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Listening for the Conga

by Kolade Olaiya

Pray to the lord, is what the mouthpiece of the lord does
Preach the word, is what the mouthpiece of the lord does
Two hours gone in the house of the lord,
Yet a grave yard was livelier.

One man is seated, singing with his lips closed,
And his head moving like a car with no brakes.
The priest's wife is so engrossed in the parable of
The prodigal son, and reads her bible with her eyes closed.

Four hours gone in the house of the lord,
Yet a graveyard is still livelier.
Suddenly, everyone stands on their feet
When sticks strike the conga.

Men and women wind their waists as freely as a tree moves
When it answers the call of the breeze.
The poor man smiles as his hands are in the air
Constantly jamming each other as sticks strike the conga.

The strike of the conga erases the sorrowful's sorrow in a second
The strike of the conga equates the rich and the poor in a second.
Five hours gone in the house of the lord,
And finally, the strike of the conga resurrects the dead.