

IYA SULLA, THE PROFESSIONAL MOURNER OF LAGOS ISLAND

Solape Adetutu Adeyemi

When death comes knocking in Lagos,
It slams the gate,
shouts "Is anybody home?"
and wakes the neighbours.

Enter: Iya Sulla,
matriarch of mourning,
CEO of CryTech™ Emotional Logistics,
Patron Saint of Automated Tears.

She arrives in style
with one black handbag full of white handkerchiefs,

At 10a.m., she's weeping.
At 10:05, she's rolling on the floor like NEPA just took the light.
At 10:10, she's wailing,
"Ha! Bode, you have gone to the land of no jollof!"

Grief must be grammatic and theatrical.
She once fainted with such Olympic form
that LASTMA officers tried to arrest her for road obstruction.

She mourned at two different funerals in one day:
Uncle Wale in the morning (heart failure during traffic),
Auntie Ronke in the afternoon (choked on her lunch of amala),

Her rates are flexible.
₦20,000 for basic crying.
₦50,000 for sobbing with scripture.
₦100,000 for collapsing dramatically onto the casket.
Premium Mourning Plus™ includes tearing wrapper and speaking in tongues.

And when the dust settles,
Iya Sulla rises, wipes her eyes,
pats the widow's back with a seasoned hand,
and says,
"We thank God for life. Call me for your uncle's burial next week."

Because in this city of noise and generators,
even grief has a schedule.
Even mourning has a market.
And Iya Sulla?
She's Lagos' loudest, proudest,
professional crier with a receipt.