



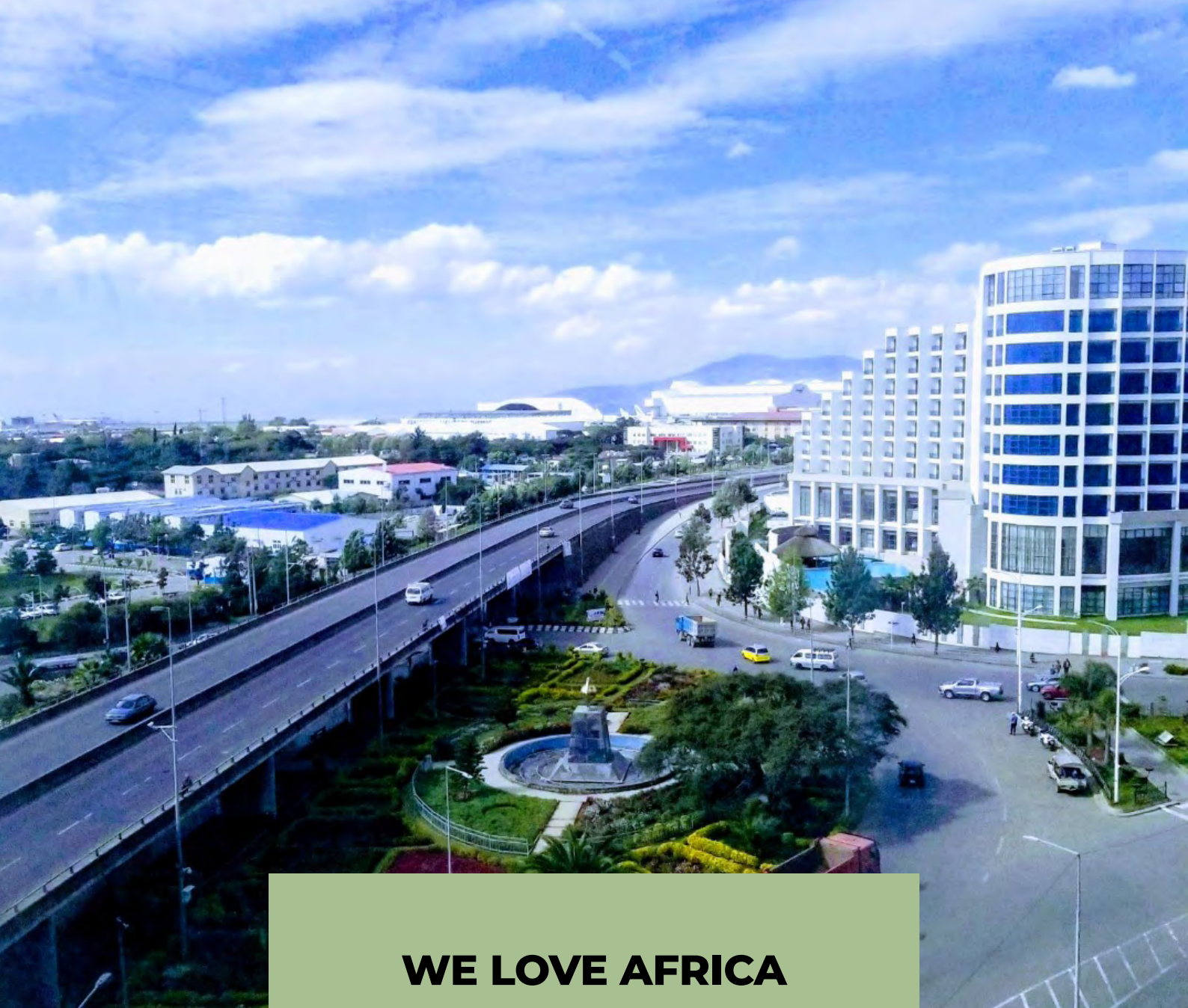
**WSA**

Writers Space Africa  
Magazine

MARCH 2023 / ISSUE 75

**Gloria Akayi**  
**Asoloko**

**Liberal.Unconventional.Creative**



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**WSA**  
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Magazine

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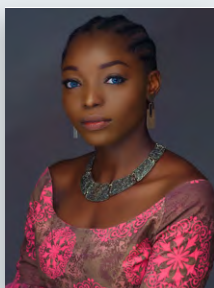
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Get ready to be inspired by the prolific playwright, **Gloria Akayi Asoloko** - a double African Writers Awards winner in the drama genre.

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Happy reading...

and do not forget to share!



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WSA CREATIVE ACADEMY

# CALL FOR APPLICANTS

The Writers Space Africa (WSA) Creative Academy is now open to creatives intending to expand their knowledge or explore new genres. This call is for the 5th Academic Session.

**The Academy offers a 3-month course in the following:**

- ✓ Children's Literature
- ✓ Creative nonfiction
- ✓ Drama
- ✓ Flash fiction
- ✓ Poetry (structured and unstructured)
- ✓ Screenplay
- ✓ Short stories

Successfully screened applicants will be required to pay **\$40** to cover the **3 months** and the issuance of a **certificate** at the end of the course.

We also offer private mentoring at **\$60** for **3 months**.

**The course will be held virtually from May 1, 2023.**

**APPLICATION**

Open from

Mar 10 - Apr 10, '23

To register or for scholarship info:

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 [www.writersspace.net/academy](http://www.writersspace.net/academy)



# Editorial

## Scholar Akinyi (Kenya)

When the callout was put up for the month's theme, many must have wondered; what should one write about Ghana? Its politics? Its people? Its location?

Ghana, officially known as the Republic of Ghana, is an African country that sits westwards. This being the month's theme is not by chance, as the country is set to host the annual Africa Writers Conference.

We let writers have the freedom to talk about Ghana through words woven in poetry, flash fiction and children's literature. These, dear reader, will be interesting reads as we get to see how writers from far and beyond

get to express what they feel and think about Ghana. Dive in and see the magical eyes of Africa through the literary pieces on Ghana. Peep closely to see what our editors focused on in the editor's choice of respective genres. Indeed, country themes are quite interesting and unique. A theme so unconventional, yet so rich.

What's more exciting; this issue introduces the standout poem and short story from the WSA Academy, and you might want to see the work that the Academy



is doing in not only nurturing but also shaping talents in the craft of writing. We shine the spotlight on work well done, and encourage more people to sharpen their skill.

Here's another chance to dance with words. Be our guest.



## WSA's Awards

- **Monthly Digital Literary Magazine of the Year - 2022/2023**  
*(The Corporate LiveWire Global Awards 2022/23)*
- **Best Monthly Digital Literary Magazine (Africa) - 2022**  
*(Global Business Awards 2022)*
- **Best African Literary Magazine - 2021**  
*(MEA Business Awards 2021)*
- **Writer Promotion platform of the Year - 2021**  
*(The Corporate LiveWire Global Awards 2021/22)*



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Empowering African Writers

# CALL FOR SUBMISSION

Writers Space Africa (WSA) magazine is accepting submissions for its 77th edition (MAY 2023 Edition)

## CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

700 words maximum (illustrations may be attached and poems not longer than 24 lines)

## CREATIVE NONFICTION

1,200 Words maximum

## FLASH FICTION

300 Words maximum

## POETRY

1 poem maximum 24 lines

## SHORT STORY

1,500 words maximum

# THEME GOOD GREEN EARTH

- ✓ We accept submissions from 20th February, 2023
- ✓ Deadline is 15th March, 2023

SUBMISSION LINK  
[WWW.WRITERSSPACE.NET/SUBMISSIONS](http://WWW.WRITERSSPACE.NET/SUBMISSIONS)  
[wsa@writersspace.net](mailto:wsa@writersspace.net)

# YOUNG KWAME

Moses Tololo  
Zambia



"Today is a beautiful day," Grandpa said as Musa joined him at the venue.

"What's so special about today, grandpa?" Musa asked.

"Today, we remember Young Kwame," he replied.

"Who is young Kwame?" He asked.

"A long time ago," grandpa Kosamu started narrating:

\*\*\*

There was a severe famine in Chief Mushi-li's area. People did not have food to feed their families. Most adults had no money to buy food because they were not going for work. There were fewer jobs in all the chiefdom. The chief had told his son, Kosamu to help him find a solution to the problems in the chiefdom.

"My son, you will be the next chief," the Chief said, "You need to find a solution to these problems the chiefdom is going through."

Kosamu did not know what to do. As he

sat on the rock near the river, a number of hungry people approached him and cried out to him.

"Help us, future chief!"

Kosamu felt very bad because he did not have anything to give them. On that day he decided to look for a way to solve the problems in the chiefdom. Mateyo, a friend at school came to him and said

"Kosamu, I have heard of a young prince who can help our chiefdom,"

"Who is he?" he asked.

"I am told he is Kwame."

"Where is he from?"

"He is from a chiefdom called Ghana," Mateyo said, "It's a beautiful place. The place is also called the Gold Coast and the people are sometimes called the beautiful black stars."

"What is so special about this Kwame?"

"He has helped his chiefdom to be one of the best in Africa," Mateyo said.



"Let's write a letter then, to invite him here."

"That's a great idea," Mateyo said, "our people say 'a problem shared is a problem solved.' He will help us to solve the problem."

\*\*\*

Young Kwame arrived in Mushili chiefdom to joyous celebrations. People were happy that a solution to their problems had come. After arriving where people in the chiefdom had gathered, Young Kwame was asked as to what the people could do to make their lives better.

"My name is Kwame," he said, "I am the next chief of Ghana chiefdom." "The solution to your problems in this chiefdom is to plant trees."

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," the people murmured. "How are trees going to help us?"

"A lot," Kwame said, "Each parent should plant fifty trees for each of their children. These trees will be harvested after twenty years."

"After twenty years, the trees will be harvested and be sold as logs, some will be processed into timber, some into paper and others, into medicine."

The people were quite now and listening to the wise Young Kwame.

"A number of industries will be set up here to process timber, paper and manufacturing medicine," Kwame said. "Some people will be transporting finished goods to the

market." "When industries will be set-up, all the people will be employed and they will have money to buy food," Kwame continued.

When he finished talking, all the people just clapped and wondered how a young person could have all those wise ideas. For twenty years, people in Mushili Chiefdom planted trees. No one was allowed to cut down any tree.

After twenty years, Kosamu who was now the chief set up industries around the chiefdom. He set up industries to process timber, set up industries for making medicine and industries for manufacturing paper. All the people in the chiefdom were employed in different industries.

\*\*\*

"So, all these industries came as a result of young Kwame's ideas?" Musa asked.

"Yes, and he told us that if all Africans came together we can develop this continent," Grandpa Kosamu said, "there is power in sharing knowledge and ideas."

"So, what is happening today?"

"In honor of Kwame, we are opening this university," Grandpa Kosamu said, "We want our children to learn how to protect our environment and how to make money from the resources that we have."

"What is it going to be called?"

"Kwame Nkrumah University," Grandpa Kosamu said.



## Call for Submissions

Poetic Africa, Africa's first trilingual (English, Kiswahili, French) poetry magazine, calls for submissions from poets for her May 2023 edition.

*In the history of Africa, there has been a general silence about the place that is the heart of Africa, the heart of all homes, and the secret to every man's heart. In this place, the past, present, and future meet through storytelling, and every part of it recounts stories of our lives. Write and submit your poem under the theme **KITCHEN**.*

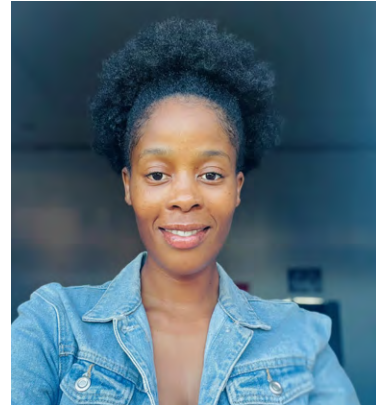
The editorial team is looking for poems with a maximum of 24 lines, creativity and originality, use of poetic devices, and economy of words. Please present well-arranged poetry and note that the poem titles should not have the word "Kitchen".

The submission window is from February 11th until March 10th 2023. The edition will be released on **May 10th 2023**.

To submit, please visit <https://www.writersspace.net/poeticafrica>  
Submissions in French or Kiswahili are accepted  
(without equivalent translations in English)

# BORN ON FRIDAY

**Nsibande Refilwe**  
*South Africa*



My father is a man who prides himself in his ability to provide for his family. Born ninth out of ten children, his parents named him Nkrumah. My father is not educated, he can somewhat write, though I have never seen him read. His masculinity is everything to him, a golden crown bestowed upon him by God. I'm the first-born son of three children, both my younger brother and I have names that have to do with being 'gifts'. My younger sister's name is Afia, which simply means 'born on Friday'. My father says he loves us all equally, but how he treats my younger sister; compared to me or my younger brother is questionable. He doesn't believe in her abilities as much as he believes in ours. One day when Mama was sick, he reprimanded me for doing house chores.

"Your mother will see to it once she gets better."

I often wonder how he 'fell in love' with

Mama, how he convinced her he was the man she should spend the rest of her life with. How does one find beauty and love in something they despise?

My father's gripe with women became prevalent, when Mrs Adomako came to our house to collect 50 Cedis that my father owed Mr Adomako. My father yelled at Mrs Adomako; Mama tried to calm the situation, but that only fanned his blazing rage. He continued screaming even after she had explained that her husband was away and had instructed her to collect the money.

"How can that man send a woman to address me?"

"Now I am disrespected in my own house!"

He got up with his chest out to fetch the money, when he got back, I mustered all the courage I could and asked:

"Father, why do you hate women?"

# THE LAYMAN

Manuar Ekow  
Ghana



“So who is the Ghanaian layman?”

“I don’t know, oh! What do you think Chris?”

Chris stirred his alomo and lime with his pinky.

“The Ghanaian layman is a cultural icon. An ever changing ideation. Yet incredibly static. A result of the grotesque, implorable, unacceptable state of inequality in our country...”

“Aye! Brofo!”

“Relax, relax, I have not finished,” Chris sipped then stirred some more. “The layman is the unassuming fellow. On the street. In the fitter shop. The driver. The artisan whom you must repeatedly tell of what you want, but must still accept he will get it wrong. The plumber, who will come to your house and fix one thing, and spoil five. Yes, the layman. The unintelligible. The squat. Apeteshi drinker. Kenke lover. Simpleton. The common folk of this country. The populous. Stretched across the land. Inhabiting the grey areas between formal living. Living off the change from the elite’s pockets...” Chris chugged the rest of his drink, then burped.

The others were silent, so Chris continued.

“The layman, the topic of political manifesto, yet bane of the politician. An enigma. A paradox. The layman, the person we look to when we think of ourselves as being a Ghanaian. The one we look to form some camaraderie between, but in the same regard, unfortunately, the last person we think of when it comes down to it. To formal employment. The layman is many things boiled into one, gentlemen. But let me not sit here and take up too much of your time,” Chris got up shakily and burped again.

“The layman is the same one who would help you when your car has broken down and ask for nothing. But the same one who would ask for something after doing nothing. He is a liar, a scallywag, and a cheat. Yet an angel and a good Samaritan.” Chris buttoned his shirt up and looked down at his two friends.

“And that my friends, is the layman.” Chris spun on the spot then walked off without another word.



**WSA**  
Writers Space Africa  
M a g a z i n e



**An interview with  
Gloria Akayi Asoloko**

# Creative Spotlight

*Get ready to be inspired! WSA Literary Magazine's March edition features an exclusive interview with the prolific playwright, Gloria Akayi Asoloko – a double African Writers Awards winner in the drama genre.*

## Interview by PPBlessing

**PPBlessing:** *Why do you write?*

**Akayi:** Firstly, I write because I can. I have a flair for writing, and it has become an intense passion for me. I love writing; it makes me feel alive.

Secondly, I write because it is an art, and it serves as a platform – not only for entertainment – but for development. Drama, novels, etc, are powerful tools to employ in an agitation for sociocultural, socio-economic, or sociopolitical reforms. Hence, writing is a platform which I use to contribute to the shaping of societal standards. It is my voice.

**PPBlessing:** *How exactly has your writing contributed to shaping societal standards?*

**Akayi:** This would require an impact study!

Infotainment is a powerful tool used for awareness creation which will likely result in behavior change, and the messages embedded in my stories usually address given social issues. For instance, “Who Knows Amanda?” my debut play, addresses the

sociocultural divide which is evident amongst Nigerians, playing out in form of tribal and religious bigotry. The play hence condemns the divide while advocating for national unity. “What Happened Before Dawn? (Dusk to Dawn)” my second play is themed around women in leadership, therefore advocating for a fair and equal representation for women in leadership matters, while cautioning women to desist from acts of oppression - where the oppressed become the oppressors.

Messages embedded in infotainment have been proven to foster behavior change, therefore this is a way through which my stories are contributing to shaping societal standards.

**PPBlessing:** *True... So have you done any impact study?*

**Akayi:** I have not.

**PPBlessing:** *If you were to be a character in a book, what book and character would you be.*

**Akayi:** *Akayi:* Hmmm, I have never given



this a thought. Well, if my life was a book, I would still be Akayi.

**PPBlessing:** *Interesting... Why?*

**Akayi:** I love the person I am, and I would not be anyone else.

**PPBlessing:** *When did you start writing?*

**Akayi:** I started writing since I was a child. My mother would attest to that.

**PPBlessing:** *That's beautiful. What was your first piece about?*

**Akayi:** Honestly, I do not remember.

**PPBlessing:** *Do any of your parents write? Or what exactly made you start writing*

*so early?*

**Akayi:** Oh no, none of them is a writer. It was just a flair, and I do not know where it came from. Perhaps it came from exposure to literature.

**PPBlessing:** *Your parents were active readers?*

**Akayi:** My sisters and me were.

**PPBlessing:** *Oh... You had a home library?*

**Akayi:** Of course... we had books from school, and also other literature texts, especially novels.

**PPBlessing:** *What is your most favorite activity?*

**A point to note...**

→ I write because it is an art, and it serves as a platform – not only for entertainment – but for development. Drama, novels, etc, are powerful tools to employ in an agitation for sociocultural, socioeconomic, or sociopolitical reforms.

**Akayi:** There is a whole lot that I enjoy doing, it is difficult to single one out. I love writing, of course. I love reading, sketching and making crafts, playing piano and writing music, listening to music, cycling, cooking, baking, traveling... oh, I enjoy traveling to explore new places and cultures.

**PPBlessing:** *That's beautiful. Who is your favorite author and why?*

**Akayi:** Oh wow. Honestly, I do not have a single favorite. I just love good books.

**PPBlessing:** *Who is Gloria?*

**Akayi:** Given that my pen name is Akayi, I would rather talk about Akayi.

I would not cover all there is about Akayi in one single response. However, Akayi is an unconventional person - she is a free spirit.

**PPBlessing:** *Is there any distinction between Gloria and Akayi?*

**Akayi:** It is complicated.

**PPBlessing:** *It's the complication we want to know about.*

**Akayi:** Some things are better left unsaid. Because like dominoes, if you touch one, everything else will fall.

**PPBlessing:** *How did the name Akayi come about and what does it mean.*

**Akayi:** Akayi is my middle name. And it means to observe.

**PPBlessing:** *Oh... An observer who writes... Beautiful. How many published works do you have?*

**Akayi:** One and a half. A half because the other is not completely published yet. Surprisingly, I have not officially released any yet.

**PPBlessing:** *Okay. Why haven't you?*

**Akayi:** Timing. The National Theatre of Nigeria has adopted my debut play for publishing. The other play is also in the process of publishing, while my collection of poetry has already been published, hence the releases will be done soon. Fingers crossed.

**PPBlessing:** *When exactly are we look-*

**Now we know...**

→ The National Theatre of Nigeria has adopted my debut play for publishing. The other play is also in the process of publishing, while my collection of poetry has already been published, hence the releases will be done soon.



*ing at and would there be a book launch?* lence.

**Akayi:** Definitely! What is a release without a launch? There will be a launch. Hopefully this year.

**PPBlessing:** *We'll be looking forward to it. Are you married, single, or dating?*

**Akayi:** Single. I am not keen about marriage.

**PPBlessing:** *Last year was the second time you won the African Writers Award in Drama, how was it?*

**Akayi:** It was exhilarating! A professor said that the second win validates my writing prowess. He said one award-winning play would look like luck, but two means she's got the prowess. I have always preferred quality over quantity, so I was thrilled to have my second play validated for excel-

**PPBlessing:** *Have there been other validations?*

**Akayi:** Oh yes. I am a two-time recipient of the SONTA prize for playwriting, I have been a finalist and 1st runner up in the Beeta Playwright Competition, and I have also received an award for excellence from the National Theatre of Nigeria.

**PPBlessing:** *Wow! So many validations. How have these impacted your writing?*

**Akayi:** Oh yes! The validation makes me believe in my writing prowess, and thus makes me aim to be more creative in subsequent projects.

**PPBlessing:** *In a time when most young writers throw their weight behind poetry or short stories, why did you choose writ-*



*ing plays instead?*

**Akayi:** Well, I also write poetry and prose, but I am known more for plays because I am a thespian. As a writer, I do not limit myself to a particular genre.

**PPBlessing:** *That's beautiful... Which movies have you been in?*

**Akayi:** I am a thespian, not a screen actor. Although I have been involved in several film productions... not as an actor though. I love behind the scenes.

**PPBlessing:** *Oh... Thank you for clarifying... I've always confused the two. What's your ideal day like?*

**Akayi:** There is no absolute schedule. But I juggle work, school, home, and hobbies.

**PPBlessing:** *What's your level of education and what did you major in?*

**Akayi:** For my first Degree, I studied Theatre Arts and I majored in Playwriting.

I studied Development Communication for my second degree (Masters) and majored in Science Communication - Particularly in Health and Environment.

I am currently running a PhD in Development Communication, and my major is still in Science Communication.

**PPBlessing:** *Interesting. It's my first time hearing about science communication... What is it about?*

**Akayi:** It is about reporting science, or cre-

ating awareness on science amongst the general public.

Science on its own is difficult to understand by laypersons. Hence, science communication bridges the gap and helps non-scientists understand the world in the way which science explains it by simplifying the science using non-scientific language and tools to communicate to them. Such tools include storytelling, theatre, film, participatory videos, participatory learning and action, etc.

**PPBlessing:** *Have you used this skill practically?*

**Akayi:** Oh, yes. I have been creating an awareness on climate change, particularly around deforestation and wood burning vis-a-vis the effects they have on the environment and human health using film and participatory learning and action as media to reach out to local communities. I have partnered with Nasarawa State Government in the past through my NGO.

I have also worked with an NGO in the Netherlands that educates and helps

### **What you should know...**

→ Akayi is a two-time recipient of the SONTA prize for playwriting. She has been a finalist and 1st runner up in the Beeta Playwright Competition, and has also received an award for excellence from the National Theatre of Nigeria.

youths in the area of Sexual and Reproductive Health and Rights. We employed an array of tools to help communicate these sciences to our target communities.

**PPBlessing:** *A video of you trended sometime in 2017 where you were speaking Hausa with a British accent... What inspired that video?*

**Akayi:** That was me being me - playful. I was teasing a friend of mine... it was his name I mentioned in the video. I had uploaded the video just for fun and never would I have guessed that it would go viral.

**PPBlessing:** *What would you tell writers who are skeptical about writing plays because they feel it's not marketable?*

**Akayi:** I would tell them to do what they have a passion for and are good at.

Plays may not have the kind of reception that novels and movies have, but there is an exhilarating feeling that comes with seeing your work coming to life on stage.

Theatre has its own audience, both in the academic setting and in the professional setting. One should not limit themselves, instead they should do what their heart beats for.

**PPBlessing:** *Do you have mentors and/or mentees?*

**Akayi:** Yes, I do. The likes of Prof. Emmanuel Dandaura who has played a significant role in my academic and career growth;

and Prof. Barclays Ayakoroma who taught me playwriting during my first degree.

There are others too who are supportive of me... they say it takes a village to raise a child.

Yes, I do have mentees. I hope to see them grow someday.

**PPBlessing:** *What's the one thing that has helped you most as a writer?*

**Akayi:** The writing competitions. Without these competitions, my books may not have seen the light of day. But these competitions provide platforms for one's works to be read by professionals, who then applaud the work for excellence. As a result, one becomes a validated writer.

Recently, I received a call from a lady who was referred to me to get a copy of my play for study in her dissertation. I was pleased. This referral was made on the basis of my previous wins. This establishes that without these competitions, I would not be referred to as a literary laureate. Hence, I regard them as what have helped my writing career. This is not to undermine other forms of support I get from loved ones; their belief in me is what keeps driving me for the better, and I am appreciative of them.

*Thank you for being with us to the end of this interview. Until next month, keep reading the Writers Space Africa (WSA) magazine.*



# ODE TO GHANA

**Ikhenoba Joseph**  
*Nigeria*

From the clematis bower and the twisted brake  
 Bring every blowing bud you can trace,  
 But you will never find a flower  
 That compares to a Ghanaian Rose.  
 Even though it is rural and alone,  
 It blossoms with more grace than a city.  
 It has a grin on its face and a dewdrop in its heart.  
 The Land of Soninke warriors  
 Of Kwame Nkrumah, a lion's heart  
 Who weathered through the dark crevices  
 Of colonial chains in agonies and perils  
 To carry the beacon of the red, yellow, green; black star.  
 A land of gold, kente and oral folks  
 Sublimed into the sweet memory of African mirth.  
 Along the wind, across the sea,  
 Want to equal the Ghanaian sway,  
 Where will one get a sceptre to flutter and plough with?  
 Her freedom protects the Reign of Law, And Majesty of Man;  
 Her conscience holds the world in awe, with blessing or with ban!

# THE FORERUNNERS OF AFRICA'S PRIDE

**Kube Stephen A**  
*Cameroon*



Tales of a far-off land, South of the Sahara,  
eminent as forerunners of African independence;  
Yet a people ever free; predating antiquity.  
Bosom of the Sonnike clans of Mande,  
The Great Wagadu fitting to the peerage – Ghana!

A people proud and black,  
To call themselves the black stars.  
An empire of sages, renowned in tales  
of polished dark-skinned monarchs embroidered in gold,  
adorned in colourful fabric and jewellery,  
with towering columns and palaces of ivory.

'Twas it not this veracity that brought  
to your bounds men from distant isles and landmass,  
to share in your abundance of plenty.  
Robbed of what dignity there was to Wagadu's legacy;  
nonetheless, setting pace to break loose from bondage,  
inspiring a continent within a decade to awake from its slumber.

At powers helm stood Nkrumah  
Charting out, laying stone upon stone, brick upon brick;  
restoring a legacy, once so great to a "prima donna".  
Preserving the Kakum and Akwapim dense foliage,  
Traditions of Akan, Ewe, Mole-Dagbani, Ga-adangme and Guma.  
O yes! Tales of a far-off land, ensoul Africa's pride.

# GHANA, MY BELOVED HOMELAND

Rycha Heemachal Devi  
*Mauritius*



All of the world's happiness used to be in the palm of my hand,  
When I used to live in Ghana, my beloved homeland.

I was always very happy,  
For there was no reason to worry.

O Ghana my beloved homeland,  
You are my only saviour.

I am eager, waiting for my homecoming,  
So that the soothing ambience of Labadi beach can heal my broken heart.

The swaying palm trees can shade all of my insecurities  
The ocean waves can wash away all my pain.

My eyes yearn to have a glimpse of your exquisite beauty,  
I wander day and night down the streets of despair.

Without you in my life I was so sad...  
I had to lose everything I ever had

To learn how to deal with pain,  
So I can find myself back again.

O God have some mercy and shower me with your grace  
So that I can reunite back with Ghana my eternal solace.

# BLACK STAR

Margaret Mungai  
Kenya

When I think of Ghana  
I think of bright colors,  
rich and vibrant African colors.

When I think of Ghana  
I think of dancing  
dancing to loud and enchanting music.

When I think of Ghana  
I think of cocoa fields  
and laughter and beautiful coarse hands.

When I think of Ghana  
I think of Kwame Nkrumah  
and our fighting, unrelenting spirit.

When I think of Ghana  
I think of football too  
and the black stars.

When I think of Ghana  
I want to say  
May your black star shine always.

# BEYOND THE SHORES

**Ilori Ayomide**  
*Nigeria*

In the margins and edges of our struggles  
Neither homewards sail nor harbour rescued us  
In the twilights and shadows of our resilience  
Neither fading lights nor the gathering gloom—  
Hound our trepidation and quiver our welly  
When our hardiness is ebbing away  
The birthplace of valour tattered down  
We rove in the corridor of hope, and  
Uncertainty whispers to us —  
Beyond our primordial beginnings  
Beyond our numinous treasures  
Beyond the worth of our virtues  
We will banish fears to exorcise qualms



# MY GHANA

Adeoye Muideen *Nigeria*

Were we to be settled and storying,  
of a strong warrior king  
cloaking from the coast of gold  
The centre of the earth so bold  
I would tell the gallery, girling

Oh from the coast, sons and nieces  
Let's down the stream get dry and wet, and work  
for our seasons be seasoned  
Garner your strength of gold Ghana  
and sashay to the songs of Kwame

By the Mole upon our Ewe  
We are kened as Mande and Guan  
Gummed by Gurma and Gurunsi  
For Ga's befriend the Akans

Roll out the Akan drum, and sound the goje  
Towards Adowa, Kpalongo and Azonto  
than the Spaniard's flamenco, tuneful  
Shall we shake and shun our shapes  
In the theatre of game and flame

PoeticAfrica



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**PoeticAfrica is Africa's first trilingual poetry magazine published quarterly. The magazine showcases rich and diverse poetry in English, Kiswahili, and French from all over Africa to the world.**

PoeticAfrica

## WSA Creative Academy TOP CHOICE

# POET-STRESS

Tabitha Munyoki, Kenya



Syllables, they said,  
One-two-three,  
A meter made.  
Feet, at times three,  
So stressed!

A pentameter, short , long.  
A whole five feet, not less,  
Two and a half people?  
So confused, no more fun;  
So stressed!

Shall I weep?  
Or sip and dip,  
Iams, yuck-no!  
Ohh Benny.

Syllables, they said,  
One-two-three,  
A meter made.  
Feet, at times three,  
Unstressed!

**WSA Creative Academy  
TOP CHOICE****BLOOD  
KNOT**

Ruth Nyadzua Mwangome,  
Kenya



The church was filled with jovial attendees. Few were sitting, and the rest were standing, trying to get a glimpse of the occurrences. The majority of the congregation had not received the card invitations. They seem not to mind as long as there

were free meals.

Drops of sweat trickled down Boaz's forehead. He did not bow to the temptation of unbuttoning the official shirt under his tuxedo, but kept on checking his wristwatch

often. The vicar looked his way. Even with a restless groom, he kept on preaching.

“What God has put together, let no man put asunder,” his hoarse voice tore the silence.

The crowd shouted some ‘amens’. Boaz clicked. Eva, his bride, glanced at him. His face looked as if he had licked a lemon.

“He is taking forever!” Boaz whispered loud enough for Eva to hear. She smiled seductively. “You have eaten the whole cow; what is left is just the tail!”

Boaz squeezed her left thigh. Eva chuckled. She understood why his newlywed husband was eager to retire to their home. Isn’t it just yesterday when he was onto her? “Darling, please let me.” He had knelt and pleaded with her then.

“I can’t.” She chortled out.

“Haven’t I paid the bride price?”

Eva ignored his question. “For a man to fix his wedding plans and follow through with them, it shows that he is serious. What more should I do to prove myself?”

“Mama told me to wait until we wed.” Eva looked into his eyes. They were pleading.

Boaz took her palm into his and placed it on top of the zip on his trouser. The bulk she felt sent a tickling electric shock down her spine. She jumped a bit, and withdrew her hand quickly, like a thunderbolt. He noticed the effect his action had on her.

“Aki Eva, you’re hurting me.” He spoke softly.

“Our bodies are the temple of God.”

“We are almost married; God will understand nawe.”

“Please, is it written that you should not put God to the test?” I did not give it to you for the last three years, so you should know me by now.”

Boaz gave up.

Although he knew that he was fighting a losing battle, he did it anyway. Eva tapped her husband on the shoulder. The vicar had just ended the parting prayer, but he had not realized it.

“I do not care about the photo session. I just want us to go home,” Boaz said with a smile.

“The wedding is for the bride, so we will do as per my desire.” Eva grinned.

Boaz’s face wrinkled because of the scorching anger inside him. “Why can’t she get it?” he pondered. The next two hours of the photoshoot took forever. The groom’s cheeks swelled and threatened to burst. Eva could not stop smiling. She did not even hide it. What Boaz did not know is that she seemed to enjoy this whole ordeal. She loved the fact that she had strong powers over him.

Out of nowhere, Eva’s face also became a hot pink.

“Mrs Boaz, is all well?” Her husband forgot his situation and inquired.

“I wish my blood brother was here instead of my cousins.”

“God’s plan has no fault.”

“It’s not that I did not have one; it’s just that he went to play one day and never came back.”

“Hush,” Boaz said as he took his wife onto his six-pack chest.

By the time they got to the house, darkness had already enveloped the earth. The bridal convoy marched to a Lingala wedding song until the couple got into their house. On the ground was a red carpet path that had a mixture of red and white roses at the sides. The crowd stopped at the entrance as the two entered.

The room smelled of strawberries. Eva’s eyes popped with joy at the sight of lilies on the bed that was covered with snow-white linen. On the feet side were white towels that had been carved into two doves that were on each other’s lips.

Boaz held her waist with his right hand and pushed it towards his chest. His hot breath made her knees tremble. Eva looked at the ground.

“The clever hare has now been tamed.” He spoke into her left ear and then licked her earlobe.

Eva blushed.

Boaz slowly made her sit on the bed. He took his hand behind his back and magically handed her a red rose. Eva took it to her nose.

“Damn! This guy has got moves.” She spoke to herself.

“Kiss me,” Boaz commanded. She hesitated. It wasn’t until he turned off the light that Eva responded. Boaz unzipped the white gown she had. Her scent drove him nuts. Just as he was about to penetrate her, Eva held his active hand.

“It’s my first time,” she said.

“I know.”

With each thrust, Eva kept on tossing her husband’s hand away.

“Eva, please,” Boaz groaned.

His plea made her numb, and he entered her. She let out a painful cry. “A blunt injection!” Eva cursed and withdrew her body. Boaz turned on the light from the socket next to their bed. The bright light shone all over the room. She turned her face toward her husband. Curiosity had taken the better part of her. She had never seen the nakedness of a mature man. Now that the opportunity had presented itself, she thought it wise to take advantage of it.

That was when her eyes met the birthmark on his thigh. A scar from a burn. The only thing that would help identify her long-lost brother. Eva lost her breath.



**AWWA**  
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# WSA Magazine

# REVIEW

*February 2023 Edition*



The cover features a portrait of Temuani Mgunda, a man with short dark hair, wearing a dark green t-shirt with intricate white and gold geometric patterns on the collar and down the front. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is black.

**WSA**  
Writers Space Africa  
Magazine  
FEBRUARY 2023 / ISSUE 74

**Temuani  
Mgunda**  
2022 African Writers Award Winner  
for Poetry, and a multi-talented  
creative writer, teacher,  
and journalist from Malawi

**Desperate  
Vigil**  
Bongani Zungu  
South Africa

**A Bird  
of Passage**  
Favour Obilor  
Nigeria

**At the end  
of the Hallway**  
Masinde Neema  
Kenya



# THE KISS OF LONELINESS

**A Flash Fiction by Tu Turton, South Africa**  
**Reviewer: Benita Magopane, Botswana**



This story is about not having someone special present physically but having them forever etched in one's mind. And because of this special someone, the protagonist of Tu Turton's flash fiction story titled "The Kiss of Loneliness" knew what kindness and care were supposed to be like, enough to give him the courage to leave a home that lacked these values. This special person was his mother. A very dear mother.

In this story, the writer takes us to the warmest time in the protagonist's life, and soon enough, a door is opened for

us to take a sneak peek into another life of the protagonist and his mother, where we catch a glimpse of the other child. As the story turns grim and grey at the absence of the mother, it is her presence in his thoughts that lifts the grey. His mother kept him company, although absent because he chose to keep her in mind. This story is impeccably written from start to finish. The sequence of events flows creatively and smoothly without giving away so much and can keep one reading more.

# AWAY

**A Poem by Comfort Okyere, Ghana**  
**Reviewer: Tamunomieibi Enoch, Nigeria**

The Poem 'Away' best describes the theme of Loneliness. It describes the feelings of loneliness of a persona because he/she misses a person he/she loves. The poem doesn't state whether the cause of the loneliness is because the person that the persona misses is dead or far away from them, but it can be deduced that the person is absent.

It is a short poem with poetic devices that give life to the poem. Some of the poetic devices include apostrophe, personification, onomatopoeia, euphemism and hyperbole. These devices are used as follows:

1)

(Oh, how empty the sofa looks!

No one to sit in them to read some books) - Apostrophe. Because it addresses the subject that is not present in the poem (the person was talking about someone, but the person was not present).

2)

(The breeze from the sea

Whispers across the balcony,

The windows slap each other) - Personification. Because it attributes human qualities to abstract or inanimate objects.

3)

(Whispers across the balcony,

The windows slap each other) - Onomatopoeia. Because it is used to express sounds. It involves using words that imitate the sounds associated with the action or object.

4)

(Oh dear, that you've been away) - Euphemism. Because it is the usage of a mild word in substitution of something harsh when referring to something unpleasant. (It feels like the person is dead, far away, or not coming back soon.)

5)

(The dusty pathway,

The blurred window panes

Resuscitate the pain

And tell of the measure of days

Oh dear, that you've been away) - hyperbole. Because there's an exaggeration here.

Comfort Okyere from Ghana created an excellent piece in *Away*.

# YOU KNEW

A Short Story by Juliet Ikegwuonu, Nigeria  
 Reviewer: Rose Wangari, Kenya



Our insensitive actions, knowingly or unknowingly, and the destabilisation and the destruction of our 'self' should not create a negative worldview in others.

In her sympathy-seeking outbursts, she, the mother, did not know she was destroying an innocent soul, causing deep hatred toward herself.

In her writing, the writer blames her mother for the many 'okays' that were not okay.

The cocktail of disturbing events in this reader YOU KNEW, is a sincere expression of the adverse pain caused thereof.

What is this cocktail all about?

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