

Planting Season

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Abstract

In this thesis I present a collection of semi-narrative poems about a rural Africa that is a place of folk-lore and tradition, but also a place of otherworldly, almost grotesque, incident. My characters are, similarly, range in type, from buskers, to guards, school-children, paupers and tycoons. Through the work a place that is both familiar and unknown, common-place and mysterious, emerge.

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Africa

In better days,
success
was in all songs.

Now
your children
race with your sweat
to their masters.

You are an empty granary
these days;
your buttocks naked
like a stone in a dry river.

Colonizer's Heart

After Freedom's shouts
the colonizer's legs left
hurrying like a shooting star
but he left his big heart behind
tied on the peak of the *umuvumu* tree.
Now the father of my children
always sacrifices hours
saluting the big heart.

He says
unless he bows low
before the big heart
his arms get paralyzed
and his dreams vanish.

I laugh at him
I laugh and laugh because
I have never saluted the big heart
but my head is full of dreams
dreams of cutting down the *umuvumu* tree.

Our Fathers

“Only the foolish
can feed on thunder’s milk,”
our fathers said.

Now you despise their old wisdom.
But our fathers’ words
were not a river
to follow the sloping way.

You read piles of books:
without reading they knew
the inside of books.
They never did medicine
but were doctors.

Our fathers
without climatology

were rain-makers.

Planting Season

Last year we planted
but the seed betrayed us.
The tendrils grew up like mushrooms
but the food was not edible.
Apart from the fools
none bought our crops;
they were smelly, sour and bitter.
This year
let's open our eyes
and choose the best seed
which will bear edible fruits
the fruit which will make
the heavens rejoice
when we leave this earth.

Herding

Under the scorching sun
burning my head
I climb the mountain
behind the flock
of my sheep and goats
in search of green grass.

My bare feet
tread on stinging stones
that race downhill
before roaring
as they reach the valley.

Scared birds fly randomly
letting out un-harmonic songs.
Panicked women
leave their pots in the stream
as their voices scramble over the sky.

My whistle reminds my flock to hurry up;
the lazy ones move faster
when my whip touches their backs.

On top of the mountain,
as my flock enjoys the sweeter grass,
I sit on an elevated side
heating my *runonko*,
a small bakery made of clods of earth
where I roast potatoes.

My Mother Taught me

My mother taught me
to host time honourably
and not despise the bird
settling on the rock
by the lion's palace.

My shrewd mother
gave me a mighty stick
and an invocation:
stick,
never cease reminding him
that Time castrates a leopard
and feeds on buffalo's milk.

Owl

I can hear it again
hooting incessantly
troubling my sleep
and darkening the future.

Last month this tragic bird
went with our beloved uncle:
may his soul rest in peace.

Who's next?
I have heard that our neighbour's house
is under control of his ancestors
and your aunt can't walk a single step.

Umucuraguzi

My brain never settled last night.
Umucuraguzi, a night dancer,
frisking like a calf,
smeared his buttocks on the front door
and then on the back door.
His ears were sharper than a sword—
when I stepped off my bed
I heard him sauntering down the road.
I know
before he came to disturb my sleep
he had been dancing in my field,
dancing naked like a new-born,
planting his charms all over the field.
I'm sure my plants have shrunk like leaves
in terror of fire.
When others will harvest
to please their granaries
I will be mourning, mourning
with my sober granaries.

Umupfumu

I consulted *umupfumu*, a witchdoctor
who revealed everything—
the women with whom I share smiles
are racing to turn my man's heart
and sink me into undying widowhood.
Some have already seized their gains—
during night,
my man never lets his chest feel mine;
he tortures me with his rough back,
his legs folded like springs.
My heart is a burning stone.
This wrap, full of fragments of bones,
is to be planted in the path to my home
to freeze these women's charms.
This powder from a mixture of *umurinzi* tree
and other plants strange to my eyes
is to be smeared on his chest
and on the stick any man uses
as support to make the family grow.

To empower these medicines
umupfumu wanted
to see my nakedness.
Like a wounded lion
he opened his eyes
and said to me that without that act
all my effort would turn to air
and misery would hang upon all my life.
I gave up.
He did what a man can do.

Herbalists

A weird disease visited my village.
In a single day
it devoured my siblings
and smashed my neighbours.

To save our land,
we sent for herbalists.
One had sweet herbs
another had bitter herbs.
We cherished the sweet herbs
and chased the bitter herbs
that tormented our throats.

The herbalist of the sweet herbs
chopped his herbs
and boiled them in a huge pot.
He gave me a gourd
filled to the brim.
I downed it in one gulp.
Sweetness stroked my throat
and made my insides rejoice.
I called for another
and another and another.
But the disease
doubled its plan.

With no other choice
we sent for the other herbalist
who came with his bitter herbs
incompatible with our throats.

He pounded the leaves
and boiled them in a small pot.
After the first sip,
you can't stand the second.

After one day
the disease slowed its pace
before giving up its plan.

New faces came to our heads.

Ikigage

They call me local brew
but my real name is
ikigage, sorghum beer.
I am known everywhere;
my lovers always rejoice
for having me as friend.
In my white court
I sing and dance
and my lovers applaud.
When I chase sleep
they come to my side
to feel my warmth.
I allow their kisses
to feel my taste.
Inside their hearts
the words are born
and stories are heard.
The back-biters,
to tarnish my name,
broadcast everywhere
that I'm not safe.
I swear
I am born clean
cleaner than water
emerging from the rock.
They only distort my fame
to attract the ignorant.
I know
I have rivals
who seek my throne
but they are wasting their time.
Because of my coolness
all the wise ones
are my lovers,
but the ignorant
allow rumourmongers
to dwell in their ears
and forget my name.
They go only to the spirits
which ruin their spirits.

watch out

my son
beware
walls have ears
trees have eyes
and wind can speak

my son
not all runners are racers
and
not all the baptized are Christians

my son
if you see people at the bus stop
don't think all are passengers
if you see people smiling
don't think all are happy
if you see people in spectacles
don't think all are short sighted

my son
not all preachers are pastors
not all men in suits are managers

beware
watch with your brain

none will kill you

if you have nothing
give nothing
nothing will kill you

brother
don't give *my* cow
rather give what you have
and save your name

Wisdom

Unlike fools

wise ones never ask themselves
when days will barricade their ways
and plot with *Nyamunsi*, death,
to steal their breath.

What worries the wise ones
is the names they will leave
after *Nyamunsi* forces them
to sleep for good.

Why?

When my grandpa passed away
a medicine-man came with a gourd,
a large gourd full of crushed herbs,
and we downed some mouthfuls
despite our pure health.

Why? Tell me—

When my brother got married
the whole village pitied him.
Some wet their faces with tears
instead of applauding and drumming;
they only said his days will always be sad
because he gave his heart to *umshyingwe*,
a woman who's wrapped with bad luck.

Why? Tell me—

My uncle backtracked his way
and came back home shaking his head
after he saw, before him,
a rat backtracking its way
in an attempt to cross the road.

Why? Tell me—

My mother turned dark
and her teeth crunched
when I pointed at *umwungu*,
a gourd fruit.

Why? Tell me.

open your eyes

if your eyes never pierce these walls
if your eyes never drill this ceiling
if your eyes never cross that fence
they are mere sockets
that will never see the thieves
cleaning out this house

I am about to Go

My days are closer
I am now like a leaf
wandering in the air.

I want to go with clean hands.
Call my neighbour, Gatere,
I want him to take these chairs
I stole when he was away.

I need Ugirishema, too.
I know, he is used to my dirty words,
my words stinging more than thorns.
I want to go with a clean tongue.

Call Amani.
This bed is his.
Bring the radio set, too.
Give it to the shopkeeper;
I got it during a night
when sleep robbed his mind.

My wife and my children,
tie today's lessons,
untie the past ones
you fetched from my mouth.
Let them fly away from this home.

Now that I feel clean,
may God quicken my pace
to reach home
before I re-soil my hands.

I am from the Town

Last week
as the first cock-crow reached my ear
I hurried my bag to my shoulder
and sailed the black night
full of the barks of dogs,
calls of frogs
and songs of birds.

I walked stumbling
on stones standing on the paths.
The roaming insects
kicked my forehead
and sped away with fear.
The fearless ones
perched in my hair.

The first sunshine
found me at the main-road,
the tarmac road to town.
Two buses came hooting
chasing one another
like frisky lambs.
Two men, their heads
swaying out of the windows,
hurried to my bag:
“Town old man?”
I nodded.
“Come to my quicker bus, old man,
the brand new bus, made in Japan.”
“Don’t be fooled, mine has sweet music
Reggae, hip-hop---”
As I asked who is Reggae
the buses burst with laughter.

The two conductors fought to take my bag
the stronger one jumped with it into his bus.
I followed him and settled myself comfortably
on the seat behind the driver.
I asked him to turn the volume down
but a young man behind me said:
“*Muzehe* this is not a village;
we are on the road to town.”
The conductor supported him.
I had to endure that hammer
torturing my head.

Kinsmen,
the town is not like here;
people, like lunatics,
spend time walking randomly
some stretching their arms
to fish in passengers' pockets.

There
women are not like ours;
their lips are red
red like that *umwanana*,
the banana heart.
If they are not in trousers or shorts
like the one that toddler's wearing
they are in skirts hiding nothing.
If you are not short sighted like me
you can monitor all sides of their build.

I saw men who claim
to turn one note into millions:
"If you are greedy,"
my son told me,
"You give them your fare
you walk the rest of your journey."

There
if you say *sakwe sakwe*
to challenge them with your riddles
they laugh at you;
if you say *kerahabayeho*
to tell a story to young people
they ask: "Which language are you speaking?"

If they are not murdering their ears with music,
they are burning their eyes with films.
No *sakwe sakwe* or *kerahabayaeho* in town.

They never drink as we are doing now;
seated together, exchanging words.
There
everyone hides in a corner
with a bottle of beer or lemonade
eyes stuck on the screens
watching naked women dancing.

Today Women

Our town is full of women
who call themselves today-women.
These women in skimpy wear
permit thighs to sparkle under the sun.
When my neighbour comes across them
his eyes turn to another side of the street
only to zoom in on other women,
half naked women with lips
red like bloodsuckers' mouths
after swigging buffalo blood;
women walking aimlessly,
going to and fro like lunatics
after gulping gourds of *urwarwa*,
banana wine;
women with nails,
nails longer than
hawk's claws.

Now, to avoid these snares,
my neighbour walks like a pig,
his eyes screwed on his toes.
At night, in his dreams,
the same women come back.
He stretches his arms.
As he touches their backs
his heart jumps like a leaf
and bellows like a bull
in a herd of heifers.

My Son

I see your beard emerging
like grass running on the rock.
Now a woman can't complain
once you share a bed with her.

Some time back,
at your age,
when my father realized
a beard had settled on my chin,
he assured me that
I was capable of prolonging
our unbroken family.

Without telling me, he went
to your mother's home,
talked with the elders
and came with the news:
"Be ready for a woman."
After one week
he nominated Mukwaya,
as *umuranga*,
a go-between
to ease communication
between the two families.
He told him
to go to your mother's family
to arrange the day on which
my people would go there
gufata irembo
to make sure
no other man
would go to that family
to ask for the hand
of the lady my father
had chosen for me.

Ten months later,
after *gufata irembo*
my father invited our relatives
to accompany him to give *inkwano*,
dowry.

After a long hard talk
between Muganwa, our spokesman,
and Gakwisi, their spokesman,
two families argued about dowry,
the dowry
of two cows, two hoes
and *igicuba*, a gourd to carry water
from the river to the trough
from which the cows drink *amazi ahiye*,
salted water.

When two fat heifers
emerged into the yard
mooing
the applause filled
the compound.
Pastoral poems were recited,
songs shook the air
and clouds of dust invaded the sky
while we were dancing.

As dowry had been given
I waited patiently for the bride,
your mother.
In those days
there were no cars;
one evening
she was carried to my home
in *ingobyi*.
On that day my eyes
and your mother's met.

As the night ruled over
my hands felt her smooth body,
the body smeared with *ikimuli*,
body lotion extracted from cow's milk.
On that day
thunderous applause and drums
shook this village of ours.

Drinks were abundant:
pots of *ikigage*, sorghum beer,
and *urwarwa*, banana wine,
were sipping in this home.

My son
now this beard of yours
is a reminder that
the time is ripe
for you not to be alone
like a single bottle
in a crate.

I know
you are thinking of rushing to a disco
or any bar
to grab any woman
who will come and hate the hoe;
a woman who will never let
soil touch her feet.

This land of ours
never cherishes such women.
We have a huge land which needs strong hands
to turn it into a source
of our granary satisfaction.

I don't want to take you
back to my time

but don't allow
discos and bars
to inspire your choice.

bring your heart

my man sleeps at home
without his heart

when in bed
i speak one tongue
he speaks another tongue

in his sleep
he recalls many names

mine never comes

Cry

Cry, my child,
add energy in the forge of your throat
so the earth trembles.

Your dad is snoring
he comes always drunk
calling us junk

Cry again,
cry louder than bombs
shake this room
break his head.

Who knows his wage?
Only his lovers
and all the bars.

Cry and sob, my child,
this is the right time.

Greed

My man's greed,
hyena can't compete.

Under the bed
he builds a fire,
and on three stones
stands his pot.

He's erased from his head
the baby in bed
who,
besieged by the steam
and clouds of smoke,
coughs, sneezes and cries.

His cooking is complete
his territory secured
a total ban imposed:
no movement
until the last swallow.

When greed matures
the brain migrates
to the stomach
to live under commands
flowing one-way.

Beggar

I beg
not to build behind your barns
nor buy bottles of beer.

I beg to buy beans
to feed my bending body;
to build a bed.

I beg
fixing my eyes beyond now,
beyond,

where begging has no roots.

Sweet Tongue

Your sweet tongue has bewitched me—
I can't see, I can't hear,
I can't love, I can't hate.
Now talk to me with a bitter tongue,
a tongue more bitter than medicinal *umuravumba*;
a tongue stinging like a wasp
so I can see and hear
so I can love and hate.

I will Found my Church

I will found my church
not in a remote village
where people swallow dust
and quench thirst with air.

I will plant my church
on the navel of the city
where pockets never go flat.

In my church
I will speak of the right word
from the right book.
My voice will voyage
through hills and valleys
to the peak of the sky.
Neither the living nor the dead
will hide their joy.

In my church
I will touch my followers
and showers of blessings
will dwell in their hearts.
Before the eyes of everyone
devils will run
crying for help.

At the important moment
I will ask the congregation
to reflect on the motto
drawn on the walls
*"One man gives freely
yet gains even more
another withholds unduly
but comes to poverty."*

At this moment
in a high voice
I will ask them
to curse stinginess
when the collection plate
visits their sides.

Hungry Vagrant

He was sitting beside the street
carrying his hands
his face staring at the tarmac
his eyes, like traffic lights,
opening and closing.
As sleep wanted to ease
his disturbed stomach
the traffic noises stirred his brain.
He shook his head
stretching his arms.
Opposite him, in a restaurant,
pans were complaining
as the onion
sailed across the oil.
The aroma leaped off
and crossed the street
to hit his nose.
He sniffed
and opened his mouth wide
chewing saliva.

Hunger

When hunger gains control
taboos lose their power
and shame deserts the faces.
Dregs are no longer for children
nor the miserable ones.
If you are a Muslim,
when a meal is served,
you never doubt the meat.
During these darkened days
when a rat falls into a cat's claws
his master claims a share.
In a land ruled by hunger
some words escape the brain
leaving their seats to their opponents.
In hunger's kingdom
the nose welcomes rotten food
the same way it does
aromatic herbs,
and sour milk becomes sweeter,
sweeter than honey.

Modern Beggar

Always on the go
in an up-to-date suit
a tie swaying on his chest
a suitcase in his hand
saluting everyone
targeting happy pockets
before exhibiting his problems:
*"My car has broken down
my money stolen
I only need a little for transport."*
A Good Samaritan
gives him a big note.
He says many thanks
wishing him abundant blessings.
He meets another Samaritan
he tells the same story
he gains another note.
At midday
he changes the spot
to attract new faces
and changes the story
to trick the brain.
As the sun dies
he heads for the pubs
counting bundles of notes
more than the Samaritan
will ever have.

Smuggler

I sleep when the sun awakes
and leave my bed when it sleeps.

Guided by my heart
I take the narrow path;
the wide one is for joggers.
I walk steadily,
my feet bathing in the morning dew
my ears enjoying bird-songs
announcing the coming morning.
When my heart misses the way
I stumble and fall.

As I arrive across safely
I sell my merchandise
and buy other to return with.

When the sun allows
I carry my load.

If my way is unlucky,
the notes in reserve
speak on my behalf.

Gusoma

In my language,
gusoma means three things:
read, sip and *kiss*.
When I breathe the word
gusoma,
one of my fellows
pictures his shining beauty
with glittering lips.
Another fellow of mine
sees a cold bottle
standing on a table
beside a shining glass.
Neither of them sees the letters
journeying between covers
running from page to page.

Alcoholic

I am an alcoholic.
The sun is my watch,
the moon my torch.

For me,
all days are today;
tomorrow is not mine.

My sin is to keep a coin
in a pocket,
my prayer is not to be sober
a single day.

I pity teetotallers
who, like toddlers,
torture their throats with lemonade
and burn their mouths with tea.

I toast my comrades,
who remember me
when my pockets
lose their weight.

The Message

Pauper
I can't say your weeks
but your days are at hand
to say your goodbyes.

Mine are far,
far ahead
but I will come
escorted of course.

When you arrive
deliver my message to those
living underworld.

Tell them:
*the tycoon will come
his belongings behind him.
Pave wider roads.
The limousines and trailers will come.
Extend the banks by thousands of yards.
Billions of notes will come.*

*Happier are those
who will work for him;
bundles of notes
will be paid to them.*

Tell them:
*additional benefits
the calculator can't reach.*

Pauper,
deliver the message genuinely.
I will remember your work.

The pauper
in his tattered clothes
slightly opened his mouth,
raised his head,
gazed at the man in the limousine
before trailing away
barefooted.

South Fikara

At the foot of Fikara
there is a huge garden
bathing in a huge pond.

Unlike years behind,
the flowers in the garden
are matching the moves
in the dance hall.

Depending on each one's skills
as the song climbs in the air,
their limbs tremble with joy.
Rose and dahlia fling their hands in the air,
lily and sage vibrate their buttocks vigorously,
daffodil and orchid,
hand in hand,
move gently from corner to corner
all in unison echoing
"Together as one. . ."

But
the flowers
on the edge of the garden
are only pleasing their eyes;
their ears never enjoy.

They are crying to the DJ
to widen the volume
so they can shake like the others.

Girl Watching Herself

She adjusted her hair
and rushed before a mirror
hanging by the door.
She doubted the reflected face
and spat cold saliva.
She sped up to the neighbours
to borrow the good one.
She stood it on the bed
and lowered her head.
The same face emerged.
She gnashed her teeth,
'Huuhhh.'
She hurried to the kitchen.
She came with a stick
to teach the fake mirrors,
the mirrors full of lies.

Wedding

We were standing in front of the church
the sun combing our heads
with its strong arms
from the church-tower.

The first van came trailing
a cameraman on its back
his left eye sunk in the lens
the left hand steering the zoom.
Other cars, with flowers on their noses,
followed in queues.

We tiptoed, raising our heads,
children boosted up on shoulders
to have a glimpse at the bride and groom.

The cars stopped before us
the chief of protocol hurried
and opened for the couple.
Their shining faces emerged
flashes crossing like a sparkling blaze.

They trailed towards the priest
standing at the church-door
a big cross swaying on his chest.
Above their heads
his arms hovered
dispensing blessings.

They proceeded into the church.
Friends and relatives followed
covered by sweet songs
struck by the *Halleluiah Choir*.
After all were at their seats
the choir's tune died down.

The priest approached the clean book
resting on the altar.
The sign of the cross was made
and verses were read.

The priest lifted the missals
and asked the couple
to approach the altar.
He cleared his throat
and out his mouth
a question was heard:

*“Bride and bridegroom,
have you come here freely
and without reservation
to give yourselves to each other
in . . .”*

“Yes” the bridegroom interrupted
and the whole church murmured.
The priest re-asked the question.
the bride said nothing.
Tears descended her face
and fell down in drops.

All faces lingered on her
her closer relatives
lengthened their necks
and their mouths touched her ears:
“Say yes.”
These words split her head.
The old days started boiling
making a huge steam inside her
reactivating a memory
in the bottom of her brain.

She saw a lovely young man
from a village next to hers
telling her some words.
She saw her own words
given as green light.

In her deepest memory
she saw the family’s words:
to turn back from her wish
to forget the poor boy
the boy with a dim history
the boy the family never embraced.

In her mind
she could hear the commands
from her only uncle
marching like soldiers.
She heard the question again
she opened her mouth
not to respond
but
cry
cry like a child.

Something from the past
pushed her back.
She resisted
as her mind was tortured
she threw the bunch of flowers
on the floor,
and outdoors
she ran.

Silently,
the priest
and the people in church
followed her in amazement.
Some made the sign of the cross
others dropped to their knees
others lowered their heads
allowing their hearts
to say something to the Lord.

She turned right behind the church
kicking everyone at her sides.
She reached the main road
running like a bullet.
She turned left at the corner
into the wings of the hills.

Contest

when beauty is alone
none can deny her victory
but when kindness warms up

beauty vanishes
to the world of the blind

Love

I speak of genuine love
not burglars' love
plotting anonymously
to break in and share equitably.

I don't mean love
of a man my eyes noticed
with a woman of another man,
hand in hand,
heading for a lodge
ready to make love.

The love I voice
behaves like a hen—
when a sparrow-hawk
targets its young
it announces a retreat
to a nearby safeguard
where it will sit
and open its wings
to let them warm.

fire

on the horn of the black land
the fire is whistling
discharging embers
sweeping everything
in its way

the firemen are sent
to silence the blaze
roaring its fame

behind the mountain
a fire-raiser is seen
adding more fuel
the blaze jumps high
overturns, crawls
and bounces, singing victory

to strangle the singing blaze
fire-raiser-fighters
have to back
the fire-fighters

Watchman

The clock rang six.
A man,
a long coat on his shoulder,
descended a hillside
through a banana plantation
to a huge house
on the main road.

Near the front door
he took his position.

Overhead,
thick black clouds
started swallowing the stars
one by one.

In all corners
trees started bowing
in honour of the wind
towering majestically,
whistling.

The heart of the sky
started coughing
vomiting hailstones.

“Rain again!” he said.

The brutal wind
commanded plants to lie down.
The roof of the house,
like a slaughtered pig,
let out shrill noises
before flying into the bush
in the valley.

The man ran towards the road.
Before him
a huge mango tree,
like a heavily drunk person,
lost its balance,
escaped from its roots,
jumped into the air,
grasped the cables
and came down
burning all creatures around.

In panic
the man stood still
in the middle of the road
without knowing where to go.

storm

the day is no longer a day
it's a night without stars
a night without moon

betrayed by the wind
the sky is eclipsed

a ferocious wind has come
leading before him
regiments of clouds
armed to the teeth
positioning everywhere
leaving no space

it is open aggression:
the bombs are heard
roaring, grumbling, thundering
boom boom boooooom
the machine-guns are bursting
kaa kaaa kraaa kraaaaaa
the sky is on fire
the earth in ruins

the fragments and shells
are falling in rains
devastating everything
terrorising everyone

some of our beloved
have reached their end
on this earth

Where....?

Last year
heavy rains came down in terror
as if the sky had gone mad
and decided to murder this earth.

Countless people departed like ants
raising their muddy hands to the air
crying to the void.

I dared not leave this door.
I spent sleepless days
my leg tied to the tree
to resist unkind rain-waters
which were complaining
in the attempt to move this house
down to the marshes.

When a respite was declared
our heart cheered.
The sun started peeping
ready to sail in the sky.
Its warmth touched our backs
and revived our strength.
The following day
we sharpened our hoes
to attack our farms.
We had strong conviction
to refill our granaries.
But now I am confused
confused by the sun's plan.
It's burning like a furnace.
The seed we planted
never left their beds
in the heart of the land.
The few who dared
to glance up from the soil
the sun smashed their heads.

Our surviving animals are rattling bones
walking on naked land.

Where are these days taking us?

Who's the Winner?

War has looted my home
to enrich the aggressors.
My cattle are gone
and my business is sunk.
The wife is no longer mine;
she is in the hands of those
singing victory, the warmongers.

Another war is peeping
I can feel its heat,
a tingling on my back.
I know
it seeks my wife
and the warmongers.

Will it spare my head?
Who will be the winner?

None but the war
because
war never dies.

I Don't Blame You

My heart trembled
as you left me
on a stony road
leading to the edge
of the earth.

I fell and cried
under the terror
of the sharp stones
stinging my bare feet.

As my eyes missed the end
I sat at the roadside
in a quandary.

I saw the world
sharpening its teeth
ready to assault.

I heard your cries
racing over the hills
to the dumb sky.

My Boss

My boss is a lion.
When his foot comes in
we all start trembling.

Without a 'hello'
he starts thundering:
you,
you've done nothing, but womanize.
You,
your face's always stuck in the mirror
no harvest from you.
When the month dies
you will all see what I am.

My boss is a lion.
some of the words he hates:
dear,
thank you,
welcome,
he never says 'well done.'

In his lonely room
silence is cursed;
his thundering voice rules,
talking to himself and everyone
seeing himself and everyone.

Freedom

When I say I am free
my wife beats drums
and calls our children
to sing a song of freedom.
We sing and dance
until sweat stands on our faces.
When we are worn-out
we sit on benches
enjoying drinks
and delicious food
I begged from overseas.

Open Letter

My Lord,
here in my quiet dwelling
under the earth
I peep through a tiny hole
and glance at the people I left behind.
I see them with smart faces
smiling at everyone.
I see them racing to Your house
not to worship Your name
but glorify their own.