

"In *This Land of Ours* the impossible happens and the possible takes a back seat. The keen-sighted cannot see, the sharp-eared cannot hear, and the eloquent cannot speak. The shout of the giant falls on deaf ears, while the scream of the ant breaks the sound barrier."

- Delta Publications, Enugu

Like a prophet, the poet unveils the issues of yesteryears to assail us like the events of yesterday. Anomie sums up the poet's exploration of our motherland riveting with verses of corruption, delusion, hypocrisy, murders and wanton underdevelopment of our land.

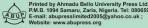
In mind-blowing images, Abubakar Gimba nudges us to reality in *This Land of Ours* where "...thirsty lips drown in floods of tears, yet the drought-stricken souls' abode is by a river..."

Abubakar Gimba, OFR, a seasoned banker and former director of both Union Bank Plc and UBA Plc respectively; is an erstwhile permanent secretary with the Niger State Civil Service. He studied economics at the Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria, Nigeria and at the University of Cincinnati, U.S.A.

A versatile writer and administrator, Abubakar is the current National President of ABU Alumni Association as well as the Chairman, Evaluation and Implementation Committee (EAIC) of IBB University, Lapai, Niger State.

A former president of the Association of Nigerian Authors (ANA), Abubakar Gimba writes in virtually all the genres of literature and his works include *Innocent Victims, Witnesses to Tears, A Toast in the Cemetery, Trail of Sacrifice, Sunset for a Mandarin, Sacred Apples, Letters to My Children, Inner Rumblings and Why Am I Doing This?* (his foray into journalism, due for release in 2006).

POETRY





Theis Land of Ours...

POEMS

Abubakar Gimba

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The key

Know you not That in expectation and giving Our lot's tied in a knot In life's rough waters sailing

Aboard a rudderless boat In both are seeds of things Pleasing and teasing rot Therefore tarry, pitfall there is

In the first, there is much grieving Only the second, grab with embrace For this has even the Lord's blessing. Let a shining star sit on your face

And be like the sun. Expectation always repeil. In giving always excel And that's the key

To this Life...

The key

Know you not That in expectation and giving Our lot's tied in a knot In life's rough waters sailing

Aboard a rudderless boat In both are seeds of things Pleasing and teasing rot Therefore tarry, pitfall there is

In the first, there is much grieving Only the second, grab with embrace For this has even the Lord's blessing. Let a shining star sit on your face

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To this Life...