

JERICO IS A WALL MADE OF HEARTS

A nation is a multi-lateral unit. Unify its objectives and you get yourself a winning front.

Disjointed objectives, headless initiatives and too many heads of state serve its quiet decay. And severing one will cause two hydra heads to sprout.

It is also not a function of blaming the beast for being a beast. Why fault the sun for shining, after all?

One must therefore address the more essential component of national identity. The thing before the form.

Who we are as a people. Who we become as we think. Who we rebel against as a construct. Who we fight to protect—what that entity's many ideals cherish and preserve, and who it serves.

How are we being the Nigeria we desire when we hold on to the Nigeria we “deserve”?

The Nigeria we hold in derision is the Nigeria we place before ourselves.

It is how that we cut ahead in traffic on Saturday and swear at others who do because it is a Monday and you won't be late.

“Idiot!” You hurl.

Then squeeze N500 note in to the hands of a traffic warden at the toll gate to secure next Saturday.

You never know, right?

The punitive has been far from effective. Miserable. Poorly effected. And largely farcical, crackdown has had nothing on the continued speedy melt down of our nation-image.

Perhaps it is time we redirect. First we investigate why we refuse ourselves a coherent name, a one-man stance against. Then we begin again to redefine for ourselves what freedom means and what we must fight collectively to get it.

For we can fight against all we want, but without something to fight for, we will be just that: fighters. . . Who someday will fight amongst ourselves again.

© All rights reserved. Chika Igidi. 2026.