

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Nengi Emmanuel Obelley: Three Poems

Nengi Emmanuel Obelley · Saturday, September 19th, 2020

### AFRICA WAKE UP

How long will you sleep,  
Africa?  
How much longer will you  
cradle in depression,  
sulking, and watching your children  
sink, slip and get swept away in uncertainty?

Africa wake up from slumbering!  
Breathe in the burnt body of Somalia,  
draw from river Nile and wash your face,  
taste the flavour of Congolese blood  
taste and see that nothing is good  
Mwaitu wake up!

Wake up with the fierceness of a whirlwind!  
Make a crown from the Lion's jaw!  
Make music from the Hyena's ribcage!  
Make clothing from the Jaguar's skin  
Nné arise! Nné bulie!

Arise 'o widowed warrior  
and wear your pain like an armour,  
tie the Sahara about your loins  
take up Nigeria as a shield  
wear our umbilical cords like corals  
waste no more time!

Mayi! Mayi! Mayi!  
Wake up!!

\*

## TRIBUTE TO THE BLACK BOY WASHED UP IN THE NILE

To the Son of the soil  
washed up the river shore,  
we beg your spirit rests.

For your body is all we have left,  
left fingers can't hold Spirits.  
Your body, embalmed in turbulence,  
boxed in blue coffin washed up  
at the mortuary of the shore  
We beg your spirit rest.

Guilt has built a home in our hearts,  
a storm rises in the sea of our bodies  
colonies of grief breathing inside our veins.  
Our heads arched low  
faces buried into our palms,  
we are drowned in your demise  
we beg your spirit rests.

We stand soul naked over your body  
Africa weeps bitterly,  
your muffled pleas for help was unheard  
your fight for life short-lived  
and your dreams unseen.  
By river Nile we break kolanuts.  
Tionana mawa!

\*

## THE DAWN OF UBUNTU

On this day, this very morning,  
Africa shall emerge a bride  
and all her daughter's shall put on  
waiste beads and decorate their  
bodies with patterns, and faces with  
Laughter.

On this day, this very morning,  
We all shall gather at the table of  
Nelson Mandela, and eat in oneness,  
We shall drink from the jug of King Luther,  
And remember his dreams.

On this day, this morning,  
South Africa will kiss the cheek of Nigeria  
Congo will dance with Egypt  
Somalia will teach us a new song  
Ghana and Kenya will bloom in laughter.

On this day, this very morning,  
Our black will no longer have kinds  
and our diversity will become our magic.  
We would gather around the graves of the dead  
and sing a happy dirge.

On this day, this morning  
Africa would gather her children,  
break one kolanut for all to share  
and wash us clean in river Nile  
Oh she would cry for joy, and we would hum her a song.

Selah.

## VOTE!

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