

new African

POETRY

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Smile!

In the nightmare of your forefathers
you dreamt that your legacy,
using the rain would cleanse you
of the savage.

Dance!

The celebration of your funeral
parades the death of your blindness.
as you caress the dirt that cakes your feet
remember to shake the ashes
from your shoes.

Sing!

Melodic latin hymns float to your new god
like a cloud white, weightless, and true.
watching as the drums burn,
this gathering will remain scattered.

Listen!

You are the heartbeat of this new world
a pulse that counts a lost rhythm to life
the silence of your land is palpable.

even the cicadas mourn. ■