

KWEE

Liberian Literary Magazine

Nov Issue

Happy
Thanksgiving

Book
Reviews



©RICHARD HENRIES

Author of
the month

Short
Stories

West African
Poet

LIBERIAN
CLASSICS

BIGGEST
Liberian
Proverbs

Poetry Series

Maya Angelo
Thomas Hardy
Emily Dickinson
Pablo Neru
Janetta Konah
Jack Kolkmeier
Mhamed Sy
S. K. Dworkoo
Hilal Karahan
Kerry Kennedy

Poetry Series

Gwendolyn Brooks
Langston Hughes
Robert Frost
Philip Larkin
John Eliot
RuNette Ebo
Cher Antoinette
Richard Moss
Lovette Tucker
Lazola Pambo

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE



Liberian

Literary

Magazine

Overview:

New Look

Hurray! You noticed the new design as well right. Well thanks to you all, we are here today. We are most grateful to start our print issue. This would not have happened without your dedicated patronage, encouragement and of course, the belief you placed in our establishment. We look forward to your continual support as we strive to improve on the content we provide you.

Our Commitment

We at Liberian Literature Review believe that change is good, especially, the planned ones. We take seriously the chance to improve, adopt and grow with time. That said, we would still maintain the highest standard and quality despite any changes we make.

We can comfortably make this commitment; *the quality of our content will not be sacrificed in the name of change*. In short, we are a fast growing publisher determined to keep the tradition of providing you, our readers, subscribers and clients with the best literature possible.

What to Expect

You can continue to expect the highest quality of Liberian literary materials from us. The services that we provided that endeared us to you and made you select us as the foremost Liberian literary magazine will only improve. Each issue, we will diversify our publication to ensure that there is something for everyone; as a nation with diverse culture, this is the least we can do. We thank you for your continual support.

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Segment Contents

Editorial

In our editorial, one should expect topics that are controversial in the least.

We will shy away from nothing that we deem important enough. The catch theme here is addressing the tough issues

#KolloquaTakeOver

Being true to our Liberian origin, the contributors to this segment make use of something uniquely Liberia to communicate their messages. Kolokwa [not Liberian English] is one language every Liberian speaks.

Risqué Speak

Henrique hosts this segment. He explores the magical language of the soul, music. It will go from musical history, to lyrics of meaning to the inner workings of the rhythm, beats, rhyme, the way pieces connect and importantly, the people who make the magic happen.

Liberian Classics

Liberian Classics, as indicated by the name, is a section to show national creativity. We display works done by Liberian masters in this segment.

Authors of the Month Profile

This is one of our oldest segments. In fact, we started with displaying authors. It is dear to us. Each month, we highlight two authors. In here, we do a brief profile of our selected authors.

Authors of the Month Interview

This is the complimentary segment to the Authors of the Month Profile one of our oldest segments. In here, we interview our showcased authors.

We let them tell us about their books; the characters and how they all came to life. Most importantly, we try to know their story; how they make our lives easier with their words. In short, we find out what makes them thick.

Articles

Our articles are just that, a series of major articles addressing critical issues. A staffer or a contributor often writes it.

Book Review

One of our senior or junior reviewers picks a book and take us on a tour. They tell us the good, not-so-good and why they believe we would be better of grabbing a copy for ourselves or not. Occasionally, we print reviews by freelancers or other publications that grab our interests.

Diaspora Poet

Althea Romeo Mark hosts this segment. The Antiguan poet needs no introduction. Her pieces need none either. Her wisdom of her travels are hard to miss in her writings.

Unscripted

As the name suggests, *Cher* gives it raw. The artist, the poet, the writer- anyone of her talented side can show up and mix the science geek. You never really know what will come up until it does.

'Twas Briggin'

Richard Moss goes about his randomness with purpose in his poetry corner, *'Twas Briggin'*. He can assume the mind or body of any of his million personifications, ideas or characters or just be himself and write good poetry. He does this magic with words as only he does.

According to Eliot/Extra

John Eliot is a Welsh-*ish*, Engl-*ish*, Brit-*ish* guy who tells us all these 'grandpa' beautiful Jewish stories. He even has a book called 'Ssh. What can I say; he is an *ish* kinda bloke! ☺ But, don't let that fool you; he has a genuine voice that knows his way with the pen? ☺ Now I am in an *ish* kind of trouble. ☺

Finding Meaning in Everyday Living

Y'all know that one educator that insisted on using the right grammar and speaking better than the "Y'all" I just used? ☺ **Janice Almond** embodies that and more... Her segment is loaded with motivation for the weak, weary and positive dose we all need to hit the road.

Aken-bai's

Hmm, this here is my 'partner', the resident 'love' expert. Yeah I know, you don't want me saying it but those love poems you have been weaving, I have used a few, lol. There you see, I've confessed. Guess what, they worked the magic. ☺ host, **Aken**

Gifts of the Masters

Our masters left us a treasure trove. Now we revisit and feast- that's the idea of this segment.

Poetry Section

The Poetry section is our major hotspot. It is a fine example of how KWEE manages to be true to her desire of giving you the best form of creative diversity.

We have new poets still finding their voices placed alongside much more experienced poets who

have long ago established themselves and found their voice. They in a way mentor the newer ones and boost their confidence.

Education Spotlight

Our commitment and love to education is primary. In fact, our major goal here is to educate. We strive for educating people about our culture through the many talented writers- previous and present.

In this segment, we identify any success story, meaningful event or entity that is making change to the national education system.

We help spread the news of the work they are doing as a way to get more people on board or interested enough to help their efforts. Remember, together, we can do more.

Artist of the Month

We highlight some of the brilliant artists, photographers, designers etc. We go out of the box here. Don't mistake us to have limits on what we consider arty. If it is creative, flashy, mind-blowing or simply different, we may just show-case it.

We do not neglect our artist as has been traditional. We support them, we promote them and we believe it is time more people did the same. Arts

have always form part of our culture. We have to change the story. We bring notice to our best and let the world know what they are capable of doing. We are 100% in favor of Liberian Arts and Artists; you should get on board.

Poem of the Month

Our desire to constantly find literary talent remains a pillar of our purpose. We know the talent is there; we look for it and let you enjoy it. We find them from all over the country or diaspora and we take particular care to find emerging talents and give them a chance to prove themselves. Of course, we bring you experienced poets to dazzle your mind!

Yeah, we know, but we wish to keep the magazine closely aligned to its conception- *a literary mag*. You will not lose your segments they will only be shifted. The blog is also attached to the new website so you don't have to go anywhere else to access it. It is the last page of the site- [KWEE](#).

We have new segments hosted by poets and authors from *all over the world*. "I ain't sayin nothin' more" as my grandmamma used to say. You'd have to read these yourself won't say a thing more.

Editor's Desk

The Year Ahead



Last year, 2018, was an amazing year in many regards. However, 2019 has given a whole lot more in as many, if not more, ways than the previous.

This is our new issue and I am excited for many reasons. We have an improved line up, some segments have changed and others shifted, whilst yet others are, well, NEW.

It appears that we might outdo ourselves this time around AGAIN. Each issue, we see a better [KWEE](#) and for that, we remain thankful to you. Yes, you. All of you that stuck by us; that take time off to read and support us in the different ways you do. Thank you once again.

I will try to let nothing out of the bag too early, although I can't promise. The excitement is too much to contain.

Oh heck, here are teasers, but I'd deny it if quoted! Oops, did I just type that? There goes my plausible deniability.

It had to happen right?

Over the year, we received repeated requests for themes. Some wanted to know our themes so they could prepare the right pieces for submission, others I guess are just plan freaks, what can I say.

This however, slightly conflicts with our policy of not interfering with the creative process. We believe creativity should be allowed to run wild, but not necessarily unguided. We have tried not to impose on our segment hosts what to or not to write.

I guess we found ourselves in a fix- to give the readers more of what they want and to leave our contributors to create contents freely. Thus, we found a middle ground.

We will try list our yearly themes loosely and encourage our contributors to avail of them.

However, what fun is there if everyone did the same thing? We love and prize difference, diversity. That, we believe has made us who we are today.

On the one hand, we will endeavor to have at least half of our contents themed whilst leaving the rest up for grabs. This way, we will satisfy both ends of our readership and remain true to our convictions.

We have actually been doing this. The main difference now is that we will make a conscious effort to balance

Therefore, in **January** we bring you, *New Beginnings*.

February is all about our famous *BLACK ISSUE*, which commemorates *Black History Month*. Don't worry love freaks, you'd still get your *Val's* treats.

March is about celebration to women in our *WOMEN ISSUE*

April-We go huge with our *National Poetry Month*. An issue full of poetry.

May-We take time to honor and celebrate

mothers- the special breed that carried and or molded us. It's the *MOTHER'S Issue*.

June-We do the same for the men who are not deadbeats, *DADDY's Issue*.

July-We pay tribute to nationhood and honor our founders in the *INDEPENDENCE Issue*.

August-We continue the homage with our *FLAG Day Issue*.

September

Anything goes, yeah!

October

We get ready to wind the year down, *Nobel Issue*.

November

We are thankful for things, *THANKSGIVING ISSUE*. We also do NaWriMo. There is no killing of turkeys, absolutely none. ☺

December

The Holidays Issue comes your way.

Well, I knew I said only tips I was giving but it is just hard to contain myself considering all the things that are in store.

If there is one message, you want to take from here, let it be this-prepare for a roller coaster this 2017.

We are bringing you a better KWEE every single issue. We will break the boxes; go on the fringes to find what it is we know you would love.... *Creative Difference- the best of its kind*.

From the entire team here at KWEE, we say enjoy the year, sit back, lay back, relax or do whatever it is you do when you hold a copy of our mag and feast along.

Read! Read! Read!

KWEE Team

Liberian Classic



GUANYA PAU: A Story of an African Princess I

By: JOSEPH J. WALTERS

Guanya Pau holds a special place in Liberian and African literature. It is the first full length novel published by an African.

RECAP From PART IV

KAI KUNDU'S VISIT

Finding argument useless, Kai Kundu made himself comfortable, and grinned more than ever.

The two together certainly resembled Dr. Talmage's "hawk courting a dove."

Finally, he mustered up enough courage to tell her his purpose for coming to see her, winding up with

"I have watched and cared for you, Guanya, since you were a baby; O, my joy, when a very small girl, your mother consented to my having you, and fixed the dowry.

I was SO elated that I paid her more than what she asked. I shall make you my head wife. I have cassava and rice farms all along the Marphar, have men and women gathering my nuts and making my oil. I have several large canoes which carry my produce weekly to the Beach — oil, kernel, wood, ivory, cloth, hides, rice, etc.

Now, Borney, my child," this time grinning with his whole face, "tell me what you think of me."

"When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat, — extinct in both, Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—

You must not take for fire."

Guanya Pau with all the contempt of which her full, strong voice was capable, replied, "Elombey' etc.

"What do you mean? Believe me if I tell you the truth from my heart, will you? I have not cared to think about you in any way except to hate you. As to loving you, I'd just as soon love a monkey. I shall never be your head wife, I don't care if you own all Marphar and Pisu put together, and you may convey this intelligence, if you choose, to my mother."

Kai Kundu contracting his grin into a small compass, assured her that she would rue such expressions when she was in better spirits; but finding all attempts to make her believe this futile, he took up his ungainly body, grinned like a chess-cat, and stalked out of the room.

Chapter V.

GUANYA PAU RUNS AWAY.

IMMEDIATELY upon Kai Kundu's departure, Guanya Pau looked up Jassah, and told her all that had happened, assuring her that the time was ripe for their departure, and that they should use all possible precaution so as to leave behind no clue as to where they had gone.

The girls were wholly inexperienced to traveling and to the country around, not having gone ten miles from their home in all their life.

After debating the question of the road, they finally concluded to take the country highway, going north, and making for the woods, several miles beyond, trusting in the Gregrees to make whatever disposition of them they will. Soon all was settled, and the two made hasty and secret preparations to run away.

That night, when it was quite dark, and the little village was buried in deep sleep, the two spirited maidens set their plans in motion. After arranging their beads, disrobing themselves of those, which would give a clue to their identity, they came out into the open air. Next, they invoked the Gregrees to protect them from harm. They came with uplifted hands, looked up into the sky and made a deep, prolonged sigh.

Was it our God they thus invoked in the silent recesses of their souls? Was it to Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you

rest," that these poor girls in the solemn hush of that midnight hour, their souls tossed heavily by fears and apprehensions because of the risk they were about to take, leaving home and friends to go they knew not where, and that too when their whole country was pervaded with the same sentiments respecting woman; was it to Him that they went for help? Did they lift up their eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help? I know not.

They had never heard the sweet call of the church-bell, nor soul-stirring words fall from the lips of some Kanabah-Kai (God man), nor the inspiring strains of the Sabbath-school. No one with heart full of love for God, and with deep solicitude for souls had come among them and told the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

Never had a missionary, the herald of good tidings, trod this part of the world; and oh, how true is this the case of many of the tribes of West Africa, yea, of all that continent!

Jesus Christ died to save them nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and yet there are millions in that dark land dying ignorant of His great sacrifice and love. Dying without hope, without Christ, within Heaven!

Truly, darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people. Oh, Lord, how long? When will this gloom dissipate and the light from the Sun of Righteousness flood the land?

When, blessed Saviour, will Thy promises concerning Ethiopia be verified? No, her sad condition is not organic, and it is possible to turn the tide from the channel in which it has flown for ages.

"The night is long that never finds the day."

"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

"For your shame ye shall have double."

"Shall drink at noon

The palm's rich nectar; and lie down at eve

In the green pastures of remembered days;

And walk, to wander and to weep no more

On Congo's mountain-coast, or Guinea's golden shore."

Hark! Methinks I hear a voice from the clouds, which says: "Give ye them to eat," implying that no angelic band will descend from the skies who, with one spark, will set that land aflame with the fire of the Gospel.

But ye, men and women of flesh and blood, having but five loaves and two small fishes. Yes, yes, this stupendous work, the evangelization of Africa, must be done by human agencies.

Another fact is worthy of note here, and that is, civilization is never indigenous, but conditioned on the contact of races, "There is not in history a record of a single indigenous civilization; there is nowhere in any reliable document

the report of any people lifting themselves out of barbarism. The historic civilizations are all exotic. The torches that blaze along the line of centuries were kindled each by the one behind." *

Pardon, dear reader, these occasional digressions. They are impromptu outbursts of a soul that is full of enthusiasm for his native land.

After the Borneys had finished these invocations, they took their little bundles and struck out upon the country road for the distant woods, which they reached as the first streaks of the morning reddened the eastern sky.

Through fear of detection, they crept into one of those "bugbugs" in which that country abounds, and after a refreshment of some of the cassavas and dried fish, with which they had provided themselves, they remained quiet.

When the sun had set, they crept out stealthily, made a brief and hasty survey of the woods, then went on, going they knew not where, but with the satisfaction that the distance between them and their home was becoming every minute greater.

But they had not proceeded far before they heard the fall of footsteps in the distance, and soon voices of men greeted their ear.

They started, looked hither and thither, but there was no place for concealment. In their extremity, with their hearts in their mouths, they retreated double-quick to the place of "bugbugs," and were soon swallowed up in one of those hospitable caverns. How they blessed the little insects for building these strongholds.

"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

The voices came nearer and nearer, ever increasing in volume, from which it was evident that they were disputing.

As they approached the mound in which the girls were concealed, they stopped and took their bearing. Then they came up to it, lay down their spears and other hunting outfit, took down from their shoulders bunches of country bread, then set to making a voracious dispatch of its contents.

Then one went a few feet away, cut a peculiar kind of vine, which grew suspended from a limb of a tree, from which they got a supply of water.

They then talked over their plans, and again tried to ascertain their whereabouts. They were two Vey men from a town several miles away on the chase of a wounded elephant. You may imagine what

relief the Borneys felt when such discovery was made.

But they soon became anxious, when one of the men intimated his intention to crawl inside the same hill and take a nap he was on the point of suiting the action to the word, when his companion dissuaded him, saying that they had no time to lose, and that he could hear the horns of their comrades calling.

The two hunters had not gone ten minutes, when there was a loud peal of a horn, which was repeated again and again, in the direction they had gone; and presently there was a tearing, bellowing noise, as if the trees of the forest had been uprooted, and the mountain was tumbling down.

The roar, mingled with the yells and screams of men, made the solemn aisles of the wood echo and re-echo. To the girls it brought unspeakable anxiety.

Every moment the tumult increased in force and intensity, and seemed to be making straight for the ill-fated "bugbug".

The ground beneath them literally trembled, the lofty beech and mango tossed to and fro, the pointed tops of the bugbugs were knocked off; a violent whirlwind swept the mountain, the air

became charged with a mal-odor almost stifling, and surcharged with a fume as if from the crater of some volcano. Trees and shrubs were pulled up and hurled high

into the air; the whole forest seemed in violent agitation; and oh, what must be the fate of the bugbug! — certainly it will not stand against the onrushing storm when such hardy trees were yielding.

Another prolonged bellow, and a monstrous elephant, transfixed with a spear, tore out of the thicket with marvelous swiftness, followed by some twenty more than half-naked Veys, in full pursuit.

He made straight for the bugbug, as if to hide from his pursuers. But no such intention had crossed his brain.

The elephant is no coward. His aim was to get possession of this vantage ground where he could make a bold fight.

When in front of this, he halted.

The men also halted. Each waited for the other to make the initiative attack.

Finally, a youth of about nineteen years, with more daring than common-sense, advanced nearer, and threw his dart.

The elephant turned around, lifted his snout in the air, and the imprudent young brave went up in the air, and came down crashing against the unlucky bugbug.

The elephant in his turn accidentally struck the mound, crushing in part of a side, making a hole large enough to expose the unfortunate girls.

But this he did not do purposely; he had nothing against the maidens, and probably would have stopped and apologized, had his tormentors permitted him.

With a surprising manoeuvre, he turned about-face, going due north, carrying the eager huntsmen with him.

Then the winds hushed, the tempest subsided, the trees assumed their normal posture, terra firma became steady, the atmosphere received back her redolent and healthful elements.

Peace and order was everywhere restored, and the Borneys brought back to their right minds safe and unharmed.

* Niebuhr.

*****To be continued!*****

Liberian Folklore

How we became the Land of the Pepper-Bird.

Folklore (Were The First Humans, Kru?)

In the beginning, God created three men and three women.

When God made the first six (6) people, he laid them out on the grass to dry. While they lay there an idea crossed God's mind. "I'll add a little spice", he thought. Umm Yes, Pepper.

So, God gathered some dried pepper and began to grind it between two rocks.

Three minutes passed and a tornado size "Achooo!" was emitted from God. "Acchhooo!", he sneezed again uncontrollably.

That sneeze uprooted the little tree that had been shading him, pulled the roots right out of the ground.

Pepper flew in a black cloud, fell on those New People that were still wet. God felt awful He had let loose a fire(pepper) that would burn in their blood and make them mean and wanting to fight, to make wars.

God sat down with his head in his hands, trying to take it in. Finally he stood up and said, "Well if one grinds pepper, one has to expect to sneeze. And you cannot sneeze without a sound."

Now we know why people quarrel and are mean and make war.

Pepper Bird:

Now when God was grinding the pepper that

caused his big sneeze, there was a bird in one of the small trees which was uprooted by the blast of air. The bird was eating yellow berries that grew on the tree. Even though they were now coated with pepper dust, he kept on eating, eating, eating. Finally, when he had his fill, a terrible fire started to warm his belly. He tried to cool the heat with water, but water has no power over pepper. In his misery he found God and begged for help.

"Doctor me, I beg you. My insides are hot. I will die from the burning in my belly."

"You will sing," God told the bird. "Singing is for cooling a heat in the gut- There is no good song without some heat."

The bird swelled out his chest and began to sing. The sound was so beautiful that even the wind hushed to listen. All the creatures of the forest raised their ears to hear. Plants stopped growing lest the rustle of their leaves dim the sound. When the song was finished there was no longer any fire in the belly of the little bird.

Before he tucked his head under his wing to sleep, he went to God to ask God how much he owed for being helped.

"The fee is this," God said. Every morning you are to greet the sun with a song. This is to make the day glad. You are to be called the pepper bird, and this place is to be named the land of the pepper bird.

Remember that it takes some heat to start proper song."

The END

Diaspora Poet

The Earth Will Provide

Grass and leaves is what they
trampled under their feet
as they fled across
counties and borders.
They trudged day and
night
through forests in search
of safe haven.

Grass and leaves are
what they ate,
along with insects and
fruit
that kept them alive.
It is what they cleaned
teeth,
body parts and sparse
utensils with,
ingrained habits and
hygiene
not dashed despite living
in fear.

The length, color, grain,
pattern,
smell and taste is now
part of their
unwritten history.

But some familiar only
with books and not yet
acquainted with secrets
of the bush
were left in the throes of
death,
and buried in the moist
arms
of Mother earth,
blanketed by leaves.

Grass and leaves that
earth so generously
provided
will not be seen again
with the same eyes.

© Althea Romeo-Mark
14.04.16

Althea Romeo-Mark



Born in Antigua, West Indies, [Althea Romeo-Mark](#) is an educator and internationally published writer who grew up in St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands.

She has lived and taught in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, USA, Liberia (1976-1990), London, England (1990-1991), and in Switzerland since 1991.

She taught at the University of Liberia (1976-1990). She is a founding member of the Liberian Association of Writers (LAW) and is the poetry editor for **Seabreeze: Journal of Liberian Contemporary Literature.**

She was awarded the Marguerite Cobb

McKay Prize by **The Caribbean Writer** in June, 2009 for short story "Bitterleaf, (set in Liberia)." **If Only the Dust Would Settle** is her last poetry collection.

She has been guest poets at the International Poetry Festival of Medellin, Colombia (2010), the Kistrech International Poetry Festival, Kissi, Kenya (2014) and The Antigua and Barbuda Review of Books 10th Anniversary

Conference, Antigua and Barbuda (2015) She has been published in the US Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, the USA, Germany, Norway, the UK, India, Colombia, Kenya, Liberia and Switzerland.

More publishing history can be found at her blog site:

[www.aromaproducti
ons.blogspot.com](http://www.aromaproducti ons.blogspot.com)

Resurrected Master

Edwin J Barclay



This series focuses on the writings of one of the literary giants of Liberia. Unfortunately, more people remember the man as the politician or the masterful lawyer.

Arguably, the Barclays [he and his uncle, both presidents of Liberia] were the sharpest legal minds of their times, rivalled only by an equally worthy opponent JJ Dossen.

What we try to do in this series is spotlight the literary giant, E. J. Barclay was. We attempt to show the little known side of the man- free from all the political dramas.

Repudiation

No more, no more the happy dream
Of love we cherished, now abides!
The wreck of faith along the stream
Of hope lies shattered, and the tide's
Wide sweep across the main of life
Echoes amidst its turgid strife
The hapless words: Good-bye!
Good-bye!

I cannot tell thee all I feel;
I dare not tell thee what I think:
No more thine humble slave I kneel! —
I stand erect: and on the brink
Between what was, and what is now,
I cast thee from me with a vow!
love, my love that was!
Good-bye!

I held thee truer than yon star
That keeps its vigils from afar:
And oft as I gazed on thy brow
And read your heart, — so faithless now!-
I thought that there true purity, —
And staunchest, stern sincerity
Beamed strongly, but alas! .
..
Good-bye!

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Good-bye!

Unscripted

Cher Antoinette



Barbadian Forensic Scientist, Visual Artist & Writer, **Cher-Antoinette** is multi-faceted and has been successful at NIFCA in Photography 2009, Literary Arts 2011/2012 and Fine Arts 2012/2013.

She has published a poetic anthology MY SOUL CRIES in 2013, VIRTUALIS: A New Age Love Story in 2014 and ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY: Poetry & Prose in 2015.

Her artistic journey started in earnest in 2014 where she decided to let her work speak to her life. A self-taught artist, the process included finding what media she was most comfortable with and resulted in works of Watercolour, Pen & Ink, Charcoal and a multi-media mix of all three.

Her timeline history to date is exemplified by ENDANGERED, ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY, UNMASKED & COLOURS OF MY FREEDOM. "The sky is but a stop-over on my journey to the Stars."

NOVEMBER 2019

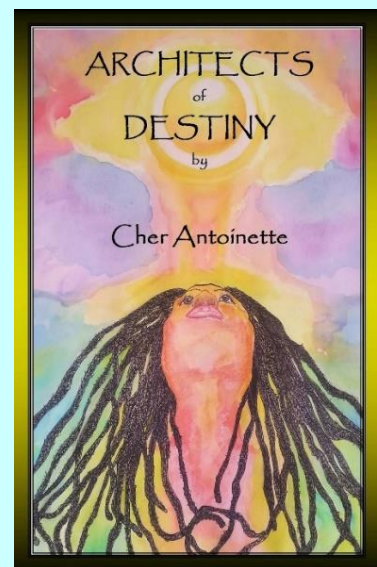
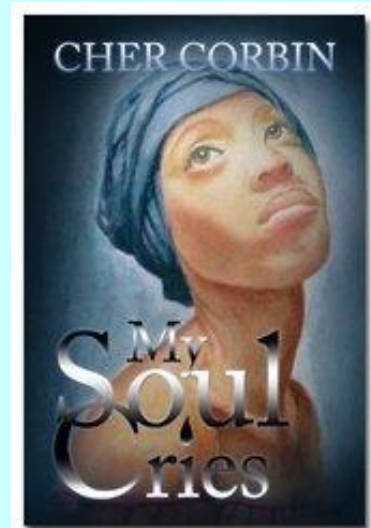
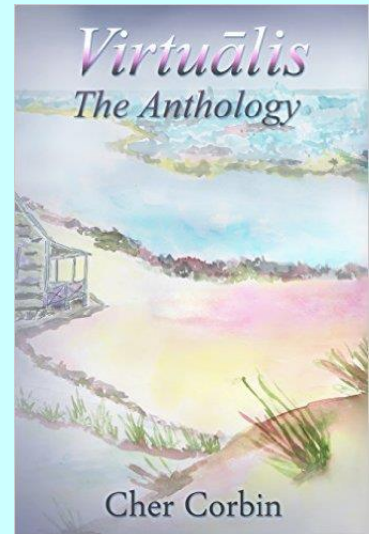
ETERNAL

*As the day breaks
Light filters through
a still darkened sky
I awake to the cool
reflections of you
We can never
change what is
But we can wish for
what can be
Like polar opposites
We are drawn to
each other
The intensity of our
attraction
Fuelled by the eddy
currents of our
desires
Fights against the
reality of our
existence
Forever torn by
practicality and
responsibility
Mine to light your
way
Yours to safely end
my day
A day when we both
close our eyes and
breathe as
one
At the end of time*

.....
.....

Taken from
Virtualis

Cher-Antoinette ©Cher



African Poet

I Give You Thanks My God –

Bernard Dadie

I give you thanks my God for having
created me black

For having made of me

The total of all sorrows,

and set upon my head the World.

I wear the livery of the Centaur

And I carry the World since the first
morning.

White is a colour improvised for an
occasion

Black, the colour of all days

10 And I carry the World since the first
night.

I am happy

with the shape of my head

fashioned to carry the World,

satisfied with the shape of my nose,

15 Which should breathe all the air of
the World,

happy

with the form of my legs

prepared to run through all the stages
of the World.

I give you thanks my God, for having
created me black,

20 for having made of me

the total of all sorrows.

Thirty-six swords have pierced my
heart.

Thirty-six brands have burned my
body,

And my blood on all the calvaries has
reddened the snow

25 And my blood from all the east has
reddened nature.

And yet I am

Happy to carry the World,

Content with my short arms,

with my long legs,

30 with the thickness of my lips.

I give you thanks my God, for having
created me black,

White is a colour for an occasion,

Black the colour of all days

And I carry the World since the
morning of time.

35 And my laughter in the night
brought forth day over

the World.

I give you thanks my God for having
created me black.

'Twas Briggin

**Richard Wilson
Moss**

The Plummet

Often I cross the bridge
Over waters never blue
Fish leap but they are dull
The color of the head of a
broom
Dark from years of
sweeping
I almost always stop and
stare down
At depths I can never reach
Unless I jump.

Parade of Tyrants

Up high I was
Looking at the barren
plain
The sun lay cradled
In cotton hands, the
clouds
Holding until slipping
down
Between other hills far
from me
There is where I saw the
seas
Of dry souls, they
marched away
Toward horizons, they
sang, some shouted
And like the hurricane is
the lord of a breeze
Said they were the tyrant
of their day
They seemed to have lost
their senses
Waving at me wildly with
arms that were

Like broken stalks of thin,
dry wheat
Caught in wire fences.

**The Shadow and the
Shame**

I am the shadow and the
shame
The fright of aging
Russian peasants
Swinging the red sickle in
Kansas wheat fields
In the history of the Okie
starving next to endless
crops
Of California strawberries
I am the young bride of
the poor bastard no one
likes
The man who grew rich
and bought orange groves
Dying much later from
Lucky Strikes
I am the shadow and the
shame
The history of an acorn
Rolling into urban gutters
Becoming the suit and tie
oak of its refuse
Growing forever through
the innards
Of skyscraper tyrants.
Shadow and shame
Of next day delivery of
eternity
Slipping through control
of quality
Defective dice in a deck
building game
The white hand on a dark
throat
That pauses to pray to the
white god of war

Pretending to be peaceful
and tame
Capturing collapsing
stars, that darkness
Put into vaults of flesh
I am the history of
endless trout
Hooked but shaking loose
To lounge on the bottom
and snicker
Of the wild impala
running from the lion
That does not chase, I am
the same
The secret mission of the
Hubble
Spying on rooftop
sunbathing women
And then assessing
Aleppo rubble
I am the gathering of the
worlds greatest storm
Destroying and then
cultivating
But unworthy of a name.

© *Richard Wilson Moss*

Richard Moss is the author of numerous full-length poetry books. He's witty, understands words in a most peculiar way. His poetry is just...You can find his books on every major platform.



According to Eliot

Clarisse

I recently spent my birthday in Granada, Spain to visit the Alhambra. Another time I will write to you about that. For the sake of this article, it was stunning. Fulfilled all my expectations. Which makes what I'm about to tell you, well a contrast, unexpected and unique. It was our last evening in Granada. We'd seen all we wanted to see; bought all the trinkets we could ever want to buy. We were suffering from tourist fatigue. We want to eat, go to bed and go home to France.

A narrow maze of streets quickly opened out into a square. Here there was music, dancing, drinking and eating on three sides, and on the other a small church. All were trapped within a space of 100 metres.

The church was Iglesia San Gregorio Bettico. I love visiting places of worship, and so of course went in. The church was named after St Gregory who was one of the most famous of Catholic Popes. He was born in 540CE. His family was rich and privileged and had already produced two Popes. Gregory, although well educated, did not choose a religious life but worked as a civil administrator, what we might know as a lawyer. When he was in his mid to late thirties he changed career and became a monk following the rule of

St Benedict. He later was to become one of the most respected popes of the Catholic church. The church in Granada was St Gregory's and the nuns of the order of St Clare.

When I entered the church, I saw that it was a small and beautiful building, but not overwhelmingly so. Highly decorated in the plentiful gold Catholic Spanish style. I took a pew and sat in the silence closed off from the drinking eating and music in the world just a few metres away.

It would have been impossible to get close the altar. Across the nave there was an iron fence. On the other side of the fence was a figure, I believed a statue, its back to me, covered head to foot in a beautiful white cloth which I later came to realise was a habit. I stared at the statue. Intrigued. And then it, or I should say she, moved. Just an arm, a slight shift to perhaps become more comfortable. I then knew she was a nun, praying in front of the altar. The nuns in this order pray in front of the figure of Christ continually. Twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

The St. Clares are a silent order, in that they only speak when necessary, such as illness. Except for the young, old and infirm they fast. They avoid showing their faces.

There is little to add about the experience, other than ever since I've been thinking a lot about the nun praying as if she were only one nun and

not part of an order. Which, I suppose is their intention. Community prayer to Christ. I've been working on a poem. I'm not sure it is finished in that should it ever be published it could be different after further editing. But here it is:

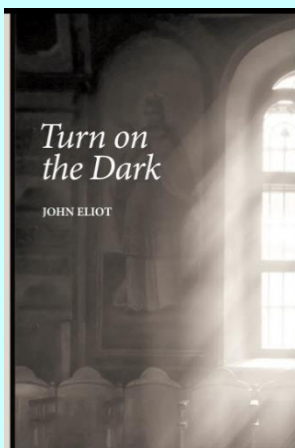
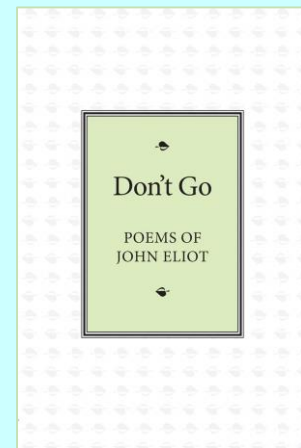
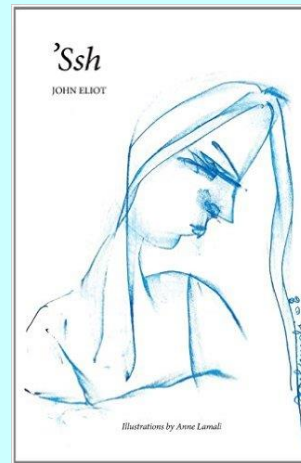
© John Eliot. 2016

John Eliot is a poet. He shares his time between Wales and France. In Wales he lives close to a capital city where he spends a lot of time reading his poetry to an audience.

In France he lives in a tiny village and enjoys the silence to write. John was a teacher.

He is married with children and grandchildren. He has two books of poetry published. '**Ssh**' and '**Don't Go**' his new one which is his latest creative effort, titled '**Don't Go**'. Both books are published by Mosaique Press of England" and are available on Amazon.

John Eliot



Any comments to
I will reply to all emails.

Connect here:

johneliot1953@gmail.com

"The photograph of John Eliot was taken by Dave Dagers during a live poetry reading. Dave is a professional photographer and artist. He has contributed drawings to John's new collection of poetry, 'Don't Go' which will be out in the Autumn."

According To Eliot - extra -

Clarisse

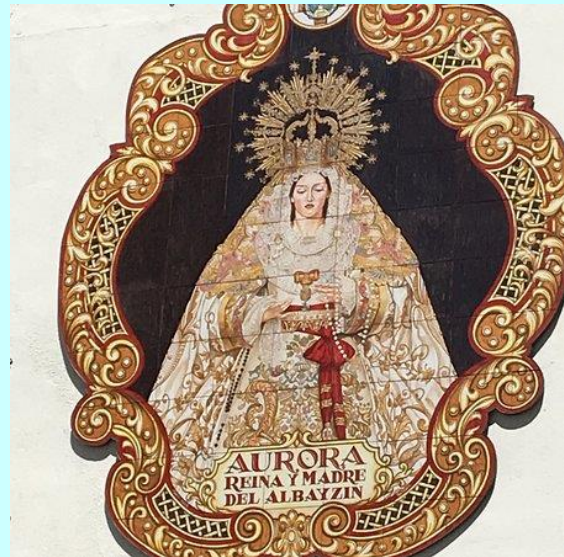
I passed through a doorway
From world of dance wine music
Entering silent stillness

Of pastel walls
Weight of heaven hung
A storm waiting to happen

She kneels before thorns
In silence she speaks as I am
mute
She sees as I am blind
Within her vow of silence
I don't hear the angels sing
Receive the gift mine for the
taking
My faith rests on lies

C. John Eliot

2019



c. John Eliot 2019

I will respond to every email and may include them, with your permission, in future columns.

Beautiful Pieces



Janetta Konah is an emerging Liberian writer. She writes about, life, nature, love and inspiration.

She is a member of the reading literacy Team Monrovia READS.

The author lives in Monrovia with her parents and siblings, where she is a junior student at the University of Liberia

She is currently working on her next book and a children's book series.



beautiful pieces

**i'm shattered
across the floor
bits of me
everywhere
broken
imperfect yet
uniquely carved**

**i'm scattered
here and there
fragments of me, litter the air
each piece, a shape of its
own,**

**flawed but mended
into something
phenomenon**

**i'm shattered
and scattered
into beautiful pieces**

©2019 from her chapbook,
Beautiful Pieces



Liberia

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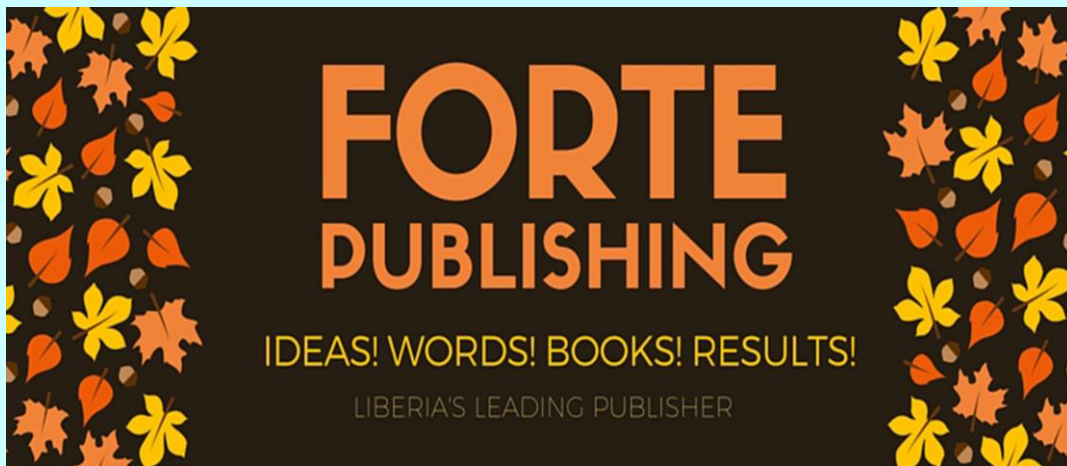
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A Purpose-Filled Moment

What Kind of Dash will you Make?

When written on a tombstone, there's a dash between the date you were born and the date you die.

I don't want my dash ____ to be a straight line. I want it to be dashes with breaks in between - / \ - ^ - (- o - +++ - * - !

If it's a straight line, it means I haven't done anything but existed.

I want it to be full of breaks that reflect my ups and downs, curves that show where I may have gone off track, circles for my times of confusion, pluses for all the times I made a contribution to someone's life, a star for the Light I found at the end of the tunnel and finish it with an exclamation point when God says, "Come home."

© RuNett Nia Ebo, Poet of Purpose

runett.ebo101@gmail.com
www.poeteb.com



RuNett Nia Ebo, Poet of Purpose, is a resident of NW Philadelphia and married to William Gray, Sr. She has been writing since age 10 (over 5 decades). She is published in several anthologies including Stand our Ground © 2013 and she collaborated with eight

other senior poets on the anthology, Seniors Rockin' the Pen © 2014. She has self-published 8 chapbooks, 3 books of poetry, one CD and one fiction story, All For You © 2002. Her signature poem, "Lord, Why Did You Make Me Black?" © 1994, is also her contribution to Chicken Soup for the African-American Soul © 2004. Recently (Feb 2015) RuNett and Victoria, her Partner-In-Rhyme, released a poetry book they co-authored entitled Truth With Purpose © 2014.

In 1998, along with her brother, Darien and another musician, the late Keno Speller, Poet Ebo established Nia's Purpose: Poetry and Percussion @ Work. The trio used this vehicle to visit churches, schools and community centers to share poetry, percussion and Black History with audiences of all ages.

She has guest appeared on cable, public televisions and radios shows. She acted on local stages in Philadelphia in addition to speaking and presenting at community events and local schools in Philadelphia, New York, Houston, Los Angeles, and St. Croix as well as several cities in New Jersey and Delaware.

Miss Ebo wrote the play based on her signature poem, Lord Why Did You Make Me Black which has been performed by the Fresh Visions Youth Theatre Group as part of their Ebony Kaleidoscope #9
 (end of the year) shows.

In addition to other awards received over the years, she was recently presented with The 2014 Philadelphia Black Poetry Honors for over 20 years of Poetic Excellence by Poetic Ventures and The Black Authors Tour (May). She also received the Golden Mic Award from Rick Watson and World Renowned Entertainment (July).

Ten years ago, in 2006, Poet Ebo, established POET-IFY: Poetry to Edify, a poetry venue she hosts bi-monthly from Feb. to Oct. with her co-host, Victoria "The Axiom" Peurifoy. She manages the MTM Band that has played for this venue since it started. She accepted the Lord into her life in 1980 and is a member of Germantown Church of the Brethren.

Short story

TAMBA IS NOT IN FOYAH ANY MORE!

Lovette Tucker

Aye, jeh becor Tamba nah In Foya...

Liberian Proverb

This is one of those 21st century Liberianisms that is only recently being widely allowed and used in our vernacular. It is similar to the western story, Alice in Wonderland, where Alice found herself in a different place from where she came, Kansas. In the story, "Alice is not in Kansas anymore". The implication being, she had to think and act differently because she was in a new place.

The Tamba implication is similar and yet dissimilar.

The story goes that Tamba was away from Foya, his hometown. He got into a fight with another boy and the boy was beating Tamba up. Tamba struggled to get a break, backed away from the boy, panting and crying. Tamba then said, "You only beating me because we not in Foya! Hmm. If we were in Foya, I swear, I will be beating you." (Laughter ensued from onlookers).

My daughter, Love, is a wonderful, caring person. She is quite dedicated to her family and her studies. In her final year at the university where Love was studying to be a nurse, an incident occurred.

One time my sister came to visit. She complained of a headache, so we called Love to get her some medicine. She came, brought the medicine, gave it to my sister, and went to get some water. I said to Love, "Aren't you supposed to be finding out what's wrong with her and asking her some questions? You just came and gave the medicine to her. I can do that and I'm not a nurse. What are you

learning that you are doing the same thing that a non-nurse would do!

Love said, "But Mammie, we're not in the hospital. In the hospital, we ask the patients their background but this is the house and she is not a patient. She is Auntie."

My sister said, "Oh. Because, Tamba is not in Foya now so he can't do anything!"

I must say, we teased her mercilessly. I said, "Four years of nursing education and here you come and just hand her the medicine."

She said, "But that's the one she asked for!"

"So does the patient just come in the hospital and tell the doctor which treatment to give?"

Anyway, Love did the right thing. She began to ask the right questions and even attempted to complete an intake form!

Tamba is not in Foyah!

We had a fellow who drove us from Gbarnga to Monrovia. Gbarnga is a rural community while Monrovia is an urban center with four lane roads and many choices of turns. The driver was fine going from Gbarnga. It is a two-lane road and the driver was fine. His name, coincidentally, was Tamba.

As soon as we got to Monrovia, Tamba got confused. We had to tell him to go into the next lane when the lane he was in, was moving too slow or had stopped. We had to direct him to take streets other than the one he had driven before to get to where we were going.

The funny thing is Tamba always answered "Yes" when we asked him if he knew where to go. He never admitted that he didn't know where he was, until the end, when we had harassed him enough about not being able to drive in the city.

"Mmm, mmm! Tamba is not in Foyah anymore." We'd say something to the effect and laugh.

Throughout life, we get into unfamiliar situations – a new love, a new job, a new school. Change is the only constant we have. Things will change. We grow up, we die, etc. The important thing is how we deal with that change.

There were some, during the war years, that had to flee their homes and all that was familiar. They went into new and strange places. Some thrived and others did not. What made the difference? Those who thrived recognized that they had baggage but they had to compartmentalize the pain and struggle of war. They had to push all of the negatives aside. They had to, as they say, put on their big girl panties and move on. They had wise up, be adults, and move on.

Some did not thrive. Why? My reasoning is that, these people, for whatever reason, could not leave behind the baggage. They had family members, wealth, or property that they needed to manage. The baggage was constantly on their minds and they could not focus on the now. These people were the ones who came alive in gatherings that spoke of the war because they had huge opinions. They were the loudest voices about “Liberia” and “Liberians”. They were strong in their convictions in discussions about what to do back home.

In turn, they had narrow ideas of the places where they resided. Because they spent so much time and effort focusing on the past, they did not relish the future. As a result, they floundered in the new. They reacted in ways that dragged them. They addressed their situations in ways that only brought them pain and depression.

For them, Tamba was not in Foyah anymore, hence, he could not play or do any of his regular activities – including live- well!



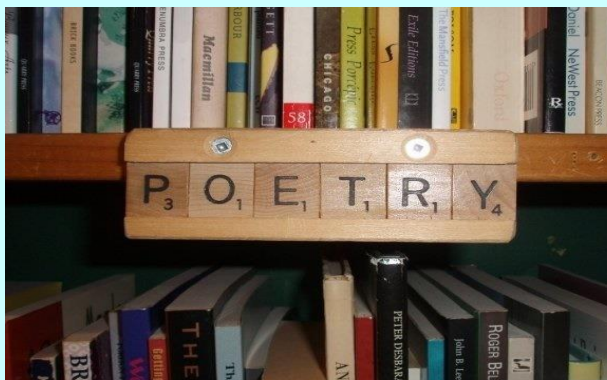
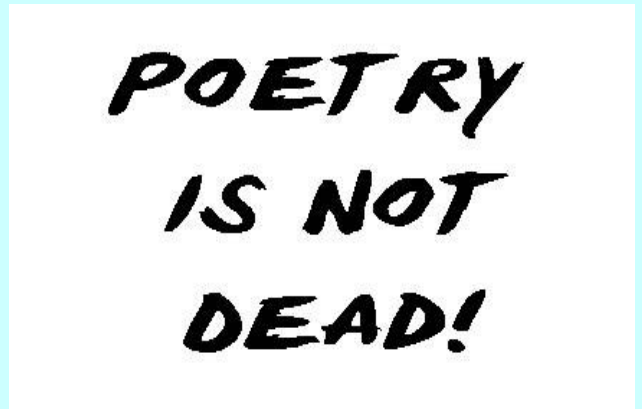
Lovette Azango Tucker wears many hats. Her most favorite is being mother to Richard, Bobby and Vanessa. She has worked with teens and tweens for over 25 years.

She has been a teacher, mentor, career counselor and a helping hand to young people. She loves working with the youth. Her passion for mentoring young people about their lives and their careers is evidenced by the question she frequently asks, “What are you going to do with the rest of your life?”

Lovette always had a dream to do something about the abundance of fruits in her native Liberia. Now that dream has finally come through. She is Co-Owner of *Fruit Fusion by KATE Industries*, a fruit juice company in Liberia.



Poetry Section



Poems for Monrovia READS

I miss you

Janetta Marilyn Konah

I miss you, like those moonless nights
When all is cold and dark
And even those distant stars
Melt into the canopy of the sky

Oh, how I wish you were here
To fill the night with your presence
That shies like a beacon and bring out
The dancing fireflies
The creaking crickets in the thickets
The hooting owl from the tree
A shooting star from outer galaxies
A hungry mosquito from the pond
d the bonfire in my belly

We would sit here
Under the telescope
looking at the heaven
And make memories of us
with all the eyes watching
The owl,
The cricket,
The fireflies
The mosquitoes
And the shooting stars too

Foe they've all gathered to lap in our light
We need no moon, for we are luminous
As aurora, a magnetic pull of hearts
Drumming lightly at midnight in enfolded arms

Janetta Marilyn Konah is a young Liberian author, her debut book, "Beautiful pieces can be found on Amazon. It is a collection of poems written by her. She presently lives in Monrovia with her family where she studies Human Resources management and Economics at the University of Liberia. She works with Monrovia Reads Team and collaborate with Liberian Poet's Society. She is an affiliating member of InkAfrica. When Janetta is not busy with work or school, she can be found reading a book or writing her own.

Forget not to worship God

Kerry Adamah Kennedy

Forget not to worship God, with all your soul,
And every atom that constitutes your body,
For He is the reason you're here today,
The lamb sacrificed on your behalf
When it was time for your day of demise,
He put himself in your place to be slaughtered.
So forget not to worship God, not with your life,
Forget not, for the hands that picked up
Your broken pieces on your day of heartbreak,
Nor the arms left opened wide enough to embrace you
And your entire battalion of problems,
Oh, no, forget not dearest one!
Forget not to respond to his love,
For you are his walking church, his temple
A home for the fire that never goes out.
Forget not, dear one, that grace
is the reason you're here today
Nor that your life is meaningless without him!

Kerry A. Kennedy, pen name Witty Gladiator, is a 19-year-old writer. He lives at Cuttington University, and he is a student studying History and International Relations. He's the Servant-Leader of the Campus Christian Fellowship, a Student Led Movement chapter of the Great Commission Movement of Liberia. He's also a member of the Liberian Poet Society.

A song for my lost soul

Alexandra Tetee Bonar

Sing me a dirge

Sing me a lullaby

No, a dirge!

I'm no more a baby

The baby I used to be is dead!

Prepare me a funeral

I'm shattered

My pieces are all over

Scattered as if I'm a glass,

I want to sleep, sing me a lullaby

No, I mean a dirge

Let me mourn my lost virginity

This isn't me, this wasn't me

But a piece of me that is now dead.

Alexandra Tetee Bonar is an aspiring Liberian writer who has won two awards. She won a medal at Wewrite Liberia Poetry competition and also won first place award at Dr. Patricia Wesley Literary Writing Program for Girls. She's a member of the Monrovia READS team and the coordinator of events at Write Liberia. She presently lives in Liberia where she studies Chemistry with emphasis in Industrial Science at the University of Liberia.

Untitled

AngelGabriel Murphy Johnson

Please don't say goodbye
Because the rainbow is about to cry
The sun and the moon are losing their pride

Please don't tell me, I'll will love you again
When my heart has turned
Full of anger and hate

Please don't tell me you'll miss me
When my soul will be long gone
And silent like a cemetery

Please, just please, stay with me
Because we were born to walk through
The darkest part life has to offer,
To grow old and die in each other's arms.

Angelgabriel, pen named "Agaphy" is an aspiring Liberian poet. He lives in Monrovia and studies Economics and Accounting at the United Methodist University. He is the acting Vice President for InkAfrica Poetry organization in Africa and a member of Monrovia READS and Liberian Poets Society.

Untitled

Deedee Babalola

I fell in love with a gangster, I know, I know
I should be paying attention in class
But I was distracted
Distracted by the total lack of respect
He displayed for me and the other students
Laughing and yelling while the teacher tried
Her hardest to keep her composure

He was always around his friends
Never stepped foot in the library
Couldn't write a complete sentence

But there was something about him
His nonchalant attitude
His big bad wolf aura

He would go missing from school for days
Only to show up with bloodshot eyes
The smell of cannabis clung to him
Like a drowning man would cling to a rope

Often he graced
the campus with
Shirt untucked
Hair unkempt
Boxer uncovered
Deodorant unavailable

His rebellion disgusted me
And stirred a passion in me
At the same time

I would catch him checking me out
Observing my body from top to bottom
while licking his lips

But that's what he does to every girl
my friends tell me
He gets what he wants then dump them
They tell me I'm stupid and gullible
If I pursue a relationship with him
But you know what I think?
I think my friends are haters
Witches flying in broad daylight
Trying to steal my blessing

I fell in love with a gangster
And I don't care what anyone says
I see no fault in him
I have found my husband.

Deedee Babalola is young writer who studies at the Stella Maris Polytechnic. She has written several poems, one of which won the second place award at Dr. Patricia Wesley Literary Writing Program for Girls. She's a member of LPS and the ET manager of AIESEC.

Bond

William Korvah

Like planets in orbit, we revolve
This galaxy of ours, they forbid
Like a chemical mixture we dissolve
Forming a compound not easy to break

Two worlds collide
To smile and cry
To share sweet pain
From marriage came.

We seep through veins, as blood flow within
We travel through the pores of time
This hour of ours lasting for eternity
Till Heaven comes on cloudy wings

William Korvah is a young writer who studies Graphics Design and IT at the Institution of Educational Development and Advance Learning.

Writing for him began upon his participation in the Write Liberia Competition 2016 edition- poetry category, hosted by Smiling Faces International. He then went on to join the Liberian Poet Society, of which he remains an active member and manages the Organization's media arm.

Freedom land

Kristofer Scott

Before we reached freedom land
We were flogged and pierced
Tattooed with ebony rods
As chained up we came
We are returning chained up
Praying to reach freedom land

We were used as machines
We built for them paradise
out of nothing
Our strength became a threat
Now on great Elizabeth
Praying to reach freedom land

Bartered for tobacco
Like a chap of coal
Our fore fathers
fought to no avail
They departed freedom land
Through sweat and squeeze

Like horses racing
All strung up and lashed
In mournful grumblings
Our ancestors struggled
Toiling day and night
Praying to reach freedom land

Kristofer S. Scott is a Liberian and recently graduated from Stella Maris polytechnic, majoring in Architectural Engineering. When not stuck behind the computer drawing house plans, he's with a pen a pad writing poems and short stories. His works have featured on several well recognized platforms. He is the Executive Director of We Write Liberia, an organization that promotes Literary arts and Liberian culture. He is also a member of the Monrovia READS.

Author Interview

Our Spotlight author is a young Liberian motivational speaker, educator etc.

NASH MALA



LLR: First, we would like to thank you for granting this interview. Tell us a little about you- your education, upbringing, hobbies etc.

I am Nsah Mala, an African writer and poet from Cameroon. I am pan-Africanist and humanist in my writing approach. Writing for me is activism, it is contributing to shape a better human society. And I have a special interest and blessing in language learning and teaching, being a certified teacher of English and French. Comparative literary and cultural studies also fascinate me. And I do motivational speaking/writing and

personal coaching (mentoring) both online and offline. I am also a youth leader. Therefore, multitasking is my second name.

Why Writing?

I write in the hope of leaving the world better than I met it at birth. I am using my ink and paper, or better still, my keyboard and screen, to combat war, corruption, terrorism, climate change, marginalization, and abuses of democracy, inter alia.

I write
To burry bombs
To grind guns
To murder missiles
So that humanity
Can live in security
And harmony
With ecology
So we can live together
Despite our differences
I write for justice and love
In peace. Everywhere.
Every time.

What books have most influenced your life/career?

Things Fall Apart, by Chinua Achebe
Songs of Innocence and Experience, by William Blake
Poems of Black Africa, edited by Wole Soyinka
Ewa and other plays, by Anne Tanyi-Tang
Animal Farm, by George Orwell
And the list continues...

How Do You Approach Your Work?

Happenings around me, around the world, inspire me. And shape my pace and approach. If my first daughter was conceived at night, there is no guarantee that the next will be same time, same place. The surest thing is just that another child is forthcoming. And I mean literary children here.

What themes do you find yourself continuously exploring in your work?

Culture, Nature, Politics, Migration, War – Violence and Terrorism ...

Tell us about your book

My latest published book, that is, my fourth poetry collection, is [*Constimocrazy: Malafricanising Democracy*](#), released in the US in December 2017. The thematic concerns of this collection as wide-ranging as those of my other three collections: [*Chaining Freedom*](#) (2012), [*Bites of Insanity*](#) (2015) and [*If You Must Fall Bush*](#) (2016). However, the most distinctive feature of [*Constimocrazy: Malafricanising Democracy*](#) is its insightful exposure of

the abuses of democracy in many African countries. The poems seek to unravel why Africa is blessed with natural resources and yet cursed with poverty and misery by x-raying the role of bad governance, particularly semblances of democracy with constantly modified constitutions, in this striking paradox on our beloved continent. It is poetry that speaks for itself. And you better just read by yourself for the poetic intricacies.

What inspired you to write this title or how did you come up with the storyline?

My title was inspired by the numerous constitutional modifications witnessed in many African countries in the twenty-first century with the principal aim of maintaining certain individuals and dynasties in power.

Instead of modifications aimed at solving genuine collective problems and strengthening governing institutions. Yet, each of such countries brandishes itself as a democracy! My title, thus, attempts to capture constitutional

modification democracies and much more... including their impact on development,

I mean how they retard socio-economic development and subject the masses to misery and oppression instead of protecting and working for them, the masses, the people to whom power and the resources belong.

Is there a message in your book that you want your readers to grasp?

The messages are many, so many. Essentially, we need to see how the puzzling blend of monarchial rulership and democratic leadership leads to Africa's stagnation.

The very basics of democracy, especially power alternation, are largely absent on the continent and their negative effects are widely felt.

Exceptional democratic African countries know themselves and we are proud of them. May these poems prick the attention of other countries to emulate their good examples! Democracy is possible! At least basic one and its fruits are bountiful

Is there anything else you would like readers to know about your book?

The book is available on many online bookstores including Amazon, and Barnes and Noble, amongst others. An East African edition is being prepared.

Do you have any advice for other writers?

My advice is that we put humanity at the heart of our careers. Spice this with determination and hard work. Leave money aside and focus on art and humanity. Then other things will sort out themselves. Above all, trust the Almighty God, for those who are believers like me.

What book[s] are you reading now? Or recently read?

I Speak of Freedom, by Nkrumah
We Need New Names, by Bulawayo

Tell us your latest news, promotions, book tours, launch, etc.

I have begun sending out my first poetry collection in French, in search of a publisher. An East African edition of *Constimocrazy* is in the pipeline. Many reviews of this collection are forthcoming.

What are your current projects?

As usual, I am writing. As I always say, writers are guinea pigs; they conceive on the same day that they deliver.

Have you read book[s] by Liberian author[s] or about Liberia

Not yet, but I have read books by writers from and about many other African countries.

I am a pan-Africanist first and foremost. And I am looking forward to reading books from and about Liberia.

Any Last words?

Thank you very much, to the editor and team of KWEE Liberian Literary Magazine for featuring me in this great Liberian magazine.

Congratulations to Presidents Ellen Johnson and George Weah and to all Liberians. Weah's victory is a mark of democracy, not constimocrazy.

And we must all be proud of such democratic strides and pray that other countries on the continent borrow a leaf from Liberia. God bless you!

Author Bio



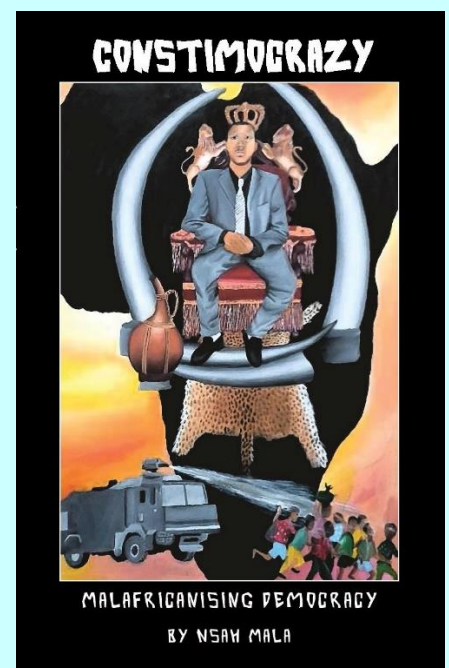
Nsah Mala is an award-winning poet and writer from Cameroon. He is the author of four poetry collections: [Chaining Freedom](#) (2012), [Bites of Insanity](#) (2015), [If You Must Fall Bush](#) (2016), and [Constimocrazy: Malafricanising Democracy](#) (2017).

His short story "Christmas Disappointment" won a prize from the Cameroonian Ministry of Arts and Culture in 2016. In December 2016, his short story "Fanta from America" received a "Special Mention" in a BAKWA Magazine short story competition.

In July 2017, the internationally acclaimed and award-winning Franco-Ivorian writer Véronique Tadjo quoted his French poem "Marché mondial des maladies" in her novel *En compagnie des hommes*.

His French poem, "Les servants de l'Etat", won the prix spécial e-cahiers littéraire de Malraux.org in December 2017. His poems and other writings have appeared (are forthcoming) in magazines and anthologies like Stories for Humanity, Modern Research Studies, Spillwords Press, Tuck Magazine, Dissident Voice, Scarlet Leaf Review, Miombo Publishing, Parousia Magazine, Vanguard HIV/AIDS and Sexuality Awareness Anthology 2017, The Zimbabwe We Want Poetry Campaign, and Best 'New' African Poets 2017.

His French poetry collection is forthcoming.



Herbert Logerie

It's Beautiful To Be Powerful And Kind

I never told you that I
was perfect
I merely stated that I
will succeed
Even if I have to
clean the dirty deck
Of your ignorance
and your intolerance
I will be the first to
stand up to lead
And to teach you
things that you won't
find
In a book; it's
beautiful to be
powerful and kind.

Power is funny,
strange, elusive and
temporary
Avoid stepping on
people that you
don't need now
Tomorrow is
decorated with
surprises. Do no kick
the cow

Let it eat the grass
and the leaves that
you use for tea
So its meat can be
not only pretty, but
delicious and tasty
Even if you are a

vegetarian, Mother
Nature needs
The spit and the
dung to nourish the
roots and the seeds.

I never told you that I
was perfect
I simply said that you
ring will not fit my
neck

It's Beautiful to Be Powerful and Kind

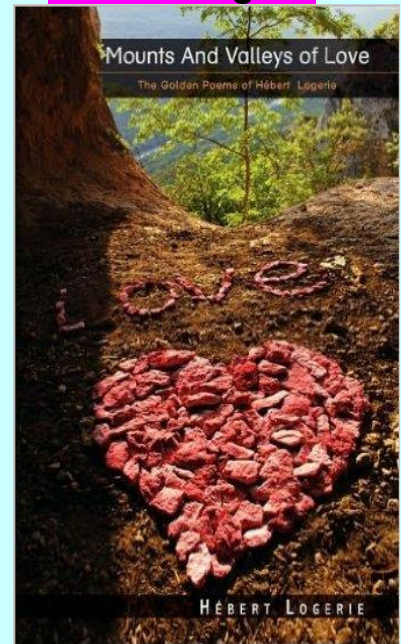
I never told you that I was
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Let it eat the grass and the
leaves that you use for tea
So its meat can be not only
pretty, but delicious and tasty
Even if you are a vegetarian,
Mother Nature needs
The spit and the dung to nourish
the roots and the seeds.

I never told you that I was
perfect
I simply said that you ring will
not fit my neck

© Hebert Logerie



Hebert Logerie

is the author of several
collections of poems.

Alumnus of: 'l'Ecole de
Saint Joseph'; 'the
College of Roger
Anglade' in Haiti;
Montclair High School
of New Jersey; and
Rutgers, the State
University of New
Jersey, USA.

He studied briefly at
Laval University,
Quebec, Canada. He's
a Haitian-American.

He started writing at a
very early age. My
poems are in French,
English, and Creole; I
must confess that most
of my beautiful and
romantic poems are in
my books.

<http://www.poemhunter.com/hebert-logerie>

<http://www.poesie.webnet.fr/vospoemes/logerie>

Hilal Karahan



Hilal is Turkish and has a known secret. She lives a triple life, all of which she is successful at, a mother, a poet and a medical doctor.

Purgatory Poems

1/

Time is over... movement
hastily collected the streets
to bring at home;

Scattered with the Gaze,
images... figures... those curses
dancing in the mirror of attention
have revived

Being tired of confrontation
to rancor and insolvency,
the civilisation, this carrion bazaar,

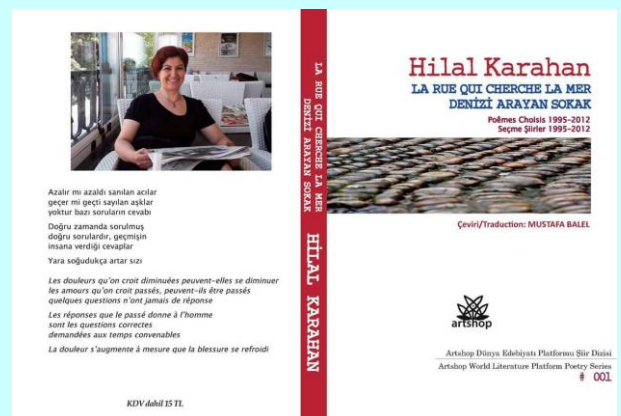
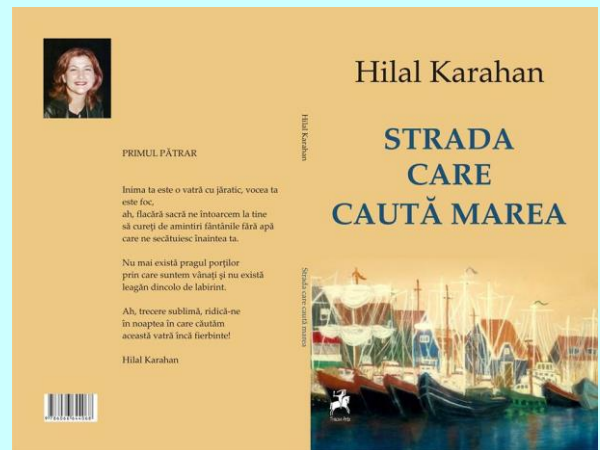
comminuted the cities
and made their dust fly to sky!

Universe blenched from this fury,
kneeled down on its dark prayer rug,
faithfully turning prayer beads of objects

to beginning:

—Let's wait... wait...

: waiting is safe.



Jack Kolkmeier

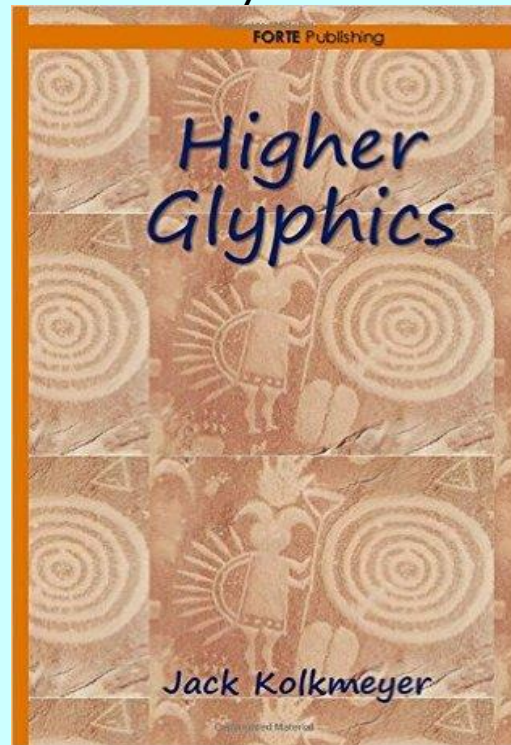


The Drum is the Voice of the Trees

a higher assembly
of faraway deities
sits in admiration
of their creation and
all they have made
a higher assembly
paces pensively,
dismayed
at all the riotous
movements
at one time
it was the best
but now
it is only a pile
of mess they
detest
the scattered
remnants

of rituals lost
and
earthly surprises
slightly below, a congress
of birds
just up there on the
wire
deliberates the changes
in the daily weather
oblivious to the power so
assembly

Delray Beach



FORTE Publishing

Jack's newest book [Philosophy of Yard](#) is expected to be published soon. But [Higher Glyphics](#) is currently available for purchase

Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

**'ALL God's Childrens' Aint Got
"Heavy" Shoes!**

God placed His heavy weight
in my shoes. Therefore,
"my feet's" and I, shall not, be moved,
nor complain. The *eyelids* of my shoes
remind me, to *watch*, fight, and pray.

The *tongue* of my shoe
is but a two-edged sword.
Speaks volume! Cuts going in!
AND...coming out for sure.

My shoes' inner *sole*
reminds me to love the Lord God with all
my heart.
With all my mind. And, with all my *soul*!

The shoe *heel* reminds me; to not see
the plagues that surround me,
nor the valley lows or mountain tops before
me,
BUT rather
to look to the *hills* from which "MY" help
comes.
Which is, the Father God (within me).

The *2-tied loops*, lacing my shoes
touts' a *knot*, and is but, a *threefold cord*.
The *cord* represents the *noose*
and the *knot* reminds me: THAT...
I.WEAR. SOME. HEAVY. SHOES. fo sho!

ALL God's childrens' aint got heavy
shoes to bear!
I wear a size S.L.A.V.E.R.Y.
What size 'YOU' wear?

Dedicated to: "my Momma," who
taught me how to 'watch', fight
and pray. I miss you B.A.D.

A B.A.D. Poem

Other books by Renee' Drummond-Brown:

~Tried, Tested and True POETS from
across the Globe

~A B.A.D. Poem

~The Power of the Pen

~SOLD: TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

~Renee's Poems with Wings are
Words in Flight-I'll Write Our Wrongs
And

~e-Book: Renee's Poems with Wings
are Words in Flight

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Renee' Drummond-Brown, is an
accomplished poetess with experience in
creative writing. She is a graduate of
Geneva College of Western Pennsylvania.
Renee' is still in pursuit of excellence
towards her mark for higher education. She
is working on her sixth book and has
numerous works published globally which
can be seen in cubm.org/news, KWEE
Magazine, Leaves of Ink, Raven Cage Poetry
and Prose Ezine, Realistic Poetry
International, Scarlet Leaf Publishing
House, SickLit Magazine,

Thelma Teetee Geleplay

PRISON BREAK

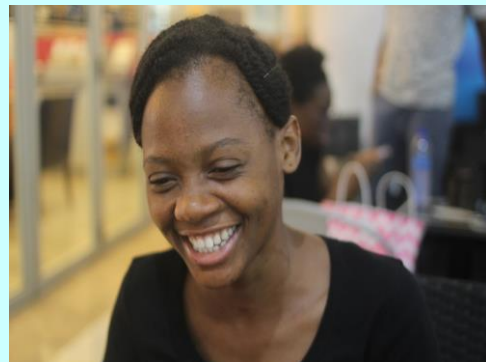
For so long we have been
imprisoned by fear and doubt
We always thought that we were
too little to be great
This sentence seemed like a life
time
Oh how miserable it felt to have
been locked up
Fear and doubt seemed mightier
than we ever imagined
Squeezing the strength of our
talents and imaginations.
They felt strangled within us.

The mind is the most powerful
workshop a man owns
But it can become weak once hit
by the chains of inferiority
Inferiority makes a man neglect
his great workshop to be messed
up by the dust of fear and
cobwebs of doubt
This makes him forget that he is
the artist of his beautiful future.
When left alone in this state, man
becomes a stranger to his
workshop
He looks on at it with disgusted
face but feels more comfortable
in others'.

Hit by wars and pestilence we
became prisoners

Beaten with whips of frustration
and stigmatization
It felt horrible to have a scar of
our own evil deeds
With broken hearts we bore the
pains that we felt
How long? How long? We cried
Time could not dry our wet face
nor mend our broken hearts
The quest for release became
stronger as the years passed by.

At last freedom decided to bill us
out
Our hearts melted at the news,
smile felt inevitable this time
Oh what joy freedom brings!
Finally, the chains of negativity
and pessimism are loosed
The locks of fear and doubt are
broken
The gate of freedom is wide
open
We are free to sketch the
pictures of our great future
To beautify it with the colors on
our mind
We can now have the experience
of a Prison Break
We are free at last.



I. Family Trees

(1)

mother was a mango transplanted by moon-light. she glowed like spilt cream. on unknown days she would burst into bruises, or leak tears, but it was just a skin game. fruit do that, seeping out ripe juice, when inside all is sweetening. the real hurt was slower, deeper.

as the years swelled, her tenderness rooted in the soil of bruised fruit. the real rage was churned with the father women. then they hurled it together like paint at uncles gouging *lobola* or marrying twice or taunting children.

these days everyone is quieter as she begins to sag into the third age, so terribly afraid of going blind.

(2)

brother was a flamboyant tree. he arrived like flint, which they fought over and everyone died. at first he would run through the house bass-booming for us to wake up. but as it became clear to him that no one would dye his room red he settled down to chewing gum and playing foosball. now, once a week, he hands out pocket money, backwards. we are so proud of him.

*Tsitsi Jaji*Culled from *Carnaval* © 2014

Ordinary Heaven

I arrange a doll in a chair and wait for her to speak.

I want to say, "Be!" but am an ordinary creation.

I watch for the folds under her eyes to twitch.

I have many dreams, I say to her.

In my dreams I'm better than myself.

I soften peppers in a well-greased pan and make announcements.

I say, in the afterlife we cannot allow a single particle of our light

to diminish. I am not a woman-prophet but I know paradise. I have seen my soul sitting on grass.

There, I learned God doesn't know shame, and after six days

He allowed our atmosphere to make certain souls wince;

we crawl under its magnificence. Here, I can attain ordinary heavens.

Here, I attend to my book of questions.

What is love? Why does it say,

"Allow me to mogul your soul?" Where does it keep what it takes?

What does the prostrating shadow request?

Why do rocks enslave

water? What is the slave's poem? Does the sea favor its roar

or murmur?

The doll cannot answer. The furrow in her bottom lip suggests

that entry into ordinary heaven only requires recognition of it,

for the soul's arrogance to weigh less than a mustard seed.

I am sorry for you, I tell her.

You witness but don't testify.

Ladan Osman © 2014Culled from *Ordinary Heaven*

Poems from Liberian Poet's Society

Changes

Choices

We must create a safe place,
We must Hate the wrongs and do
the right,
We must Not give up on our
children
We must prepare their Generation
to be strong
Strong Enough to stand foe their
generation.

Liberia

Renaissance Man

Born out of the offspring of
freedom
A glitter of hope and aspiration
With firmness and resolve
Yet, bewildered by the storms of
time.

Risen from the lions of obscurity
Brought alive by the exploits of
freemen
Basking in the aura of liberty
She remains the shinning hope of
Africa.

Left in the dark

stylish Maj

As the quenching of fire
Drives me to you,
Its wrinkling log
Signals those implacable
sweetness
That never runs dry as the infinite
ocean.

Feelings of compatibility
Bowling and falling
In the wilderness of trust and
understanding
Losing the faith of lust
Try not to withhold the deposits
of distrust

But still you didn't clothe me with
facts
As sweet as aroma lifts me up to
your lips,
Seizing me as your own

You offered those sweet pains,
Bringing hateful memories,
Of your deceit,
That perfumes unconsciousness
For the rest of my life.

Burden

Ebony's ink

I am just a child, but yet
I go through the worse every day.

Fitting in my ragged up dress,
Sweat rolling down my fair black face,
Feet black and dusty,
Eyes covered in tiredness and
innocence
As my tiny legs walk back and forth the
street
Till the night comes creeping in.

This burden on me is more than I can take.

Imagine nights when my sleep fades
away
And my mind lays within the thoughts
of the next day to come.
Another day, another beautiful day of
struggle and hustles
Finding something little to hang onto.

It's not like I'm letting go
But feel my face, listen to the trembling
of my voice
And know that my heart is not at ease.

Yes, I know you have this sad disability
But don't you put it all on me.
Don't place my life in a pool of suffering
All because my eyes are what you use
to see.
Don't misuse my innocence
Because of these sad words I wouldn't
speak
Please don't abuse my childhood days
All in the name of finding something to
eat.

I'm just a child!

Listen to these words I cry.
Believe that I'm helping but hurting
deep within.
I know this isn't easy for you but trust
me,
It's harder for me.

Trust me, you wouldn't understand.

You wouldn't understand that my
mates just passed me by
Laughing and playing with each other.
Carrying their bags on their backs
As they walk towards their dreams in
life.

You wouldn't understand that an Uncle
just told me angrily
To get out of his face.
Like, you just don't know that people
don't want to touch me,
Come close to me because I'm smelly.

You just don't know!
But today, this is my prayer to the lord.

Dear Lord,
Pease hear my cry,

Touch his sight to see again
And know that he's killing a girl child's
dream.

Be that pillow which I lie on when my
tears
Come crawling down my cheeks at
night

Save me one day, from this shelter of
thorns

And place me in the comfort of my comforter
So that one day my smile too will be seen by others

This is my words to the lord
As I hit my bed to sleep.

At that moment

No Labelz

When love knocked
The world stopped
The wind froze in its tracks
Solid skies formed cracks
Stars twinkled under wrinkled masks
The sun was caged between clouds
Rainbow formed hearts

When love knocked
Pulse beat to notes of marching bands
Strings of hair stood attention
As Goosebumps. Like plants, they grew
Jaws dropped as if unscrewed
Travelling eyes turned still, fixation
The battle of nerves and emotions never seemed to end

When love knocked
My hormones begin to riot
My tissues covered my cuts
Me cells started to beep
My organs craftily played keys
My body stood trapped
My breath stealthily escaped

When love knocked
The volume of my seething sighs faded into echoes
I saw visions of us dining on tectonic plates

Fantasies of love plunged itself within my head
My virgin thoughts were raped

When love knocked
I stood awestruck
Feeling jitters sail along my bloodstream
I panicked
I delayed responding
I froze
Now love is knocking at another's doors.

Blood Diamond

Dr. Drape

For this diamond
They killed my father
For this diamond
They amputated my mother
For this diamond
They made me a child soldier
For this diamond
They made me kill at random
For this diamond
They left me abandoned

For this diamond
Yea.... for this diamond

I suffered starvation
For this diamond
I had no salvation
For this diamond
I had no pardon
For this diamond
I carry scary scars
For this diamond
I'd wished my flute wore a parachute
For this diamond
My dreams were stained

For this diamond
My name was shamed
For this diamond
I strived to survive
Have I seen this diamond?
Have I touched this diamond?
O that they were blinded by demons
For which they knew no human
For this diamond
Freetown became a terror town
For this diamond
...I'm still in search for me.

leave no child behind

stylus

Leave us not behind for Africa's
development;
Like a shining star, give us
enlightenment.
We are words unspoken, we are the
world,
Like birds in a nest, feed us with love,
Give knowledge to our brains
Not drugs;
Give peace to our hearts
Not pieces to our lives,
Then leave us not behind for Africa's
development!

Leave us not behind for Africa's
development;
But empower our minds to lead this
continent;
Like mustard seeds, we can be great
But give us a fertile soil, a chance to
germinate;
Give us a shake in our palms
Not guns in our arms
Give us a chance to speak
That our future shall not be bleak

Then leave us not behind for Africa's
development!

Leave us not behind for Africa's
development;
Give us the strength to live without
impediment;
For how long shall we suffer war and
torture?
Enough of that, they've crippled our
future
Rape. Starvation, they've lead us astray
With all these, your promises you've
betrayed,
Teach us to love and not to fight;
Then, like a torch, well forever shine
bright
Then leave no child behind for Africa's
development.

Tic Tok

Native Poet

Alone I was,
On my own,
Carrying hope like a burden,
Caught in between past and future
As if life hates me or as if
Life has plans to later deliver inner
peace.

In my mess,
I believe in what lies ahead
I open my eyes to possibilities
And I embrace every chance given
By the second hand.

Tic tok
The clock shall tell someday
When my past
Shall be the funniest of my memories

Proverbs from Liberia

1. A bird may be in the air but its mind is on the ground.

This proverb can be used when one is physically far from home but is mentally still at home (homesick). It could also apply in instances where a person is with someone but loves another person, that is not the one they are with currently.

2. A bird with fire on its tail burns its own nest. If a bird allows its tail to catch fire and it enters its nest, it can't blame anyone else for ruining its home. Some choices we make, only lead us into danger.

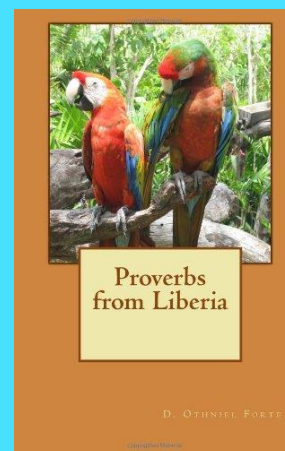
3. A child that they carry on the back, doesn't know that the road is long.

So many times, we take for granted the efforts of others to make our lives easier. We don't appreciate it or we take

it lightly. It is only when we have to do the same thing for ourselves or others, that we realize how it was difficult.

4. A fool is the only one who buys his own tomatoes. A wise person will never allow himself/herself to be misled. They would know better than to fall for such a trap.

5. A little rain each day will fill the rivers to overflowing. The little effort we make on a consistent basis, can accomplish the largest of task. The key is to be consistent at whatever it is we want to achieve.



D. Othniel Forte

Gifts of the masters

In this segment, we run poems from some of the greatest literary masters that ever lived.

Aunt Sue's Stories

Langston Hughes,

Aunt Sue has a head full of stories.
Aunt Sue has a whole heart full of stories.
Summer nights on the front porch
Aunt Sue cuddles a brown-faced child
to her bosom
And tells him stories.

Black slaves
Working in the hot sun,
And black slaves
Walking in the dewy night,
And black slaves
Singing sorrow songs on the banks of a
mighty river
Mingle themselves softly
In the flow of old Aunt Sue's voice,
Mingle themselves softly
In the dark shadows that cross and
recross
Aunt Sue's stories.

And the dark-faced child, listening,
Knows that Aunt Sue's stories are real stories.
He knows that Aunt Sue never got her stories
Out of any book at all,
But that they came
Right out of her own life.

The dark-faced child is quiet
Of a summer night
Listening to Aunt Sue's stories.

Langston Hughes
©The Collected Poems of LANGSTON
HUGHES

Life is fine! Fine as wine! Life is fine!
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permission.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

CHORICOS

The ancient songs

Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and

withered wreaths,

Regretful eyes, and drooping

breasts and wings—

Symbols of ancient songs

Mournfully passing

Down to the great white surges,

Watched of none

Save the frail sea-birds

And the lithe pale girls,

Daughters of Okeanus.

And the songs pass

From the green land

Which lies upon the waves as a

leaf

Quatrains

Gwendolyn Bennett

1

Brushes and paints are all I

have

To speak the music in my

soul—

While silently there laughs at

me

A copper jar beside a pale

green bowl.

2

How strange that grass should

sing—

Grass is so still a thing ...

And strange the swift surprise

of snow

So soft it falls and slow.

The Snow Fairy

Claude McKay

1889 – 1948

I

Throughout the afternoon I

watched them there,

Snow-fairies falling, falling from

the sky,

Whirling fantastic in the misty air,

Contending fierce for space

supremacy.

And they flew down a mightier

force at night,

As though in heaven there was

revolt and riot,

And they, frail things had taken

panic flight

Down to the calm earth seeking

peace and quiet.

I went to bed and rose at early

dawn

To see them huddled together in

a heap,

Each merged into the other upon

the lawn,

Worn out by the sharp struggle,

fast asleep.

The sun shone brightly on them

half the day,

By night they stealthily had stol'n

away.

Short story

Lazola Pambo

"A Guest of Honor"

Backstory:

Jean Claude first came across Irma Stern's "The Lost Muslim," on auction-purchasing it for R50, 000. The painting was eventually lost and later found in a dump site by an elderly woman, who sold it to a lady named Susan Wilkinson for a mere R100.

Jean Claude meets Susan for the first time and when invited to her house, he notices the original recovered painting. As a result, he is haunted by the artwork and is willing to do anything, even if that means doing something sinister that could result him losing his honor.

The narrator of the short story is a part victim to this comical fabula.

The greatest thief strikes during the day. He won't dare to compete with robbers of the midnight hour, since they have a phobia of being seen.

I consider it unfortunate to have come across Jean Claude Dubois Beaumont. I'll tell you why, just wait: let me finish. I would hate for any of you to think I'm hallucinating

about all of this. I've had my encounters with Jean Claude, and he spoke to me about everything. Yes, I mean every single Tom, Dick and Harry you can think of.

After all, we had a deal: a mutual agreement but he failed to keep his end of the bargain.

Here was a proud French man, an Art Director, who'd been in a foreign country of mixed cultures almost his entire life.

Others may argue by saying he was a man of sincerity but I beg to differ. Maybe admirable from our first meeting but beyond that: I have sour opinions of him.

From his workplace, at the Viljoen Art Museum in Cape Town, we celebrated his 56th birthday on the 14th of July, 2016. I'm not part of management or anything but in short: let me just say, I'm a Zambian boy, who has been given a second chance in life.

I'd been living in the Cape Town streets for a year since I ran away from home.

One day, Jean Claude came to my rescue, right after noticing how talented I was in drawing. He admired one of my paintings and offered me food and shelter, just as long as I didn't go back to my burdened life in the gruesome streets.

During his birthday party, Jean Claude went from jovial to moody. I found his

presence rather peculiar. After a while, he decided that he needed some air.

I knew it had been a typical lie because his mind was still fixated on that painting.

It was around 3:30 in the afternoon when he took a stroll to the V&A Waterfront, which was roughly 10 minutes away from the Museum.

Across the black marble tar road, a white blond lady, in her late thirties was struggling with a burst tire wheel of a cream 2014 Beetle.

Jean Claude felt sorry for her. A wistful melancholy arose. He knew how laborious it was for ladies to undertake the handy work of a vehicle.

Worst of all, there was not a single person willing to assist her. Everyone passed her as if they'd lost their eyesight from helping strangers. He heaved a sigh and walked to the lady.

"Uh, hello there," he muttered.

The lady gazed at him with her jaw-dropping. Maybe it was because of Jean Claude's height (7'1") that she seemed to be astonished.

He on the other hand, always smiled when people looked at him that way. It was nothing new.

"Oh, hi Sir," she greeted.

"Can I help?" Jean Claude asked.

"Err, are you sure?"

"Trust me lady," he said. "I once was a mechanic."

Jean Claude said this while rolling-up the sleeves of his blue striped shirt. He began to loosen the silver nuts: then positioned the jack under jacking location.

Next thing he did, was to raise the vehicle slowly by turning the jack handle clockwise. Jean removed the flat tire carefully and installed the spare. He then tightened the nuts and removed the jack.

Susan was impressed by his handy work.

Finally, she could drive her car without any hassles.

"Thank you so much Sir," she said, smiling. "You've helped me a great deal."

"Nothing a mechanic can't fix," Jean Claude answered.

"Your hands," said Susan. "Are dirty. Let me get water or a cloth inside."

"No, no relax," said Jean Claude. "I'm okay, it's just a small stain really. I'll wash it when I get back at the office."

Susan felt humbled to be in the aid of such a kind man, especially one who didn't look old as his age suggested. She knew her mother taught her well to always pay the kindness back that she'd received from others.

"By the way, I'm Susan Wilkinson," she began. "And you are?"

"Nice to know you Susan," he said. "I'm Jean Claude Dubois Beaumont."

Such a long name, thought Susan. But there was nothing to mock there because she figured that this fellow had origins from a distant European clan.

After the two exchanged greetings, Susan invited Jean Claude for supper. She gave him the location to her house. HE was surprised that it was not far from the area.

The next day, around sunset at Susan's house, her eighteen-year old skateboarding son Jack, was rather surprised to see how excited his Mother was as she put three white plates on the mahogany table in the dining room.

"What's up Ma?" he asked, sniffing.

"Jean Claude Dubois Beaumont," she said, being unable to hold back her smile. "Will be joining us for supper tonight."

The name didn't quite sink in with Jack, he pulled a strange face at Susan.

"Jean Claude who?"

"Dubois Beaumont," she replied.

"Where on earth did you meet this guy?" Jack asked.

"Are you sure he's not some hopeless romantic looking for marriage?"

Susan rolled her eyes back at her son.

"Come on Jack, lighten up," she said. "You know I'd never cheat on your father."

Susan explained how she'd met Jean Claude and Jack seemed convinced. Besides, his parents had been married for 20 years straight now. He had to somehow give his mother the benefit of the doubt.

"So what time is he coming?" Jack asked.

"Anytime by now," said Susan, filling up the table with a buffet and red wine.

Jack's big round green eyes kept inspecting the dining room back and forth. Everything looked so neat.

The END



Lazola Pambo

is a South African poet, novelist and essayist.

The majority of his work has been published in "The Criterion: An International Journal in English," "New Contrast," "The Kalahari Review," "STORGY Magazine," among others.

His young adult novel: "The Path Which Shapes Us," was published to critical acclaim by Lingua Franca Educational Publishers in 2016.

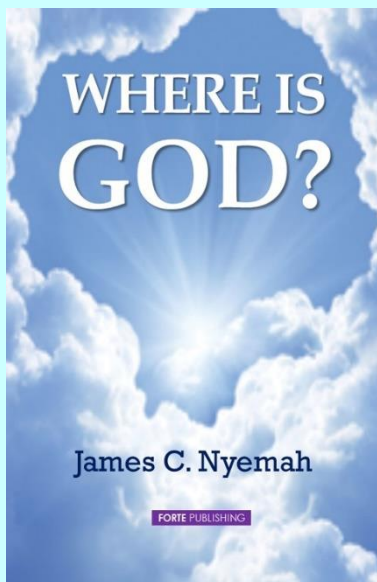
You can follow him on Twitter @LPambo and Facebook.

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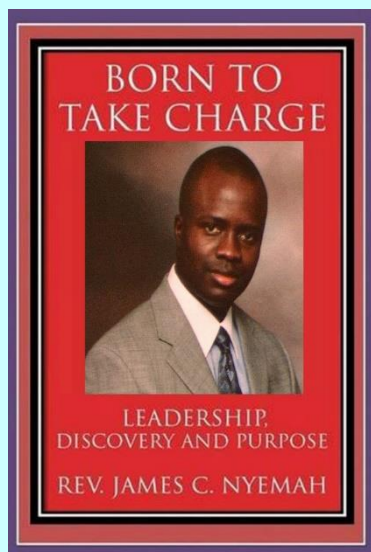
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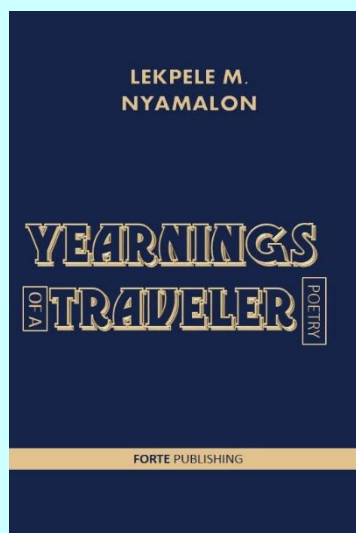
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We all have a yearning for something. For Lekpele, his has been a message of self worth, as we see in his signature piece, My Body is Gold; one of patriotism, as in Scars of A Tired Nation; one of Pan Africanism



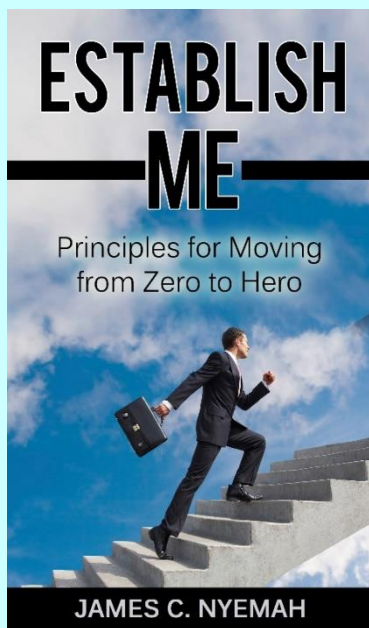
as in the piece, Dig The Graves. He also has a message of hope as seen in his award winning poem, Forgotten Future. He is an emerging voice that

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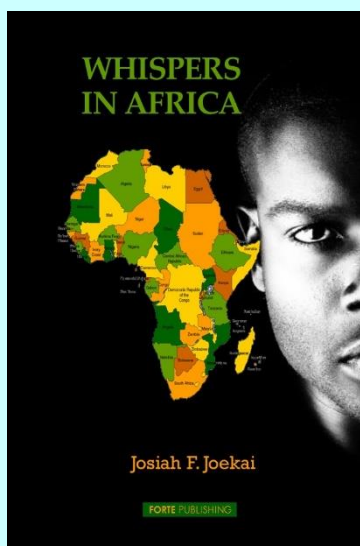
***ESTABLISH ME Principles
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WE GET BROKEN, DAMAGED, THORN UP BY THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE. IT RIPS US APART, IT SQUASHES US. WE FEEL DEJECTED, REFUSED, ABUSED AND USED. WE OFTEN DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SHATTERED SOULS. WE SEEK A PLACE OF REFUGE, OF CALM, A PLACE TO MEND THOSE PIECES. WE SEARCH FOR A PLACE SET APART FROM THIS WORLD TO PULL US TOGETHER



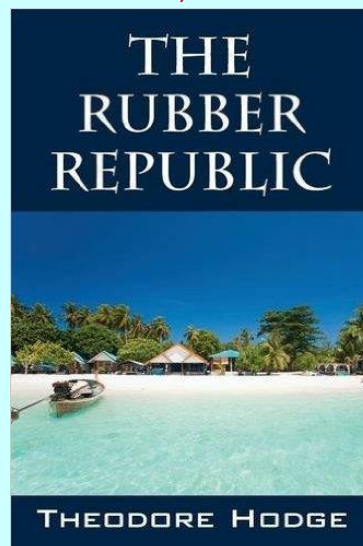
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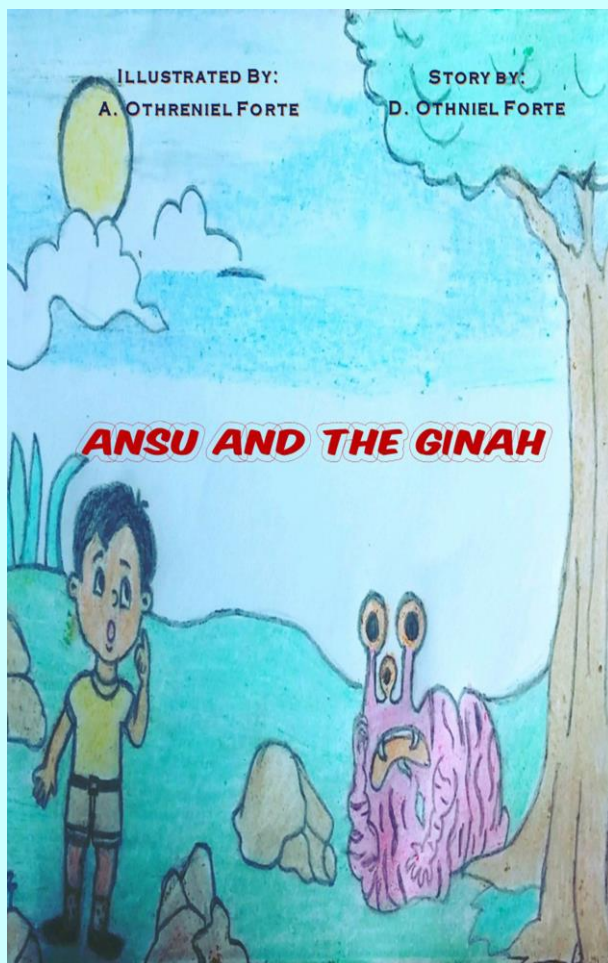
the intriguing and fantastic lives of two young men, Yaba-Dio Himmie and Yaba-Dio Kla, who leave their parents' farm in search of enlightenment and adventure. But the story is also about their country, the Republic of Seacoast, and a giant American Rubber conglomerate, The Waterstone Rubber Plantation Company.

Mohammed Dolley Donzo

In his debut endeavor, *Our Future Today*, the author writes about things that should unite not just Liberians but Africans as a whole. He encourages African youths to stand firm and revive the strong warrior spirits of



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Ansu, is a stubborn boy, he doesn't like to listen to his parents. He prefers to do naughty things.

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Follow Ansu as he journeys through the deadly Liberian forest. **Ansu And The Ginah**, is a part of the **EDUKID Readers Series**.

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Miatta, an orphan, lives with her foster parents. She is hardworking and focuses on her studies. Life is dull, boring and quiet. She is ordinary, or so she thinks. Accidentally, she stumbles on a magical kingdom deep in the Liberian countryside where she learns that not only is she welcome, she is a princess.

Miatta The Swamp Princess recounts her adventures into the African forest.

Belle Kizolu is one of the youngest published Liberian authors. She lives in Monrovia where she attends school. She is in the 7th grade.

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*Happy
Thanksgiving
to the People
of Liberia*

President George Weah



Executive Mansion

Around Town



Cozy Evening



Local beach



Child selling Plantain



When water business gets tough, these are the lifesavers. They charge like hell 😊



An old house in true form to the Settler's tradition

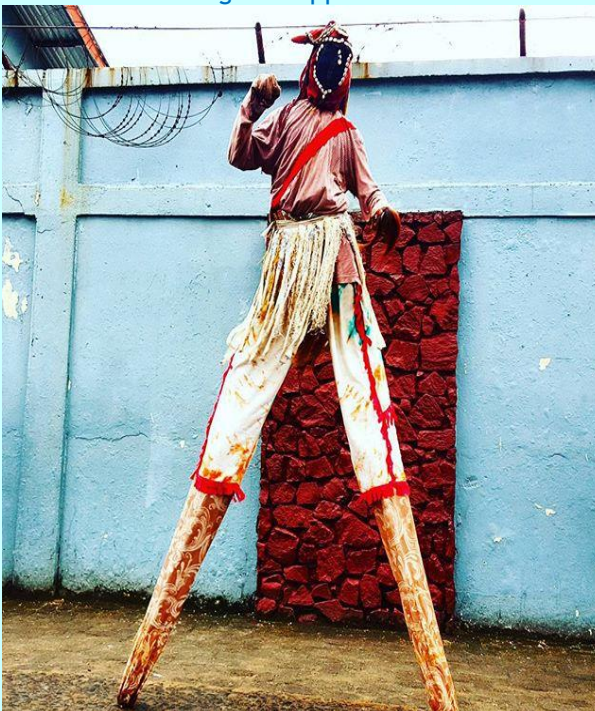
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School kids having fun



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



Traditional Dancer from the Gio Tribe



Photo: S. Mark

City Center



Bomi County, a perfect view



Famous Liberian Piggy Hippo



Kpwete exotic waterfall is a great opportunity to expand tourism.



Down town Pehn Pehn Hustle



The People's Monument
Centennial Pavilion



Forget us not



Local sellers; Hustle; real life situations

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Bomi County, a perfect view



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**The People's Monument
Centennial Pavilion**

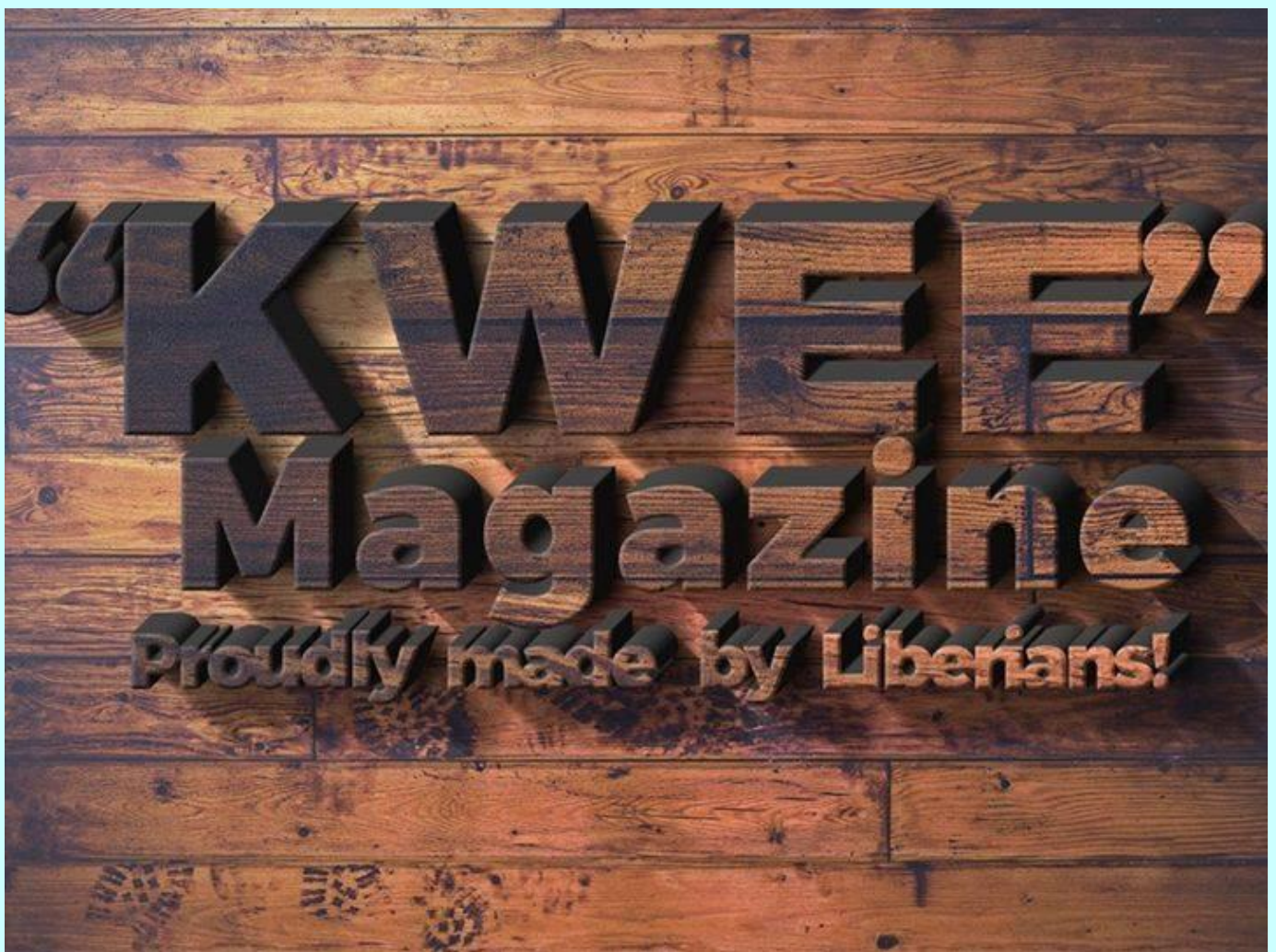


Forget us not



Local sellers; Hustle; real life situations

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For some time, the arts have been ignored, disregarded or just taken less important in Liberia. This sad state has stifled the creativity of many and the culture as a whole.

However, not all is lost. A new breed of creative minds is rising to the challenge. They are determined to change the brief silence in our literary space. In order to do this, we realized the need to create a *culture of reading* amongst our people.

A reading culture broadens the mind and opens up endless possibilities. It also encourages diversity, and for a colorful nation like ours, fewer things are more important.

We remain grateful to contributors; keep creating the great works, it will come full circle. But most importantly, we thank those of you that continue to support us by reading, purchasing, and distributing our magazine. We are most appreciative of this and hope to keep you educated, informed and entertained.

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Liberian Literary Magazine

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