
My Moonlight

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Tanzania

Fragrance

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Nigeria

On The River I Found

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REJUVENATION

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Editor's Note

“Rejuvenation,” is a fresh start, a new beginning or restoration and this is a state that is rewarded by peace at mind-set. It does not matter the chaos that was taking place, it is a renewed atmosphere. Nature always excels in this concept, notice the aftermath of rainfall in a forest that was destroyed by wildfires, the entire veld that was covered in ashes turns to green. Mother-nature has her reset button to restore her beauty.

The whole world is facing a great pandemic; one would say maybe that is how human nature existence is going through the process of its self-renewal, whilst others are looking forward to the fresh start, the freedom stage without any threats, life restored to how we know it. Restoration plays a vital role in our lives, it is not a button we press any day anyhow, else life would cease to exist, but only considered when all other options have been exhausted and energy level is at low.

We turn to imitate nature sometimes and in this edition, you will be sync with the minds of the great African writers as they share their views on Rejuvenation. Be it at work, relationships, mindset, nature, family matters, all aspects of life expounded creatively. I believe you will have peace of mind after you have completed the very last masterpiece in this edition.

Neo Space-Poet Masetlane

Acting Chief Editor



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Worry About The Inside Not The Outside

Luqmaan Rawat
South Africa



Rejuvenation – our lives revolve so much around this process, but what exactly is it? Rejuvenation is defined as “the action or process of giving new energy or vigor to something.” This process is undergone every day and in many ways. Things go through this process to make their interior and exterior look brand new again; however, not only materialistic things undergo rejuvenation. Humans go through the rejuvenation process as well, but unfortunately only on the outside and very seldom on the inside.

After an incredible amount of use, it is only natural that things begin to deteriorate. Once those that are extremely valuable to us become old and torn, they are sent to professionals who breathe new life into them. It is the same with

humans, whose beauty start to fade with time. As kids we were told to eat this or apply that to maintain our beauty for as long as possible. We listened and obeyed. Nobody wanted to be in their 20's and be mistaken for a 50-year-old just because their skin had wrinkled, and their forehead lines looked deeper. We were and still are so eager to keep our beauty intact for long, so much so that we even risk injecting our faces and different parts of our bodies with chemicals without knowledge of how they could damage us. So many procedures and skin care products exist with which we can rejuvenate our skin or our outer beauty, but have we ever tried to rejuvenate our soul and mind?

We live such a fast-paced life these days that we hardly ever think about how

much damage we are causing to our inside. To the part of ourselves that no doctor or machine can sort out. To our soul and mind. Everyone is in such a rush to make money, to be a part of this 'rat race' and come out first that we sacrifice every ounce of our souls just to do it. Every day we work long hours and burn ourselves out running from pillar to post to get a job done. I once read a very interesting post which said something to the effect that we give our whole life away, our body and soul, for someone who would not think about it for a second if we left the world today. It hit me how incredibly true that was.

We go for spa days and beauty days to rejuvenate our appearance but how often do we take a weekend off from our busy schedules to spend time with our families, our friends, and with ourselves?

When last did we go for a holiday to do nothing but relax, and not take any phone calls from work or fill out any forms or do anything related to our job? We give up our soul and mind for things of this world hoping that those material items can help give us the peace we need. It can never happen. We have traded our souls and minds just so we can be first in this 'rat race' that will not matter if we

drop dead today.

We work all day long and come home feeling exhausted and unfulfilled, and we wonder why that is. We work to afford all the luxuries in the world. We spend so much money trying to beautify and rejuvenate our outside but never the inside. Yes, we need to work, but do we really need to give our all to our jobs? Do we need to give so much that when we come

home, we are so upset, tired, mad, or stressed that we cannot have normal conversations with the ones we love? How often do we have proper meals with our families? Where we sit and talk about our day, where nobody rushes to finish their food. Gone are the days when laughter filled every house all the time. Nowadays there seems to be no light or laughter, just darkness and quiet.



The soul and mind work to keep us sane. Just like a car needs occasional servicing, our soul and mind need rejuvenation, even if occasionally. A healthy mind is a healthy body. Hence it is important that we take some time off our busy schedules, at least once a week to reconnect with our friends, our family, and ourselves. Let's not forget that the body is a shell that is controlled by our minds and souls, and if they were to deteriorate, what good would this shell be to us? Focusing solely on rejuvenating our body is like a person who only focuses on repairing the outside of his car while the engine falls apart. No matter how many coats of paint you spray the car with, no matter how beautiful it looks on the outside, if the engine is

broken that car will never move, and a car that is not functional benefits no one.

We work so hard every day to impress society that will not even remember us after we are six feet under. This is the curse of man. Others live their lives impressing others at the expense of their peace of mind and soul. They live a life that they cannot financially afford, and attract extra pressure and stress which they end up taking out on the ones they love. Sometimes we need to stop and ask ourselves, 'is what I am doing really for me or is it to impress society?'

It's about time we stopped focusing so much on what people can see and channel that energy to what people cannot see. We need to stop living for others and start

living and taking care of ourselves, for those we strive to please will not be bothered after we have 'fried' ourselves working for them. Someone once told me that we are all part of a machine, and every part of a machine can be replaced no matter how important it is. That stuck with me to this day, and helped me understand that no matter what we do, no matter how much we give, no matter how much of ourselves we sacrifice for our jobs, at the end of the day we all can be replaced by the ones we work for. So, it is time to put ourselves first. It is time to rejuvenate ourselves, for ourselves. We will worry about the world later, for if we do not sort out our spiritual and mental state, then our physical state will matter no more.



Moving Forward

Oseremen Iwayemi
Nigeria

Lillian did not know how to feel. She was not even sure if she felt anything these days. She read the message her best friend Lola sent to her again.

Tayo is here with another girl. I kid you not.

What followed was a somewhat blurry picture of Tayo holding a girl's waist.

Three question marks followed from Lola.

I will talk to him. Lillian replied to the question marks.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she stared at the picture again.

Why is Tayo doing this to me? She wondered.

In their timeline together she

had been nothing but faithful to him but for him that word probably did not exist in his dictionary. She stood up from the bed and went into the bathroom to pee. When she was done, she looked at herself in the mirror.

"Am I not pretty enough?" She said out loud.

"I guess I am too fat...that's why." She had always been on the plump side. She

walked out of the bathroom and plopped herself back on the bed. She took her phone and googled "How to lose weight" and started going through the links one by one.

After sometime, she decided to send a message to Tayo.

Hi hun how is it going...is the training over yet?

In less than a second he replied: Yes we just finished. Lillian could not believe two things. The way he replied very quickly and how it was so easy for him to lie.

Send me a picture please

Baby you know I don't really like pictures.

Ah ah just one for your baby.

Let me see how handsome you look.

Not looking very handsome right now Lilly but will definitely send you one later today.

Lillian did not bother replying the message. She turned her phone face down and cried.



He lied to her all the time but she always believed his lies. In her eyes he was perfect and could do no wrong.

"How long are you going to keep this up Tayo?", Femi asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"I am talking of Lillian. Tayo, what are you still doing with her?"

"Well I just like having her in my corner."

"Just let her go T..."

"No! ..I mean she's like my well...to be honest I don't even know the word."

"Tayo!"

"She does everything I tell her to do, she believes everything I say to her."

"I am sure she knows you were not at any training," Femi said.

"Duhh...Lola would have told her, but Lillian won't say anything about it."

Tayo was confident that Lillian was not going to confront him about it like she

never confronted him about the other girls she had caught him with. He did not like her and love was farfetched. He knew he should let her go but he loved the fact that he was practically in control of her. She did every single thing he told her to do. No mind of her own. Cooked every time he asked her to even if she was tired, gave him money even if that was all she had. Literally stressed herself to make him happy and he loved it. Not everyone always had someone at their beck and call and he was not going to let her go that easily. He was going to see her sometime later in the week but decided he would not stress her out this time. He will go easy on her. Meanwhile his new catch was what he would focus his energy on.

Lillian was all dressed up. Tayo was coming over but she was nervous. Usually she would be super elated or rather pretend to be so the visit went smoothly and he would not get angry with her. Sometimes he still did and would give her a slap or two. She always accepted his apologies whenever he hit her.

However today was going to be different. She was going to do something she had never done before. Confront him. She had not been herself these past few days. Tayo completely ignored all her phone calls and texts. She had found out from his Femi that he was okay and nothing was wrong with him. Thank God for Lola. She had been there for her all the time she cried. She also encouraged her to

come to church with her for a programme. Lillian was not interested she just wanted to hear from Tayo but Lola encouraged her to so that it could take her mind off him. Being in church was strange to Lillian she did not even focus on what the pastor was saying but one thing he said struck her.

See yourself the way God sees you and not how others do.

That was all she needed to hear to get her thinking.

She reflected on how her life was before Tayo came into it. She was more outgoing and had a few good friends. She had stopped talking to them because Tayo said they were jealous of her and she believed him. She had totally lost herself because of him. She was so happy when he had asked her out.

She rarely got asked out by guys so a handsome, tall man like Tayo was a big win for her. Things had started off fine between them but at some point he just started misbehaving. She was not much of church goer but she knew God did not want her to be sad or depressed. She knew He did not want her being slapped all the time by another person. She knew God loved her no matter how she looked. This was it. She was not going to let Tayo treat her like trash anymore. There was a knock at the door. She nervously opened it.

Tayo came in and asked rather angrily, "Why didn't you reply my text on time?"

Lillian tried to her best not get scared as she always did whenever he spoke to her like that.

"I was busy."

"Busy doing what, are you saying my messages are no longer important?"

"No they are. I was just busy and did not see it on time." She said calmly.

"Whatever, I am hungry go and make me fried rice and

plantain. I don't have any money o...so go buy what you need yourself."

Lillian was scared. What if she spoke back to him and he hit her. She was about to

agree to his request but remembered how long she

had to prep herself for a moment like this.

"Lillian are you deaf...didn't you hear what I said?"

Lillian calmed herself and said, "I do not have money either."



Tayo looked at her as if she had just spoken Spanish. "Lillian you are getting me angry o, you know what I can do when I am angry." She was standing behind the chair he was sitting on so he could not see how hard she was trying to be calm. She remembered how her friends had told her he was not worth it but she had told them they were just jealous. She remembered all the times he had hit her, all the times he had taken money from her account without her consent. As she thought about these things, she felt something began to build up inside her. This guy was the devil.

"Lillian are you now deaf and dumb that you cannot answer me?', Tayo said and got up to face her. Lillian stared at him not saying anything. "Hmmm...Lillian you are tempting me o!" "If you know you came here to shout Tayo...just leave." Deep inside Lillian was still scared but she was happy with the progress she was making. Usually she would have started scouting for money to buy ingredients but not anymore. "Are you talking to me like that, Lillian?" "Yes Tayo and do not dare lay a hand on me this is my house". Tayo was surprised. Lillian was surprised as well. Never in her years did she think she could talk to Tayo like that. She was loving it. There was more she wanted to say. "I demand full respect from you Lillian, don't test me."

"Hmmm I demand full respect as well Tayo. If you cannot give me money for the ingredients forget about the food." "There must be something wrong with you. You are sick in the head Lillian". That was the last Lillian could take. She was angry now. "Get out of my house Tayo and do not even step in it again." She was still calm "You must be mad." "Get out!" Lillian shouted. Tayo was the one that was scared this time. "I am sorry Lillian, please.." She said nothing and just pointed to the door. Tayo left. Lillian collapsed on the floor and the tears of joy came gushing out of her eyes.

My Moonlight

Kanyamale Lusajo

Tanzania



Elenja held her hoe firmly as she moved through the narrow path that led to the farm. It was five in the morning. She moved slowly hardly able to see what was ahead and totally relying on the moon and stars in the sky. The pregnancy was nine months old and past the due date. She thought of him. The man she loved, even in death. Daniel. She remembered the days they did spend together. The moments in the forest they both loved. A small smile appeared on her face.

The baby moved within her and brought her back to reality.

She arrived at the farm before the first light shone. She prayed for the safety of her son Chiko, her moonlight, as she used to call him some days. The gift of the love she had shared

with Daniel. She also prayed for her unborn baby.

She started working although she couldn't do much as she was weak. The sun was already high up in the sky. She was thinking of going back home to prepare the afternoon meal for her son and Bamako, her husband, when she saw a figure from a distance coming towards her. As the figure approached and became clear, she realized it was a woman and she was running towards her shouting words she could not hear or understand. When she was face to face with Elenja she could not speak for some seconds as she heavily panted with beads of sweat rolling down her face. Elenja recognized her.

'What is wrong?' questioned Elenja

'Let's go. Now' said the woman already turning back

to leave.

'No, wait.' Elenja tried to grab her hand but she was already few paces ahead of her. 'Tell me what is wrong, please'

'Something bad happened to Chiko' the woman said with no hint of mercy in her voice.

At the mention of Chiko's name she stopped abruptly. She stared at the moving body of the woman. She summoned the strength to lift her legs but she couldn't. A tear rolled down her cheek and when she looked up at the woman she was a small figure. Elenja lifted up her leg and started moving. The baby in her womb was moving so hard it made her vomit. She dreaded the thought of death. It was unbearable when David died to protect their love. She couldn't bear another death of a loved one.

She was twenty feet away from her hut and she saw many people around her hut as she was met by her husband who ushered her aside. 'What is happening?' asked Elenja while scanning the area hoping to get a glimpse of Chiko.

'Your son was bitten by a snake' Bamako answered shortly. There was no sign of remorse in his eyes.

Elenja stared at her husband for some seconds before she could muster the strength to whisper her next words.

'Where is my son'

'He is dead' with that he left her there to join the other men who had come to her home.

Elenja gawked at the leaving figure of her husband. Immediately she moved towards her husband.

'Bamako, please allow me to see him, she couldn't bring herself to see his body. She did not want to believe that he was dead.

'You know the customs Elenja. Women are not allowed to look at the body of a dead person. It is a taboo. Only men will look at

the body if need be.' Bamako finished tilting his head slightly to his left.

'Please Bamako I am begging you'.

'Do not embarrass me Elenja. Your bastard son is dead. Go inside and mourn him'

'He is my son Bamako. I will do anything for you, allow me to see him.' She said in between sobs.

'Woman I will make you regret the day you were born' he said his eyes flashing evil.

She was used to the beatings. She was used to the torment. It was not new to her. She took it all because she knew deep down her heart that it was because of the love she had for Daniel.

She knelt down and looked him in the eyes.

'I understand and respect

the customs Bamako, but Chiko is my son. I birthed him. Allow me to hold him and maybe my heart will accept the fate that has befallen him. Please do this one thing for me'. She said.

With that Bamako slapped her hard on her face. He looked around at the villagers who seemed to be satisfied with Bamako's action. A quiet joyful and triumphant mood lingered on their faces. Two women came and helped Elenja inside. It was a small hut and on the ground were tattered rugs that were brought by neighbors. Women were gathered inside the hut and were mourning. She was seated in the middle. Her mind wandered off to the day she was forced to marry Bamako because he had paid a handsome bride price.



Daniel was not considered as he was poor. But she loved him and her parents knew that but did not approve. She was three weeks pregnant when Bamako took her as his wife.

When the baby came Bamako immediately knew Chiko was not his son. Daniel was punished for adultery by the village council. Death. Elenja's marriage to Bamako was punishment enough for everyone knew who Bamako was, a ruthless man.

Two hours later Elenja felt a pain in her waist which rippled through her spine. She remembered her labour days when she was giving birth to Chiko. 'Not today, please' she thought to herself. She looked around and saw that some women had left and others were asleep. Elenja stood up and moved to her right where there was a tiny room. She knew Chiko was in there because she saw Bamako enter that room twice. She went inside. She saw him. Lying on the ground, alone.

Elenja stared at his fragile body. She felt an involuntary chill as she moved towards her son. She sat down next to him and held him in her arms. She held him so gently, so softly.

'My moonlight' she said and broke down in tears. The tears fell on Chiko's face.

Bamako entered the room and looked directly into Elenja's eyes. He moved towards her.

'Bamako, maybe he is alive. Let us take him to the Ude and he will give him some herbs that will cure him.

Bamako stared at her for a few seconds then he pulled her by her hair. She was screaming for her son and trying to free herself from Bamako's grip at the same time. He was too strong for her. He pulled her outside and threw her on the ground. Bamako was so angry that for the first time he didn't know what to do. He paced around her like a lion ready to bite. His eyes flashing red. He abruptly

stopped pacing. He stared at her and his mind knew what he was supposed to do to end this madness. He went inside and few seconds later he came out holding the almost lifeless body of Chiko. He moved towards the burial area. Elenja realized what he wanted to do and moved towards him mumbling phrases and begging him not to bury her child yet. She heard him yelling directives to the five men who were done digging to get ready to bury the boy. Elenja summoned all the energy left within her and tried to pull her husband yelling that Chiko should not be buried for he is alive. There were murmurs among the crowd. Bamako turned and ordered two men to hold on to her. She felt strong hands holding her and when she tried to release herself from them the grip became even stronger. She saw Bamako lowering Chiko in the grave. There were two men in the grave who took Chiko from Bamako's hands and laid him down.



She felt her water breaking. Her mother in law saw it and called other women who took her inside. She was weak.

She was taken into the hut. they laid her down on the floor and one of the women took off some of her clothes. She heard the women telling her to lie down still.

There was a crack on the wall of the hut and she barely saw what was going on outside. In between shouting of the men outside and the mid wife she could hear her sons voice almost like a whisper, telling her it will be okay. Through the crack she saw the men putting heaps of soil in the grave. She had stopped

screaming as she was now pushing for the new life about to enter the world. She mustered all the strength left in her body and pushed. She gave birth to a baby girl. She heard her mother in law saying it's a girl. My sunshine, she thought.

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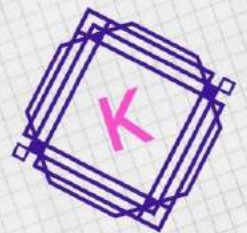
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The Last Duel

Aliu Olabanji
Nigeria

Eshou threw another cannonball at Agbara, it struck him greatly and he was burnt severely. Agbara knelt down and summon the spirits, it was his last card. It was now or never, all the beautiful times he had with Temi flashed across his mind. Her laughter, her voice, he felt them all. He spat a mouthful of blood and wiped his nose.

"Aaargh!" he shouted as he tried to stand up.

Eshou laughed boisterously and relaxed on his golden spear, "Why don't you just give up?"

"Are you tired already, is that all you've got?" Agbara replied smiling, showing his blood stained teeth.

Eshou yawned, "This fight has lost its spiciness, let's end this quickly."

"Yes, we finally agree on

something."

Eshou dashed at Agbara with a great speed, gripping his spear which he aimed at Agbara's heart, fiercely.

"Yaaaaaarrgh!" Agbara rushed at Eshou too, his eyes bloodshot, he could feel his blood rushing through his veins. He gave the earth a ferocious blow just a moment before the spear pierced through his heart.

The earth quaked and an intense flare punctured through the clouds and shone greatly on them.

Eshou fell to his knees as his skin peeled away, the light like a fluid diffused to every part of his body.

"Was thi-is your pl-an al-all along, to-die?" Eshou muttered as his left hand fell on the Agbara's shoulder.

"Yee-ss bro-ther, we are the di-disease we are trying to cure, this wor-world would be be-tter without us."

"You—foooooool!" Eshou cursed as he faded away and the light disappeared.

The clouds travelled away and the sky became bright, fully grown tress sprang up in an instant and rivers flowed, everything and everyone was restored moments before Agbara became a gigantic mountain on the spot he had died.



Fleeting Agony

Oduogu Victor
Nigeria



I was plunged into despair that words are powerless to describe, when my vagina flooded my laps with sticky water. The little mass of flesh budding within me had torn the membrane that caved it from the harshness of this dilapidating universe. It kicked, angrily. I was hurting.

I groaned in agony. My wrapper came undone. I did not mind baring my body to the elements of the universe. My legs could not carry my body. Eyes shut, fists squeezed and heart drumming, and I fell to the floor of my kitchen.

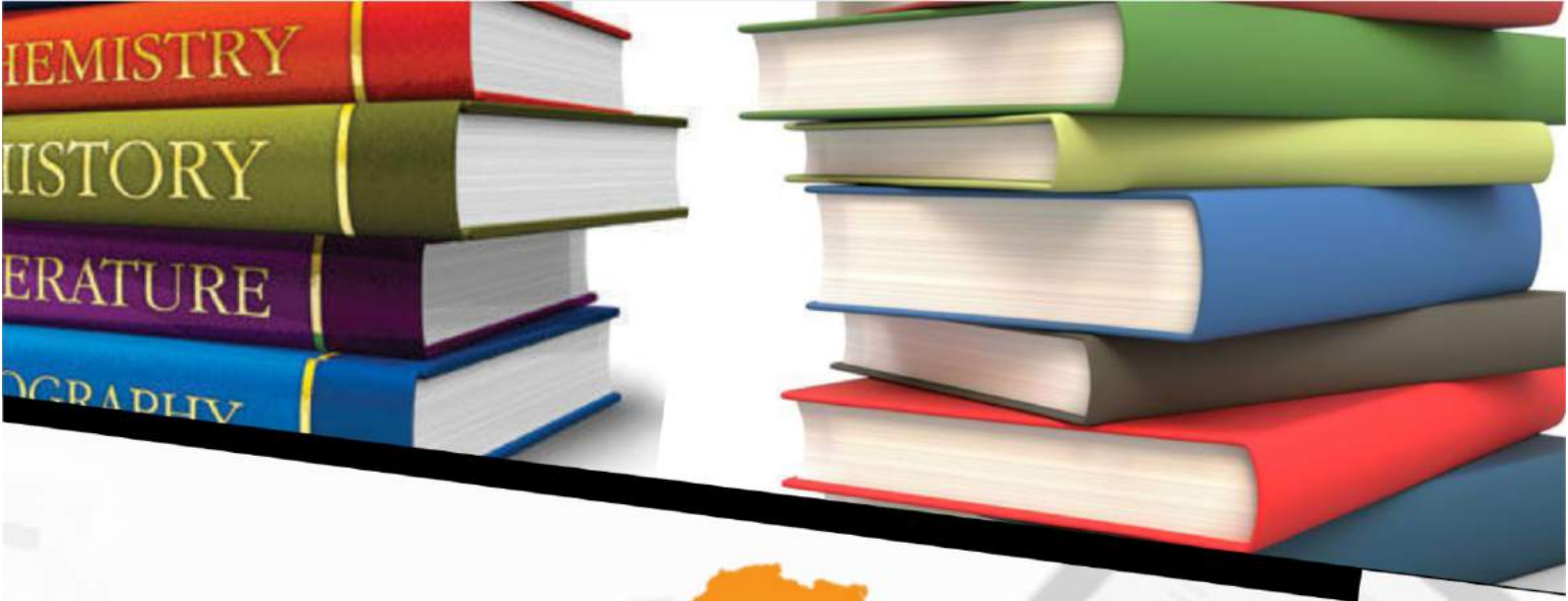
My eyes burned, tears flooded. How could the sun be feeding the universe with its radiant beauty, while I was battling for my dying life? Chinedu, my husband had gone hunting. A night of pleasure with my love is suffocating me with stabbing pain. How will I

pass away in solitude? No one is home. The mass of flesh that pressed my inside was the first to travel the route it was traveling within me. Chimoooo!

Biting my lips, tasting my blood, I let my legs fall apart. I pulled my knees up, making an arc, grasping it with my hands as though it was about to take flight. Mhhhhhh! I contracted the inner walls of urinary tract, holding my breath and pushing. Another push and Ikem slipped off my body.

Staring at Ikem now, his tiny, toothless mouth plugged to my breast, I'm drowning in joy. I call him Ikem, my strength, for he is the first proof of my motherhood ability. He clings to me, his tender and innocent touch saturating my flesh with pure sweetness. His eyes sparkle like the stars in a blanket of darkness. They wink at me, eliciting deep strength from my within to face the next stage of motherhood.





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Just A Bare Land

Diana Mwango
Zambia

There was once a land
Not an enchanted forest full of fairies
Not a cursed valley filled with hollows and ghosts
No, just a land, a bare land

And there on its plains were trees and grass
Trees and grass dancing in the wind
Not to unfathomable melodious tunes that the wind played
Nothing like that, just trees and grass dancing in the wind

And the trees stood tall and mighty on the land
And the grass lusciously lay a green tapestry underneath
Nothing too majestic for the eye of course
No, just mere old tall trees and thick grass

And there were little foragers about storing up for the seasons
Storing up seed and fruit alike as they'd done a thousand times before
Not magical creatures galloping about in fantastical splendor
No, Just normal everyday foragers gathering what they could

And there was a stillness and silence about the land
A silence defined by the noise of its inhabitants
And a stillness by its movements and sways to the wind
Of course, just any other normal land
And then came footsteps in the leaves
They weren't heavy stone cold thuds
No, just easygoing familiar shoes of a stranger
Coursing through the autumn piles that lay
And then fell a tree, and another after that
Perhaps the foragers of the field understood his need
And none of the trees sighed on the axe he drew
No, they gave a pardon for a friend he'd become indeed
And then there was no seed, no fruit to gather
And the foragers had to flee for there was no tree left
In search of something better for this season change
Not something enchanted or cursed
Just a normal place to inhabit

And there was a stillness and silence about the land
A silence defined by a loss of its essence
And a stillness by the void that blew from the wind
Of course, just like any other bare land

But then came new little foragers about storing seed for the season to come
Storing up seed and fruit alike as they'd done in a thousand other lands before
Not magical creatures galloping about in fantastical splendor



No, Just normal everyday
foragers gathering where
they could

And the ground gave way to
the seed beneath them
Trees and grass stood tall
and mighty on the land
Luscious green tapestries
underneath the great blue
sky
Nothing too majestic for the

eye of course
No, just mere old tall trees
and thick grass

And there on its plains the
trees and grass danced
Trees and grass dancing to
the sound of the wind
Not to unfathomable
melodious tunes that the
wind played
Nothing like that, just trees

and grass dancing in the
wind

And finally, there, where
once lay a land
Lay an enchanted forest full
of fairies
Not a cursed valley, yet filled
with hollows and ghosts
Of course, just a land, a bare
land.

The Rains Will Return



Patricia Ejang
Uganda

The ground is cracked,
like my dry lips and my
dirty feet. The sun
shines bright and hot, and the
few leaves left on the old
guava tree slowly float to the
ground, yellow and dry. Mama
spreads the millet grains on the
compound, singing a beautiful
song.

The rains will come
The ground will heal again
The rains will come
The birds will sing again
The rains will come
The hills will blossom again

I watch mama singing, and
watch the dog sleeping. The
sun shines bright and hot, and
the few leaves on the old
guava tree slowly float to the
ground, yellow and dry. Papa
fans himself with an old book,
singing a beautiful song.

The rains will return
The children will sing again
The rains will return
The rivers will flow again
The rains will return



The hills will blossom again
I lick my cracked lips, and
smile. The rains will come, and
the ground will heal again. I will
fly a kite with my friends, and
swim in the river. I will be happy
again.

Kondwani Learns A Lesson

Pelekani Lwenje
Zambia

Kondwani woke up and was surprised to find himself underneath a mango tree. How did he get here? He felt a huge insect crawling on his left arm so he flicked it off. That was when he saw his arms, hands and his legs. He was wearing long trousers. His feet were big. What was going on? He got up and yawned. Then he yawned again. He stretched his body and felt a bit of pain. What was happening to him? A strange looking old woman with hair as white as snow and eyes that sparkled like diamonds was watching from a distance. She had a sinister grin that seemed stuck to her face. She was a witch. A witch who had seen many years. A witch who was very interested in him.

Kondwani was convinced that he was old? He felt old? How? He was twelve years old. The last thing he remembered was fighting

with his mother. He had responded by pouring water on her face. Then she had slapped him. He had run away after that and ignored her calls to return. That was all he remembered. As he walked he came across a parked car. He looked at his reflection in the window. He really had become an old man. It was too much for him so he ran. He ran as fast as his old legs would allow. People everywhere stared as he past them. That old man was not him. This was impossible. All he wanted was to go home. He had never felt more scared than he did just now. He stopped when he reached a football pitch. He saw a boy busy kicking a dirty ball on the dusty pitch. The boy was talking to himself as he dribbled and passed to invisible players. The goal posts were missing their nets. He slowly walked towards the boy. The boy stopped and faced him.

"Hi, old man," said the boy.

"Who are you calling old," snapped Kondwani.

Kondwani indicated that he wanted to play with the boy. He no longer wanted to go home. How was he going to explain to his mother about his situation? The boy shook his head in disapproval but reluctantly agreed. As they started to play the boy was surprised by his energy. He had never seen an old man move like that. They played until their bodies were exhausted. Then they collapsed on the dusty ground panting. As they lay on the ground Kondwani looked at the boy.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Benson," answered the boy. They shook hands and Benson helped Kondwani back on his feet.

"Why are you playing by yourself?" asked Kondwani

"I don't have friends. I hate my home," explained Benson.

Kondwani understood how Benson felt.

"Sometimes I hate my mom," continued Benson.

Kondwani was all too familiar with such feelings, but for the first time he also realised that it was wrong to have such feelings. No one should hate their mother. He placed his arm around Benson's shoulders.

"We shouldn't hate our mothers. I think I was cursed. I did something bad to my mother. I think I understand. When you get older things become harder. Our parents just want us to be happy. I'm twelve years old and now I'm an old man."

Benson was looking at him funny. Kondwani smiled.

"You should say sorry to your mother. I should also do the same," he concluded. They both heard laughing from behind them. They quickly turned to find themselves staring at an old woman. Kondwani observed that she was the

witch he had run away from earlier.

"Even when you're old on the outside, you're young inside. This is your rejuvenation. When the young respect their elders so that the elders can have new energy and be better teachers. You know what you must do," said the witch. Then she

snapped her fingers and everything became dark.

Kondwani woke up. He was once again under the mango tree. He looked at his body. He was a boy again. It had been a dream. It had felt so real. He got up and decided to apologise to his mother. As he walked back home he saw an old woman watching him.





Longlist - 2021 African Writers Awards (AWA) and the Wakini Kuria Prize for Children's Literature

I would like to announce, on behalf of the African Writers Development Trust (AWDT), Writers Space Africa Foundation, and Writers Space Africa – Tanzania (WSA-Tz), the longlist for both the 2021 African Writers Awards (AWA) and the Wakini Kuria Prize for Children's Literature. We received a lot more entries in all genres compared to last year. All entries had in their own way, an emblem of richness and morale. Several blended idealism with realism. Some conveyed creatively the bridge between the past and the future, while others dwelled only in the future. In all, every piece carried with it a spark of excellence, creativity and awe.

As is our tradition, all entries for the AWA were judged anonymously. Special thanks go to the panel of judges; Nahida Esmail (Tanzania), Gankhanani Moffat Moyo (Zambia), Sabah Carrim (Mauritius), Nabilah Usman (Nigeria), Comfort Nyati, SDB (Zimbabwe), Temani Nkalolang (Botswana), Halieo Motanyane (Lesotho) and Namse Udosen (Nigeria).

We are pleased to present the longlist in alphabetical order:

African Writers Awards

Creative Non-Fiction

1. A Future Created by Africa for Africa by Ifem Chiemerie Bonaventure (Nigeria)
2. Adetutu by Adedoyin Adetutu (Nigeria)
3. Cultural Partnership for a Common African Future by Saliha Haddad (Algeria)
4. Is This Legacy by Oluchi B. Kolanisi (South Africa)
5. Long Live the Comrade by Peter Zowa (Zimbabwe)
6. Olugbon Lodge by Anuoluwapo John Adesina (Nigeria)
7. The Capital of God's Own State by Blessing O. Nwodo (Nigeria)
8. The Future Is Us by Oreoluwa Elujulo (Nigeria)
9. The Future of Africa by Jenrola David Anuoluwapo (Nigeria)
10. The Journey by Amatemeso Blessing Emmanuel (Nigeria)
11. The Shifting Horizon by Mukalo Lungile Musaluke (Zambia)

12. Today Can Be a Clean-up or Handover by Favour Iruoma Chukwuemeka (Nigeria)
13. What Makes Us African by Lee Ann Visagie (South Africa)
14. What Our Tales Entail by Jesse Bitrus Danjuma (Nigeria)
15. Whispers of the African Sun by Enoch Akinlabi (Nigeria)

Drama

1. A Country Called Africa by Dancan Ouma Obuya (Kenya)
2. Eating With Chopsticks by Gordon, B. Away (Kenya)
3. Fostered from a Thought by Irene Melissa Ojoro (Kenya)
4. Khandasi by Elizabeth Nafula (Kenya)
5. Right in the Middle by Akinkunle Johnson (Nigeria)
6. Stones on this Side by Chibuenyim Babalola (Nigeria)
7. The Dark Snake by Jonas Zaithwa Chisi (Malawi)
8. The Seventh Child by Omotayo Olaoye (Nigeria)
9. The Twist by Bernard Diesuk Lucas (Nigeria)
10. Zige by Ebinabo Fortune Robert (Nigeria)

Poetry

1. A Bright Morrow Looms by C. M. Okonkwo (Nigeria)
2. All You See, All You Don't See Poem by Joseph Olamide Babalola (Nigeria)
3. In the grave of the brave by Clara Wanjira Kariuki (Kenya)
4. Mother Africa is like a Highway in a Metropolitan City by Basethile Ngcubo (South Africa)
5. No Other Miracle by Abigail-Tydale Basseyy (Nigeria)
6. Ode To Our Birth by Esther Diepiriye (Nigeria)
7. On The Mountain Top by Faniyi Oluwatomiwa Elijah (Nigeria)
8. Pen Pain African by Mthobisi M. Ntjangase (Eswatini)
9. Tell The Child by Orji Peter Oluebube (Nigeria)
10. The Dining Table by Overcomer Ibiaduradara Ibiteye (Nigeria)
11. The Doomed House by Jamin Clement Manyasa (Kenya)
12. Not in the Tears of Yesteryear by Raphael Edookue Bariweremelloo (Nigeria)
13. The Stump Shall Grow Again by Olusola Adeboye (Nigeria)
14. Today, A Star Radiates Hope by Oduogu Victor Nkwachukwu (Nigeria)
15. Ubuntu by Ejang Patricia Peace (Uganda)

Wakini Kuria Award for Children's Literature

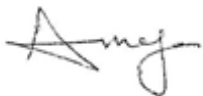
1. Akaa and the Mango Tree by Chipalo Salimu (Zambia)
2. Ali and his Sidekicks by Olakunbi Olatunde (Nigeria)
3. Baba's Secret by Oluwaseyi Adebola (Nigeria)
4. Gold Material by Nyasili Atetwe (Kenya)
5. How the Ostrich Became a Bird by Charity Modise (Botswana)
6. Ireoluwa's Thunderstones by Aanuoluwapo Adesina (Nigeria)
7. Kodjo Braves a Hi by Temidayo Odutokun (Nigeria)

8. Tea time with Tito by Stephanie Chizoba Odili (Nigeria)
9. The Enchanted Pen by Nathaniel Z Mpofu (Zimbabwe)
10. The Millionaire Orphan by Makhago Peter (Uganda)
11. The Well of a Dog Owner by Halima Adam (Tanzania)
12. The Wisdom Gourd by Ishola Oyinkansola Hubaidat (Nigeria)
13. Tortoise and the Elephant by Chinua Ezenwa-Ohaeto (Nigeria)
14. What Does it mean to be Kind Anyway by Kendi Karimi (Kenya)
15. What Happened on Thursday by Ayo Oyeku (Nigeria)

Best wishes to the longlisted writers.

The shortlist will be released on the 1st of September, 2021 while the winners will be announced during the 4th African Writers Conference (AWC) on the 8th of October in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.

The AWC is supported by the Department of Literature in the University of Dar, Alliance Française of Dar Es Salaam, Feza Schools, Africa in Dialogue, Brittle Paper, Southern Writers Bureau – SWB, Rosebud Editing & Proofreading, Self-Ish, Writers Guild Kenya (WGK), Kalulu Kreativez, The Roaring Writer, Colour Culture Arts, Authorship and Career Network, Nib Hub, SOTRANE Publishers, 23.35 Africa, African Tales and the International African Writers Association (IAWA).



Anthony Onugba
Chief Judge,
2021 African Writers Awards

PoeticAfrica

Poetic Africa, a quarterly online poetry magazine published by Writers Space Africa, calls for submissions from poets for her November 2021 edition.

When hope is lost, humans often resort to a means of escape from their hopeless state. What is hope to you? How do you cope when hope elopes? Write and submit your poem under the theme HOPE.

The editorial team is looking for poems of a maximum of 24 lines, creativity and originality, use of poetic devices and economy of words. Please present well-arranged poetry and note that the poem titles should not have the word "hope".

The submission window is from August 11th until September 10th 2021. The edition will be released on November 10th 2021.

To submit, please visit

<https://writersspace.net/poeticafrica>.

Submissions in French or Swahili are accepted but must be accompanied by equivalent translations in English.

CALL FOR SUBMISSION

Fragrance

Victoria Ojo
Nigeria

It's the time of the year,
When the whirlwind sleeps in harmony
And the atmosphere- our brother's keeper.

The dinner table is - as heavenly as grace
can be.
The ceramic enamel wears a sheepish
smile-
So sweet and cool that makes feet glued !

Lo, home is love and love is home,
Listen to the racing heart-
A mountain of happiness,
Feel the feeble fingers
A compound of bliss.

Gleefully, mama's baking-
A call to home,
An aroma that paves its way within the

soul
And a delightful trap to stay-
To stay in bond.

The trees doth whisper,
The light doth sings,
The warm blue linen cotton doth comforts
a pale chamber.
The chair is peace
And peace is life.

This photograph shall not only review a
story,
But
create a story
If only one is in its present!



The Afternoon I Had Cramps

Anyuolo Lena
Kenya

These clothes are swelling with memory,
a packed suitcase never really fits on the
trip back to Nairobi,
which is a sort of home,
for a forming memory of passing clouds.

The dark green pillows of Brahman,
A soothing painkiller for my raging belly
That is aching and convulsing,
Cleaning and squeezing,
from the windows the fragrant smell of
fenesi,
kama kinyesi, ila tunda.

Birdsong and fading crickets,
I light a joint, on the 20th of May,
My womb is flooding thunder
and lightning in a scarlet flow

I bring into myself a deeper meditation,
to ease my flooding moon,
Thunder and lightning craving release,
For two days the sky teases me with
possibility of a calming storm.

Heavenly sights on a misty evening,
A perfection of different shades of velvet
green,
fit for a convening of nightingales and
weaver birds,
A gathering of dark clouds from the river
valley,
and brilliant sequins of light to form
a lining of silver, that is my jubilee,
A farewell song as I journey on.



Hello, Euphoria

Chris Baah
Ghana

Negative thoughts-

Shooting darkness in avalanches
Illuminating blood on branches
Aided by love's mismatches,

New day came with
A Psychedelic Auric
To create a Euphoric

Rejuvenation by love's touch.



When It Rains

Khan Abdurahman Mustafa
Uganda

When it rains;
The earth reshapes
Dismantles
Dislocates
And relocates.
When it rains;
The earth is saved from her demons,
And the earth rethinks her cruelty.



Amina

Kasoke Dacious
Zambia

Amina,
Let me differentiate your polynomial
Curvy thighs, and sink in your cave,
Allow my shaft to dig in your sweet
Cherry, and sip every tiny drop of
Your nectar.

Amina,
Let me feel the warm caress of your
Skin, the ecstatic spark that is endless
As you dance and moan in alluring sobs.

Amina,
Let us play this mathematical game with
its own rules, a one-to-one mapping,
Blood and sweat, locks and keys, let us
kiss,
and bath in pride; to sail in eternal serenity.

Amina,
Let us rejuvenate; and grow young again
Allow me to write on your breasts
Whose rhymes, rhythms and lyrics
Are splashes of roses.



From Wife To Mother

Nsaidzeka
Cameroon

The beginning; sweet yet difficult
Being a wife but not a mother.
Her first months pensively joyous.
Living alone, yearning for company.
Two years gone, no exciting news to
celebrate
Aging, shrinking and wrinkling.
As the sun shines bright, her home is in
blackout
Sorrow pouring down on her like August
rain.

Another year is here. Something has
changed
What is this awkwardness she feels?
Has something truly changed?
A complete woman, yet no periodic pain?

It's dawn, she is wailing and screaming.
At noon, she is singing and praising.
The prayers of a wife have been
answered.
She is soon to experience motherhood.

The cry of her first has taken away that
melancholy.
Once a pensive wife, now a happy mother.
A true transition from coldness to
boldness.
It was a long walk indeed
From damsel, to wife and now mother.
The end of every experience is the
beginning of a new one.
The walk to motherhood has just begun.



Soldiers Of Time

Dheda Shiksha
South Africa

When all is said and done
when flesh becomes ash
and years become memories,

When kin and enemy become alike
when day and night become one
and body becomes soul,

When pain ceases to punish
when love ceases to please
and the body becomes an empty vessel,

When eyes run dry
when wounds lay barren

and the chest ceases heaving.

It is then that they rejuvenate:
the soldiers of time
from one life to yet another,

It is then that they experience
The transcenders of gravity,
from inertia to movement.

It is then that they realise,
wisdom gathers of death,
from knowledge to nothingness.



On The River, I Found

Hangiriza Benedict
Uganda

Reason with dry hills,
blame them not;
for loyalty thereof pricks the blue sky.

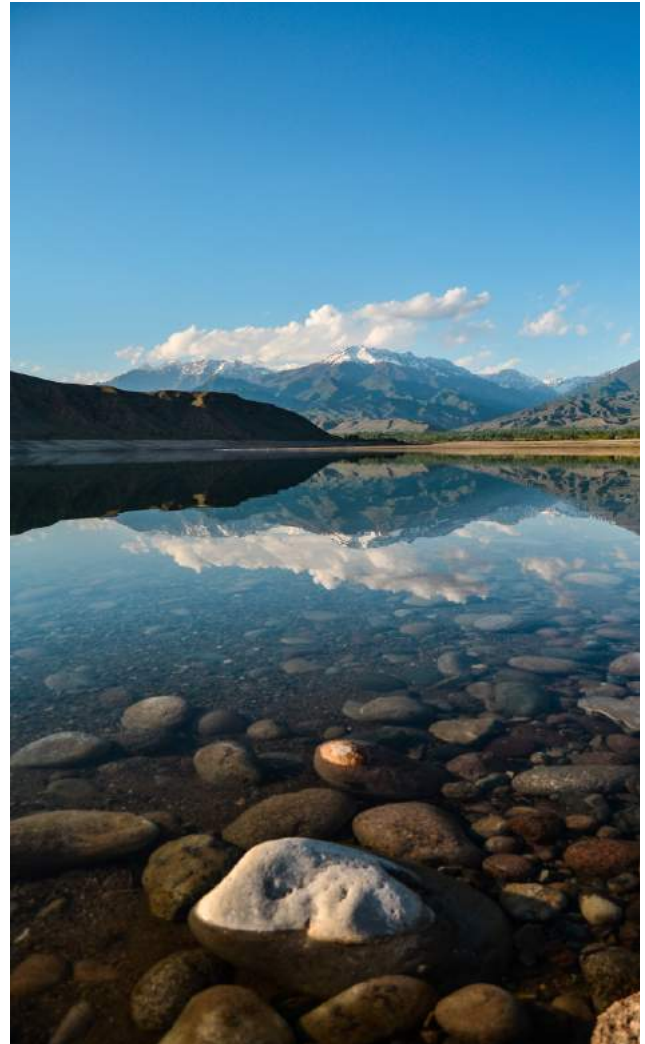
Waiting, thinking
roots burrow their cry in my side;
lichens too unwinding, in sight

Waiting,
to run and not be colder,
to the brim; and not be boulder.

Bravely open myself up;
learn freedom's indifference to stony-
eyed rain

suspending a crumb of my soul,
sparkling, as what's left.
For the sun stretches

arcs of green life
everywhere I return.



Sight

Noel Lema
Tanzania

Slowly,
The eyes partly closed,
Years wheeled,
Eyes went unnoticed,
Dusted was the book shelf,
Cloudy the world was,
Beauty too, unnoticed.

I chose a wife,
Half blue sky,
Half cloud to marry,
I underwent a surgery,
Slowly,
The eyes partly opened,
Eyes began to notice,
How beautiful
My cloud wife and world was.



How I Painted Colours

John Owen Adimike
Nigeria



I
From Grandpa,
I learnt to give water to
Thirsty hopes;
These words are for the bruised soul
Whose dreams are strangled in the wind,
Astray in an aging petal.

II
Mother showed me how to paint colours
 on wrinkled flowers
And I arrived to the silence of senile
 autumn
Harvesting lost vigour and life
The vigour of our iron bodies that became
 food
For children like me,
Or chaff mixed with prophecies of our
 forefathers,
To use in making bright colours
For the souls that had forgotten
What it means to breathe.

III
From the mountain of Grandpa's
memories,
I steal aborted songs that were never sung
Planted them in the throats of withered
souls,
Watering them with the taste of living...
I watched them grow into
A nation with the anthem we fed our
tongues
So that our voices may learn to sing.

IV
For this nation wears the colour of souls
that taught us to live;
The children of this nation fulfil the
prophecies of old
Flora painted in the bouquet of spring
Because grandpa taught us to paint
colours,
On the petals of our wrinkled flowers.



Restoration

Olatunji Zion
Nigeria

A moonless evening,
the sky black like spilled ink,
all covered me in sadness for futility
tempest fell all night!

Oh my soul!
I know thou art weary
Enduring the long dark tunnel
My bones cried! My heart seized in Apnea!

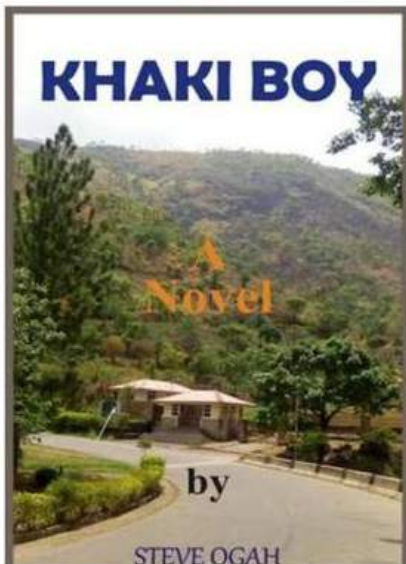
This cannot be! Oh my soul!
Will thou continue to fearfully faint in
failure?
Remember thy sweet song of faith!
Soar, for thou art strong...

Now in life, I bud again
After so many pains, I gained.
After tears of rain comes a sunshine smile
I died to live! Failed to succeed!

Finally! The sun appeared in its full glory
Brightened up my long face
I smelled the dew and dawn
Behold! It is morning.



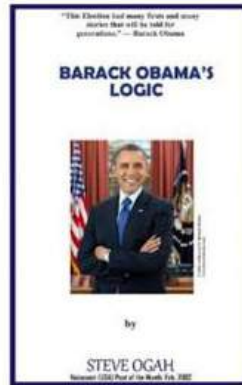
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Genre: Tribute

Title: A Review of the at (tributes) of Namwanja Margaret Chikwabi

Reviewer: Akinrinde Funminiyi Isaac, WSA Magazine Review Team Head

Shockingly, the cover design of July 2021 Edition of WSA Magazine wore a familiar but unexpected look. The cover featured a smiling woman with a dazzling diastema, but that wasn't all, "in loving memory NAMWANJA MARGARET CHIKWABI" was included!

Under the Editor's Note, WSA Editorial Team announced the passing away of their Chief Editor, Namwanja Margaret Chikwabi. In their words, Namwanja worked hard to promote literature not only in Zambia but in Africa at large. She served in various voluntary roles such as the Director of the Department of Programmes, Publications, and Events, the Vice Country Coordinator of Writers Space Africa – Zambia (WSA-Zm) and the Chief Editor of WSA Monthly Literary Magazine. She was passionate, dedicated, and committed to her work. She brought a lot of new ideas to WSA and had – in the few months she spent – mentored several writers across the continent. She reviewed several books which were published in the papers and also on her blog.

In the tribute of Mr. Anthony Onugba, Founder and President, Writers Space Africa, he said Namwanja is my friend. We have been friends for just about seven months since we first physically met, days before the 2020 African Writers Conference... She was simply good natured and nurtured the virtue of goodness. She is a good person. Namwanja's death came as a shock and some of us still live-in denial. It is difficult to accept a loss that hits your soul.

Sadly, no bucket of words can fill the drum of emptiness that her loss has caused. It's a cross we all have to bear. Mr. Anthony added that going forward, we shall immortalize Namwanja but this will be announced in the coming months. Namwanja is a good person. Namwanja is a great person. Let's be like Namwanja. Let's be great.

Perusing the sixteen tributes of Namwanja Margaret Chikwabi, six things stood out for me. These words perfectly describe her nature and I believe if we can demonstrate these attributes, not only would we be better individuals, but we shall make the world a better place and become immortalized like Namwanja would be. Namwanja was a **multitasker** with a vibrant spirit. She was **felt**. Her contribution, creativity, and innovation in the growth of African Literature can't be overemphasized. She was a **friend** not a distant leader. She was a mentor, teacher, mother, sister, and most importantly, a friend to all.

Namwanja was a **smiler**. A Chinese proverb said a person without a smile must never open a shop. Little wonder she succeeded in her business and voluntary roles. Her smile could hold anyone spellbound! Namwanja was a **student** but taught simultaneously; she never outgrew learning new things. She was keen on her growth! Namwanja was **appreciative**. Do one thing for Namwanja and she would appreciate you ten thousand times. No flattery, she was just good!

On a personal level, Namwanja was a bowl of energy! I call her CE, my personal motivator, my hype-woman. She calls me Isaac, my editor. She said I was going to edit her future book of poetry and flash fiction. Perhaps, I would fulfil that by writing books of poetry and flash fiction dedicated to her. Her exit was painful but who are we to question death? After all, we are all mourners awaiting death's invite.

Finally, like Mr. Anthony Onugba said, Namwanja is a good person. Namwanja is a great person. Let's be like Namwanja. Let's be great.

Genre: Article

Title: Power Imbalances In Black Heterosexual Relationships

Writer: Mahlatsana Sinoxol, South Africa

Reviewer: Comfort Nyati, Zimbabwe

The writer provides the compass in which he departs his article from the definition of power as derived from the Webster school of thought. Heterosexual relationships have been an ideal threshold deemed apt to engage as the avenue to unearth the dark world behind the curtains of relationships in Africa. This article – dominantly from a feminist point of view – sends a message that paints a black image of black male Africans dictated by their hyper thirst of power and dominion over their female counterparts. While the female subject bears the yoke of a shuttered slave whose prime duty is to prepare and serve their male partners on the sexual tables. Thus, the article throws an attack as it questions this social and sexual imbalances happening in most parts of Africa fueled by irrational traditional norms.

Some further sites where this imbalance emanates are masculinity, culture and male dominance. It is a discriminatory system that results in gender disparities. A man in Africa is regarded as the superior agent both on the family and society level. Special emphasis was given to the Zulu kingdom of South Africa, typically in KwaZulu Natal.

One of the immediate things a reader can notice from the article's onset, is that it unveils the fluidity of the concept of power which cuts across multiple polarizing sectors stretching from political to religious contexts and not subjugating the most alarming problem of power decentralization, exercise and imbalances that occurs in heterosexual relationships on the continental level.

Scanning every bit of each word, it is doubtless that at the core of this masterpiece lies the heartbeat that intones tones of power issues that have resulted into chaotic male-female African relationships due to the patriarchal system. Among these problems, the writer is very careful to treat and address the concept of power within the context of the triple expression of black women who suffer from their African spouses by exerting the traditional beliefs of masculine approach in any human affair especially relationships.

Should African females remain docile, voiceless and powerless beings? Feminism emerges to challenge this sickness of equality in relationships. The feminists advocate for a balanced relationship that demolishes any idea of suppression of women's sexual agency, while promoting mutual understanding in negotiating power in their relationships. This gives certitude for a flourishing heterosexual relationship not only in Africa but the world at large.

Genre: Short Story

Title: Kachasu- The Spirit Of Kantolomba

Writer: Moses Tololo, Zambia

Reviewer: Funmi Richards, Nigeria

We should all be truly African; a guide to being proudly African - the spirit of Kantolomba. "Have you tasted it? It's probably the most mouthwatering your taste buds will ever taste. It's the rarest taste you can ever get."

Kachasu - the spirit of Kantolomba is a reflective piece giving rich insight into the culture, innovation, living and breathing in Africa vis-à-vis the western dream that all things good and beautiful must come from 'the abroad'.

The characters draw a juxtaposition between the African who thinks he is now successful because he — Chibuye has gone abroad and 'managed' to marry a white woman. And Mama the illicit Kachasu brewer. The symbolism of both characters reflects the young idealist — Chibuye looking to pursue greener pastures and the old, crude — Mama who personifies the African proverb "what the elders see while sitting, the young ones standing on their toes won't see."

This piece is what my Nigerian friends would call a table shaker. It points fingers at everyone like the Ambassadors of poverty by P.O.C Umeh. It directs the responsibility of growth and development and calls for all Africans to look homewards for development. It calls for Pan-Africanist conversations. It does make me wonder though if the writer isn't at all wishing for this costly western dream? And if not, why?

When I first read this, I wondered if there is a Kachasu drink as strong a brew as Mama's, I didn't believe there was but after some research, I found that there is. Kachasu (or lituka) is a traditional brew brewed in parts of Zambia, Malawi, Zimbabwe, DR Congo. I also found out that Kachasu was proposed to the Zambian government as an alternative to hand-sanitiser material for people that do not have access to clean water, soap, or any other factory tailored alcohol-based hand rub in the heat of the pandemic. All of which add substance to the power of the overall message of the piece which is the need for homeward solutions.

Genre: Children's Literature

Title: Selfish Sun

Writer: Charity Modise, Botswana

Reviewer: Halieo Motanyane, Lesotho

It is always very interesting to read stories that make a character out of nature or/and certain behaviour of non-living things. It helps children to think logically and relate creatively to their surroundings. Charity Modise's "Selfish Sun" story is a perfect fictional lesson about the sun. The story is about a selfish sun who wants the power even though he does not have good intentions for being the king. Selfish Sun teaches children a handful of lessons about life. It is quite clear that Modise took her time writing the story.

In the story, we see a complete fairness between the animals when they choose their kings. First was elephant and next was a tortoise, which shows that the choosing of kingship did not necessarily favour certain animals. However, sun felt that he should be the king as he was helping the animals. He felt that they owed it to him to be their king. And even after getting his wish, he misused his power to rule. This just shows a disadvantage of power.

With all this being said, I hope we can see that power is not just a bad thing, it is how it is being used that detects badness or goodness. Like the selfish sun, if we use power badly, we will reap bitter fruits. But if we become like the Tortoise and the Elephant, then our goodness will be extended to all that is around us.

Genre: Poetry

Title: Rod Us Off This Road

Writer: Denk Bol Denk, South Sudan

Reviewer: Wambua Muindi, Kenya

From oozing of blood, life is being lost, political impropriety, power drunkenness, to social unrest, this is the story that the persona is intimating to the readers. This is punctuated by the personal reflections of the dark reality that is marked by both political and social cruelty. This is the story by the persona in the poem Rod Us off This Road, which from a biographical sense intimates the writer's country.

This is a poem whose persona is disgruntled with their reality and it is as if they are almost ranting for the soul of a nation; they are hopeful and optimistic though. The political message of the poem is captivating and is reminiscent of protest poetry of the first generation poets in Africa. Contextually, the poem is written by a national of a young South Sudan who is trying to understand their country, which is relatively young, characterised by social malady, economic plunder, war and political instability. The persona ends by questioning the independence dream and trying to situate themselves with the ideals of the independence visionaries.

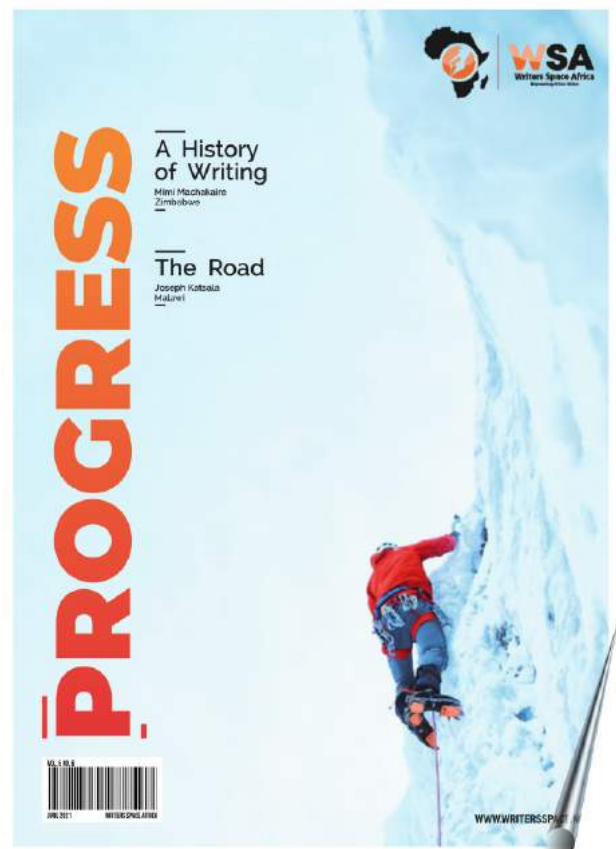
Artistically, there is visual imagery that highlights with stark images the pillage of human life through killings. Blood here is used as a symbol of freedom as well as killing drawing contrast between the martyr and the killer in the current temporal reality that the persona is stuck. There is also animal imagery used in the form of the cattle to show a sense of guided direction that is ironic because they seem headed in the wrong way since the line of poetry that precedes its mention indicates the sense of lost direction.

The tone indicates that the writer is tired of the current regime. It contradicts the expectations of a new nation. A nation that we expect to be budding with hope. This tone set up the mood of the poem.

Conclusively, the poem is political in the sense that it's reflective of the reality and the aspirational nature of the 'freedom fighters' and their idea for their nation. Thus, the poem mourns the independence of South Sudan.



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