu,
A karanta ta ba baki da idanu,
Har hanci kar a ta ba da hannu,
Sai an wanke shi a sannu-sannu,
Haka masana suka yi bayani.

Alamunta an ce kamar mura,
Mafogwaro take kamawa almira!
Ta sa mutum tari ka ji ja'ira!
Ta sarke numfashi ya ta'azzara,
Huhu ya yi kunci haka ba sukuni.

Tana sa ciwon kai da zazzabi,
Jiki yai ta ciwo duk babu dadi,
Ta sanya kasala a jiki tai fadi,
Ta riƙe maƙoshi a ƙasa tafi, Na
tsawon wasu makwanni.

Ta fi illa in ta kama tsoho,
Tuni takan sa ya yi goho,
Ta kai shi kasa a maho,
Rigakafi maganin wohoho!
Daga annobar wagga zamani.

Ya Fa'alul-lil ma yuridu,
Mun sujjada ga mu du,
Gare Ka mai amsar ibadu,
Don fiyyayen halittu du,
Korona Kai mana magani.

Wakar ga ta a baiti sha biyar,
A cikin tsarin ko 'yar biyar,
Daga Mukhtari, Sipikin inkiyar,
Dan Kano garin siye da siyar,
Da kayayyakina duk zamani.

Korona Mai Sarauta- Umma Aliyu Musa

Ga wata aba mai yado,
Ba ta miya bare a sha romo..

A watan disamba kasar Sin ta dau zafi, A
garin Wuhan ta zam ba shiga bare fita.

Ga ta a dunkule, amma mai yado,
'Yar mitsitsiya bare idanu su gano.

An yi a kare yaduwarda, 'yar bala'i,
Amma kash, a Amurka har ta bulla.

A nahiyar Turai, kasashensu ta damko,
Italiya, Safaniya, da Jamus duk ta leko.

Aru-aruru mutuwa, jama'a duk cikin kunci,
Yankin Lombardy, Korona tai kaka-gida.

Wai shin mece ce gaskiyar mu gano?
Cuta ce daga Ilahi abin dogaro?

Koko kirkira aka yi don a yi ragi?
Ragin jama'a har ta nahiyarmu Afirka?

Rabbi ga mu gare Ka muna roko, Rabbi,
nahiyarmu muke ma tsoro.

Kare mu, kada Korona tai yabi,
Shiga dai ta yi, amma fitar ne ba mu sani ba.

Kaico! Mai sarauta ta gangaro,
Dauka take ba sani ba sabo.

Wace Ce Ita? - Bashir Ibrahim Na'iyu

Ita ce wacce ba ta zuwa,
Sai dai a je mata.

Ita ce wacce ba ta amsa gayyata,
Sai an gayyace ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta dako,
Sai dai a yi dakon ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta zuwa gayyar sodi,
Sai an gayyace ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta tafiya mai nisa,
Sai dai a dauke ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta ma tashi,
Sai dai an tashi da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta shiga fasa,
Sai dai a shiga da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta shiga gidan kowa,
Sai dai a shiga da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta zama,
Sai an zaunar da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta yawo,
Sai dai a yi yawo da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta farko,
Sai an yi farko da ita.

Akwai Korona? - Zaharadden Nasir

Ya jama'a ku mu zo mu zauna,
Mu yi nazari sannan mu auna,
Kan kwayar cutar Korona,
Mu gano me ne gaskiyarta.

Shin cutar nan gaskiya ce?
Ko kuwa dai don wane ya ce,
To jama'a mu tafaita zance,
Mu nemi sani kan samuwarta.

Duk da tunanina kafai ne,
Ga ilimin ma ba yawa ne,
Amma ra'ayina ku gane,
Ni na yarda da bulluwarta.

Hujjoji uku za mu kalla,
Ji da gani na ido akalla,
Ko kuma dai zallar misala-
Ga duniya, bari in tafaita.

Da farko ta bullo a Chana,
Sai Italy da Spain mu auna,
Sai a America to ka zauna,
Kai nazari kuma ka kwatanta.

Idan har karya ne aboki,
Ta ya duk za a haɗe gabaki dai,
Duniya kuma masu mulki,
Su yi karya kan wanga cuta?

Don haka ya kai dan uwana,
Yarda da cutar zo mu zauna,
Mu yi nazari a cikin lumana,
Mu nemo hanyar kariyar ta.

Farko dai mu takaita taro,
Wanke hannu sai mu karo,
Musabaha ko da da yaro,
Sai mu rage yi kar mu manta.

Sannan in za ka yi tari,
Ko atishawa ko minshari,
Tafin hannu babu tsari,
Kar da mu sa domin tarar ta.

Safar hannu za mu sanya,
Ko handkerchief kar mu yi sanya,
Kuma fuskar jama'a mu juya,
Yin haka zai rage yaduwarta.

In ka ji tarin ya ki tsaiwa,
Ko atishawar ta ki tsaiwa,
Ko zazzabi mai sanya kuwwa,
Nemi wuri a gida ka huta.

Tsawon sati biyu in kana ji,
Kar da ka je asibiti ka ji,
In a Kano kake to kana ji,
Ga wata lamba zan faɗe ta.

Na so yin baiti na lamba,
Amma ta ki ta ba ni haiba,
To farshen wakar ku duba,
Za na rubuta mukku lamba.

Zaharadden Nasir ku ji ni,
Na san kun san ni da rauni,
To ni nai wakar ma'auni,
Baiti sha biyar cif, na yo ta.

A karshe gun Allah mu koma,
Mu tuba gare Shi da istikama,
Mu roki Ya yaye wa al'umma,
Don Shi ne Mai maganinta.

Su o'o da o'o da ni har ke,
Mu gyara halinmu mu yo katari.

Hannu sanataiza mun wanke,
Mu wanke zuciya duk lamari.

I: In ma an toshe bodoji,
Mu toshe saba wa Witri.

N: Nutso a musu, zagin Oga,
Mu kama Kitabullah, zikiri.

E: Eh na san an yo lockdown,
Mu koma kofar Muktadiri.

Z: Zunubinmu mu bar shi gujewarmu,
Mai Kobid, ko wahalar sihiri.

A: A yo zakka, mu riƙe Allah,
Da Annabi Daha wa Zulkadari.

I: In mun haka Zai yaye cutar,
Kamar danginta mu yo nazari.

Y: Yi duba annobar Amwas,
Da sahabbai ta miƙa kabari.

I: Irinta Spain ai sun ji jiki,
Tunusiya ma ta sa su jiri.

M: Mutum miliyan ashirin da biyar,
Sai barzahu can a Spain garari.

Ita ce wacce ba ta daƙewa,
Sai an daƙar da ita.

Ita ce wacce ba ta yaƙuwa,
Sai an yaƙa ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta ƙauka,
Sai dai a ƙauke ta.

Ita ce wacce ba ta rayuwa mai tsawo,
Sai a jikin wanda ya rayar da ita.

Ita ce wacce kiyayewar Allah,
Za ta kiyaye mu kawai.

**Ciwon Cikin Barewa - Bilyaminu Zakari Hamisu
Abulwarakat Ayagi**

Y: Ya Shafiy mai shafe garari,
Annoba ta sanya mu jiri.

A: Alkafiy ninka salatinka,
Ga Mudalsamu babban al'amari.

'Y: 'Ya'ya da sahabbai masu biyar,
Sunnarsa ila yaumil hashari.

A: An zo ga kurunkus ya jama'a,
Nafsi-nafsi an fara shiri.

N: Na san jama'a mun shigangada yau,
Korona tana hana yin buduri.

U: Uwa in har an yanka ta,
Dan tayi makoma tai kabari.

W: Wai yau an kulle bodoji,
Diflomasiyya ba lamari.

A: Airport, an kulle market,
MaSallatai ma ba zikiri.

M: Makarantu, coci, gidan casu,
Tituna sun zam ma kamar sarari.

U: Uwa da uba, 'ya'ya a gida,
Ya beraye in kun nazari.

K: Kan Koronabairas cutar nan,
Kobid -19 yau ta ci gari.

O: Omon ashirin ya zam hamsin,
Da kyar ne za ka siyo gishiri.

M: Mutane na ta zuba, mutuwa,
Tana dintsa a cikin marari.

A: A Chana ta bulla a 2019,
Ta zaga k'asashe sun fi dari.

G: Gawar da ta samar na da yawa,
Kusan miliyan daya na garari.

A: A can Maka ta kulle harami,
Da Madinatu wayyo ni da jiri.

A: Asham da Tahajjud har jam'i,
A sassa babu bare zikiri.

L: Larura, yunwa, ga kunci,
Mutane babu yawan fahari.

L: La budda uba ne zai dauka,
Gwaiwarsa iyalai sai nazari.

A: Anya kuwa wannan cuta ce?
Ko dai laifinmu ga Alwitri.

H : Haba jama'a ku mu dudduba,
Da za'ki ba a rabe sukari.

Idan ta kama mutum ba nisa,
Nan take sai ta janye ransa

Matsala tata gun yawonta,
Bata barin kowa don kanta

Tana tsalle daga wani da wani,
Tana shiga jiki ba wani tsani

Illar ta bata jin duk magani,
Balle ka yi mata ma dan nuni

Shu'uma ce kwarai Korona,
Ba ta burin ku zauna lafiya

Jallah Sarki guda mai zamani,
Kai ne tsayayyen da ba Shi da kini

WajenKa muke neman tsira,
Ka raba mu da wannan fatara

Koronabairas ai fatara ce,
Mai sa jikkuna su zam lalace

Mun gode Allah gwani daya Sarki,
Da ya bamu rai da karfin jiki

A: A 1918 ga Sars ma,
A two 0,0 da 3 ba'ari.

N: Na ji baƙon dauro sumol Pox ma, A
seventeen, eighty nine a gari.

A: An ce ta kar jama'a miliyan,
Dari uku, wayyo ta fi dari.

M: Mu duba ga kwalara an yo,
Da whooping cough in mun nazari.

A: Amma Allah Ya yaye su,
Ra'ufu, Rahimu Aya Witri.

G: GurinSa mu kai duk kukanmu,
A shayi sai an sa sukari.

A: Abin shanya kayan rana,
Gyadar dogo zai yo bari.

N: Na waigo kan duk mai mulki,
Ka ji tsoron Rabbi ka bar fahari.

I: In ka rangwanta ka dace,
In ka yi biris ka tuno kabari.

N: Na dawo gun ku ku rangwanta,
Ku mai da wufarku a sha bidiri.

K: Ku ne mu masu siya a siyar,
A market kui sauki a wuri.

O: O'o'o kai talakan an ce,
Tambarinka cikinka ya yo katari.

R: Rife Allah tamkar tsuntsu, Ko
ba noma sai ka yi ziri.

O: Ok wazanin Mutadarik ne,
Fa'alun, Fa'alun, Fa'alun, nazari.

N: Na yo Afirilu da forty eight,
A twenty nai wannan shi'iri.

A: Abulwarakati nake rokon,
a Shafiy mai shafe garari.

Koronabairas Shu'uma - Danladi Z. Haruna

Mun shiga uku mun lalace,
Korona ta saka duk mun zauce,

Rayukanmu akwai matsaloli,
Zuwanta ya kara duk matsaloli

Duka kasuwanni an kulle su,
Wuraren Sallah an rurrufe su

Korona ta saka duk mahukunta,
Mulaka'u da mu sun wahalta

Duniya duka ta gigice,
Abubuwa duka sun balbalce

Rana da zafi, inuwa kuna, Mun
wahalta kwarai a Korona

Itazazzabice kamar mashako,
Ga mura, ga ciwon zirnafo

Kisa take yi babu tsayawa,
Bayan kisan kuma ga wahalarwa

Kan Korona mutane sunata crying
Mutane wasu sun daina cooking,
Allah muna bukatar Your helping,
Mutane mu koma ga discipling,
Kun ji Korona tana kasarmu.

Korona ta hana buying/selling,
Mutane mu yawaita walking,
Everything yana da timing,
Problems Allah will be solving,
Jama'a karmu manta da Ilahu.

Rayuwa tana da daci,
Wata rana za ta yi za'ki,
Komai ya na da lokaci,
Mu guji yin cin mutunci,
Iyaye mu taimake su.

Al'umma muna takaici,
Mutuwa tana wajen Ilahi,
Duk cuta tana da lokaci,
Wata rana sai labari.
Allah Ka ceci rayuwarmu.

Na tabbata za mu ga bayanta,
Har mu zo mu muna zancen ta

Mai rubutun waƙar 'Danladi ne,
Shi mai roƙon Rabbana sauki ne

Ya Allah kawo farshenta Korona,
Watan wata ran mu zamto murna

Korona Tana Da Illa - Aliyu Idris Birnin Kudu

Farko na sanya Allah,
Shi ne Ya ce mu yi Sallah,
Jama'a mu koma ga Allah,
Mu bi umarnin Sarki Allah,
Allah Shi ne da rayuwar mu.

Addu'a tana da falala,
Koronabairas tana da illa,
Kowa yasan tana da matsala,
Jama'a mu koma ga Jalla,
Allah Kai ne Za Ka taimakemu.

Korona ta hana dancing,
Mutane sun daina working,
Wasu ma sun daina smoking,
Du'ai ga Allah Shi ne the king,
Allah Kai ne abin yabonmu.

Mutane mu dan rage talking,
Always mu yawaita praying,
Wallahi Korona is killing,
Kowa ya rage yin sleeping,
Mu koma ga Sarki ilahu.

People just we staying,
Mu daina yawaita going,
Cikin dare mu dinga praying,
Allah ne Zai ba mu assisting,
Shawarata mu roki Ubangjinmu.

Mutane na cikin hungering,
Kowa ya dan rage playing
Karmu manta da observing,
Kan Korona sai ana researching,
Duk mu koma gidajenmu.

People mu guji touching,
Environment always be cleaning,
Everybody mu guji smoking,
Karmu manta da learning,
Domin gyaran tarbiyar rayuwarmu.

Makarantu an daina teaching,
Every day we are hearing,
Korona maganinta praying,
Allah every place is going,
Allah mu dai Kai ne kariyar mu.

Korona ta hana traveling,
Mutane suna ta running,
Ya kamata mu yi thinking,
Domin mu samu enjoying,
Qur'an ya dace ai karatu.

Yin hakuri yana da rana,
Mai yasa aka bar rikon amana,
Ya kamata mu riƙe amana, Mu
daina yawan cin amana, Allah
kai ne madogarar mu.

Ya kamata mu koma ga Ilahu,
Mu koma biyayya ga iyayenmu,
Mu haɗa har da malamanmu,
Kar ku manta sunana Aliyu,
Sarkin Yaƙin Malumman Mutazu.

Akwai maganin Korona,
Masu shirka su daina,
'Yan lesbian su daina,
'Yan luwaɗi suma su daina, To
sai Allah ya taimake mu.

Ma su yin sabo su daina,
Yin barna da muke mu daina,
Gaskiya ya kamata mu nuna,
Hanyar cin abinci Korona ta hana,
Komai wuya kar mu manta Allahu.

'Yan uwa mu yawaita zumunci,
Mu daina yawan cin mutunci,
Sannan mu rage cin hanci,
Komai wuya akwaita da sauki,
Allah Shi dai yana ganin mu,

Al'amarin Korona akwai ban tsoro,
Korona ta saka mu cikin jin tsoro,
Saboda Kobid masoya najin tsoro,
Kobid-19 ta saka rayuwarmu tsoro,
Ya Allah Ka tsare rayuwarmu.

Korona mai raba da mahaifi,
Idan ta kama da sai tarihi,
Idan ta kama uba sai an killace shi,
Duk mai Korona ba a barin shi,
Kunga jama'a mu koma ibadu.

Samun sauƙin mutum akillaceshi,
Domin kar al'umma su tabashi,
Hakan shi zai taimaka aji sauki,
Kun ga kenan Kobid-19 na da bala'i,
Idan aka bar mai cutar sai ta yadu.

Gwamnati tasa a killace mu,
Domin kare lafiyar jikinmu,
Amma Gwamnati ki tallafe mu,
A taimaki al'ummar kasarmu,
Domin yunwa kar ta karmu.

Kar mu manta Korona illa ce,
Sanadin Korona aka rufe gidaje,
Mutane ya kamata mu gane,
Da dama asusunmu duk ya kare.
Gwamnatin fasa ki taimake mu.

Allah Ka kawo mana dauki,
Qur'ani mu rungume shi,
Mu yi aiki da abin da ke cikin shi,
Ya kamata mu daina zalunci,
Allah Kai ne Ka halacce mu.

Jama'a mu koma ga Allah,
Mutane mu dinga Sallah,
Tunaninmu ya koma ga Allah,
Komai ya yi zafi maganinsa Allah,
Jama'a mu kwantar da hankalinmu.