

KWEE

Liberian Literary Magazine

Aug Issue

**SAYE
ZONEN**

**Book
Reviews**

**Short
Stories**

*Authors of the
month*

**EMPI
BARYEH**

**LIBERIAN
CLASSICS**

**'RIGHT' BETTER
Liberian
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Poetry Series

Maya Angelo
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Poetry Series

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Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE



Liberian

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.

Literary

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.

Magazine

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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. Colloqua [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. ☺

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.

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.

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, **2017**, was an amazing year in many regards. However, **2018** promises a whole lot more in as many, if not more, ways as 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!*****

Editorial



Africa & China

The recent Sino-Africa summit was interesting for a lack of a better word. The Chinese host dangled 60 billion and all our hungry leaders could think of was how much of that am I getting. And that, is precisely why the dangle.

A simple but brilliant strategy. Take a bunch of girls and place them in front of a candy store whilst the boys are dropped before the closed gates of the toy store. Not much else needs to be done. The excitement, the greed, the simmer, the longing to lay scrawny fingers on priced items will do the rest. If the conditions are set just right, they'd each sell out the other for the chance to get in there and grab, grab

and grab a little more. Hardly ill they think IF there is enough for all; enough to go around or enough value in the gifts in the first place.

One would think that the value exchange would be a primary consideration, but not with this lot. It is one bad case of "how much can I lay my hands on" to "how much can I stop the others from getting".

Within that spectrum, the outcome is as predictable as the waking the next morning to a rising Sun from an easterly direction.

So, whilst China springs the perfect trap to buy out Africa, our leaders set themselves out for the fall and conveniently blame the west for all this mess.

They can afford to accuse the former masters of neocolonialism because amongst other things, it makes them sleep somewhat at night. Perfect kill, aint it? But what do I know about such things? ☺

US Open

Fewer [and I mean every single letter of that, F.E.W.E.R.] competitions are as hotly contested as arguably the biggest arena in the tennis world.

Serena Williams is undoubtedly the best tennis player in our times. She has proven this way more than I care to count. So why now? What the fuss is? I mean, she has won this title more times than Naomi has numbers to her age. It should be easy for her to let go right? WRONG. Tennis at this level is no child's game. You play for keeps. It does not matter how many times you do it, at this level, everything is up until one person wins. Yeah I know some ya gonna be blabbering about how she stole the child's moment and all but until that final moment, no one gives in at this level. Serena did nothing any of us would not do, fight for her win. Or in this case, her loss. It is not unreasonable to expect her reaction. Though, it may be a bit unprofessional.

The Coach

Now here is a dude that has no excuse for his actions. Had I been any less optimistic than I am, I'd say his blunder was intended to derail her ... but I'd hate to feed the conspiracy theorists in their quest. Oh, and I'd definitely be bursting the bubbles of those 'conscious' brothers and sisters. The MAN ain't out to get nobody here. He is a professional coach, he should know better. No excuse. He began this mess and stepping up to take responsibility is not just enough. Yeah, I can be as petty as 45 when I want to be. 😊

The Umpire

Now, here is a dude that I am struggling to not pull the rack from under if he ever runs a game again. His actions were simply egoistic. Dude was flirting around his b@!!\$. Simple. He made no effort to calm the situation down. Knowing how tense such matches are, he

could have literally gotten off his high chair and done something of value to ease the situation. He rather allowed it to grow only to prove he had the largest bouncing object on the pitch. Well, whadda ya know? In my Mickey voice.

Sexism

Most certainly had this been a Nadal or Federer, I bet he would have acted differently. I doubt he set out to do this but it is like on the freeway and some random dude passes you and smirks or at the traffic light and a car that has less power than yours beats you to it and you for some reason feel they are laughing at you up ahead. So you step on that gas to teach them a lesson. He made the calls and he was about to show this chic, he had that power.

The Crowd

Once again, we see how the very people that cheer you on when they are on your agon can trash you after they

leave. It is a sad reality of life. In any sports, booing is no fun. It is unacceptable and should never be encouraged. The funny thing is many did not even understand what the contention was they just went about booing. In football, we hate this crap, in basketball, the same, it aint gonna ever be right in tennis.

Noami Osaka

Now this here is a darling. She had to play a woman that inspired her and she outplayed Williams from the start. This is true talent. The little angel deserves her win. She learned a hard lesson with this mess and it is good she did so early in her career.

The rest is often noise from the liberal media that loves to grasp.

😊



D. Othniel Forte
Managing Editor

In Celebration of Bai T. Moore

Rock Chunkers

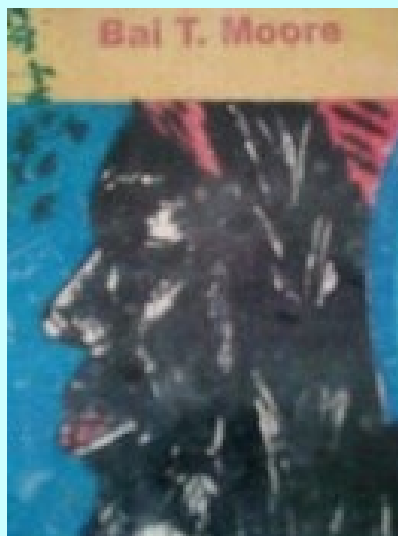
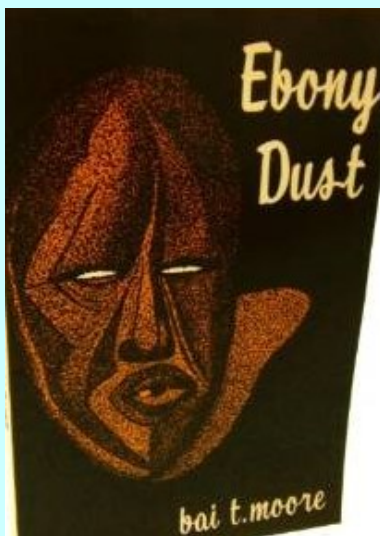
Bai. T Moore

Rock Chunker

Rock chunkers
who hide their hands
after throwing them
at you are not
hard to catch
just shake the bush
they hide behind
as hard as you can
you'll see them
sneaking out softly
and trying to run like hell

The Moon

From the window of my hut
Majestic beauty wings the sky,
Some people call it nature
In awe, I call it God.



Authors of the Month Profiles

SAYE ZONEN



Saye Zonen

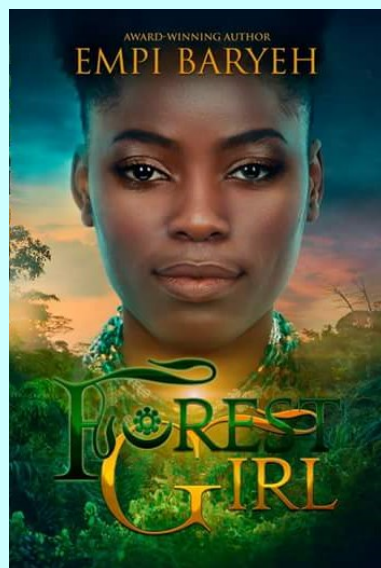
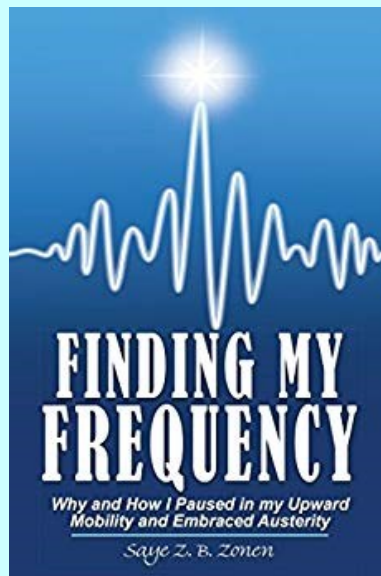
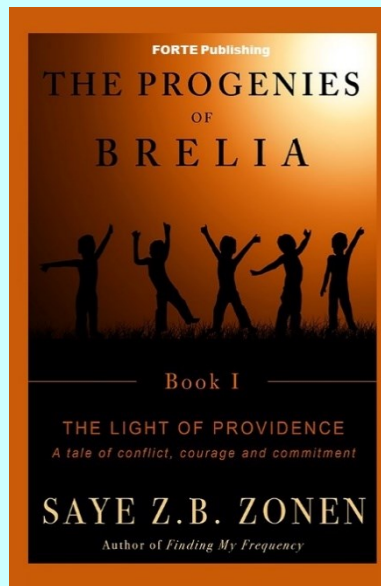
SAYE Z. B ZONEN is a Liberian author, inspirational speaker and educator.

This book is the first of three books in the series. The entire series focuses on civic engagement, national pride, involved citizenship, participatory patriotism and above all, values and beliefs.

His debut book, "**Finding My Frequency**" is a semi-autobiographical read that encourages courage.

Saye values reading and he believes transformation in a person or nation is possible when providence leads it.

He is a trained electronics engineer who spent eleven years working for Intel Corporation and General Electric healthcare.



EMPI BARYEH



Empi Baryeh

I'm an author of sweet and sensual African, multicultural and interracial romance, which happens to be my favourite genre of romance to read. I have two novels out: **Most Eligible Bachelor**, from Evernight Publishing, and **Chancing Faith**, from Black Opal Books.

I was born in Liberia, and therefore, consider myself an honorary citizen of Liberia. When I'm not writing, I love to read and plan new stories. I live in Accra, Ghana, with my husband and our two lovely kids.

I am a member of Romance Writers of West Africa (RWOWA), a support group for romance writers of West African origin and/or writers who write romantic fiction set in Africa.

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

SAYE ZONEN

Author Interview



Liberian Literary Mag conducted an interview with SAYE ZONEN

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 SAYE – a Speaker, an Author, a Youth-mentor and an Educator. Born in Sanniquellie City, Nimba County. A father of four children. Trained as an Electronics Engineer and began writing in 2007

Why writing? I write to express and share the thoughts I harbor.

What books most influenced your life/ career most?

Camara Laye's "The African Child"

How do you approach your work? I nurture the inspiration by jotting down thoughts over a protracted period, and when the

impulse intensifies, I go in and put it all to paper in a short time. In other words, I wait for the thing to use me.

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

Self-Improvement/ (personal development). Inspiration

Tell us a little about your book[s]- storyline, characters, themes, inspiration etc. I have written two books to date. A semi autobiographical-inspirational book and a fictional-aspirational one. My characters are modeled after everyday people. They speak truths that are existential. They inspire.

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

I was inspired by the disorderliness and stagnation that Liberia has become.

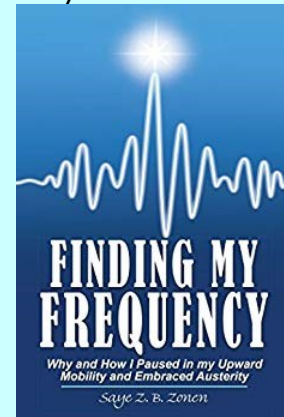
Is there a message in your book that you want your readers to grasp? Yes!

Follow your intuition and participate in the civic affairs that govern you, else you whine.

Is there anything else you would like readers to know about your book? My books will challenge your reading ability. Enjoy!

Do you have any advice for other writers? Follow the flow. Start where you are and write the only the

things that hold meaning for you.



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

I am currently reading Herman Hesse's "Saddhartha"

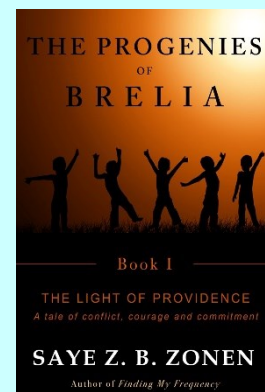
Tell us your latest news, promotions, book tours, launch etc.

"The Progenies of Breliia" will be rerelease at the end of 2018.

Visit my website, www.sayezonen.com

What are your current projects? I am recording notes for the second book in The Progenies of Breliia trilogy

Any last words? Let writers write, readers will find their content.



Diaspora Poet

Survivor Soldier

Inspired by 'Convert or die,' Nigerian terrorist group Boko Haram tells Christian women, Fox News 19.11.13.

I am captured in God's name
penned in like sheep
by devoted soldier-shepherds.

In God's name I am hemmed in
pressed into the duty
deemed a woman's destiny.

I am trained in God's name
to go out and shape the world
according to the rules of men.

Only they speak God's word
and women under their command

slaughter those defying
their manic message.

But I am the one not
broken.

I am the she-wolf
among the sheep.

© Althea Mark-Romeo ,
09.02.14

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

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.

THE QUEST

Saw you my love as
she fled far away,
Down by your waves,
O sea,

Fleeing in haste at
the first smile of day,
—
Hastening away from
me?

Tell me, O tell from
your mystical spray,
Saw you my love to-
day?

But the sea growled
in anger and answered
me naught,

Down by its rock-
bound shore;
And I took my
lament and my
sorrowing thought

Far from its furious
roar:
But I left it my curse!
— let it roar, let it
roar! —
Ay, I cursed it
forevermore!

Then I turned to the
shrubs that encircle its
verge,

— Sentinels
guarding the Coast —
And I lifted my voice
o'er the din of the
surge

And questioned the
spray- kissed host:
"Saw ye my love as
she wandered this
way,
Just at the birth of
the day?"

But the shrubs
answered me with an
irony sore:

"Ask of the clouds
thy love!"
Then I cursed them
too, and my agony
bore

To the shade of a
neighbouring grove,
Where I brooded my
sorrow in that place of
delight,

Awaiting the coming
of night.

Soon the phalanx of
Night with a steady
advance

Conquered the
monarch of day;
And life's revels and
riots, pretensions and
cants

Died with his
flickering ray.
Then I rose in my
anger and questioned
with might:

"What of my Love, O
Night!"

#KolloquaTakeOva

In Liberia, the closest thing to pidgin is the Colloqua [Liberian English]. It is the one thing that every Liberian understands and or speaks. It is tonal and has roots in the deep southern belt of the US. There are elements from the Caribbean and West Indies adopted due to the transatlantic slave trade.

Unfortunately, this rich language has received very little scholarly study. This however, has not limited its growth. Regularly, new words and phrases are added. Its growth is alarming. It's used in more than the markets and streets it used to be restricted. Currently, many radio programs are delivered in this medium and serious advertising goes on using the Colloqua.

Marketers, it seems are not the only ones cashing in on Colloqua, the music industry over the last five has hugely vested in it usage. This is greatly responsible for the growth in the industry. Their movie and film

counterparts are growing into tapping into this market.

Sadly, it seems only the academia and writers that are not making major usage of it. This is partly due to the stigma once associated with the usage of colloqua- it was once believed to be used by the with little formal education.

Here at KWEE, we break barriers. We do the unexpected we keep finding new frontiers. We threw the box away long time just o swim in the open sea of creativity.

This segment translate works into Colloqua or create new, original ones. Our hosts will explain things so our non Liberian readers can enjoy the beauty of the pieces.

Ay Unkor, I Your Daulor Oh

*I say ... dah you der so?
You really getting fresh
in ley place here oh.....
Dah you weh was just
walking around
Here nakay and in tear
tear clothes
dah you looking like
dat;*

*all your tay tay standing
like that and your
tumba shaking bad
way.*

*Ay unkor
I ur daulor oh....
Don't be saying dah
kindna thing
Dey nah good oh*

*Wait here ya smor gal
You nah know dat
Kaykay can eat ay own
baby*

*Bor we nah kaykay oh,
we're human beings
We nah supposed to
eat our own children*

*You think dah me who
wey fatten frog for
snake, I mon nah taste
de palm wine
Before selling ay ehn.
Ay unkor, I stay ur
daullor, you nah suppo
to eat me*

D. Othniel Forte

@ the author addresses the issue of 'Godpa' business and some of its effects on society. Apparently, not much effort is placed on stopping older men from preying on younger girls. The high level of poverty is often used as an excuse. Our view is that nothing justifies this and society should not be placed in a position to ever accept it.

Unscripted

August 2018

Books by Cher

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."

STUCK

Stuck,
stuck,
stuck in a rhythm
that's going no
where
gripped by fear.

Should I dare
to question
my pace,
my place
in this race
for award?

Reward
my efforts;
give me the cup
to sup
of the dreams
I should follow.

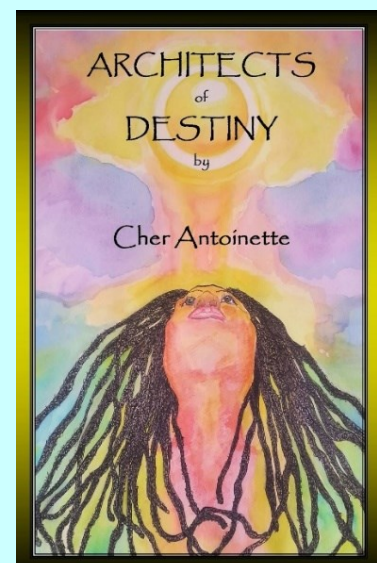
Sprinkle the
path
with fairy dust,
click red heels,
feel the wind
at my back.

Blow!

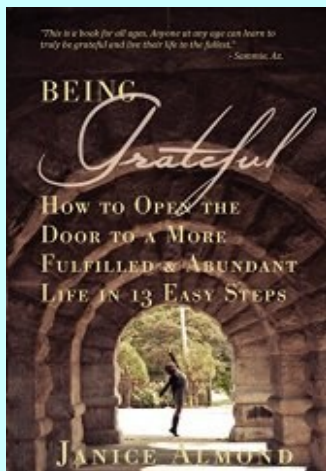
Blow away
the nightmare
of fear.

My dreams
are black,
are back
to the crack
of the whip
on this nigger's
back.

Cher-Antoinette ©Cher



Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

Almond Joy Newsletter

August 2018:

Perhaps you are down and can't move your soul because of unforgiveness abiding in your heart. This is something you have to let go of! There is no option. Unforgiveness kills your soul. It drains your soul of vitality and energy. Forgiveness is a choice. It's not easy by any means and may even take a few unsuccessful attempts until we can emotionally forgive. Your pain will not completely leave your heart until you completely forgive that person or that situation.

Really, it takes an act of your will. It takes not bringing the situation, event, or hurt up again. It takes releasing that person of their debt. I will admit some situations will affect your sense of being happy. It can be a struggle. But, this is when you have to appropriate some "will power"! You have to choose happiness now.

BEING HAPPY book excerpts **KEY #2 Energize Your Soul**

Testimonial: I loved the writing style of the author. The book is very engaging. Full of great inspiration. Prayers, affirmations and scriptures references are fantastic. It's a book I would read again and highly recommend. I

loved the suggested reflection points and there are many sections I saved and will reflect on more. Really enjoyed the clarity and flow of her book. Listening to her is like being in school with a caring teacher.

Click the link below to download your copy TODAY!

https://www.amazon.com/BEING-HAPPY-Overflowing-Everyday-Grateful-ebook/dp/B07FS9CF5Q/ref=sr_1_7?ie=UTF8&qid=1532900094&sr=8-7&keywords=being+happy

To energize your soul, try meditating or praying. Get in a quiet spot, close your eyes, and think and reflect on positive and uplifting moments in your life. Take deep breaths and relax all over each part of your body. Now, empty your mind of all thoughts and just be. Be thankful and appreciative of what you have. You have life. You have this moment. For these reasons alone, you are blessed. Allow your soul to be energized today and tomorrow and for as long as you have breath.

Hear what John Wooden said, (1910-2010), American basketball player and head coach at the University of California at Los Angeles, UCLA. "Things turn out best for the people who make the best of the way things turn out." How true this is. I have often heard it said that your attitude determines your altitude. If you want to live higher, lift your soul higher. See every day as a day to experience something good. Be energized no matter what is happening in your life or in the world...

Surrounding yourself with the presence of serenity will do wonders for your soul. Go outside. Look at the sky, the sun, the clouds, the trees, the birds, feel the rain, smell the flowers, touch the grass. Be in awe of the magnificence of the stars, the moon, the darkness, the sounds, the movement in the sky. You will feel a sense of contentment. Enjoy these free gifts we have been given...

REMEMBER to "BE HAPPY!"
Until September,

Janice

Janice Almond, P.O. Box 3522, Riverside,
Ca 92519, United States

You may unsubscribe or change your
contact details at any time.

KWEE Promoting Liberian Literature, Arts and Culture

#1 Amazon Kindle Best Seller New Release

www.janicealmondbooks.com

Reach out to me: Get a copy of my first book, *BEING GRATEFUL*...free! Simply click the link: begrateful.subscribemenow.com

-- You will join our "being grateful" community. We look forward to having you become a part of spreading gratefulness around the world.

Until next month-
Your attitude matters,
Janice

Follow me on twitter: [@JalmondjoyRenee](https://twitter.com/JalmondjoyRenee)

Like me on Facebook:
www.facebook.com/begratefulbooks

Sign up for my monthly inspirational newsletter and get my first book *Being Grateful: How to Open the Door to a More Fulfilled & Abundant Life in 13 Easy Steps* FREE!

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I choose to never back down by ...

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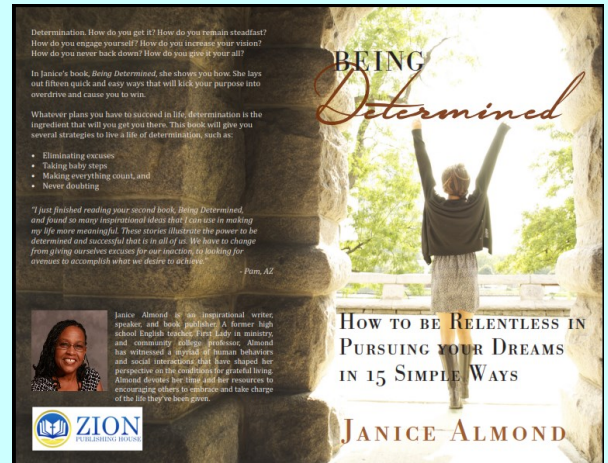
Janice Almond is the author of the *Being Grateful* book series. Her first book in the series, *Being Grateful: How to Open the Door*

to a More Fulfilled & Abundant Life in 13 Easy Steps is available on her website:

www.janicealmondbooks.com.

Follow Janice on Twitter:

[@JalmondjoyRenee](https://twitter.com/JalmondjoyRenee)



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AUTHOR OF THE

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Author Interview 2

Spotlight Author

EMPI BARYEH



Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with **EMPI BARYEH** 😊.

LLM: First, we would like to thank you for granting this interview. Let us kick off this interview with you telling us a little about yourself....

I'm an author of sweet and sensual African, multicultural and interracial romance, which happens to be my favourite genre of romance to read. I have two novels out: Most Eligible Bachelor, from Evernight Publishing, and Chancing Faith, from Black Opal Books.

I was born in Liberia, and therefore, consider myself an

honorary citizen of Liberia. When I'm not writing, I love to read and plan new stories. I live in Accra, Ghana, with my husband and our two lovely kids.

I am a member of Romance Writers of West Africa (RWOWA), a support group for romance writers of West African origin and/or writers who write romantic fiction set in Africa.

I can be found online at:

My [blog](#):

<http://empibaryehauthor.blogspot.com/>

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/empibaryeh/>

Twitter: [@empibaryeh](#)

2) Why writing?

My interest in writing started around the age of thirteen after I stumbled upon a Young Adult story my sister had started. The story fascinated me so much that, when I found out it was unfinished, I knew I had to complete it.

Somehow, the rest of the story began to take shape in my mind and I've been writing ever since.

3) What books have most influenced your life/career most?

Does anyone remember those Pacesetters? For me, they set the tone for my writing. As a young girl, I used to love reading foreign books more than African books mainly because African writers seemed to want to "show the world they went to school".

I found that I enjoyed the easy flow and unpretentious narrative of books like the Nancy Drew series and later novels by the likes of Danielle Steel, Sidney Sheldon etc. This was until a friend introduced me to a Pacesetters novel and I found myself thoroughly enjoying it. I remember thinking, this is how I want to write - books that readers can read simply for the love of reading!

4) How do you approach your work?

Up until very recently, I've approached my work as an emotional writer - i.e. I write when the mood hits.

While this approach usually means I come up with some very good work (if I may say so myself), it also leads to a very slow pace. My new approach, which has



enabled me to finally complete another full-length novel is to



add a bit of plotting to my ad hoc routine and schedule writing time daily. The more I write - even if it's just

300 words (one page) a day - the more likely it is that the mood will hit the next day.

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

I write romance, so love is huge part of it. I like to look at different angles to popular themes especially in an African setting and context. In my soon-to-be-published novel, *Forest Girl*, I explore an arranged marriage where the man is forced into the marriage, rather than the usual scenario where a young woman is forced to marry a wealthy old man.

6) Tell us a little about your book[s]-storyline, characters, themes, inspiration etc.

I have two published novels.

CHANCING FAITH
He didn't do short-term relationships...

American ad exec, Thane Aleksander, doesn't date co-workers either—until business takes him to

Ghana, West Africa, and he meets Naaki. Now he's at risk of breaking all the rules. Can he stop this headlong fall before it's too late?

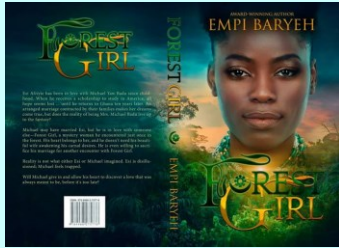
Until he met her!

Naaki Tabika has a burning need to prove, to herself and others, that she's more than wife and mother material. To do so, she's prepared to give up everything for her job. Meeting Thane, however, makes her want to get personal. But falling for her boss could destroy her career. Will she be willing to risk it all for the one thing that can make her truly happy?

Two divergent cultures, two different races, two career-driven professionals, only one chance at true love—will they find the faith to take it, or will their hearts be sacrificed on the altar of financial success?

MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR

Magazine columnist Chantelle Sah doesn't celebrate



Valentine's Day—not since her fiancé's betrayal three years ago—and after botching her first assignment as a feature writer, she's more than willing to put in a hard day's work this Valentine's Day; even if it means going on a date with gorgeous construction Tycoon, Lord McKenzie, and opening herself to an onslaught of all things love.

When Lord—his given name, not a title—sets his sights on Chantelle, it isn't just work he has on his mind. But even he couldn't have predicted the magnetic attraction between them when they meet, nor the evening ending with more than an interview. Now he has to convince Chantelle that their one-night stand wasn't a mistake. Can he win her love without revealing a secret from their night of passion, which

could prove fatal for both their hearts?

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

CHANCING FAITH, started out with the idea of writing an interracial romance where race wasn't the issue. This gave me the opportunity to showcase the Ghanaian culture more than I would have done if I had focused on racial tension etc.

MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, started as a scene in response to a Valentine's Day writing contest where writers were challenged to write a scene about a first kiss. I didn't win the contest, but the story stayed with me, and I ended up expanding that scene and fleshing out the characters.

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

What I've discovered as a reader is that I draw very surprising conclusions from

books. I read to enjoy and if the plot or characters are good, they tend to stay with me. So the simple answer is I want readers to read for the love of reading, the love of romance and the love of African culture. If I've done a good job, they will grasp diverse messages from my books.

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

Watch out for FOREST GIRL and the sequel to Chancing Faith, currently titled EXPECTING TY'S BABY, later this year.

10) Do you have any advice for other writers?

Reading helps your creative juices, so read a lot. Once in a while, read outside your usual genre or comfort zone.

Write daily. Even if it is only 100 words a day. Don't leave writing to chance, make time - even if it means waking up thirty minutes earlier or

going to bed thirty



minutes later. Take advantage of your smartphone and connect to Google docs when you're on the road.

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

I am currently reading a book titled Walk Like A Man by Suz DeMello, a contemporary romance about a physical therapist who has to help a professional footballer to get back on his feet after suffering a severe injury.

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

No news yet, but I will be going on a promotional tour with Chancing Faith in preparation for the

launch of its sequel. Readers will be able to enter a contest for a chance to win a free copy of either of my books.

13) What are your current projects?

I am editing two novels mentioned earlier, FOREST GIRL, and EXPECTING TY'S BABY, which is a standalone sequel to Chancing Faith. I am also embarking on a project with a group of writer friends - a series of novels set in a fictional African kingdom.

Readers are invited to join my mailing list to get the latest updates on my upcoming novels:
<http://empibaryehauthor.blogspot.com/>
or
<https://www.empibaryeh.com/books>

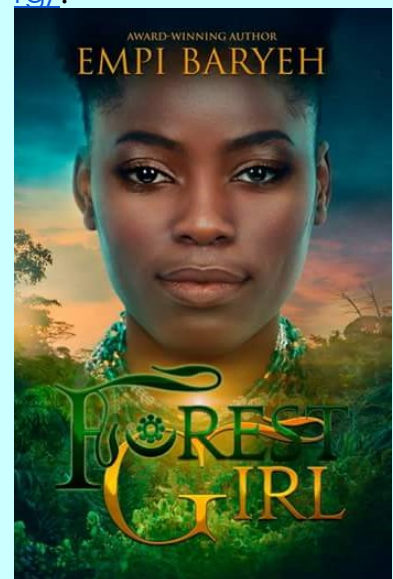
14) Have you read book[s] by [a] Liberian author[s] or about Liberia?

Not yet, but it is part of my writing goal this year to read at least one book by a Liberian author. Recommendations are welcome.

15) Any last words?



I want to say a big thank you to KWEE Liberian Literature Review magazine for this opportunity to talk about my writing, and hopefully inspire other African writers to hone their crafts and publish. I take this chance to also invite published and aspiring authors of romance to join Romance Writers of West Africa at <https://www.rwowa.org/>.



Short Story 1

DRY DOG SWEET

*DRY DOG SWEET BUT
WHAT WILL YOU BE
EATING WHILE YOU
WAITING FOR THE
DOG TO GET DRIED?*

This was especially funny (and gross!) when I heard it. Who eats dried dog? I know that in my neighborhood, dogs were pets, not food, so the idea of eating dog meat was especially foreign to me. During the war, people had to eat whatever they could find, and that included dog meat. So even though it may have seemed abhorrent so some, they had to learn to live with it. Anyway, substitute any other type of meat for the word dog that will make it more palatable to you – chicken, beef, pork, or fish. Any of these can be dried and they all will take a while

to get done. The main point of the saying is “what do you eat while you are waiting for the fish to get dried?”

Promises, promises. In the West, they learn to curb hunger for impulse buying with credit or credit cards. They buy things they don't need because they want to impress people or because it is their habit. Also because they don't think through what they already have before they purchase. Once they've bought the item via credit or credit cards then there is what they call regret because now they have to look at the bill and their actual cash flow, but by then, it's too late. They don't have to wait for the fulfillment of the promise because they can get it on credit. In Liberia, at this time, our shops are not overloaded with goods that one

just has to have. **That can be a good thing because people could buy less impulsively.** They have to wait until there is enough money and they have to wait until the circumstances are right, but they have to wait, and that is what this Liberianism alludes to. But waiting is tough. The Bible speaks all the time about “waiting on the Lord” but that is a hard thing to do when there are so many other things right in front of our noses.

As a child, you are told often to “wait until you get older”, “wait until you get bigger”. That may be true but dry meat sweet, what do I do while the meat is being dried? As a parent and teacher, I understand the need to make children wait. I know what the end is going to be but they may not. I know that the light at the end of the

tunnel is a train so I want to shield the little ones from certain disaster. Oh, but they are impatient. They want it and they want it now.

This impulsiveness could also lead to corruption, which I think is an even bigger sin. People have felt denied for many years due to many things – lack of education and health services, lack of money. When they get to a place where they have power over these things then for them there is no need to wait any longer. They must have it now. That idea of having it now leads to theft, robbery, and even murder. Yes, some people are even killed because they stand in the way of what they want now and others must be eliminated for them to get what they want.

My take on this Liberianism is that it is a two-edged sword.

On the one hand, we live in a society without a formal credit system and where promises by employers, politicians, and government are often left unfilled. People feel the need to ask the question “what must I do while the meat is getting dried?” What must I do while waiting for the fulfillment of the promise? Therefore, people, who loudly proclaim a belief in an almighty power and something greater than themselves, resort to depending on themselves to take care of themselves. Even though they go to a place or worship at least one day a week and proclaim through songs and chants that they will surrender to God and they espouse that they are going to a better place when they die, its like “Dry Dog Sweet (future)” and they think about surrender only when there is no other

option. They lie, cheat, steal, corrupt as if these are options “What must I do while I wait for the Dog to Dry?”

The other edge of the sword comes with the laughter at the end of the phrase. Don’t credit anyone. Don’t wait for someone to pay you later. Take your money up front because you don’t know what will happen in the end.

This is less a sermon than it is an advice, which is what the Liberianism is intended to do.



Lovette Tucker

Is a career educator. She recently left the Cuttington University and is now with the Gbowie Foundation. Her anthology of short stories is expected to be published soon.

'Twas Brigg'in

**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.

B'nai Israel

On Eugene behind my
house
The Jewish graveyard
next to woods
Where the scrape of a
shovel
Was often heard
Opened its ivory gate
I entered and found
The old graveyard man
digging
An early morning
grave.
I asked who it was for
He said he didn't know
He didn't care
anymore

Tired he left saying
He would finish it
tomorrow
That evening I climbed
as I had done before
The wall of stone and
broken glass
For the gate was shut.
I climbed down into
the unfinished grave
Still curious who it was
for.

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.

I Am Not The Poet

I am not the poet
Rather the man in
deep forest
Lying on the tracks
Waiting for the six
fifteen

The old maid cleaning
toilets
In the bus station
Near her in a broken
stall

The young one with
cramps
Texting, oh god it hurts,
oh god
I am not the goddamn
poet
Rather the pizza driver
Crying softly in his old
Escort
Suspension gone, tires
bald.
In the drive thru
The old, old gray man,
so tired
Handing fries to the
addict, so wired
The bus boy at the bus
stop waiting
But the bus is late, so
he lights another
Coughing, seeing it
coming, he groans
I am his twin brother,
iron frail
Male of female, female
of male
Older or younger,
better or worse
Made of ether resting
on bones
Found on the corner
Of Walther and
Southern
Selling snow cones.

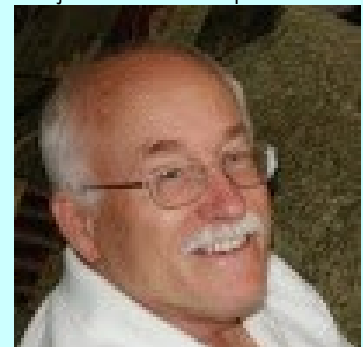
The Red Wagon

I pull the red wagon
Into the local bar,
drunkards
The bartender, the
dishwasher
In the back, they load
it

Now down to the
tracks
The engineer on the
five fifteen
Says, here you go.
Off to row houses to
knock
On every locked door
Some peek out
curtained windows
Some open, say okay
On sidewalks I collect
from old men
Drowsy on white
marble steps
Now down to the
shops, the factories
The malls, the
skyscrapers where
those
At each quiet floor
Silently pile on more.
On to the state pen
where inmates
In the yard holler, over
here!
There's more over here!

© 2005 *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



An interview with **Camille Barr**:
Author of poetry collection *Behind
The Façade*

I wish I could say that I travelled first class to Australia to interview poet Camille Barr but alas, Forte wouldn't let me have the travel expenses. So here I am in France, and there is Camille in, judging by the photograph, a beautiful part of Australia. Camille is a recently published poet. I was asked to read and review *Behind the Façade* and was very impressed with her work.

Camille tells me that when poetry was introduced at school it, simply made sense, I could clearly recognize the patterns and loved its musical tone. She must have also had a good literature teacher. However she makes an important point here; she recognized the patterns and musical tone. Rhythm and music come over very strongly in her poetry.

Camille is enthralled by writing. What a lovely use of language, to be *enthralled* and she has been known to get so caught up in it that I seem to lose

time. Two hours can pass and it will feel like 5 minutes.

As a poet I find what she says very interesting. It is thought of poets that their poetry comes from inspiration and inspiration alone. She says, I approach my work in a few stages which are I read/research then reflect then write. I also carry notebooks everywhere because one thing I have learnt is the perfect sentence or idea can appear at any time so being prepared is a must. I think Camille and I would be in agreement that writing poetry is a discipline. This struck me about her work. The ability to be able to say a great deal in a few words.

Camille's collection is titled *Behind the Façade*. I wanted to know more about, why the title. Her answer, without comment from me:

As unlikely as it sounds the inspiration for the title came while studying architecture. We were exploring a site and had to write a narrative for it and that is when I wrote the poem *Behind the Façade*. The rest just flowed from that theme of looking beyond the exterior representation to see if it holds true. My collection of poetry focus' on social and political themes in an attempt to analyze the rhetoric that has become such commonplace in this modern world that it can be hard to tell fact from fiction. This collection is as the title suggests looking behind the facade of the modern world. I think matters dealing with the inner workings of social structures have always interested me and therefore themes that explore these areas are constantly drawing me back to them.

The main message is a critical mind is a thinking mind and a thinking mind is an innovative mind. My book is not about leading others to my point of view it is about encouraging critical thinking.

I find the final statement to be so core to her collection. And, in these days when we are told how to think

through all the media, advertising, political leaders, this is the message that Camille gives us; learn how to think for yourself. Critical thinking should be at the core of our lives. Camille, you must be a wonderful mother and your children are blessed.

Links to Camille's page:

www.camillebarr.com

Her collection can be purchased on order from all good bookshops and online stores.

© John Eliot.2018

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.

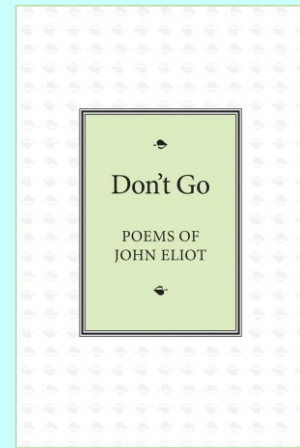
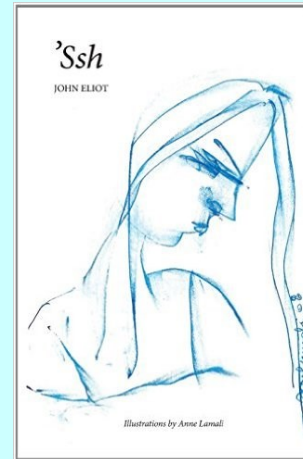
Any comments to

I will reply to all emails.

Connect here:

johneliot1953@gmail.com

John Eliot



"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 - Reflections of France

by Damian Harris

Out of the blue, Mike said, "You got a minibus license to drive people to France? You up for it?"

"I could. There's a possibility." I thought for a moment. Looked at Mike, gazed around the small concert hall we were in where a local band were giving it all they were worth, the lead singer doing a great Jagger impression as Mike said, "Well? I'm desperate." Desperate, so you come to me. Thanks, very flattered.

"I can't," I told him taking a sip of my juice, I don't have a passport."

"Well, now's your chance." He smiled that persuasive smile he has and his spectacles reflected the light. "Get a new one."

A lapsed passport is a useless one. So at the time, a few days in France seemed a good idea. Now is the time to tell you, how wrong I was. But no, how correct!

Mike went on to tell me how he'd arranged for several local musicians from Swansea, South Wales, UK, to perform at a small, village arts and culture festival in Saint-Clementin, France. This was in the hope of potentially negotiating a future exchange relationship of sorts between the organisers and [Welsh Connections/Welsh Sound Board](#). I am a co-director of [Welsh Sound Board](#), but when plans had been made for the trip I had been concentrating on my final year at university. Anyways, I was asked if I would be able to drive the party to the festival and back (as it was common knowledge I have a D1 allowance and a hunger for driving challenges!). Knowing how important it was for Mike that this venture went ahead, I checked my schedule and could see I could make myself available and said, "Yes".

Soon the time was upon us; the day before we were due to head to France! I had taken delivery of a 17-seat Ford Transit, and I was to be at Mike's to pick up him his partner Teresa and 9 other Swansea musicians. I'd either previously met them all or at the very least was aware of due to my time playing in bands and helping organise events for a number of years.

these were:

Joel Morgan, longtime close friend and fellow scene front liner for 20 years and of course, the brains (broad definition!) behind [King Goon](#).

Recent good friend and fellow WSB member, singer/guitarist from [Lost Tuesday Society](#), Sarah Birch (Flipsy).

One-time acquaintance from around 2011 Garage Original Music Community days [Roger Henderson](#).

The music video industry pioneer [Keith Williams](#) who I'd got to know recently after World v World were privileged enough to have him involved in the video shoot to our last single, Sea Of Glass.

[Helen Banham](#) of Fat Larry's Soul Band, whom I'd not previously met, and would be responsible for the photography over the weekend.

Andy Collins, a musician with an illustrious past with his involvement in The Stories and The Karrats amongst other local legendary projects...a man whose face I'd seen somewhere at virtually every venue during my 20 years on the scene, but whom I'd never met.

Incredibly talented singer/guitarist, Rhiannedd Collins,

And of course, the Welsh Connection himself, Mikel Kennedy.

Recent Death Monkey Records acquisitions, Portraits were also due to appear at the festival on the Friday but were making their own travel arrangements due to other gig commitments over the weekend back in Swansea.

After meeting at Mike's at around 9:30am on the Thursday, we embarked on our adventure!

Final boarding at Newhaven was 5:15pm, so by the time we hit the road at around 10:30am, we figured even with the van's speed artificially limited to 100kmh, we had sufficient time to make it to the harbour.

As it turned out, after just a short rest stop en route, we made it to the gate with just 15 minutes to spare and were soon on the ferry ready to head to Dieppe. After a reasonably pleasant crossing (bit gusty on the deck about half way out but Mike controlled his seasickness)) we disembarked at Dieppe and made for the hotel we'd been booked in to in Rouen, which we arrived at roughly midnight. We separated in to our rooms (myself sharing with Joel and Mike...but with my own

bed...reckon I won that night out of the three of us!) and settled ready for the several hundred mile drive the following morning. With me being a poor sleeper,

After a short sleep (much of which somewhat disrupted by some of the most intense snoring I've experienced in living memory, we set off for Saint-Clementin at around 8 the following morning watching the scenery change from motorway to some of the most idyllic countryside I've ever seen. We finally made it to the village around lunchtime. After brief introductions and a light lunch, we were grouped off to our respective and very hospitable host families who would be putting us up (or putting up with us!) over the weekend, (I was to share the abode of an absolutely lovely couple who spoke very little English, and I hadn't spoken a word of French for near 20 years, however, it transpired that I'd been paired off with the man of many languages and amazing stories, Roger Henderson, so the language barrier was all but insignificant as long as he was present. We were able to grasp our bearings and familiarise ourselves with our beautiful surroundings prior to Portraits performance that evening, which, although stripped back and acoustic, was top-notch.

After the festival ended for the night, the Welsh contingency commandeered the local bar for some impromptu performances of both original and cover songs, accompanied and segued by street poetry from a group of Irish folks who were also attending the festival as performers. It certainly was the bonding session that cemented many friendships that weekend both within and beyond our group, and was also the first time any of us had ever played together, which was good practice for when we had to do it for real the next day on stage!

On the Saturday, Keith gave a great talk about his time making music videos for some of the industries most legendary artists in the afternoon. Afterwards the musicians had a quick run through of what we had to play that evening back at the home of John Eliot. That evening we performed to a very welcoming crowd. To have the opportunity to perform

with Roger, Andy, Sarah, Rhianedd, live was a unique privilege. And of course, it's always great getting to play any music with Joel as we've worked on so many different projects together during our time shoulder to shoulder in the trenches of the Swansea music scene! This was followed by the headliners of the evening, Holy Moly & The Crackers, and even more impromptu music and poetry at the bar into the early hours.

Sunday saw us making a trip to a 1000+ year old chapel and spending timeout at a nearby river...where I challenged my issues with water by taking to it on a kayak. Something I would never do. Maybe it was the heat of 30C, made me delirious or something. There was awesome wildlife at the river too.

In the evening we were invited to a small party at the home of some of the organisers of the event, where some acts performed again to a very small audience in a very intimate setting.

Monday was the day to leave, and we had to say goodbye to some very, very welcoming and kind people, the villagers of St Clementin who had made us so very welcome. I thank them on behalf of the Welsh. I hope our paths will cross again..

On reflection, this weekend was one of the most memorable experienced I've ever had. I met new friends, faced interesting cognitive, diplomatic, physical and linguistic challenges, discovered connections to people I never knew I had, discovered new sides to people I already knew and have also grown as a musician and a human. Friendships were made, bonds were strengthened, and we all had a very unique experience...an experience of the same situation but experienced individually and will remember for ever. And all this happened for me because a friend asked for a small favour.

Thank you, Mike.

c. Damian Harris

(Damian has kindly written this month's According To Eliot column whilst John has a holiday.)

IT NEWS



Image Credit: www.cctv-africa.com

War-torn country to benefit from old MPCC computers

They served their purpose at a rural college in West Central Nebraska - now a collection of phased out computers will be used to improve education half a world away.

Fourteen Dell laptops purchased at a surplus auction at Mid-Plains Community College are headed to the West African country of Liberia. There, they will provide a vital resource for a land decimated by years of conflict and disease.

“Everything in Liberia was destroyed as a result of 14 years of civil war,” said Karneh Tour, a founding member of the Union for Nimba Development and Progress (UNNIDEP). “People fled to other countries. Those who stayed just tried to survive. The women were raped, and the young men were used to transport loot from raided towns. Then, Ebola took over. Education was not a priority.”

UNNIDEP is trying to change that. The nonpolitical, not for

profit organization was started a year ago by a group of Liberians who immigrated to the United States.

“We are originally from Nimba County,” said Matthew Gongbee, another founding member of UNNIDEP. “Liberia is comprised of counties made up of different tribes and ethnic groups, and Nimba County is the second largest in terms of population.”

Bound by passion and a moral obligation to help the families back home, UNNIDEP members, now 300 strong, have decided that if they want change to happen, they must be the force that makes it happen.

In the most remote parts of the country, especially, the population is destitute,” said Gongbee. “But, we don’t want to just give the people money. If we do, they will spend it, and it will be gone.”

Instead, the organization has chosen to concentrate its efforts on three main areas: agriculture, healthcare and education.

“Education is the most valuable thing we can give them,” said Gongbee. “In Nimba County, one working person is responsible for providing for at least seven people. If we can get two or three people within that group working - then we minimize the poverty rate.”

The process is easier said than done, but UNNIDEP stays focused on the positive aspect.

“Liberia is devastated beyond imagination, yet we see the appetite - the yearning,” said Gongbee. “People want to learn. They just don’t have access to the tools to do that.”

Laptops seem like a logical solution. They can be transported easily and don't take up as much space as a desktop system. Portability and adaptation are key in a region where much of the basic infrastructure no longer exists.

"Everything comes down to a lack of opportunity," said Tour. "People have to walk many miles to school. Then, when they get there, there are no books. There are no labs for research because there's no electricity."

The restoration of power, reconstruction of roads and renovation of schools and libraries are some of UNNIDEP's goals.

The organization also wants to develop programs to help subsidize the salaries of teachers within Nimba County. It would like to improve student enrollment and retention through the creation of scholarships and other financial aid opportunities.

That will all take time. Until then, the organization is working to provide books and other educational materials to the schools that remain in existence.

That's where MPCC comes into play.

Emmanuel Luke, an information technology instructor at Mid-Plains, is from Liberia. He purchased the laptops bound for the country at the college's surplus computer and electronics auction in October. They had been cycled down through MPCC's departments and eventually phased out.

"The plan is to give them to Nimba County Community

College," said Gongbee. "The school had computers when its lab opened in 2005, but that equipment is now obsolete. The laptops from MPCC will be a huge boost to the quality of education the college can provide."

Tour believes the laptops will also go a step further by helping to alleviate financial tensions for students.

"Right now, they have to either handwrite everything or pay someone to create documents for them on a computer," said Tour. "The laptops will ease that economic burden and allow students to save what money they do have for food."

The hope is that at least 50 computers can be sent overseas. Members of UNNIDEP have been buying laptops with their own money to meet that goal, and after Luke's purchase, the total is up to 21.

It's a small victory, but one that puts Nimba County that much closer to breaking the cycle of poverty and enhancing the quality of life for its citizens.

"We were just like our brothers and sisters in Nimba County in that we used to wake up and not know where our next meal was going to come from," said Gongbee of the UNNIDEP members. "Most of us, by God's grace, were given opportunities. That's all we want to do – create an avenue that will allow the people of Nimba County to make something of themselves."

More information about UNNIDEP and its projects can be

found online
at <http://www.unnidep.org/>.

Information about MPCC is also
available online at mpcc.edu.

Cutlines:



Nimba1 – A sign directs people to Nimba County Community College in Sanniquellie. The college will soon receive 14 Dell laptops from Mid-Plains Community College in North Platte, Nebraska. (Photo courtesy of Kevyn Wightman)



Nimba2– A desk sits under a tree on the grounds of Nimba County Community College. A group of immigrants based in the U.S. is providing resources to the college in the hopes of creating an educated workforce in Liberia. (Photo courtesy of Kevyn Wightman)



Nimba3- Students at Nimba County Community College are trying to improve themselves and end the cycle of poverty that has plagued Liberia for years. (Photo courtesy of Kevyn Wightman)



Emmanuel-Emmanuel Luke, information technology instructor at Mid-Plains Community College, teaches a computer class earlier this year. Luke, a native of Liberia, recently purchased 14 Dell laptops at MPCC's surplus computer auction. The laptops will be sent to Nimba County Community College in Liberia to help better the education there.



Liberia

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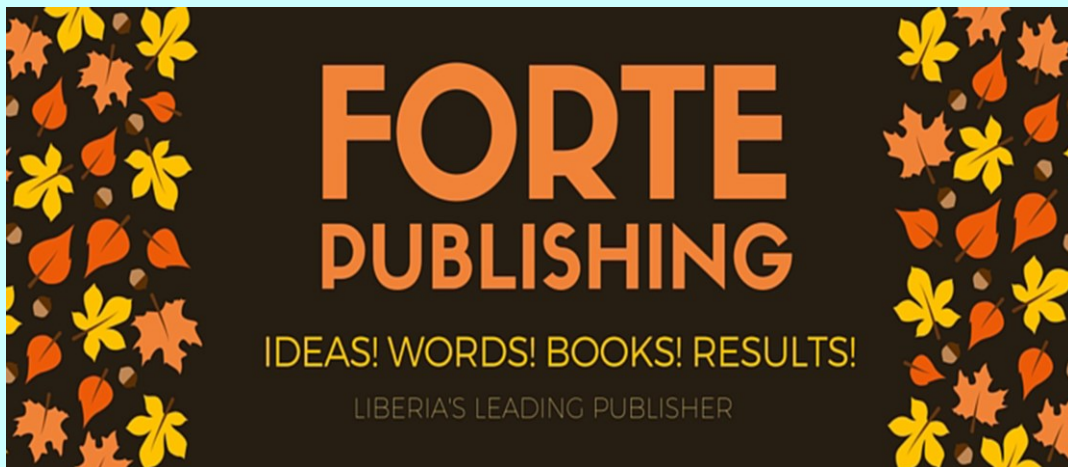
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Liberia Rising Literary Festival

The 10 day festival [July 20-29] was intended to display Liberian creativity in the arts. Originally, it was to kick off with the Citizen Teage Play, written and produced by **C. Patrick Burrowes**. Teage is a key founding father of Liberia. He wrote the declaration of independence, wrote an earlier version of the National Anthem, which was not accepted and served as the secretary of the Constitutional convention of 1846.

The one-man play brought back to life Hilary Teage, in the person of local actor Major Dahnsaw, who had a lot to say about a positive Liberia. The Old Hack was quite displeased but extremely hopefully that reminding this generation could catch up in time and improve on this current rise in the arts. It ran for three days. The next three days should have been an art display at the Bella Casa hotel whilst the next three was a literary festival at the Tree House grounds[a grand closing would have accounted for the last day.]

This part was in partnership with Monrovia READS, a reading literacy program that travels across the country encouraging a reading culture. A little over a year ago, D. Othniel Forte relocated and began the program, which soon drew in several Liberian established and emerging writers. The core team includes **Mae Azango**, internationally acclaimed journalist and rights advocate and **Kpana Gaygay**.

Some of the readers and panelists include, Dr. Patricia Wesley, Dr. Patrick Burrowes, S.K. Duworko, Nvasekie Konneh, James Dwalu, Saye Zonen, Mae Azango, Kpana Gaygay, Samuel Dweh, Mohammed Sy and Janetta Konah.

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10 DAYS OF LIBERIAN CREATIVITY

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MONROVIA READS

CITIZEN TEAGE A HISTORICAL DRAMA STARRING MAJOR DAHNSAW

Before Nelson Mandela and Kwame Nkrumah, there was Hilary Teage, pan-Africanist.

He was the father of Liberia's independence.

Teage is back and he's vex with this generation. Come hear his story in his own words.



Monrovia City Hall Theater
July 21, 25 and 28, 6pm - 10pm

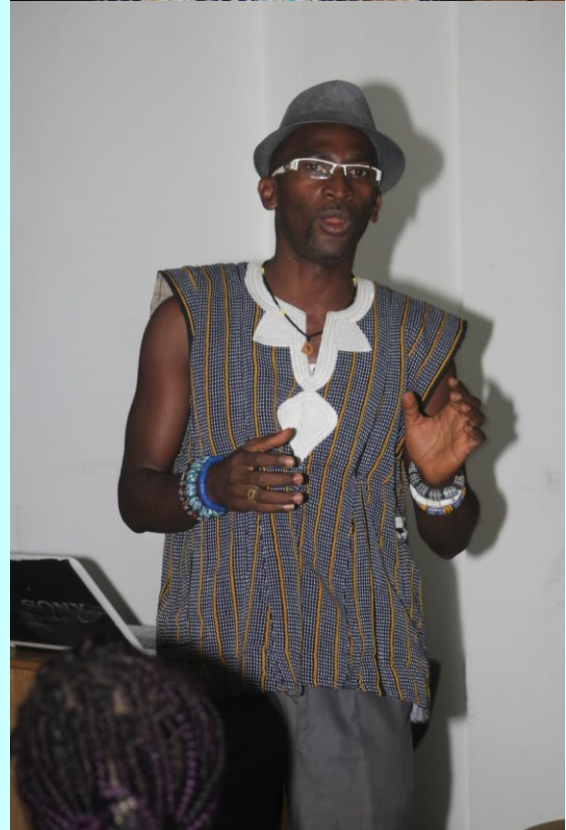
Written and produced by C. Patrick Burrowes, author of *Between the Kola Forest and the Safty Sea: A History of the Liberian People Before 1800.*

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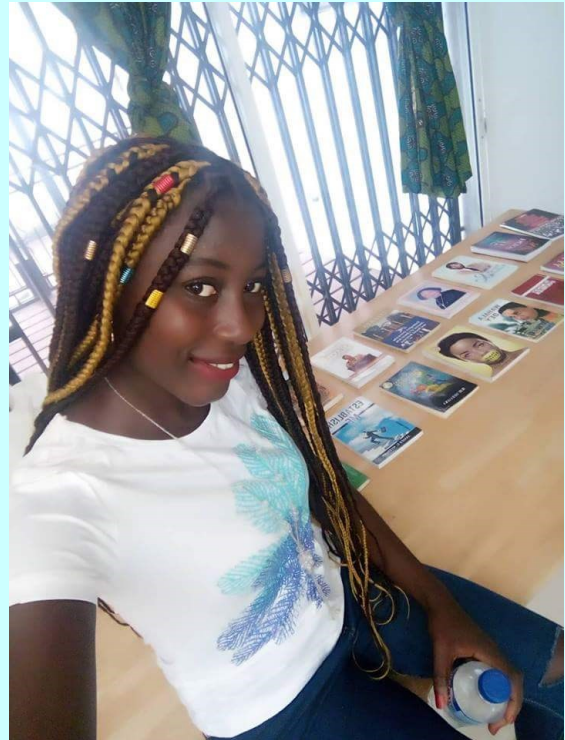
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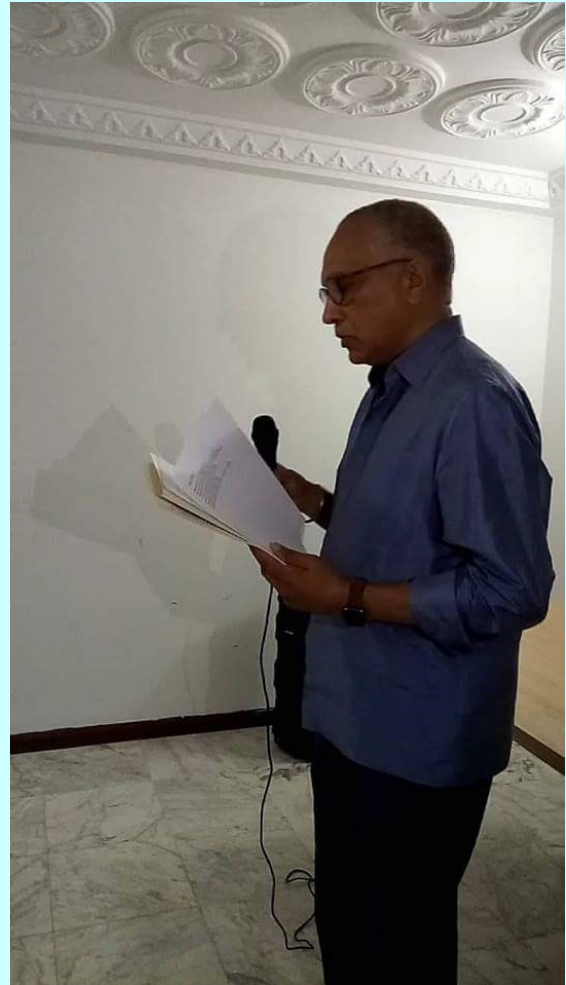
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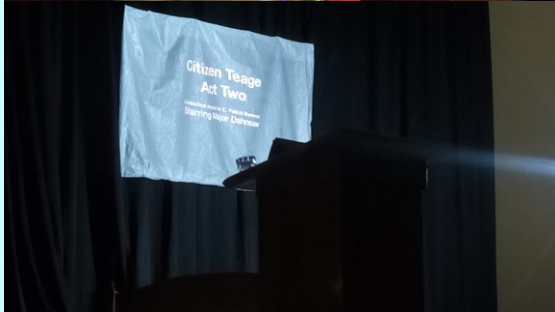




VP Jewel Howard Taylor, a sponsor, entering the Monrovia City Hall

KWEE Promoting Liberian Literature, Arts and Culture





Stage area, Citizen Teage



Citizen Teage and his creator pose with Dr. Dennis, author Kpana Gaygay and publisher D. Othniel Forte

Words of NIA

MONDAY MUSINGS-

Do you know the difference between a **TALENT** and a **SKILL**?

A **SKILL** is something you **ACQUIRE** or **LEARN**. It is something where you must have ability and dexterity. A skill can be developed through education and training. Cabinetmakers/carpenters are skillful. Mathematicians are skillful. I met a young lady who can add numbers in her head faster than they can be calculated in a cash register. She told me the total for my purchases before the cashier she was training had input them in the electronic register. That's a skill. She said that her grandfather **TAUGHT** her how to do that.

A **TALENT** is something God-given. It is already inside you. It is your creative or artistic aptitude. Something you do naturally. You often hear the words gifted, creative, ingenuity when you hear about talent. People with talent do things without a lot of thought-drama. Things come naturally to them. Really good singers have talent but not all of them have had voice **TRAINING**. A good writer/poet has talent. A dancer has talent but can also be taught to be a better dancer = training.

However, not everyone realizes that Talent and Skill can work hand in hand. A person can be taught to play the piano (or any other instrument for that matter). Learning the piano has a lot to do with math but a person who plays by ear, has talent. Singers with perfect pitch have talent. Writers have talent but writers can also be taught to write in different genres. Ex: there are more than 50 different styles of poetry but some poets

don't even know the style of poetry they write. Some do not feel that this is even important but honing one's skill and polishing one's talent is how we grow and discover our capabilities.

Ex: When I started singing, I only sang soprano in the Catholic school choir. When I joined a Baptist church choir, they checked my range and decided I was not just soprano so I was placed wherever I was needed most. Sometimes I sang 1st soprano, 2nd soprano, alto and even tenor. The talent was being able to sing these ranges. The skill was learning the harmonies involved and learning how to read music.

It is the same with musicians, many can play but have not learned technical terms. Some might argue, "why bother?" My four-word answer is "It enhances your talent." When someone asks you to play a certain "type" of music at a certain tempo; you might not know what that means. For example: there is a big difference between Beats and Rhythms. The less fancy answer is "it helps you grow." Being open to change advances you and takes you so much further in your career and on your journey through life.

My aunt **LEARNED** how to sew. Then she went to Tailoring School and learned drafting to make patterns. She later Created and Designed different outfits and that showed her talent.

The message is: Don't Be Afraid to enhance what you know. God gives all of us **TALENTS** (gifts) but not to remain where we are. Learning the **SKILLS** to use our talent more takes us on a beautiful, fulfilling road to discovering who we truly are and what we can do. It is usually more than you think.

08-1-2017 © RuNett Nia Ebo, Poet of Purpose

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www.poetebo.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.



Youth Excellence Award hosted by LRDN

Liberia Research and Development Network (LRDN) is a nongovernmental and nonprofit research based and development focused institution that is legally registered under the government of Liberia. Our vision is to be a leading research and development institution dedicated to advancing, applying and facilitating high standards of social and natural science research practice for a wide variety of audiences within Liberia and abroad and promote development oriented activities.

We are committed to enhancing social and natural science research support to scholars and public agencies for research, and educational activities; conduct quality research through innovative data collection and analysis, build capacities and provide consultancy services.

We accomplish this by sharing a diverse, trained and intellectually engaged research analysts and officers; efficient and

effective system and process restrained by ethical leadership.

We are also engaged in establishing and developing research relationships within Universities and Community Colleges across Liberia as we as with public policy makers and researchers. We hope to continue designing and providing quality research by adhering to the highest ethical standards and professional best practices.

Eventually, we will bring together Researchers, Scholars, Students Policy makers in the areas of Social and Natural Sciences and provide a forum for standard research practice.

Liberian youths are as talented as youths in developed countries but, to a larger extent their talents are masked owing to the lack of motivation. These talents can grow into national development if a fertile environment is provided.

In this regard, the Liberia Research and Development Networks (LRDN), hosted an honoring ceremony on August 24th, 2018 where 24 outstanding innovative Young Liberians at the ages of 24 years and below were expected to be awarded.

However, 17 persons made it to the final list. The organization received support from Accountability Lab, the office of the Rep. District #1 Montserrado County, and Several Well-wishers. The Keynote speaker was Mr. Lawrence Yealue, Country Representative Accountability Lab Liberia and Miss Wokie Dolo, Miss Liberia presented a motivational Speech on Community Service.



The program termed **“LRDN Young Liberian Excellence Award”** with slogan 24-24-24 @ 18 focused the following tracks:

1. **Community Service and Volunteerism**
2. **Entrepreneurship**
3. **Academic Excellence**
4. **Music and Sports**



Short Story 2

LETTER TO MY NEXT WALL NEIGHBOUR'S GIRLFRIEND, WHO GOT PREGNANT RECENTLY

Hello Pipiloo,

Good afternoon. I'm here hoping this letter finds you well. Congratulations on your latest milestone. I know you'll be surprised that I know about your pregnancy. Let that not bother you. I know more than just your pregnancy. I know things because I hear things. I hear things because it's just a wall that separates Akwasi, your boyfriend and me.

Before you came into the life of Akwasi, things were different around here. I remember most nights; Akwasi would be in his room and be chatting with me while in my room. We didn't need to go over to each other's room. The partition wall is thin enough to allow us to share our troubles across rooms each

night. People call their neighbors "next door" neighbor but we call each other "next-wall neighbor." It's just a wall. It's just a thin wall.

Before you came, there was Ama. Before Ama, there was Mansa. Before Mansa, there was Alaba. Actually, she's called Araba but for some reason known to her alone, she called herself Alaba. Before Alaba, there was Mezoo.

Mezoo, the dark beautiful lady with seven tribal marks on both of her cheeks. She was my favorite. She was the only one who pronounced my name with such an awesome accent that I always wished to be called by her. Pretty Mezoo... how I miss her as I'm writing this.

Hmm...

All these women have passed through the corridors of Akwasi and warmed his bed on different occasions. There were nights I had to cover my ears with

my pillows because the sound coming from Akwasi's room was disturbing. Really... it wasn't that disturbing. Those sounds only disturbed my sense of celibacy. I was a man on sex exile but these ladies never stopped to remind me of the things I'm missing while on exile. The sweetest of sound came from Mezoo. My sweet pretty Mezoo.

She had a different sound for every time that Akwasi changed the rhythm. At some point, I thought of Mezoo's talent and wanted her to become a musician but she declined my offer, saying she only have a beautiful moan and not a voice to sing.

At some night, she moaned in Twi though she could barely speak the Twi language. At some nights she moaned in her beautiful Frafra dialect and I would stay up all night just to enjoy her melodies. Then one

night things changed. The melody coming from Akwasi's room didn't sound like Mezoo but it was a beautiful melody all the same. I tucked my ears to the thin wall just to be sure. It was Mezoo! This time, she was moaning in Chinese. "Wooooow!" I exclaimed. "What language couldn't Mezoo moan in?"

One day everything changed forever. One day all the ladies passed and returned no more. Then on another day you appeared. Pipiloo, when you came along, I had a bigger expectation from you. Looking at your curves and height, I knew something greater was coming. I knew for once, there's someone to change the love I had for Mezoo. I knew, Pipiloo, that you were going to change everything for me.

I was wrong!

Ever since you came along, I've never heard even faintest whisper from Akwasi's room. It's

been 9 months and I still haven't heard even a little sound to suggest Akwasi has been busy. Pipiloo why? A woman can be quiet, I know but this level of quietness can only be wicked. At some point, I thought Akwasi is now living with a catholic nun.

Just last night I overheard you two arguing... arguing over a two months pregnancy. I heard you crying. For over 9 months you've been here, the only sound you could give me is a sound of you crying. I overheard Akwasi saying the pregnancy couldn't be his. Then I overheard you claiming Akwasi would be a wicked person to say that to you. I nearly said something from my room just like I and Akwasi used to do. I stopped so I could put it in this letter.

Pipiloo...

Akwasi is right. He can't be responsible. A woman that can't make sounds has lost every

right to a pregnancy. Nine months of silence. Nine months without a melody. Nine months without continental sounds can't lead to a pregnancy. I stand with Akwasi. He's not responsible. I know it. Many have come along with an orchestra in their voices but none got pregnant. Why you, the silent one?

Mezoo...my sweet polished face Mezoo with artistic marks on her cheeks couldn't get pregnant though she could moan in Chinese. At one night I could swear I heard her moaning in Mandarin.

But...

She couldn't get pregnant. Why you, Pipiloo? We are not accepting this. Take us to court!



Nesta Jojoe Erskine
is a blogger, social media
enthusiast and a speaker.

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.

“Gece akrep gibi iniyor duvardan”

İnsanı kentten ayıran sınır
sanır gece şaşkın
bir makas ağzı

Nerede uzaklaşır raylar
iki tren birbiri içinden
nasıl sessizce geçer?

Gece geçilen kentler
neden bu denli
birbirine benzer?

Gece
her kalbe
aynı kapıdan girer



«La nuit descend du mur comme un scorpion»

La frontière qui sépare l'homme de la
ville croit que
la nuit est un tranchant de ciseaux

C'est où les rails s'éloignent
comment les deux trains
peuvent réciproquement se traverser ?

Les villes qu'on traverse la nuit
pourquoi sont-elles
si similaires ?

La nuit pénètre
à chaque cœur
par la même porte

“Night descends on the wall as a scorpion”

The border that separates man
from the city believes that
the night is a sharp scissors

Where do the rails recede
how silent two trains
cross reciprocally?

Why are the cities
traversed through
the night so similar?

Night
enters every heart
through the same door



Alonzo "Zo" Gross

Ghetto TaleZ

He & his brother Alvin~
 Hittin the block,
 Scoutin'~
 Young ThugZ,
 Ta sell drugZ,
 (I mean That White Talcum~)
 ClotheZ,
 Designer jeanZ,
 Ta stay fly,
 Jus Like a falcon ~
 Servin fiendZ,
 By any meanZ,
 Jus Like Malcolm ~
 So how come~?
 They would then,
 Hit a liquor store>
 (So Brazen|)
 High on more treeZ,
 Than sycamore>
 Wit CopZ chasin|
 BulletZ racin|
 Shell casingZ|
 Till they both got hit,
 The End of their hell raisin|.
 Losin their heartbeatZ ()
 Bloody Chests,
 On the concrete ()
 Guess they gave their heartZ,
 2 tha streetZ ().
 Mom on the corner waleZ----•
 She lost,
 a son plus a son+
 So many ghetto taleZ---•
 A ghetto tellZ---•
 HereZ just one+.
 zO



Alonzo "Zo" Gross

Born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, raised in Allentown Pa. Zo graduated from William Allen High School. He went on to graduate from Temple University with a BA in English literature and a Minor in Dance. Zo started Dancing, writing songs, poetry and short stories at the age of 7. Zo successfully performed at the Legendary Apollo Theater as a dancer at 18. Zo signed a contract with Ken Cowle of Soul Asyum Publishing in 2012, & released the book of poetry and art "Inspiration Harmony & The Word Within" November 2012.

On December 2, 2012 he won the Lehigh Valley Music Award for "Best Spoken Word Poet" at the LVMAS. In October 2014, Zo traveled to Los Angeles, California to be one of the featured poets/musicians in a documentary film called "VOICES" Directed by Gina Nemo. The Film is slated to be released in 2016. Zo was again nominated for "Best Spoken Word Poet" again in 2016. Zo's Poetry has been featured in several anthologies, as well as magazines.

Zo's New Book of Poetry & Art "Soul EliXiR"... The WritingZ of Zo will be released in 2016, along with His Debut Rap CD "A Madness 2 The Method" to be released the same year.

© Alonzo "Zo" Gross

Jack Kolkmeier



a choice in the wilderness

if you put your ear to the ground
you can hear it
when you put your finger to the
wind
you can feel it
just set your eyes to the sky
and you can see it

it might sound like a voice
or a rustle in the restless
breeze
like a battered flag of
allegiance
or appear as a dancing
spectral illusion
of trickery

but in reality

if you just stand still and wait
for just less than a bristling
moment
until the illusive penumbra of
doubt
has shredded itself into
the disconnected shards
of forgotten dreams
scattering into the forlorn
stretches
of old desiccated desires
and dog-eared wants

it settles on you like the dawn
skidding into dusky
exasperation
through the hole in a gorget
of antiquity

that it is cause for rejoice

it is not a mirage of some forgotten
time

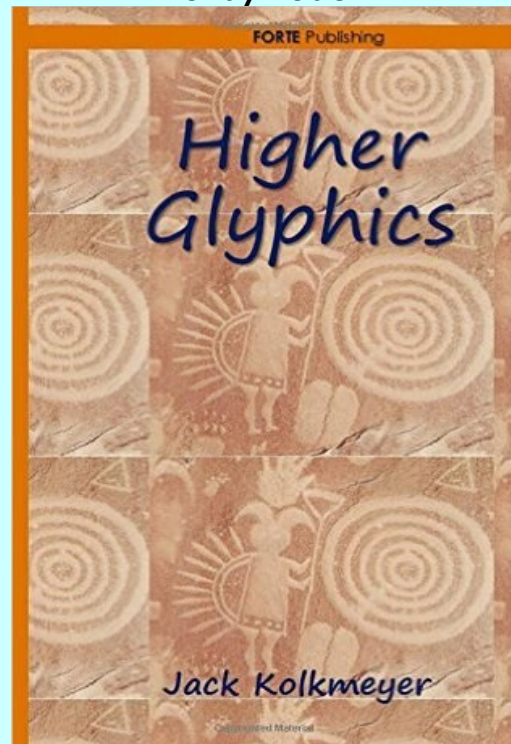
chanting highly charged
ohms to the sublime
in subtle tones of longing

it is the precise acknowledgement
you have been waiting for

it is a choice in the wilderness

crying out to be taken

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

**Trouble in My Way; I 'Gotta'
Cry Sometime**

Us black women
know 'bout' trouble.
No one hears
our faintest cries.
Nor
answers us
by and by.

In fact,
we come
under
ALL MANNER
of everyone's attack.
After
attack
after attack.
But,
we press on,
burying
our sons
after
son
after sons.

And yet,
still yet,
with a smile
we give good measure
pressed down
shaken fold
together.

And still yet,
who cares
bout any o' that?
We're to have
absolutely
no feelings at all.
Cause
Maya said
"we rise"
"we rise"
"we rise"
but I say
"we fall"
"we fall"
"we fell"
from grace;
sheer disgrace.
What happened to the
black woman?
What has she become?
She breast fed a nation
AND FORGOT
to feed
her very own!!!

All that's left
is a 'breastless'
mother
with
an empty chest.
But remember
"we rise"
"we rise"
"we rise".
BUT

FOR WHAT?
No one's even there
to catch us.
Nor
do they care
when 'WE' fall.
Lest we forget.

Shadrach,
Meshach
and a B.A.D. Negro;
WE WAS THERE
WITH YOU
in that fiery furnace
ALSO.
DON'T YOU THINK
a black woman
don't know.
Although a skeleton;
one thing for sure
two
for certain,
we know
we know
we know
how to eat us
some crow
and
we ALSO know
'bout' troubles,
THIS
FOR CERTAIN
I DO
KNOW!

Dedicated to:

B.A.D.
I knew all about your troubles; I
had to cry sometimes.

A B.A.D. poem

PLEASE SUPPORT MY WORK AND
ORDER MY BOOKS AND/OR E-
BOOKS ONLINE:

Authored: "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 "Renee's Poems with Wings are
Words in Flight".

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Janetta Konah

Because This Is My First Life

I came with no manual, nor model structure.
I started this journey of the unknown,
No one to tell me how to get it right
I took the first step and fell,
Unaware of what was expected.
I started not knowing how to begin
Because this is my first life...

Life threw me curveballs, wrecking me
With teeth knocking and legs shaking
With the earth rumbling beneath me,
I got back up and braced myself to start again
Challenges had brought me back at the very beginning.
I trudge through the trials and pains
I didn't know how to fix things
Because this is my first life

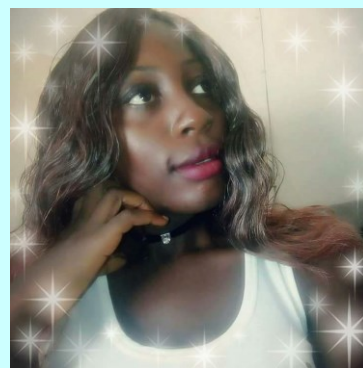
People's voices echoed
Go left, go right,
With no exact or clear advice
They nudged on
Do this, do that
With time, my mind became shadowed with doubts so,
I dropped the ball, losing it all across the floor
Because this is my first life

For a long time, I tried and cried
But when I stopped and watched,
Even those who were my guide
Didn't have their lives on track
They all had struggles and didn't know how to get it right
Because, this too, was their first lives

When I did manage to get back up,
An unforeseen storm came and
Knocked me back to the ground
So, I stood tall and took back my power
Realising we are all living this life for the first time
We are all imperfect, making mistakes and failing.
We all didn't know how to get it right
And though I would stumble and fall over and over
I can always try again
Because this is my first life.

Yet, through it all, in my mind I had a destination
Where the grass is greener on the other side
That place of inner peace and happiness
That place of purpose and fulfillment.
A point where I could get it right,
But I had no idea how to get there
Because this is my first life

Once, long ago, I used to wonder
How do you start again from scratch?
When this is your first life?
Now, I do differently,
I weep no longer for I have hope for the future.



S. KPANBAYEAZEE DUWORKO



for our girls

S. K. Duworko, has been writing for decades. He is a career educator who has molded many young writers and journalists.

He is an original member of the Liberia Association of Writers. He is currently a lecturer of Creative Writing and English at the University of Liberia.

His chapbook is expected by the end of the year.-

our daughters

they were told that
the city was full of goodies
it held many opportunities

one could get
decent cars
well-paying jobs
handsome guys

they were promised
life would be fine
inexpensive dresses
with plenty cheap wine
beautiful flashy shoes

so they became obsessed
morn' 'til even'
they dreamt of the city
that would give them
the beautiful things
and an easy life

they left
fathers hunting
mothers planting
they packed their bags
to get the city's pleasantries

soon, the slums multiplied
soniwen grew
west point and
then p.h.p., even
terminal island

one week turned
into a month then
four months flew
six months passed

yet nothing was happening
to give them the funk
to make them live the life
for which they had packed

07/26/88- Gardnersville

Mohammed Sy

Behind The Cell

In the cell like hell
There I was on Thursday
When I was not of its to be heyday
Leaving my house en route
elsewhere
There at Matilda Newport
With thumbs up for right
So to just receive a taunt
Desperate too for the space
A big clamp down on my thought
When attempt to talk there
There comes a trumpet of knock
him
To resist it, a bolt was hit on me
And then scream why? Staring and
hearing
There at Matilda Newport seeming
to have no rescue
Lose hope of the moment a while
In a twinkle I was bundle by the
police
Towards the cell on Central street
My head and parts were beaten like
an ordinary thief
While there I get to the cell
See those inmates as their terrifying
faces welcome me
You! This is not a struggle place
Get ready to tussle here
And I give my widow mite
At the cell inhale the Scent
Never thought of such a horrible
terrain
Mine advocacy, theirs so many
So Say we are not rivalry
Behind the Cell on Thursday

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DANIEL GEEPLAY

Lamps to palms

Here's the requiem in tears:
Brunt soles, withered flowers
Croak lamentations, lost names!

Lives razed in flames like kernels
It's the journey bent again and
again,
The end and now the Carina...

Grebo women spread their
Lappas to horns, sweet spices
And decorated pottery chalk faces

Lit like lamps to palms
Beating drums sturdy
From worn from pounding

Welcoming the prioress
Its the crochet borne
From a single tread

Soon to fill the lap
From delicate plaiting
What was lost to afterlife

Micheal Ace

Candlelights

There is another name for my
neighbour's body- hell.
It's the only place I know where
God doesn't exist.
I have watched her fade into
darkness on nights
When big men count stars
between her legs.

I have seen her follow the path of
water
Into wines, liquors & strange liquids,
& the path of white smokes
Into dark highness.

I heard she knows all sex styles
Like the way a blind man
Opens his eyes, wide
In dreamland.

I do hope she learns
That everything
Good does
Fade.

& a woman's beauty
Is a candlelight;
Only gentle
Breezes

Do the
Magic.



Micheal Ace is a poet and writer from Ibadan, Nigeria. He's been published on various magazines and journals in and out of Africa- praxis magazine, African Writer, Lunar is review, Khalari review, Tuck magazine, South Africa Diaspora and many others. He believes the world is too complex for a pen to remain idle.

Death Becomes... US

The Son of Black

Kids assassinated.....
Cops assassinated.....
Country gone crazy...again..
tearing at the seams violently
busting loose
Producing the hate...that hate
produced
It stops and begins with US
Our perception, our thinking
A "WE" that is now and pretty
much has been..divided
So there is no "we" only us. ...who
separately...die together.
Whose side are we on...it definitely
isn't our own...as we kill each other
and even watch and share on
facebook, just how sick are some
of us

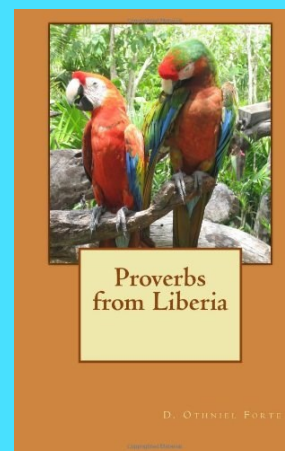
Death becomes...us
Because of us ...and the way we
act...
the way we think...the feelings we
ignore...
racism bigotry hatred danger lack of co
ncern....all rolled up into one big
ball
of fire reigning down upon us...

The one who attacks doesn't want the
other one to fight back....and
the one who fights back doesn't want
the other one to attack
so people die...senselessly...as we
senseless, because
we are being lulled to sleep by
apathy or rudely awakened by
hate...

Death became usa loooooong
time ago...Dear God...when will
it....end.

PROVERBS FROM LIBERIA

1. You should never play in the river and tease the alligator.
2. For the deer to circumcise the leopard is not the thing, but who will hold it down?
3. If you don't know where you came from, how can you know where you are going?
4. A hen that turns it behind (butt) to the wind, is certainly looking for disgrace.
5. The hen that never stays at home can't expect her chicks to be safe. .
6. A visitor is a guest only for two days. On the third day, give him or her a hoe.
7. Education is like an ocean, it has no end.
8. A child who can't hear, will feel.
9. No brother in the army.
10. Don't let the calmness of the water fool you into thinking there are no crocodiles.
11. The rain does not stay in the sky forever.
12. An old/true friend is a better mirror.
13. Keep a true friend firmly with both your hands.
14. An overflowing heart comes out through the mouth.
15. Every knot can be loosened.
16. A woman who overfills her pot with water to cook, really wishes to cut the fire off.
17. The monkey can't turn its young over to a leopard.
18. Hurry, hurry bursts trousers.



D. Othniel Forte

Gifts Of The Masters

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

Negro

LANGSTON HUGHES,

I am a Negro:
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

I've been a slave:
Caesar told me to keep his door-steps
clean.
I brushed the boots of Washington.

I've been a worker:
Under my hand the pyramids arose.
I made mortar for the Woolworth
Building.

I've been a singer:
All the way from Africa to Georgia
I carried my sorrow songs.
I made ragtime.

I've been a victim:
The Belgians cut off my hands in the
Congo.
They lynch me still in Mississippi.

I am a Negro:
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

The Soul has Bandaged Moments (360)

The Soul has Bandaged moments –
When too appalled to stir –
She feels some ghastly Fright come up
And stop to look at her –

Salute her, with long fingers –
Caress her freezing hair –
Sip, Goblin, from the very lips
The Lover – hovered – o'er –
Unworthy, that a thought so mean
Accost a Theme – so – fair –
The soul has moments of escape –
When bursting all the doors –
She dances like a Bomb, abroad,
And swings upon the Hours,
As do the Bee – delirious borne –
Long Dungeoned from his Rose –
Touch Liberty – then know no more,
But Noon, and Paradise –
The Soul's retaken moments –
When, Felon led along,
With shackles on the plumed feet,
And staples, in the song,
The Horror welcomes her, again,
These, are not brayed of Tongue –

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EMILY DICKINSON 1830 - 1886

The Rock Cries Out to Us Today

A Rock, A River, A Tree
Hosts to species long since departed,
Mark the mastodon.
The dinosaur, who left dry tokens
Of their sojourn here
On our planet floor,
Any broad alarm of their of their
hastening doom
Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.
But today, the Rock cries out to us,
clearly, forcefully,
Come, you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant destiny,
But seek no haven in my shadow.
I will give you no hiding place down here.
You, created only a little lower than
The angels, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness,
Have lain too long
Face down in ignorance.
Your mouths spelling words
Armed for slaughter.
The rock cries out today, you may stand
on me,
But do not hide your face.
Across the wall of the world,
A river sings a beautiful song,
Come rest here by my side.
Each of you a bordered country,
Delicate and strangely made proud,
Yet thrusting perpetually under siege.
Your armed struggles for profit
Have left collars of waste upon
My shore, currents of debris upon my
breast.
Yet, today I call you to my riverside,
If you will study war no more.
Come, clad in peace and I will sing the
songs
The Creator gave to me when I

And the tree and stone were one.
Before cynicism was a bloody sear across
your brow
And when you yet knew you still knew
nothing.
The river sings and sings on.
There is a true yearning to respond to
The singing river and the wise rock.
So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew,
The African and Native American, the
Sioux,
The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the
Greek,
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheikh,
The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher,
The privileged, the homeless, the teacher.
They hear. They all hear
The speaking of the tree.
Today, the first and last of every tree
Speaks to humankind. Come to me, here
beside the river.
Plant yourself beside me, here beside the
river.
Each of you, descendant of some passed
on
Traveller, has been paid for.
You, who gave me my first name,
You Pawnee, Apache and Seneca,
You Cherokee Nation, who rested with
me,
Then forced on bloody feet,
Left me to the employment of other
seekers--
Desperate for gain, starving for gold.
You, the Turk, the Swede, the German,
the Scot...
You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru,
Bought, sold, stolen, arriving on a
nightmare
Praying for a dream.
Here, root yourselves beside me.
I am the tree planted by the river,
Which will not be moved.

I, the rock, I the river, I the tree
I am yours--your passages have been
paid.
Lift up your faces, you have a piercing
need
For this bright morning dawning for you.
History, despite its wrenching pain,
Cannot be unlived, and if faced with
courage,
Need not be lived again.
Lift up your eyes upon
The day breaking for you.
Give birth again
To the dream.
Women, children, men,
Take it into the palms of your hands.
Mold it into the shape of your most
Private need. Sculpt it into
The image of your most public self.
Lift up your hearts.
Each new hour holds new chances
For new beginnings.
Do not be wedded forever
To fear, yoked eternally
To brutishness.
The horizon leans forward,
Offering you space to place new steps
of change.
Here, on the pulse of this fine day
You may have the courage
To look up and out upon me,
The rock, the river, the tree, your
country.
No less to Midas than the mendicant.
No less to you now than the mastodon
then.
Here on the pulse of this new day
You may have the grace to look up and
out
And into your sister's eyes,
Into your brother's face, your country
And say simply
Very simply

With hope
Good morning.

MAYA ANGELOU

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted
wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

ROBERT FROST

Why Did I Dream Of You Last Night?

PHILIP LARKIN

Why did I dream of you last night?
Now morning is pushing back hair with
grey light
Memories strike home, like slaps in the
face;
Raised on elbow, I stare at the pale fog
beyond the window.

So many things I had thought
forgotten
Return to my mind with stranger pain:
- Like letters that arrive addressed to
someone
Who left the house so many years ago.

Tonight I Can Write

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, 'The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in the
distance.'

The night wind revolves in the sky and
sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me
too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my
arms.
I kissed her again and again under the
endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could one not have loved her great still
eyes.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

To think that I do not have her. To feel that I
have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more
immense without her.
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to
the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not
keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is
singing. In the distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring
her closer.
My heart looks for her, and she is not with
me.

The same night whitening the same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I
loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her
hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was
before my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but
maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held
her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes
me suffer
and these the last verses that I write for her.

translated by **W.S. Merwin**

PABLO NERUDA

PETALS

AMY LOWELL

Life is a stream
On which we strew
Petal by petal the flower of our heart;
The end lost in dream,
They float past our view,
We only watch their glad, early start.
Freighted with hope,
Crimsoned with joy,
We scatter the leaves of our opening rose;
Their widening scope,
Their distant employ,
We never shall know. And the stream as it
flows
Sweeps them away,
Each one is gone
Ever beyond into infinite ways.
We alone stay
While years hurry on,
The flower fared forth, though its fragrance
still stays.

Dedication

for Moremi, 1963

WOLE SOYINKA

Earth will not share the rafter's envy; dung
floors
Break, not the gecko's slight skin, but its fall
Taste this soil for death and plumb her deep
for life

As this yam, wholly earthed, yet a living tuber
To the warmth of waters, earthed as springs
As roots of baobab, as the hearth.

The air will not deny you. Like a top
Spin you on the navel of the storm, for the hoe
That roots the forests plows a path for
squirrels.

Be ageless as dark peat, but only that rain's
Fingers, not the feet of men, may wash you
over.

Long wear the sun's shadow; run naked to the
night.
Peppers green and red—child—your tongue
arch
To scorpion tail, spit straight return to danger's
threats
Yet coo with the brown pigeon, tendril dew
between your lips.

Shield you like the flesh of palms, skyward held
Cuspids in thorn nesting, insealed as the heart
of kernel—
A woman's flesh is oil—child, palm oil on your
tongue

Is suppleness to life, and wine of this gourd
From self-same timeless run of runnels as refill
Your podlings, child, weaned from yours we
embrace

Earth's honeyed milk, wine of the only rib.
Now roll your tongue in honey till your cheeks
are
Swarming honeycombs—your world needs
sweetening, child.

Camwood round the heart, chalk for flight
Of blemish—see? it dawns!—antimony
beneath
Armpits like a goddess, and leave this taste

Long on your lips, of salt, that you may seek
None from tears. This, rain-water, is the gift
Of gods—drink of its purity, bear fruits in
season.

Fruits then to your lips: haste to repay
The debt of birth. Yield man-tides like the sea
And ebbing, leave a meaning of the fossilled
sands.

Four-Letter Word

James A. Emanuel

Four-letter word JAZZ:
naughty, sexy, cerebral,
but solarplexy.

The Man He Killed

THOMAS HARDY

Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have set us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

I shot him dead because--
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like--just as I--
Was out of work--had sold his traps--
No other reason why.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat, if met where any bar is,
Or help to half a crown.

A Brown Girl Dead COUNTEE CULLEN

With two white roses on her breasts,
White candles at head and feet,
Dark Madonna of the grave she rests;
Lord Death has found her sweet.

Her mother pawned her wedding ring
To lay her out in white;
She'd be so proud she'd dance and sing
to see herself tonight.

We Wear the Mask

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR 1889-1948

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,--
This debt we pay to human guile;

With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be otherwise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.
We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask!

Ka 'Ba

IMAMU AMIRI BARAKA

A closed window looks down
on a dirty courtyard, and black people
call across or scream or walk across
defying physics in the stream of their will

Our world is full of sound
Our world is more lovely than anyone's
tho we suffer, and kill each other
and sometimes fail to walk the air

We are beautiful people
with african imaginations
full of masks and dances and swelling chants

with african eyes, and noses, and arms,
though we sprawl in grey chains in a place
full of winters, when what we want is sun.

We have been captured,
brothers. And we labor
to make our getaway, into
the ancient image, into a new

correspondence with ourselves
and our black family. We read magic
now we need the spells, to rise up
return, destroy, and create. What will be

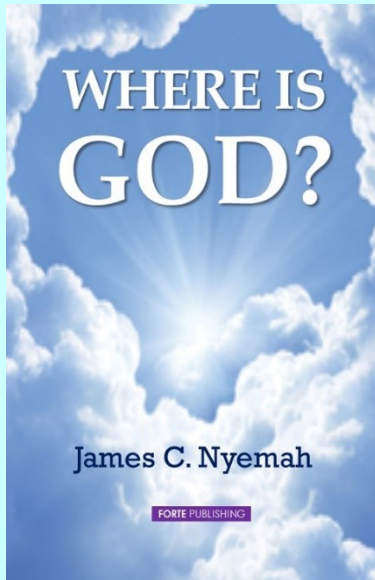
the sacred words?

Recommended Reads

Published by **FORTE Publishing**

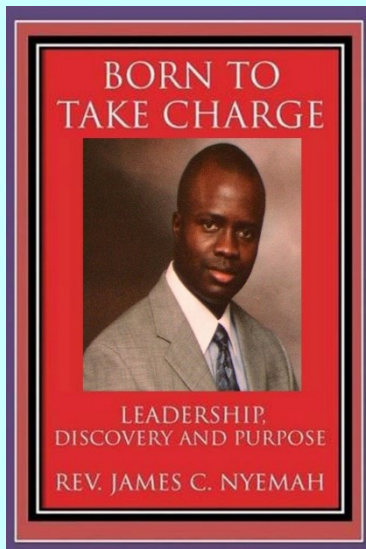
WHERE IS GOD?

“Where is God?” A most difficult question no doubt but a necessary one about God and life. If things are worse, we even go further and ask all sorts of questions. For example, “If God is such a loving and caring father, why does he allow bad things to happen to good people, including Christians?”



“Where is God?” A most difficult question no doubt but a necessary one about God and life. If things are worse, we even go further and ask all sorts of questions. For example, “If God is such a loving and caring father, why does he allow bad things to happen to good people, including Christians?”

We were all born to do something or for a reason, even if one does not know or has not yet figured out theirs. Grab a copy of this book and be inspired.



Grab a copy of this book and be inspired.

Pastor James Nyemah writes a powerful motivational book that spurs one to

do one thing... TAKE CHARGE.

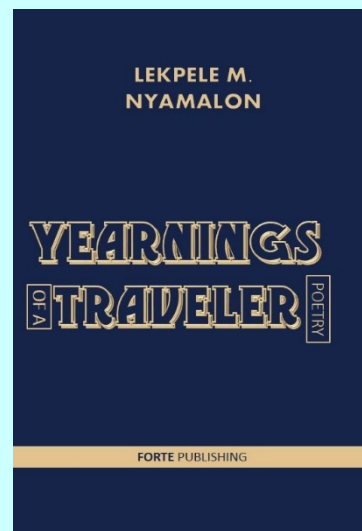
Recommended Reads

MOMOH SEKOU DUDU takes us on a mental journey in his latest release, *When The Mind Soars*, poetry from the Heart. He exposes us to a Liberia as freshly, honestly and chaotic as he sees it. He presents us a broken Liberia that is pulling herself up by its own boot straps. Let your minds fly, soar with ideas.



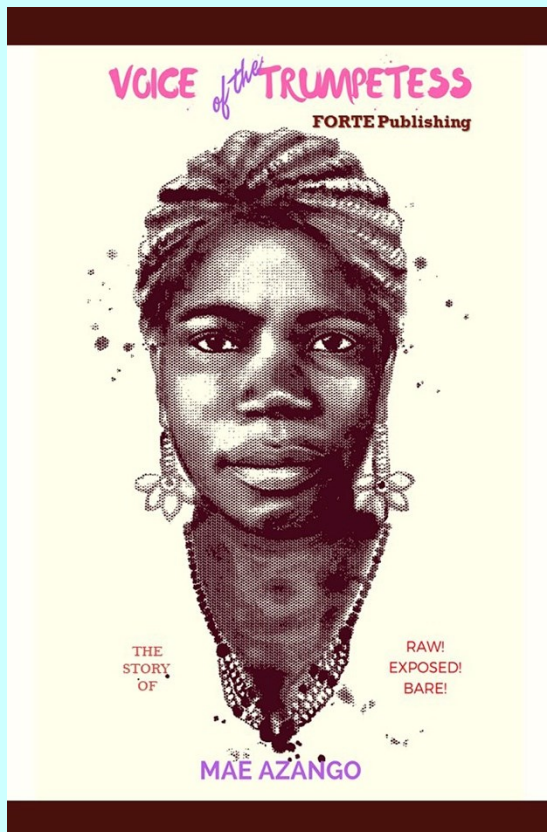
Yearnings of A Traveler

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

one can't afford to ignore. Yearning is the debut chapbook by Liberian poet, Lekpele M. Nyamalon.



PROLOGUE:

I lay on the cold muddy floor. My stomach churning, my world spinning, pain shooting through my entire body. I could focus on nothing. I just wanted it to stop.

“Confess!”

“Please stop!” I wanted to scream but could not even do so because my voice was all gone from hours of shouting and wailing.

“Child, I say you mon confess. Dah who you do it with?”

“Nobody,” I whispered.

“Dah li e! You bel leh tork ehn!”

“I nah lying,” I mouthed.

“If you nah stop lying, de baby may live but you wey die! The Spirits will na leh you to live.” She continues

beating on me as she talks. She has this bamboo rattan, the thin ones that leaves red bruises on the skin. I don’t even feel the lashes anymore. I’m in more pain than that.

An older man hovers by, chanting. The shabby room is adorned with bones from dead chickens, birds and other small animals. The baskets hanging each hold some unknown substance. They are all portals for the spirit realms. As he increases his chants, she goes crazy lashing and screaming.

We are at a traditional midwife’s residence. I had just delivered, was still in pain, and for some reason, my placenta refused to come out.

As per tradition, I must have slept with another man, hence, the complication. The remedy was a good ole fashion confession and viola birth will go smoothly.

Unfortunately, I was never unfaithful during my pregnancy. I had no secret lover whose identity I was hiding and most dangerously, I was ignorant to the amount of danger I faced.

I was also determined to keep my dignity. So, they were now forcing a confession out of an otherwise ‘stubborn’ me. I had but one concern, how to stop the pain, now.

All this is happening at lightning speed now, the baby had come but my placenta has burst but remains inside of me. The midwife goes crazier than usual fearing they might lose me. The pain is unbearable. I just wish it to stop.

“Confess nah lay geh, you and yor char way di e oh.”

“Awww! Ooooooh!” I silently scream.

“Ehn you sleep with different man?”

“Uhm.” I vigorously nodded.

“Ehn hnn, I knew it.” she exclaimed. “Weh his name?”

Call it, say lay name so we mon takor dis baby.”

By now, I’m covered in mud and a warm pool of my blood. My life is leaving my body, I can hardly move. I

just want this pain to stop. I’d do anything to stop it.

“Yes, yes.”

“Dah ...” the name drowns out as I begin to feel faint.

I am nodding to anything at this point. He chants more, she is also working faster; I am drifting even faster.

“Thank Gor.” She utters.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see him bringing a concoction. She takes it, shakes the bottle. Sits on the floor, where I’m reeling slowly. She nestles my head, opens my mouth. Blood is shooting down my thighs. I am bleeding a river. I’m beyond weak.

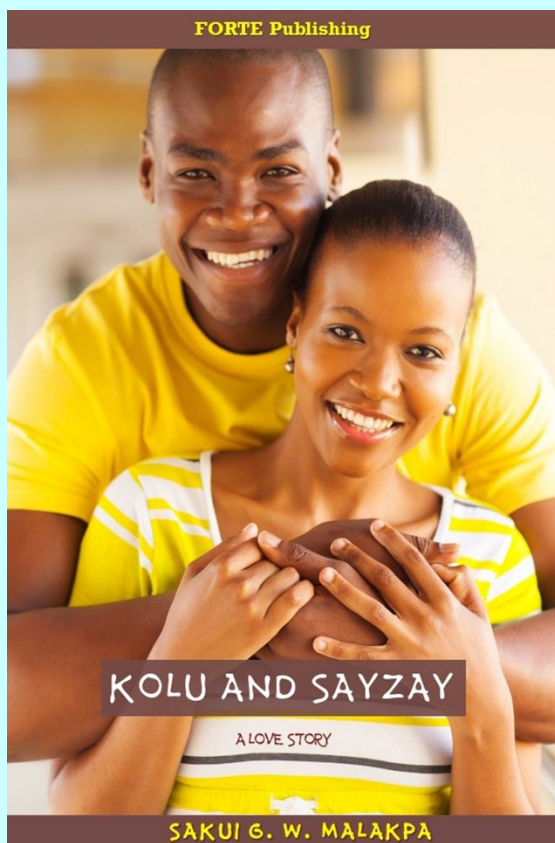
She pours down my mouth a top full of some bitter portion. I swallow several gulps. I am thirsty for anything now. I don’t care. I swallow another bout of cough and spit it out. She claps me down tighter. He steps in to hold me in place as she pours down my throat a top-full of kerosene.

The powerful mixture hits me hard. The room spins, my head pounds, my throat explodes! The room gets darker than usual, everything is dark. I’m in a vortex. I breathed my last breath and blocked out.

ORDER NOW ON AMAZON!!!!

PROLOGUE:

Mr. Fahpeh was prepared to commit murder to protect his daughter from a peasant kid whom he called a dog. This was no empty threat. He not only vowed to his wife that he would carry out the act but he also loaded his three guns and set aside a considerable supply of ammunition. He only needed to know when and where he would spot “the dog” with his daughter. He was likely to succeed because fact that murder was a serious crime did not matter to him. His enormous wealth and stupendous social status in a rural region made him an outlaw who committed many heinous crimes with impunity. Determined to show that this would be no exception, he did not hesitate to pull the trigger.



Sayzay is a football wizard with the potential of playing for the national team. He leads his school team to impossible wins. On the pitch, he’s invincible. He is poor but can get just about any girl in town; however, he wants only one, Kolu.

Kolu is smart, wealthy, opinionated and has plans for her life- none of which includes having a poor boyfriend. Fortunately, she has the means to make them happen. She loves to help the poor.

Her father is full of himself and rightly so; he is the richest man in town. He often gets his will.

The fathers have bad blood from the past. Kolu’s father will never allow his child to marry anyone but a prince to a throne.

Will Sayzay capture the headstrong Kolu? If so, at what lengths? Can their fathers ever reconcile?

Who will get what s/he wants?

Who wouldn’t? Will this story won’t end well for some people?

PRE-ORDER NOW ON AMAZON!!!!



The Dorbors are a wealthy, loving family. They wake up one day to the disturbing news of civil war. Despite the uncertainty, they remain optimistic that a speedy resolution would arrive. After all, aren't Liberians a loving people?

Their optimism, however, is soon tested when their mother who holds the family together, is injured. Moreover, she wanted them to leave the country. As her situation worsens, the father and son who struggled with guilt and sorrow. They know that their lives would forever change if they lose the 'rock', so they set out to get her the help she needs before time runs out. But they must first pass through government and rebel controlled areas, somehow convince them that they are harmless.

They are captured, beaten but know that they must escape or die. Now, the son must figure this all out whilst on the verge of losing both parents. Will he survive, be caught or lose his life as well as his family?

Prologue

Boom!

Brrrr, brrrr.

Boom! Boom!

Brrrrrr, brrrrrrrr, brrrrr

The sound of gunshots and heavy artillery raged outside of our home in Voinjama city, Lofa County. I ran inside to my mother and jumped on her laps. I was the only child with Mama at the time.

"Pack small clothes and a lappa, let's go!" Mama ordered. She left no room to argue. She was firm.

I knew better than to argue with that tone. It is not as if I even wished to argue. "What is happening Mama?" I inquired.

"Look you, I don't have time for your plenty questions. Just hurry let's get out of here!"

"Yes Mama," was all I could manage. In the process, I forgot to take the lappa.

Then we heard, "Yor mon kill ley dirty dog them!" barked one of the fighters!

"We will roast them to eat," another echoed.

Just outside our house, a man was pleading for his life.

"The man dah enemy," shouted one person.

"I nah enemay oh," a heavily accented response came. It was most certainly one of the residents with Guinean heritage.

"Weh yor wasting time with this dog for? Finish him!"

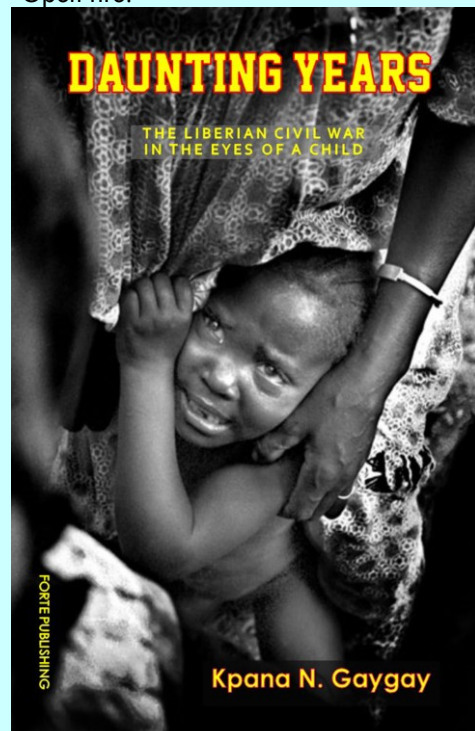
This order came from a female. It was cold, crisp and left no room for argument. Seconds later, several short rounds were fired. Just like that, I experienced my first death in a long, bloody, senseless war.

The silence was short lived for immediately after that, we heard banging on our door. "Open the damn door!"

Mama covered my mouth as she scurried to unlatch the back door. She had no sooner freed the latch and gotten out when bullets riddled the house, most missing us by inches. We maneuvered in between a few houses and ran towards the outskirts which leads further into the forest. Just as we cleared our neighborhood and turned towards the main road, we saw ourselves facing a group of people, all well-armed and guns pointed at us.

Something immediately died in Mama's expression as the voice from the one ahead of the group shouted

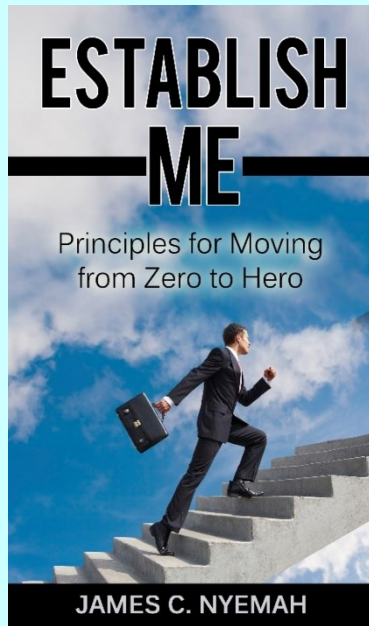
"Open fire!"



Recommended Reads

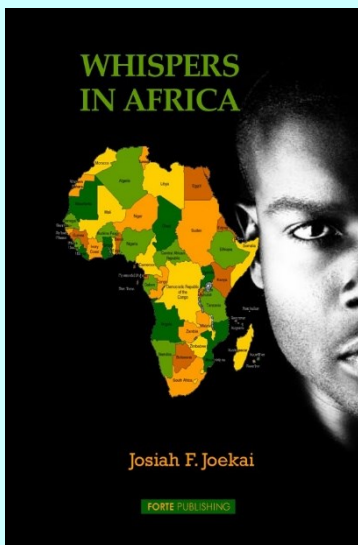
***ESTABLISH ME Principles
from Zero to Hero***

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



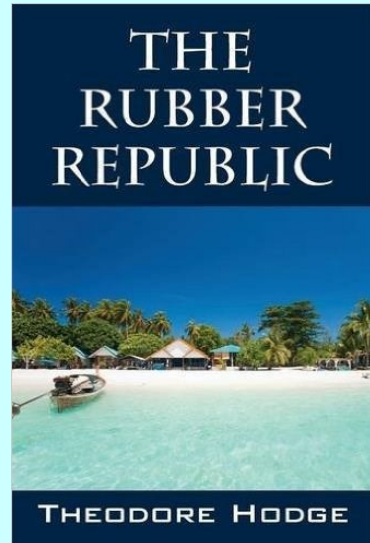
In his latest work, Ps. Nyemah lets us know that God can **Fix Us, Mold Us, Create Us** and then **Establish US**.

Available now from FORTE Publishing



The Rubber Republic

From relative stability to upheaval, military coup, violence and revenge. . . **The Rubber Republic** covers two decades, the late 1950s through the 1970s. Set mainly in West Africa, the story takes the reader to the United States and a few other stops along the way. The story is mainly about



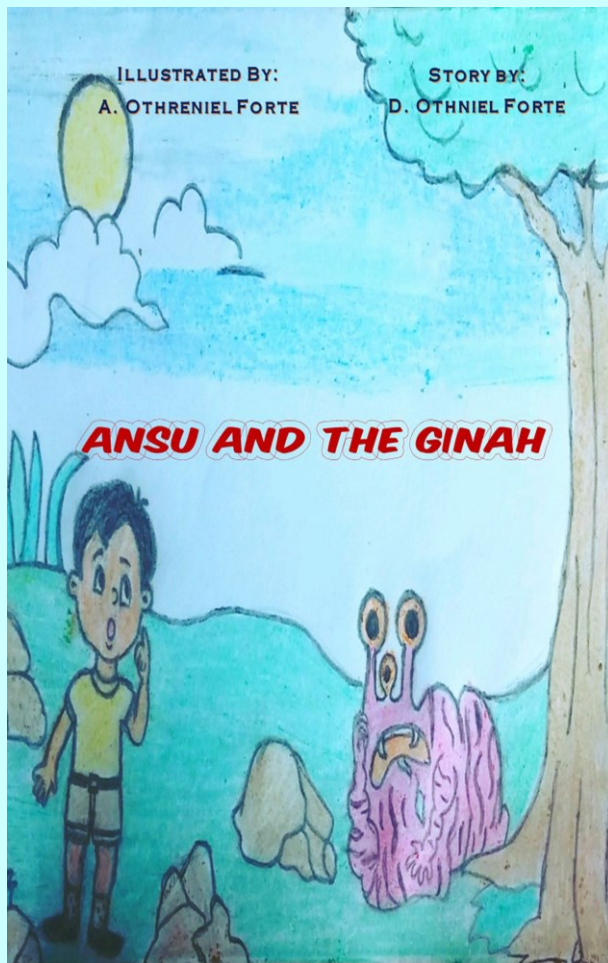
the intriguing and fantastic lives of two young men, Yaba-Dio Himmie and Yaba-Dio Kla, who leave their parents' farm in search of enlightenment and adventure. But the story is also about their country, the Republic of Seacoast, and a giant American Rubber conglomerate, The Waterstone Rubber Plantation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



their ancestors. *Available now from FORTE Publishing by Mohammed Dolley Donzo*



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

He runs off to avoid working and encounters a strange creature. What will happen?

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

In this book, the father and daughter duo combine to bring a great reading experience to little ones as they begin their life's journey of reading.

FORTE Publishing Int'l

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.

FORTE Publishing Int'l

Around Town



Cozy Evening



Local beach



Child selling Plantain



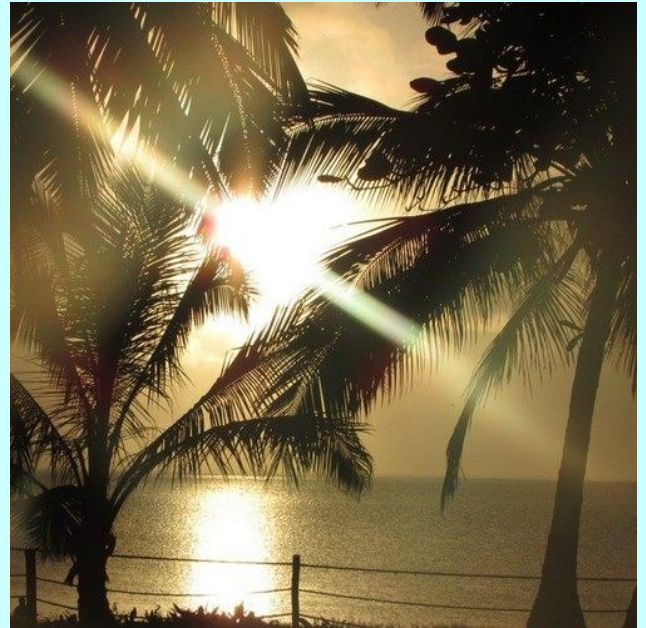
When water business gets tough, these are the lifesavers. They charge like hell 😊



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



Kids having fun with football



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



Traditional Stilt Dancer from the Gio Tribe



Photo: S. Mark

City Center

KWEE Promoting Liberian Literature, Arts and Culture



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

Credit: Darby Cecil & Daily Pictures from around Liberia

MEET OUR TEAM



PATRICK BURROWES
CONTRIBUTOR



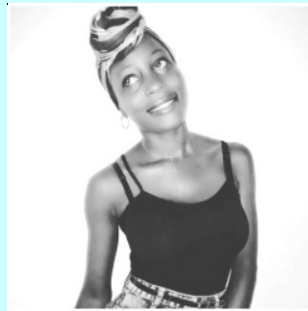
HARRIET AGYEMANG DUAH
STAFF REVIEWER CHILDREN'S BOOK



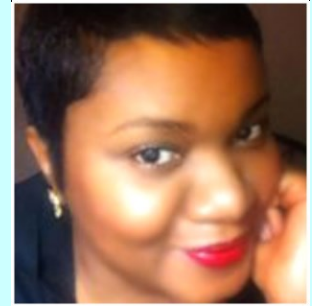
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Editor



PHOTO BY: Melisa Chavez

Here at Liberian Literary Magazine, we strive to bring you the best coverage of Liberian literary news. We are a subsidiary of [Liberian Literature Review](#).

For too long 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 has risen to the challenge and are determined to change the dead silence in our literary world. 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.

Promoting
Liberian

Creativity
& Culture

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KwEE

Liberian Literary Magazine

Aug Issue

EMPI
BARYEH

Book
Reviews

*Authors of the
month*

SAYE ZONEN
GIFTS OF OUR
MASTERS

Short
Stories

BIGGIE BETTER
Liberian
Proverbs

Poetry Series

Maya Angelo
Thomas Hardy
Emily Dickinson
Pablo Neru
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