

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE

Sept Issue

Iss. # 0916

**HAPPY
SEPTEMBER**



**Nvasekie
Konneh**

**Author of
the Month**

**Book
Reviews**

**LIBERIAN CLASSICS
GIFTS OF THE MASTERS
RESURRECTED MASTER**

**Unscripted
Liberian
Proverbs**

**Words of Nia
Janice Almond
Kpana Nnadia Gaygay**

Featured Poets:

Althea Romeo Mark
Richard Wilson Moss
Aken Wariebi
Cher Antoinette
John Eliot
Mónica de la Torre
Jack Kolkmeier
RuNett Nia Ebo
Fethi Sassi
Alonzo Gross
Renee' D Brown
Tom Zart

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE





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 still endeavor to maintain the highest standard and quality despite any changes we make. We can comfortably make this

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

What to Expect

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

Place your ads with us for as low as \$15

Overview

Segments

From the Editor's Desk

Diaspora Poet - Althea Mark

Bai T. Moore's Poem in Gola

Authors' Profiles

Nvasekie Konneh's Interview

Book Review

Resurrected Masters

Random Thoughts

The Wisdom of Grey Hair

Fethi Sassi's Interview

Make a Choice to be Steadfast

Unscripted: Cher Antoinette

Martin Kollie-Article

'Twas Briggling

Liberian Proverbs

Words of Nia

Aken-bai's

According to Eliot

Poetry Section

Gifts of the Masters

New Releases

Meet the Team

Around Town

Liberian Literature Review



Segment Contents

Editorial

In our editorial, one should expect topics that are controversial in the least. We will shy away from nothing that is deemed important enough. The catch theme here is addressing the tough issues

Risqué Speak

This new segment to our print covers 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.

Our host and or his guests will delve into the personal life of our favorite musicians, bands and groups like those that we have not seen. This is more than their stories; it is more like the stories behind the stories. They'd shine the spotlight on the many people that come together to make it all happen on and off stage. Watch out for this segment.

Kuluba's Korner

The owl spills out wisdom like no one else; won't you agree? Our own KLM hosts this corner and she shies away from nothing or no one with her whip- the **truth**. They say fewer things hurt more than the honest, uncoated truth. Well, she does that but with spices of humor and light-heartedness like only her can.

Authors of the Month Profile

This is one of our oldest segments. In fact, we started

off with showcasing 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, characters and how they 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.

Education Spotlight

Our commitment and love to education is primary. In fact, our major goal here is to educate. We strive for educating people about our culture through the many talented writers- previous and present. In this segment, we identify any success story, meaningful event or entity

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

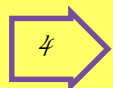
Artist of the Month

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



Editor's Desk

The Year Ahead



2016 is swinging and thus far, things are on the up. 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. Each issue, we see a better [KWEE](#) and for that we remain thank to you. Yes you. All of you that have stayed 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 here is a teaser, but I'd deny it if quoted! Oops, did I just type that? There goes my plausible deniability.

Anyways, I'm one that likes my bad and not so good news first, that way, I can enjoy the good ones. So

here it goes. Our hot corner [Kulubah's Korner](#) by our sharp wit KLM will not be with us for a while. Sad right? Don't worry, she's not gone yet, trust me, she is on a refresher and will be back with more of her insightful, but truthful opinion bites. Quite frankly, am I the only one who thinks that at times she's just meddling ☺ [-I'm whispering here-]? We will miss you KLM, please hurry back.

We'd also be shifting some of the segments to the blog exclusively. 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.

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.

In *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 know really what will come up until it does.

Richard Moss goes about his randomness with purpose in his poetry corner, *'Twas Brillig*. He can assume the mind or body of any of his million personifications, ideas or characters or just be himself and write good poetry. I am sure you know what to expect there.

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 2016.

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.

Chapter I.

GUANYA PAU'S FATHER.

AMONG the many tribes living about Liberia, is the Vey, the most intelligent, the Kru excepted, and promising of all the natives of the west coast. They live on both banks of the Cape Mount and Marphar Rivers and Pisu Lake. Neat little towns and villages at intervals of five and ten miles dot the banks making a chain of stations as far as the streams are navigable by

the smallest canoe. The Veys are a comparatively industrious people. They cultivate the cassava, yam, edo, rice, maize, millet, and most of the fruits common to the country.

They have a dialect peculiar to themselves, and withal are very conservative, and are extremely superstitious.

Each town and village has its own chief, with a king at the head of the whole tribe.

The chief of the town of Gallenah — which was a marvel of beauty for a heathen town and the idol of the Gallenians, admirably situated on the left bank of the Marphar, on an eminence overlooking the most beautiful views of the Marphar.

The chief of this town was Manja (king) Kai Popo, the father of our Princess. Here Guanya Pau was born, and among the jagged hills and villages and the rural scenes of this lovely spot she spent her earliest days of girlhood.

Guanya Pau was proud of her ancestry, and well she might; for hers was a worthy one. They were all men of war, who had battled for their country's freedom, and fallen heroically in the front ranks.

Those men who could show scars on their person, or other indications acquired in their country's defense, used to constitute among them the true nobility.

** Martial prowess "; *' warlike Stamina"; *' ready to respond to the peal of the clarion "; these were the watchwords of the once patriotic Veys.

The Veys of to-day are but pigmies to what they once were. The martial spirit has waned. The patriotic sentiments, the undaunted heroism, the give-me -liberty - or - give-me-death principle, the contempt for the coward and praise for the brave, have dwindled to an alarming degree. It has been truly said that a nation is great in proportion as it has great men.

The Veys were at their zenith in the days of princes Mannah, Ballah, Hole-in-the-Head, and kings Sandfish and Kai Popo. These were men of superior fibre. In strength, herculean; in statesmanship, brilliant; in principle, uncompromising. With them liberty was man's supreme and divine right, and he had no reason to live except in the full, untrammelled exercise of it. No threat could baffle them, no sudden appearance of the enemy on the frontier could intimidate them, no amount of money could bribe them. But one reason for the present degeneration of the Veys is due to their alliance with the Liberians who fight their battles for them.

Guanya Pau could trace her ancestry back four generations. Her father was the last of the long line of mighty warriors — the last prop of the Vey national fabric. Prince Mannah, her great-grandfather, was he who led the victorious legions through the turbulent struggles of

Bessie and Cabah (the most famous battles of the Veys); her grandfather, Prince Ballah Kai Palley, met the combined forces of the Corsau, Hurraw and Pahn near the Pisu Lake, and gained a triumphant victory, which made the Marphar free. Her own father, Manja, Kai Popo, excelled his father and grandfather by having in addition to his martial prowess the ability of a statesman.

Had this man been born under the benign heaven of Europe or America, his name would stand in history beside the immortal Napoleon and Washington.

How true the lines of Grey's elegy:

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

He could marshal his phalanx against the fort of the enemy, carry it by storm, and found on its very ruins an emporium which would soon take its

place in agricultural and commercial importance. Like the Roman Cincinnatus, many a time did the messenger, who brought the summons for him to go to war, find him cultivating the yam or edoe.

In this respect their dignitaries of yore differed from those of today; and I may say that this is the supreme cause of their decline. They did not look upon work as something beneath the dignity of a gentleman. One would often see the chief with hoe in hand working side by side with his servant.

The Vey gentleman of today, on the other hand, has many jonkais (servants) and musus (wives) who do the work, while he lounges around chatting and smoking, and flirting with the pretty Borney s.

It is said of Manja Kai Popo that one day while he was engaged in digging a furrow in which to plant yams, he was asked by a gentleman, who came up dressed as if for a monkey banquet,

whether he would not feel ashamed if some distinguished visitor from afar, who had heard of his fame and had made the journey thither with the expressed purpose of seeing him, to be found with nothing on but his "bellay*" in the hot sun working like a slave.

When Kai Popo curtly replied: "No; but I should be ashamed if such a one would find me in your condition, always dressed up strutting around like a peacock, interrupting those who are at their work, both by my appearance and my unseasonable conversation.

It is not always, my dear man, that the * apparel proclaims the man'. Men know me by what I have done and am, not by what I have on!

Kai Popo's chief pride was in laying bare his breast to show a stranger the multitudinous scars which adorned his person. ** These," said he, "are my greatest possessions; by them I show to the world that I love my country and

would die for her welfare."

But Kai Popo's greatest achievement was the bringing the two sections of the Marphar, which had long stood apart and constantly, wrangled with each other, into friendly and harmonious relations.

He saw that that state of things rendered them an easy prey to the Bush Tribes, and would eventually bring upon them serious calamities. **In union alone," he argued, "There is strength."

Out of which alliance grew several institutions, the most noteworthy among them are the Sembey and the Boys' Gregree- Bush; the Girls' Gregree-Bush, which was weak and threatening, he placed on a more permanent basis.

Like all the heathen worthies, Kai Popo was a polygamist — he had ten wives, to whom he was very kind, and it was a question with his friends how such a warrior as he was, could be so

indulgent to his wives ; for such nature in a man is considered among them to be indicative of effeminacy. This man showed by his life that a man can be great and at the same time be kind and amiable, and that too to his wives. His head-wife was Mama Kendidia, the mother of our Princess.

She was a woman, imperious in her bearing, of remarkable self-will, with a temper that would catch fire on the touch of the smallest spark, and withal she was pretty, characteristics which were diametrically opposite to those of Kai Popo, who was of amiable and pleasing disposition, always ready for a good joke and laugh, endowed with a face that could not at all lay claim to comeliness.

But this last we could judge from the description of his wife, as it is a common experience that homely men for the most part secure pretty wives.

In Celebration of Bai T. Moore

They said I did not born

THIS VERSION OF THE LEMGBE (GOLA FOLK SONG) BECAME VERY POPULAR AROUND 1956.

Bai. T Moore

Ba Nya M Go Koma

Gola** Version

ba nya m go koma o
e koma je jee
ba nya m go koma o
m jei yei Gola
mfe goye joa nyu ndo
by nya m go koa o
ekoma je jee
ba nya m go koma o
m jei yei

They Said I Did Not Born

English Version

They said I did not born
To have a child is painful
They said I had no child
So I will sit down so

I will rear nobody's child
they said I had no child
to have a child is painful
they said I had no child
so I will sit down so

The Gola tribe is one of the tribes in Liberia. They are often believed to be one of the earliest groups to migrate to the landmass we today call Liberia. Their language is also called Gola. They are one of the local tribes that lost their script over time because of disuse. Today, the **Gola Script is considered one of the 'dead scripts'. There are no known speaker and hardly any full version of the script. The text above was Mr. Moore's 'anglicized' or 'Romanized' version. It was not written in the original script.

Riqué Speaks

Music for the NEXT One Purple MusicLives Edition : “Virtual Chocolate Cherry” by Wallace Roney

Henrique Hopkins

The only way I've been able to really come to grips with Prince's passing has been through the artistic medium he mastered the most during his lifetime, music. Today's "Music for the NEXT One selection, "Virtual Chocolate Cherry" has several layers of musical and personal associations with Prince's life and music. Wallace Roney is one of the "Young Lions" of Jazz who appeared on the scene in the 1980s. Unlike Wynton Marsalis, who although greatly influenced by Miles' second Great Quintet, allowed himself to be positioned in the media as a sort of Anti Miles Davis, Wallace Roney embraced the broad, "Social Music" concept of post "In a Silent Way" Miles. He did this with a tone that was so Miles influenced that the members of the second Great Quintet, with all the original members save Miles himself, used him to take Miles place when they staged a reunion tour during the '80s. Roney is also reputed to be one of

Miles few trumpet students, and he supported Miles at the 1991 Montreaux Jazz Festival, with Quincy Jones conducting Gil Evans classic arrangements from his collaborations with Miles. Of course, Miles and Prince were mutual fans of each other's work as well as their mutual Gemini complexities. One of my big musical "what ifs" is imagining how the music would have sounded if those two Giants were able to record more. There are a few examples of their collaborations, but today's song, "Virtual Chocolate Cherry" by Wallace Roney, might be the best example I've yet heard of a Miles musical attitude in a Prince type of musical environment. Roney takes Prince's classic from the "1999" album, "D.M.S.R" and keeps the party going with room for the musicians to solo, and a fascinating new mix of synthesized pop and acoustic jazz textures.

The song begins at the beginning with the 8 note funky synth riff from "D.M.S.R", played on a synth, sitting right on top of Lenny White's drums. White's drums have his classic, full, wide marching jazz sound, playing a funky, laid back variation of Prince's original Linn Drum beat. In the 4th bar the acoustic bass comes in, and it has the freedom to improvise different funky lines as the electric piano



plays a bluesy sounding riff. There is an electric wave sound in the background most likely added by co-producer Kareiem Riggins. At this point in my first hearing of the song I knew I was hearing "D.M.S.R" but I didn't know how far Roney and company would go.

When the five note "D.M.S.R" blues riff comes in (DA-Da-DAAA-H-DADA) you realize they're going all out into full Purple mode! The synth hits with Minneapolis sound gospel chords as the acoustic bass begins to play Prince's classic line. The Acoustic piano of Geri Allen takes over the playing of the introductory line played on synth. Wallace Roney comes in playing his variation of Prince's vocal melody from the song, and he Tongues his trumpet very aggressively, spitting out staccato, funky notes, with the same type of bluesy tail off that was a trademark of the Miles Davis sound. Underneath Roney's melody, Lenny White plays funky drum rolls, which he builds up to crescendo's that pop right along with the synthesizers at the end holes in Roney's melodic phrases (Wear lingerie to the restaurant!!!)



About 1:33 in, a very Minneapolis sounding keyboard riff comes in that moves the song through several keys, supported by Whites drums. This is the setup for the instrumental solo section of the song, which is still very well arranged through Roney's solo. The first time around it serves as a cue for Roney to play the melody from the top again. The second time it appears it serves as a bridge to a serious minor key groove, which White begins by playing a James Brown style stop and start funk beat while the piano plays some dark sounding, ominous phrases. This serves as the launch pad for Roney to play some very



Miles style things, one moment he's playing a well-shaped phrase and leaving space between it, the next he's soaring like Miles in the '60s and tumbling back down the horn. What makes it unique is he goes from '60s Miles to playing things more

reminiscent of an '80s album like "Star People." The sax and keyboards come in and play a unison line taken from Miles Davis song "Star on Cicely." As the sax solo plays the piano stabs out well stated chords.

After the sax solo, a Fender Rhodes solo is introduced, quite tellingly it's not the lush Rhodes sound we know and love, but the brittle, time heavy Rhodes sound from Miles recordings with Keith



Jarrett and Chick Corea in the '60s. After that piano comes in and plays a groove supported by synth. The Minneapolis key changes again bring us right back to the top, with Roney playing the "Dance Music Sex Romance" melody, the band laying down some calamitous jazz funk, and trumpet and tenor playing a duet on the way out that Roney leaves with an abrupt trumpet call, leaving it to the Tenor man to play us on out.

I love "Virtual Chocolate Cherry" because it realizes in a musical sense, the deep love and respect Miles

Davis had for the music of Prince. It Los gives us a taste of how the '80s could have sounded if the soul jazz musicians like Jimmy Smith, Lou Donaldson, and Jimmy McGriff could have gotten their hands on Prince's music and created true fusions of electronics and acoustics in line with their '60s records. The mixture of Prince's composition and arrangement, Roney's rearrangement to fit a jazz style, and Miles way of musical thinking, trumpet sound (through Roney), and even some phrases and instrumental textures from "Star People" and "Bitches Brew" make for an incredible, never heard before musical combination. And a good way to console ourselves in this time of a Prince's passing and "Miles Ahead" in the theaters, thanks to musicians like Wallace Roney and his band, Jazz, Miles Davis music, and the music of Prince will live on!!



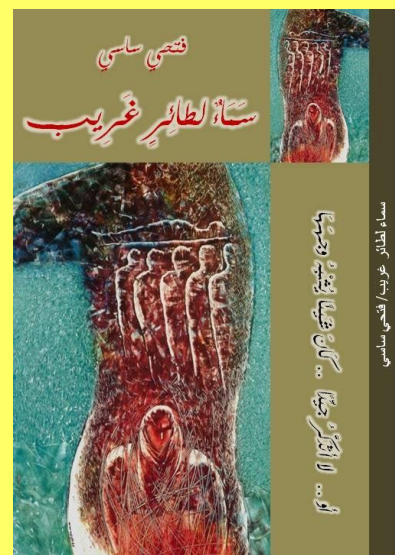
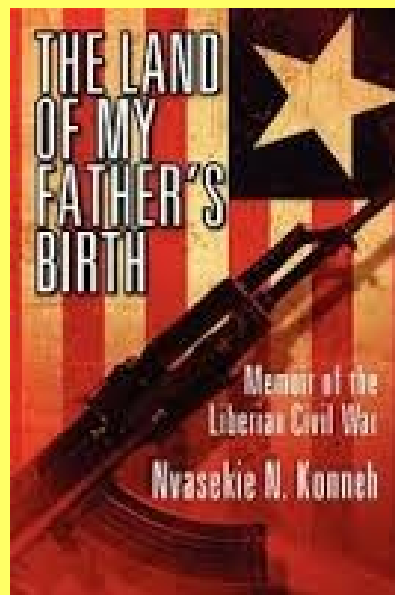
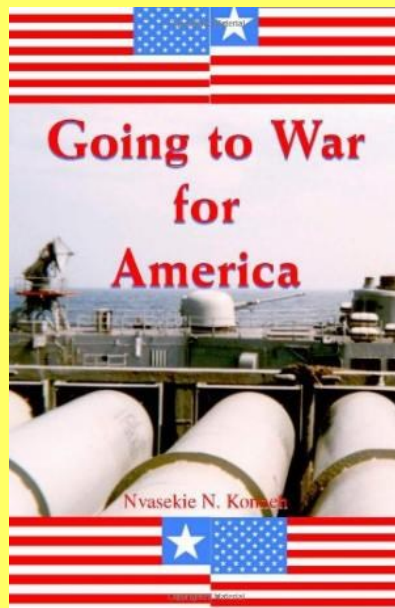
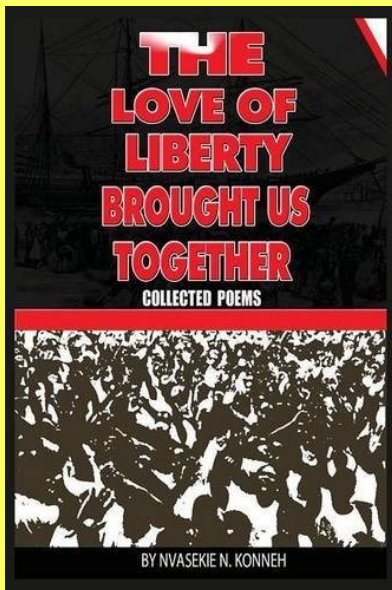
*By Henrique Hopkins
Hosts Rique Speaks
His experience and
knowledge in music is
extensive.*

Authors of the Month Profiles

Nvasekie Konneh



NVASEKIE N. KONNEH is a Liberian writer, poet, magazine publisher, community activist who has traveled frequently to Liberia, US and Europe. Years before coming to the United States in 1995, Nvasekie Konneh's commentaries and poems on politics, arts and culture appeared regularly in the Eye newspaper and the Monrovia Daily News and occasionally in the Inquirer and the New Democrat.



Fethi Sassi



Fethi Sassi, was born in 1962, at nabeul , Tunisia . He has graduated from primary school Elementary School in 1974 , and secondary school till 1983 . but without univercity studies and contuning personal studies in economic and comptability ; with great interest and success to languages as frensh and english ; deutsh too in various schools .

Although he has been writing since elementary school, since 1973 his first poems .

But his professional poems, stories, articles about poetry have began in 2008 in the culture House of sousse .

And than decided to publish his first poetic arabic book , with the name of (love seeds) published in 2013 was one of the pricipal membrs of club creative Cultural and Literature , and a member of the union of tunisian writers . also in the direction community of the festival of the short poems .

Published in too much Tunisian newspapers and magazines and in others countries too . He published his second book in the same editors (cultural editions) in monastir with the name of in 2013 (I dream and i sign with birds my last words

Our Spotlight author of this issue is a seasoned writer, critic and educator

NVASEKIE KONNEH

Author Interview



Liberian Literary Mag conducted an interview with

NVASEKIE KONNEH

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

I was born and raised in Nimba County where I attended schools beginning with Traditional Quranic School, the Liberian Muslim Union School, then Johnny Voker Elementary School, Kpaytuo Public School and Johnny Voker High School in Saclepea, all in Nimba County.

My post high school studies include Zion Community College in Monrovia in the early 90s prior to my travel to the US in 1995.

I currently hold BSC in Comparative Literature with emphasis on African, African American and Carribean literatures.

2. Why writing?

As far back as in grade school, I have always been fascinated by written words, beginning with the **Holy Quran**, the Holy Book of Islam. When I read "**Murder in the Cassava Patch**" by Bai T. Moore, "**Why No Body Knows When He Will Die**" by Wilton Sankawulo, "**Things Fall Apart**," by Chinua Achebe and other writers, I thought that if I could read other people's stories, I too get stories to tell. The first time I ever showed someone one of my creative pieces of writing was 1989. Being a lover of music, I started writing first as a lyricist with the hope of becoming an artist. I took couple of my lyrical poems to the late **Clifford Flemister** and he was quite impressed with them. He gave me an anthology of writings by the African American poet, Langston Hughes. Reading this great African American poet opened me to the African American literature where I read many of the writers of the Harlem Renaissance such as **Claude McKay**, James Weldon Johnson, Alain Locke as well as those of the Black Arts Movement such as Amiri Baraka, Nikki Giovanni, Maya Angelou, Haki Madhubuti and many others.

3. Who are some of the people/things that influence you?

There are countless number of people from diverse backgrounds who have inspired me beginning with my mother and father, my traditional upbringing as a Muslim. In the area of literature I have been inspired by many writers including some of those named above. I draw great inspiration from music as well and some of the artists who have inspired me including Bob Marley, Alpha Blondy, Peter Tosh and a long list of others. In the area of Politics, I have been inspired by key figures in the universal African people's liberation struggle such as Malcolm X, Kwame Nkrumah, Sekou Toure, Thomas Sankara, Marcus Garvey, Nelson Mandela and many others. So you can see that I draw my inspiration from diverse sources.

4. Can you talk a bit about the inspiration for your first book?

My first book is a collection of poems written about my experience from the Liberian civil war as well as nine years I spent in the US Navy. Both of these

experiences inspired my first book, "Going to War for America." These poems are about war, peace and love. My second book is "The Land of My Father's Birth," a memoir of the Liberian civil war. Unlike the first book, this one is a prose, a memoir. Thematically the two books are similar except that one is poetry and the other one is a prose.

5. What is your writing process? How do you do it? How do you pick your topics?

I always make sure I have some papers and pen to jot down ideas as they pop up in my head whether in the day or night. Sometimes I have to pull up if I am driving to jot down ideas on paper so I won't forget them. I don't have any specific time schedule for writing.

It happens whenever I feel something and feel that it needs to come out, I make the time for it. I write poems, short stories but I also write commentaries on current political issues as well as write books reviews.

I am a voracious reader, always looking for something to read. The more I read, the more I am inspired to write.

6. Let's talk books. What are your favorite Liberian books? Why do you love them?

Of course those will have to include Murder in the Cassava Patch, Why No Body Knows When He Will Die. Contemporary novels will include Behind God's Back by H. Boimah Fahnbulleh, Redemption Road by Elma Shaw, One Saturday in August by Prof. K. Moses Nagbe. I just read a memoir written by a fellow Liberian author, Prof. Momo Sekou Dudu, it's a beautifully written account of the Liberian civil war and migration to the US. Of course my own works but I can't be the one to make that call. My last book, The Land of My Father's Birth, has received rave reviews from many people, so that convinces me that it is a great contribution to Liberian literature, particularly Liberian war narratives.

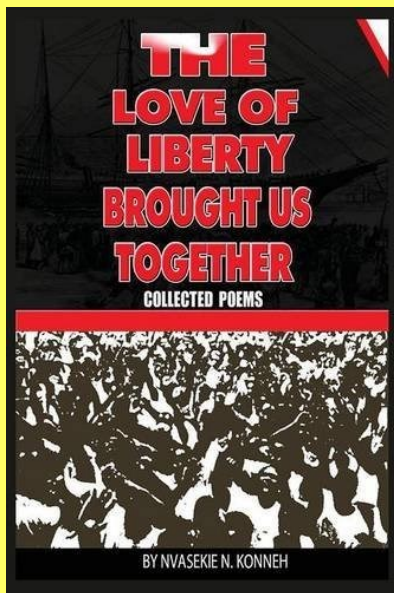
7. How has Liberia influenced your works, and what do you think of the future of writing in Liberia? Where do you think it is headed?

As writers and creative people we are all influenced by where we come from and as such my work is very much influenced by my Liberian

experience of growing up and of course the war that has defined my generation of Liberians more than anything else.

8. What do you think of the future of writing and publishing in Liberia?

Whether there is a bright or bleak future for writing in the Liberian society depends largely on the Liberian writers themselves. At this moment, everyone is interested in himself or herself. There is no strong organization among Liberian writers where we promote each other's works. Some years ago, I came out with the suggestion of organizing ourselves as Liberian writers here in the US. The result was the Liberian Writers Network. We had Prof. K. Moses Nagbe, Ophelia Lewis, Robert Sesay, Stephanie Horton, the late Wilton Sankawulo. At some point Prof Sankawulo and Stephanie withdrew because they said they prefer working on their own than being part of a group. When they left, we kept going for a while but little by little everyone started going away and now we are back to everyone doing his or her own thing. All we have of the Liberian Writers Network now is a page on Facebook. At



least in Liberia, the story of the Liberia Association of Writers is encouraging because they organize workshops at various schools, encouraging budding writers in various schools and of course We Care Library is serving as a base for Liberian writers in Liberia. Who know some of the kids participating in the various workshops may write the greatest novels or short stories ever written by Liberians. When I spoke there the last time I was in Liberia, that was my message to these young people from the various writer clubs in high schools.

9. What advice would you give aspiring writers?

Believe in yourself and don't give up no matter how tough the journey may be. There may be many naysayers but you have to believe in yourself

and always seek the opportunity to improve the quality of your works.

15. What are you currently working on? What are some of your future projects?

I have several projects I am working on now. Two books and a documentary. The books are collection of poetry, "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Together," and "Liberian Voices," a collection of book reviews and interviews with Liberian writers done over the years. I am looking forward to a busy summer between the US, Europe, and of course , Liberia when those projects will be launched.

10. What character traits do your friends use to describe you?

For the past 20 years since I have been actively writing and publishing articles on both electronic and print media and because of my active involvement in various community organizations and activities, many friends think of me as being inspiring, courageous, committed to whatever I want to accomplish. If you follow me on social media you may form your own impression of me based on

my various activities and how people respond to me and what I post on social media. I feel like a real celebrity among my people because we draw our inspiration from our daily interaction with our people everywhere.

11. What do you do for fun in your spare time?

I read, listen to music, sometimes go to the movies, take my kids to the playgrounds or the malls, especially during the summer, as well as attend music concerts. I also do like to travel a lot.

12. Tell your fans two things about yourself they don't know about you.

I am deeply religious personally and very conscious of doing the right thing but I display a very strong liberal attitude towards others. I rarely watch TV now a day, I catch all my news and information from the internet or my car radio. Instead of flipping through channels, I search from one website to another for news, information and entertainment.

Thank you for taking this time with us.

Diaspora Poet

Turn the Broomstick Up

I
Grandma's anger smoulders
as Sister Mavis, joints rheumatism
ridden,
rakes up stale stories. We have
taken turns
to offer her ginger beer and
sweet bread,
have become listless listeners
imprisoned in armchairs.
Our eyelids are heavy in the
Sunday afternoon heat.
Grandma has gone to the kitchen
to furiously sweep
imaginary dust and has turned the
broomstick up.

II
You can hear the car chugging
up
the hilly island road. Behind the
wheel
is a glib-tongued vendor. The
trunk is loaded
with brocaded, bed-spreads, suits
and dresses
to pay down on and pay up on
forever.
Grandma, peeping through the
lattice, shouts
turn the broomstick up.

III
Relatives appear like ghosts on a
haunt.
They seek handouts or a place to
dwell
until they get on their feet.
They will cause budget strains,
crammed quarters and strife
because big-hearted papa can't
say no.
Mammy's stern eyes tell us to
turn the broomstick up.

IV
We can see them coming.
Pairs carry pamphlets,
wear kind faces and ready
smiles.
Religious tales fall out of their
sweet mouths.
Thoughts of conversion stir in their
heads.
They persuade those with eroding
faith
to join their Kingdom Halls.
Stop them crossing the yard.
They will turn us into Watch Tower
zombies.
I have turned the broomstick up.

V
It's not only the recently deceased
that invade our homes.
Turn the broomstick up.

© Althea Romeo-Mark 11.10. 10

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.aromaproductions.blogspot.com



Author Interview 2

Spotlight Author

FETHI SASSI



Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with author FETHI SASSI ☺

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.... Tell us a little about yourself

I am FETHI SASSI a Tunisian poet I began to write from the early days of his childhood , trying by the other hand to find the best way for love and Peace, and searching for answers to the questions of life.

Writing and poetry for the poet Fethi Sassi is the only refuge in this world, and offer some of the best meanings to the situations of life.

Why writing?

Writing is life; writing is only a fact of being, that's why when I write I go far from everything and I build my real existence, my loneliness on blanks, trying to find the best refuge from all.

With my pen I create wars and at the same time I make peace- a light in the darkness.

How do you approach your work?

At first I am a good reader of novels and in those days I am still Making my first one .

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

Markez and Coelho with the magic writing , I have read most of their wonderful novels, they create in my writing a taste going between the Magic literature and romance. There is also of the poetry of great poets as kabana and Maghout Saadi etc.

And then there are the old literature that make writing strong and large .

How do you approach your work?

I am still working to get my special style. I hope that I am on the right path to find it. All writers search to find their unique voice. But



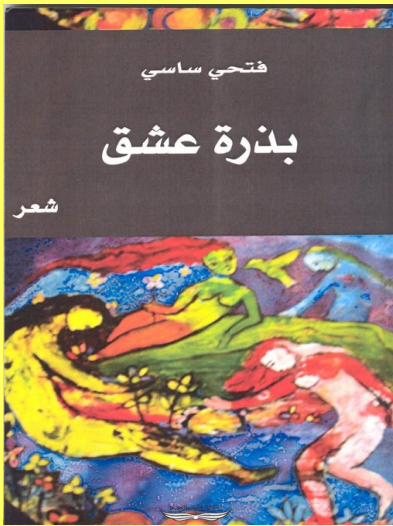
with hard work one can find it. However, in the end, I think it is a mixture of all the reading and writing along with the experiences in life that determine one's style. Personally, I am a poet with a heavy leaning towards romance and a taste of sadness.

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

I always explore the absence in my work because the absence is the deep meaning of every feeling Love , peace, beauty etc.

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

My books represent the vital steps of my work in poetry. Every book is a new look for love and the questions of life. Every step is explaining for readers my new look on different subjects. It is my evolution that increases constantly with a great act of reading.



But my steps are always different, and make my level higher in language. I begin with my first book (love seeds) putting in the poetry garden my First literary creature, a book full of love dedicated to all lovers of this world, going in different kinds of poetry, collaborating with the useful method of the poetry. But the second I **Dream And I Sign On Birds The Last Words** , I went far with the prose poetry. In 2016 the writing experience was deeper to the loneliness, **A Sky For A Strange Bird**. In my last book, I wrote much more fairy tales in the Arabic world. I am translating this book to English and will eventually do so in other languages.

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

Every writer or poet is attached to certain subjects. They tend to dominate their style of writing. Sometimes we get inspired through dreams;

other times after deep thought. In short there are many ways for one to get inspired. The titles sometimes reflect where the inspiration comes from.

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

My readers have a big opportunity to reach even the sky when they carefully read my writing. They will surely discover and travel to many places.



as they travel, they could easily imagine themselves in a garden or place of paradise. That's how deep the poetry gets. They have to make meanings and learn new things in the process. It is a personal journey. But more than anything else, my writing is about love, love and more love.

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

Of course the readers have to discover meanings of their own. This I hope will include self-realization, love and how to live a better and peaceful life for all of mankind.

Do you have any advice for other writers?

My important advice for all writers is to live always as a student, every day that passes makes us know that we really know nothing and we have to correct our mistakes to get the best and the most wonderful text. Modesty is the most important thing to have, and all the trying will take us for more knowledge.

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

Now I am reading a book in Arabic called **Gilgamesh** and in French **Letter A Un Ami Perdu**. I m a big readers more than 50 books per year .

Tell us your latest news, promotions, book tours, launch etc. What are your current projects?

I'm still translating from Arabic to English my third and my last book in Egypt, **A Sky For A Strange Bird**; and I'm publishing now in Egypt my fourth Arabic poetry book, **As A Lonely Flower On A Chair**.



Fethi Sassi, was born in 1962, at Nabeul , Tunisia . He graduated from primary school Elementary School in 1974, and secondary school in 1983 but without univercity studies and contuning personal studies in economics and comptability; he has great interest and success in languages. He speaks fluently, French and English and Deutsh.

He has been writing since elementary school. In 1973 he wrote his first poems .

But he began his professional writing career in 2008 at the culture House of Sousse. His poems, stories, articles about poetry have been published locally and internationally.

In 2003, he decided to publish his first poetic arabic book, Love Seeds. Sassi is one of the principal membrs of club creative Cultural and Literature , and a member of the Union Of Tunisian Writers. He is also quite active in the literary

community where he has participated in several poetry festivals over time. His poems have been published in many local and national Tunisian newspapers and magazines as well as in other countries. He published his second book I Dream And I Sign With Birds My Last Words, with the same publishers, Cultural Editions, in Monastir in 2013.

In 2010, he began increaing his international presence by writing in various poetry, -culture-literature magazines . His poems were translated into many languages (Spanish , Hongarian, Persian, French, Italian)

Some of his poems were selected for a collection of an international antology.

In 2016 he went on to publish his third arabic poetry book in Egypt with the publishing house Arwika .

This book is tittled, A Sky For A Strange Bird).

Poem Books :

- Love Seeds (Bourak Publications, Monastir , mai 2010)
- I Dream Sign With Birds My Last Birds (Cultural Editions) Febrary 2013.

A Sky For A Strange Bird (publication Arwika) April 2016 .

Antology :

- Fonxe Antology Of Arabic Literary 2014
- Poetic Movement In Mexique October 2013
- Periodical Of Self-Taught

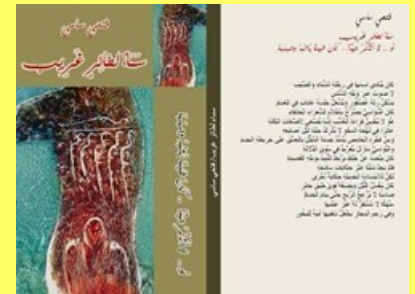
A Member of :

- Club creative literary of Sousse.
- Tunisian Authors Association.
- Administrator in the festival of short poems .
- Adminastrator in the festival of autodidactes.

Participated in :

- Festival of the self-made poets since 2008 .
- Festival of the short poems since 2012 .
- Meeting of the experimental literary 2016 .
- Saloon of Zaouraa 2013.
- Saloon cultural 2014 and 2015 .

Communication:



Sassifethi1962@hotmail.com
Sassifathi62@yahoo.fr
Shahrayar62@gmail.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.

Delusiotiment III

Divine impulses of the mind!

Lifted from out this introspect,
I woke to life with vain regret,
—

Regret, that in our life we find

Rank baseness and
irreverence

Usurping oft the purer will

To do, in good report or ill,
That which is right, without
pretence.

A sigh escaped me: and
Pauline,

With tenderest words
dispelled my care.

Then, freshened by the balmy
air

Of morn, amidst the crystalline

Profusion of her gifts, we
wended

Our way across a dew- kissed
lawn

That sparkled in the light of
morn

Sudden, our mutual journey
ended;

And she, till now my guiding
star,

Fled from my side, like as a
bright,

Fair meteor from the dome of
night,

Speeds into darkness From
afar

I heard the sound of mocking
laughter,
Mounting on winged shafts of
air,
Borne meward: and a blank
despair

Seized on my soul. O woe!
and after
All my deep confidence and
faith!

Was this the end? was this the
end?

Ah, who has ever loved a
friend
And lost him? Like a
wandering wraith

With hair disheveled,
garments torn,
Byes peering with expectant
gaze
Deeply into the growing haze,

And wandering, piteous and
forlorn,
I sought within the gathering
gloom

My Pauline. Where, O where
was she?
No answer from immensity

Lulled my tried spirit to its
home
Of rest. Ah, no: 'twas past, —

The dream of love, the hope
of peace:
Time held no joy and life no
ease:

E'en Hope had winged away
at last.

Unscripted

Cher Antoinette



SEPTEMBER 2016

THE SHARPENING STONE

The month of September symbolizes the beginning of autumn in the northern hemisphere – a change of seasons, a change of scenery, a change of colour and more importantly, a change of perspective.

the doubled edged knife
cuts savagely through my aura
its blade honed by the pain
of my existence

the whetstone reeks
rancid droppings
of those who
interfere in my life

glinting metal
wields
high overhead
thrusting
downward
every blow
my life segmented
cut into small pieces
jagged
the tears of my soul

every breath
inhaled

the sweet scent of hope
victorious
my life is not a joke

triumph
over their attacks
savor
my life's force

the dagger in hand
resumes its decent
lasered to target
my heart.

feel
the warm blood
leaving
replaced

a new life's force
purity
strength
purpose
grace
renewed

energies return
healing nutrients course
my heart pumps
faster
steadier

I have found the sharpening
stone
smell the metal
two surfaces
rubbing
sharpening
feel the pristine edge
the new blade is formed
taste the sweet
thick droplets of awe
ripped from the open mouths
of the defeated

it is now my turn

UNMASKED

peel it back
reveal

the fleshy sinews
stretched
flexed
taut with emotion
lay it bare for all to see

what lies beneath
let it breathe
the putrid air of daily life
no need for covers
no longer
hidden behind the societal
façade

truth will set the wearer free

peel it back
feel
the new growth
the virginal skin
forming and merging
over structural bony elements
eye lids flutter
opening wide
the vision of clarity that no
longer blinds

the day will come
no longer ashamed
no longer hidden
behind
a mask
the world will know what lies
beneath

truth will set the wearer free

the day is here

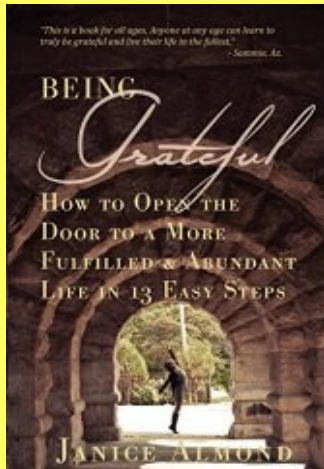
I am free

HERE AND NOW

life's precious moments
the seconds we waste for haste
tomorrow's today

*All poems are excerpts from
"My Soul Cries" by Cher
Corbin © 2012*

Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

MAKE A CHOICE TO BE STEADFAST

WAY #4—NEVER BACK DOWN

“Most men fail not through lack of education, but from lack of dogged determination, from lack of dauntless will.”

O.S. Marden, Founder of Success magazine

MAKE A CHOICE TO NEVER BACK DOWN.

Once we start something, we need to finish. There may be times when for unforeseen reasons it is not possible, but for the most part, we need to develop the attitude of perseverance—the attitude of continuing on and never backing down.

What do I mean by never backing down? I mean even if you want to quit, you choose not to quit. This is determination—the ability to press forward through obstacles and challenges. You must know nothing worthwhile is ever easy. Everything worth keeping and having takes an effort to maintain.

Consider something practical like your weight and your eating habits. Are you inconsistent with maintaining your weight, your diet, and your exercising? What happened to your determination to lose weight that you had at the beginning of the year? What happened to giving it another try? You have to keep after whatever it is you set out to do. You must be dauntless!

Say out loud to yourself, “I will get through this!” “I can make it!” Be positive. You can't stop just because it's hard. Why? Because life is hard. How hard do you think it was for the American slaves? But, even they kept going. One such example is Frederick Douglass, (1818-1895). While visiting in Washington, D C, I had the opportunity to visit the *Frederick Douglass House* which is now a part of the National Park Service. This is what he said, “To those who have suffered in slavery I can say, I, too, have suffered....to those who have battled for liberty, brotherhood, and citizenship I can say, I, too, have battled.”ⁱⁱ

As a slave, Frederick lived in poverty, but he didn't allow that to break his spirit. He learned how to read and write, although it was illegal. He escaped from slavery at the age of twenty by disguising himself as a sailor and boarding a train to New York City. Throughout his life, he lectured against slavery and fought for the freedom of African-Americans, women, and other oppressed people.

He had many accomplishments. Douglas was an “abolitionist, a women's rights activist, author, owner-editor of antislavery newspapers, a fluent speaker of many languages, Minister to Haiti, and the most respected African-American orator of the 1800's.”ⁱⁱⁱ He accomplished what most wouldn't have been able to simply because he didn't and wouldn't back down, even when he fled to Europe to get away from slave hunters.

To never back down is a discipline. You can only have and sustain this type of discipline if you see a beneficial and rewarding outcome in the future. In 1877, Frederick and his wife, Anna, were able to buy a house in a “whites only” area in the Cedar Hill section of Washington, D.C. He kept his dream alive. Today, you can visit the Cedar Hill house and grounds, National Historic Site. I toured the house last February. What a great legacy! You, too, can battle and win!

Take the battle of fasting, for example.

Have you ever fasted? I decided to do a twenty-one day fast from meats and sweets. I didn't really think it was going to be that hard mainly because I don't have much of a sweet tooth, and I am trying to cut down on meat anyway. As of this writing, I finished the fast successfully, but it was harder than I thought.

Since I made a commitment to myself, my daughter, and to God, I stuck with the fast.

What made it so challenging? My husband. I had to make his breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Having to smell the bacon, the polska kielbasa, the fried chicken, the BBQ hamburgers, the tacos, and the grilled steaks was not an easy task. I didn't have a plan, and I wasn't organized about my meals. I desperately needed some sort of veggie meal planner or guide.

But, I couldn't, wouldn't stop. I was determined to finish what I started. I just figured out what to eat as I went along. I kept my discipline. Whatever your goal or current dream, factor in discipline. You can't stop. It's like giving birth. You can't stop in the middle of the delivery. You and your dream will be harmed, stifled. I knew I would be a better person if I completed the fast.

You will be a better person if you don't back down. Refuse anything but victory. If you just "keep on pushing," like that old Curtis Mayfield (1942-1999) song says, you will make it through. Frederick Douglass did. Someone said, "It's only from the valley that the mountain seems high." Remember that in your ascent.

My charge to you is to start the climb. Before you know it, you will be able to look back into the valley. Someone has to make it up the mountain, why not let that someone be you?

Every time I was in labor with my four children, this is what I would tell myself, "I can do this!" "I can get through this!" It was hard. All of you mothers out there know precisely how hard it is to give birth. What would have happened if you had backed down? It is hard to imagine, right? My husband and I didn't back down because we knew a benefit and a reward was coming—little David, Monica, Timothy, and Eric, our four children.

Remember, persevere. Great things take time! Never stop trying. Never stop believing. Never give up. Your day will come. You've got this!

"Good things come to those who believe. Better things come to those who are patient, and the best things come to those who don't give up." www.wisdomquotesandstories.com

Here's another quote: "Hold tightly to dreams. Wrap them in hope. Color them possible. Never give in. Never give up." Author unknown

So, now ask yourself, what are you going to do to hold tight to your dreams? To wrap them in hope and color them possible? How are you going to never back down? Write your answers down. **DO IT NOW.**

WHY I MUST NEVER BACK DOWN. List your reasons.

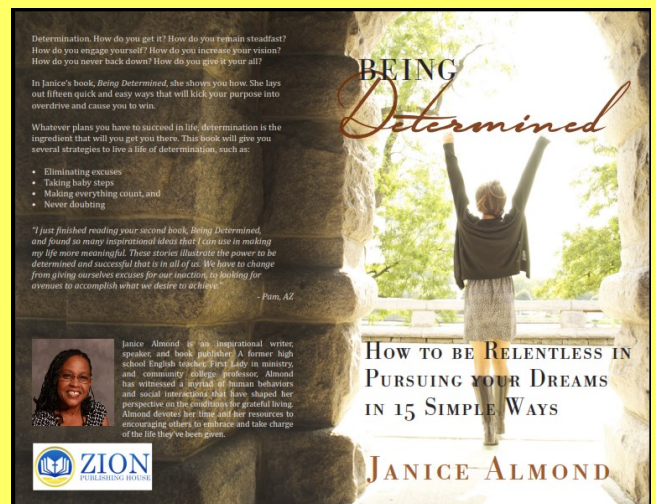
COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

I choose to never back down by ...

Join my email list & get my first book free. Go to www.janicealmondbooks.com/contact



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**



'Twas Brillig

Richard Wilson Moss

The Truth of Movement

Chiseled, I am hoisted
 Into the back of a pick
 up
 And carried to a bench
 Just outside of the station
 There I sit reviewing.
 Lugged into the bus
 I ride along never
 moving
 One cast iron muscle
 I am taken back to the
 house
 To sit in front of TV.
 Later I will remain quite
 fixed
 Even when screwing.



Statues

Upon creation
 Slaves of stone
 Held within such rigid
 forms
 Whispered of freedom,
 to escape
 And then rule moments
 Outside of statue.

To stand on broken rocks
 And call it realm
 To brave consciousness
 And call it conscience



By The Appomattox River

At the end of my
 summers
 I will soon sit by the
 Appomattox
 And wait for its currents
 To reverse their course
 Catfish on the bottom to
 turn back
 To their first decision
 Not to rise to the hook
 Wait for the wind to
 return
 To the west of its
 constant craving
 For the east
 Pause until clouds and
 their shadows
 That cool and comfort
 me here
 Unmake themselves
 Returning to seas so far
 away.
 I will sit by the
 Appomattox

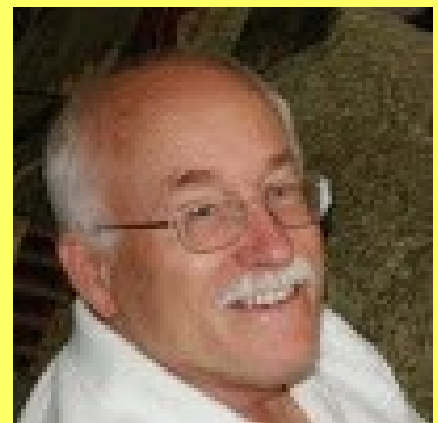
And wait patiently
 For these things to
 happen.

Elevation of the Elements

When bell ringers arrive
 Old church bells would
 ring
 But this time they
 hesitate
 And then ring no more
 Never again for end of
 war
 Not for marriage, nor
 death
 Nor end of school
 And all who handle the
 ropes
 From this time on
 Cannot make them ring
 No matter how hard
 they pull.

copyright 2005 Richard Wilson
 Moss

Richard Moss is the author
 of numerous full length
 poetry books. You can find
 his books on every major
 platform.



©Richard Moss

According to Eliot

A Review

SeaFall. A review of their new CD, Tides

Readers of *According to Eliot* by now, will be used to the fact that no two columns are the same. Recently I was sent a preview copy of a Welsh band SeaFall's new cd to review.

The album will be released on September 14th, in true rock style with a sea trip round the bay of Cardiff. Well I suppose as they go by the name of SeaFall...

Going by the title of *Tides* it can be found on RoaringWater records. SeaFall represents a remarkable new musical direction taken by Moira Morgan and her partner Davy Cartwright. They are joined by Xenia Porteous on violin and Lynise Esprit on keyboards and assorted instruments.

Moira will be known to many as leader of the seminal Cardiff band Moira and the Mice who rocked the South Wales music scene from 1979 to '82 and became favourites of John Peel. John Peel was a BBC disc jockey.

He was the most respected DJ in the United Kingdom and other parts of the world because of his knowledge of music. He could also be heard on the BBC World Service before his untimely death a few years ago.

Davy Cartwright has been a regular contributor to the folk club circuit over the years and has released three CD's under his own name.

Xenia Porteous graduated through The National Youth Orchestra of Wales and is much in demand for her virtuoso playing.

Lynise was a member of Moira's post-Mice band *Design For Living*, and played on numerous sessions before becoming the great studio wizard that he is today.

He has since passed on his knowledge to countless young people through his many Youth Projects. It is Lynise's introduction to the band that has transformed SeaFall's musical palette.

That musical palette is the strength of *SeaFall*. The whole variety of rock, folk, classicist and musical producer contribute individually and the mixing of their best elements. This can be heard particularly in the song *Breathing*. The musicianship and production are superb.

Strong vocals here and on *Safe Harbour*, where not only is music craft wonderful, the harmonies have to be heard, male and female voice used to their best. *Little Earth* by contrast is 'pop', but so well produced. For me standout track is *Little Devils*; I just love the vocals.

If I hadn't had a preview, one I would have definitely bought.

You can hear *SeaFall* at:

YouTubby:

www.youtube.com/channel/UC_gcoMq2Yel6gl3dbq2dvQ

Their web page is: www.SeaFall.net

For any enquiries or even orders for actual cd's can be addressed to: roaringwater.records@btinternet.com

*****The End*****

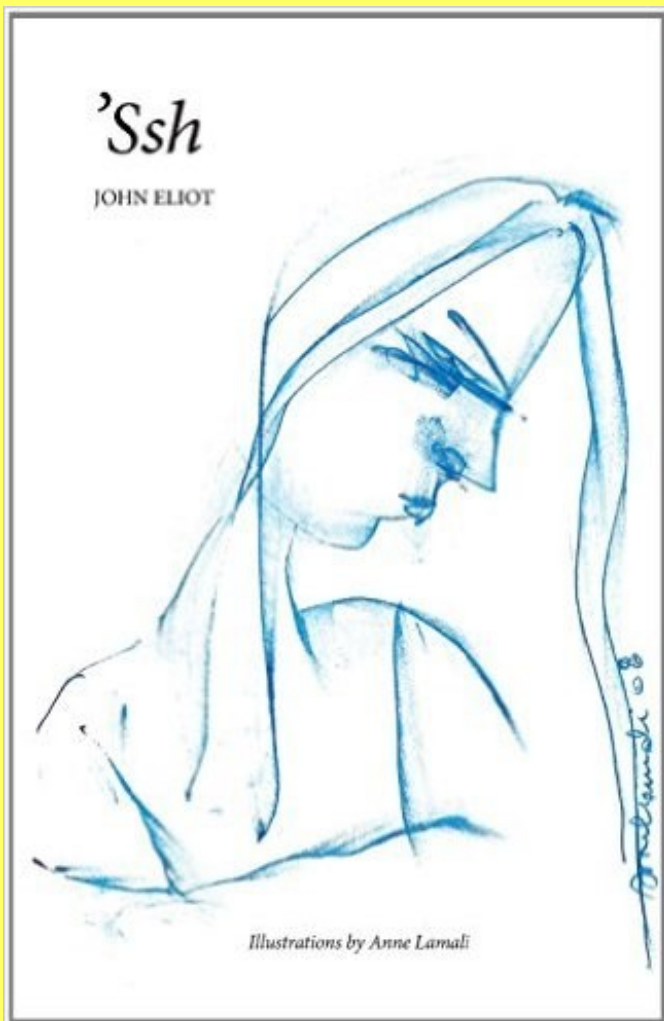
John Eliot is a poet. He shares his time between Wales and France. In Wales he lives close to a capital city where he spends a lot of time reading his poetry to an audience.

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 one book of poetry published '**Ssh**' available on Amazon and a new one will be coming out in the Autumn, titled '**Don't Go**'. Both books are published by Mosaique Press of England."

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."



**Advertise with us today.
We have affordable prices and corporate
discounts packages**

According To Eliot - Extra

A monthly look at the World of Literature picking up news that I'm sure will be of interest to readers.

I've no idea if the Nordic Noir is popular in Liberia. I love it. It is read and watched by many Europeans. It is believed to be a modern crime phenomenon but of course it goes back to Chandler, and then the Norwegian and Swedish authors, married couple Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo and the tremendous author the late Henning Mankell. If you haven't read Henning Mankell, then you are missing a treat. And the tradition carries on with modern Nordic authors such as Emelie Schepp and Joakim Zander, who claim that their novels reflect the society they live in. But that begs the question, shouldn't all good literature reflect society not merely write about the world as if it were a cartoon?

Worth a mention here if readers haven't had the opportunity to watch them are *The Killing* with Sofi Grabol and *The Bridge* with Sofia Helin who are stunning in the pivotal roles.

A fact you may not need to know unless you are attempting to be the author of a best seller. *Need, want* and *do* are twice as likely to appear in bestselling books than others!

Donald Trump the Republican candidate for the presidency in America has spawned a whole lot of books about him. A few examples of books about Mr Trump; a faux (false) thriller entitled *The Day of Donald*, a mock child's book by comedian Michael Ian Black titled, *A Child's First Book of Trump*, Trump appears as a super villain in a new Marvel comic as well as more than half a dozen Trump themed adult

colouring books. And! Wait for it, a book of Trump paper dolls. There are of course, serious books about the politician.

Marianne Ihlen died on the 28th of July. She was immortalised in the song, *So Long Marianne* by Canadian poet and singer in 1967. The song was issued on Cohen's first album, *Songs of Leonard Cohen*. Cohen has a long and illustrious career and at aged 82 there are rumours of a new cd on his birthday in September. I am an absolute devotee of Leonard Cohen, I've seen him in concert many times, own all his cds and read many books about him. But, I don't think his popularity spreads as far as Liberia. Am I right or wrong?

My epitaph to Marianne. Until next month...

Marianne

Without her there
Would not have been the song
Marianne wrote the words

She was the Indian cotton
And patchouli
Empty bedsit rooms

I still listen
For your step on the stair
How many poems today

From lovers as old
And sad as me
End as you with the words

So long

28.07.16

c. John Eliot

Liberian Proverbs

Excepted from, **The Elders' Wisdom**

- 1. Marriage is like a peanut, you have to crack it to see what is inside.** When one decides to get married, one will never know fully what it entails until you are in it. It is a journey that can only happen when you leave for it. It is true we can get glimpses of our partners, but the real thing is only when the marriage ceremony is over. In this case, one has cracked the ground pea and with time, one will know if it was good or not.
- 2. Marriage is bittersweet.** Married people fight and make up just like everyone else.
- 3. No child laughs at the ugliness of its mother.** Just as it is related in another parable, the sentiments hold true. There is no bad bush for a child. The child has none for its parents as well. The child sees its mother in ways that transcends any negativity others may see.
- 4. No man is an island.** We need others in life as much as they need us. We can do many things alone, but in substance, our lives depend on so many others and what they provide to make us live peaceably or happily.
- 5. No matter how cold a monkey gets, he doesn't warm himself in leopard skin.** There are some things that do not happen. The monkey in this case has and knows its limits. It will never consider wearing a leopard's skin as something of a play not even if it is facing a desperate situation.
- 6. No matter how long a log may float in the water, it will never become a crocodile.** What you are, you are; what you are not, you are not. We can't change the natural order of certain things. They are just the way they are.
- 7. No matter how low a cotton tree falls, it is still taller than grass.** Some things are just way beyond our reach or abilities. The grass at its tallest still falls short of the cotton tree at its lowest point.
- 8. No matter how tight a monkey's trousers are, he has to leave space for his tail.** We carry along with us some ingrained things. They never leave us, in fact, we make a conscious effort to provide for them. The monkey here never covers up or leaves its tails hidden, not even for a tight pant.
- 9. No one can uproot the tree, which God has planted.** As mentioned before, the concept of God is not limited to one kind. Liberians are religious on many counts. We believe that fate/destiny has a way of taking its proper place at the proper time. For the traditionalists or the Christians/Muslim etc. it is practically the same.
- 10. No sane person sharpens his machete to cut a banana.** The relative softness of the banana makes it seem foolish for one to use a sharpened knife on it. Some tasks are so obvious or have easy solutions that when others try to make them complicated, it gives room to question their sanity. In this case, the one who sharpens the knife is viewed as insane.

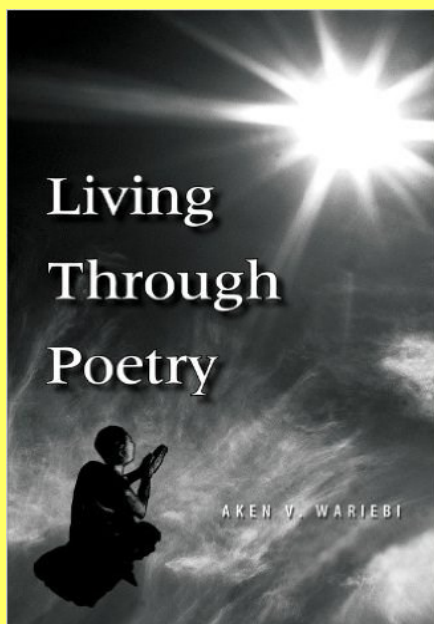
Aken-bai's- A Flow of Thoughts



Aken Vivian Wariebi is an avid reader and writer and the latter began more frequently since grade school. A graduate from both Rutgers and Syracuse Universities, respectively, she never left a book nor a

pen behind. Today, a Poet and Advocate for the most vulnerable, Ms. Wariebi finds joy in inspiring and helping others in any positive way that she can. Some say her Poems speak to their heart and soul and for Ms. Wariebi life speaks to her pen. Others describe her writings as life short stories. No matter how it is felt, Ms. Wariebi speaks to your heart and soul from hers and hopes that all can find a little more light along their journey of life in her work as she has in her writings. She is originally from Monrovia, Liberia and currently resides in the USA.

www.facebook.com/inspirewithlove



A little information on Relationships

Most times we have an idea of what we want in a relationship. The usual we expect, whatever that usual may be for us. Generically speaking, it is most often understanding, honesty, love, some empathy, and those positives that will trigger out emotions that can reassure us that there is something there. Something to hold onto, something we can grasp. Feelings that can be develop into something wonderful. What most likely most people don't look for in a relationship are the negatives such as; deceit, deviousness, bullying, selfishness and those things that only drain and not uplift. Then there is hope, that if any negative is discovered, it can be changed or that things can get better. But whether positive or negative we learn, if for nothing else, for the next relationship.

For most people, as time goes along, a decision is made to stay or leave, to be free or remain in prison of their own expectations or fantasies or pretenses that feeds into how they cope. It is from all of these relationships that we mirror our future relationships and it is with them most likely that we move forward.

We get taught three things in relationships: **What we want to accept or choose to, what we do not want to be or maybe even the sum of both.** Our emotions speak too on such issues relative to this equation: Negativity and drama does not equal positivity and peace. This is a simple equation that isn't so simple. Our relationships teach us what we see within ourselves in unawares, because that is what we draw to us. The

view of what we see may be undetected, silent, on in remission. We don't realize we actually feel or think that way at times. But we draw from it and that never changes, until we do. Some of the folks that we have a relationship with, in fact all of them, give their best selves also in unawares. For example, on the negative front, some we meet can only be deceitful, have betrayal tendencies, slandering complexities, some are takers, some are miserable and seek an audience and company, some are gossipers, some are givers, others takers and you get the picture.

These qualities may be all they know and have been exposed to and so that is all they can provide and all they can give as their best. The source of these qualities is most always pain, hurt, fear and ignorance and has nothing at all to do with us. Then on the positive side, there is the care of genuine capacities, empathy, love selflessly proven repeatedly expecting nothing in return, courage and inspiration of the purest form expressed so perfectly it seems fake. Then there we are bringing our best as well or what we think that is, whatever it may be. It gets to be a struggle in a relationship, holding the balance of work and play, of the art of living and redesigning or recreating that masterpiece that is us. And then what? The qualities that we share from others usually are the blinded qualities in us, no? Each embrace we exercise in a relationship, no matter what it may be, sends a message of who we are in our actions and interactions in general, perhaps our behavior. There is quantity and then quality and there, there is

always integrity. If the desire is to be quality, many will come in a relationship specifically of friendship, but few will stay. Some will return but us, yes us, we decide, we call the shots of who to welcome and who to shun and let go of. We make a decision on this in many ways. We choose whether to be us at our best or not. We must remember that and as in every living relationship, the ultimate choice is ours for our own security or morals, our overall wellbeing. We must gradually not swiftly let each season of friendship be the best and yes some are indeed only seasonal. We have to make the best of it, only if we can. In due time, as we reminisce, we need to let that be with pride never shame, love never hate, peace never war, joy never regrets and that can be the platform for the greatest growth within ourselves, our evolution, our truest brand of us.



Aken V. Wariebi, MSW

www.facebook.com/inspirewithlove

A Short Story

By: **Kpana Nnadia Gaygay**

THE WISDOM OF GREY-HAIR

Once in a forest far away, existed a chiefdom. Many people lived in the chiefdom. The elders, along with their wise old chief ran the affairs of the chiefdom and everything went well with them, save the every now and then disputes which is normal in human existence. Other chiefdoms revered and admired the peace they enjoyed. People came from far and near to learn the secrets of the voodoo that kept the chiefdom thriving.

Despite all of this external reverence and admiration, the youths of the chiefdom were not so pleased about things-being bossed around by a handful of grey-headed men. They couldn't understand why these old men wouldn't allow them have their own ways.

Every now and then a few of them tried staging a rebellion but the elders always found a way to calm them down. Years went by and they finally felt they couldn't stand it anymore. They'd had enough of these elders. It was time to act, they decided. "Let's go elsewhere and build a chiefdom of our own. We'll set our own rules and have our will. We don't need to live with such restrictions from these old men", they said. And so they left and moved deep into the forest. In a day or two, a big town was set up.

Several months passed but with too many quarrels. Every day there was confusions and fight. No one could listen to anyone. The free world they wanted now stood shattered before them. And then, they decided to find a leader, someone who had the will and courage to put things under control. The son of the old chief was chosen and leadership began. Remembering how elegantly their elderly chief was always dressed, the youths

decided to get an attire for their leader-something that would depict authority, strength and valor. They went hunting and killed a lion and a leopard. They skinned the animals and hurriedly dressed their new chief in his attire of wet lion and leopard skin. There was singing and dancing the whole night and into the next day.

Few days on, the young-chief began to feel uneasy with his new attire. The animals' skin got dry and held tightly unto his own skin. He tried to remove the gown but failed. He consulted his colleagues who also tried but failed too, to get the skin off the chief. After all attempts failed, one of them suggested that they go to the elders and seek advice. Most were hesitant but due to how worn out their young chief looked, they dispatched men to go seek the counsel of their elders.

After listening to the young men, the elders excused the young men to 'hang head' with their chief. Minutes later, they were called back in and the chief, dressed in his flowing gown of every imaginable color. He, smiling like the rays of the early morning sun, clearing his throat like thunder and waving his symbol of authority; a leopard tail, stood up to address the tired messengers. " My children" he began "the elders have decided that you use your youthful wisdom to help your chief. We will offer you no advice or give you solution to your problems. Our pieces of advice and instructions were burdens upon you. You don't need them now", he concluded. The young men broke out in tears and begged the elders for their mercy. The chief felt empathy for them and told them to go and have their chief sit in water for an hour. He did and the animals' skin got wet and left his skin with ease. Ashamed and full of remorse, the youths returned to the elders and begged them to accept them back. The elders with joy welcome them and they lived with them ruling with wisdom.

The AU Must Adopt and Implement an Aggressive Pro-poor Agenda if Africa Must Rise

By Martin K. N. Kollie

Columnist & Youth Activist,
martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com



The former President and a freedom fighter of South Africa, Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela once said **"Overcoming poverty is not a gesture of charity, but the protection of a fundamental human right; the right to dignity and a decent life."** In October 2002, UN Secretary General Kofi Anan reminded the world on the occasion of the International Day for the Eradication of Poverty that **"Extreme poverty anywhere is a threat to human security everywhere."**

Before going any further, it would be good to understand the term **'Pro-poor'**. In development literature, *'Pro-poor' is a widely used term describing policies that directly target poor people, or that are more generally aimed at reducing poverty.* Pro-poor policies are aimed at improving the assets and capabilities of the poor by getting them directly involved into policy formulation and structures leading to pro-poor outcomes.

In a remote town in central Liberia specifically Garmu, Bong County, a group of villagers said to me in a rather frustrating mood while conducting a household income survey "We have been sharing information about our poor condition for years now with NGOs and INGOs, but we have got no genuine solution to our situation. We have been living in extreme poverty for decades now and there has been no concrete response from the government and its partners as though we were born to die in poverty. We have no choice, but to

fight against poverty on our own in order to survive."

African nations were fully represented at the Millennium Summit in September 2000 which took place at the United Nations Headquarters in New York City. In fact, co-chairing this summit was an African Head of State, the former President of Namibia, His Excellency Sam Nujoma.

During this gathering of world leaders, every nation made a global commitment to reduce extreme poverty by implementing a set of eight (8) goals described as the Millennium Development Goals (MDGs). The first goal of the MDGs was for every country to meet a target of **'eradicating extreme hunger and poverty'** by 2015.

According to the 2015 Millennium Development Report, the number of people living in extreme poverty has declined by more than half, falling from 1.9 billion in 1990 to 836 million in 2015. Africa excluding North Africa reduced poverty levels from 56.5 per cent in 1990 to 48.4 percent in 2010, a 14 percent reduction, which fell below the MDG target of 28.25 percent. This means that Africa could not even reduce poverty by half the target (28.25%) of the MDG in 20 years. These statistics suggest that there has been some level of progress worldwide, but from available data and realistic indicators, Africa is still moving at a snail's pace in terms of reducing extreme poverty and improving the standard of living.

Even though most African nations did not meet the target of reducing poverty in 15 years by 28.25 percent, but Gambia was a success story. This small West African country crossed the threshold of 28.25 percent and made the highest mark in Africa by reducing poverty by 32 percent. I think more countries need to learn from Gambia's strategies, tactics and policy mechanisms. Steps taken by Burkina Faso, Niger, Swaziland, Ethiopia, Uganda and Malawi to reduce poverty are also worth commending. There is a need for a strategic dialogue among African nations that would eventually lead to the adoption of a more aggressive and realistic roadmap of eradicating this old-aged enemy (poverty) that continues to pose serious threat to regional stability, economic growth and genuine development in Africa.

The period of 15 years from 2000 to 2015 was somehow enough for Africa to even reduce poverty by half considering its capacity in terms of natural wealth and human potential. '

Unfortunately, poverty remains prevalent across the continent due to preponderance of factors, some of which include, but not limited to: dependence on foreign aid and assistance, corruption, lack of political will, poor public and fiscal policy, bad governance, low awareness and participation, setting unachievable priorities, poor monitoring and evaluation, low economic productivity, etc.

Howbeit, this cannot be an excuse or justification for the dismal performance of African States during the implementation of the MDGs especially Goal #1.

Having transitioned to a post-MDG era, can Africa step up its effort in achieving global anti-poverty targets? Yes, I believe so, but only if African States can adopt an **aggressive pro-poor agenda**. The African Union must lead this process with a sense of unabated resilience, commitment, passion and audacity.



There hard question that the African Union and its member states need to answer is that “Can Africa meet the Sustainable Development Goals by 2030?” Can the African Continent **end poverty in all its forms everywhere** in Africa by 2030 according to Goal #1 of the SDGs?

Can the African Union pass another 15-year test this time around after its massive failure in the implementation of the MDGs? Can the post-MDG or SDGs’ era revive the hope of millions of Africans as the continent rambles in tatters?

Again, I want to say emphatically YES!! There are greater prospects for a prosperous Africa, but these prospects can only become success stories if **aggressive pro-poor** interventions are made by the African Union and its member states. The need for a **pro-poor and pro-majority agenda** to take precedence across Africa cannot be over-amplified.

Again, the continent is under global spotlight. All eyes are on Africa once more to see whether it will rise above the expected targets of the Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) or not. As millions telescope Africa from afar, there are still skepticisms by development specialists, global actors and civil society activists about Africa’s ability to meet the 17 goals spelled out in the SDGs and contained in paragraph 54 United Nations Resolution A/RES/70/1 of 25 September 2015. However, the 50-year “Agenda 2063” adopted by the African Union coupled with the first 10-year implementation plan and the Addis Ababa funding scheme are helping to minimize existing skepticisms.

In my mind, steps taken so far by the African Union through policy mechanism (Agenda 2063) are welcoming, but there are more challenging gaps to mitigate through consolidated and aggressive implementation. The procreation of an attractive policy is good, but the adoption and implementation of an aggressive ‘**pro-poor agenda**’ is better!

Building a strong middle class and increasing purchasing power through genuine and sustainable investment in Africa is doable, though long overdue. There may be many formulas to deriving this calculus, but the best formula Africa can use to arrive is the **PRO-POOR AGENDA**.



If the leaders of Africa today are sincere and realistic about transforming this continent and addressing the socio-economic nightmares of the people, then they must for once undress corruption and imprison it.



They must place Africa above self. They must make the people's interest primary not through words, but deeds. They must be ready to leave their comfortable zones and reach out to rural inhabitants especially in slum communities.

They must be able to develop a strong appetite for an all-inclusive and intra-regional change by ensuring that public policies and developmental priorities/projects are more practical and participatory through a framework of transparency and accountability.

It is time for the African Union and its member states to grow teeth by standing up and confronting increasing challenges on the continent through the effective practicalization of lessons learned from the MDGs' era. Reaching out to the poorest of the poor and the working poor by increasing the standard of living across Africa is possible, but only through the proper management and fair distribution of public wealth.

There is an urgent need to redefine and rebrand leadership (governance) in Africa, because people especially leaders of Africa today perceive it (leadership) from diverse contexts and perspectives.

Some see leadership (governance) as an opportunity for self-enrichment while others consider it as a perfect deal to make the minority more powerful and the majority more powerless. Except for few who see leadership (governance) as a unique platform to selflessly serve the people and demonstrate the highest sense of patriotism and nationalism; most of the leaders see it as a means of amassing illicit wealth.

No wonder why Africa has always been at the backyard of globalization and modernization. It is time to initiate a frank conversation around 'a poverty-free Africa'.

If Asia and South America are making it, why isn't Africa? Why must Africa always be at the bottom? The African Union needs to find a reasonable answer to this question. Even though Africa is the richest continent in terms of natural resources, but it has one of the least Gross Domestic Products. According to the International Monetary Fund, Africa has a GDP of US\$2.6 trillion as compared to (South America: US\$4.2, Asia: US\$18.5, North America: US\$20.3 and Europe: US\$24.4).

The African Union (AU) has a statutory responsibility and a pivotal role to play in making sure that Africa is poverty-free. The African people and the world at large deserve no excuse(s) for Africa not achieving the SDGs by 2030. Africa does not belong at the bottom. Rise up AU and inspire the leaders of Africa and their people to stop crawling and stand up, because time is running out. The AU must lead CEN-SAD, COMESA, EAC, ECCAS, ECOWAS, IGAD, SADC and UMA towards a prosperous Africa. From the coastal plain of Liberia and the top of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, I see a new Africa rising above the world.



Image Credit: siliconafrika.com

About The Author: Martin K. N. Kollie is a global columnist, a Liberian youth and student activist who hails from Bong county, central Liberia. He currently reads Economics with distinction at the University of Liberia and has written hundreds of articles. He can be reached at martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com

Words of NIA



LORD, Why Did You Make Me Black?

Lord, Lord,
Why did You make me Black?
Why did You make me someone
The world wants to hold back?

Black is the color of dirty clothes;
The color of grimy hands and feet.
Black is the color of darkness;
The color of fire-beaten streets.

Why did you give me thick lips,
A broad nose and kinky hair?
Why did You make me someone
Who receives the hatred stare?

Black is the color of a bruised eye
When somebody gets hurt.
Black is the color of darkness,
Black is the color of dirt.

How come my bone structure so thick
my hips and cheeks are high?
How come my eyes are brown
and not the color of daylight sky?
Why do people think I'm useless?
How come I feel so used?
Why do some people see my skin
and think I should be abused?

Lord, I just don't understand;
What is it about my skin?
Why do some people want to hate me
And not know the person within?

Black is what people are "listed,"
When others want to keep them away.
Black is the color of shadows cast.
Black is the end of the day.

Lord, You know, my own people mistreat
me;
And I know this isn't right.
They don't like my hair or the way I look
They say I'm too dark or too light.

Lord, Don't You think it's time
For You to make a change?
Why don't You re-do creation
And make everyone the same?

(God answered):

Why did I make you black?
Why did I make you black?
Get off your knees; look around.
Tell me what do you see?
I didn't make you in the image of
darkness.
I made you in the likeness of Me.

I made you the color of coal
From which beautiful diamonds are
formed.
I made you the color of oil,
The Black gold that keeps people warm.

I made you from the rich, dark earth
That can grow the food you need.
Your color's the same as the panther's
Known for (HER) beauty and speed.

Your color's the same as the Black
stallion,
A majestic animal is he.
I didn't make you in the Image of
darkness
I made you in the Likeness of Me!

All the colors of a Heavenly Rainbow
Can be found throughout every nation;
And when all those colors were blended
well.

YOU BECAME MY GREATEST CREATION!

Your hair is the texture of lamb's wool;
Such a humble, little creature is he.
I am the Shepherd who watches them.
I am the One who will watch over thee.

You are the color of midnight sky,
I put the stars' glitter in your eyes.
There's a smile hidden behind your pain,
That's the reason your cheeks are high.

You are the color of dark clouds formed
when I send my strongest weather
I made your lips full so when you kiss
the one that you love...will remember.

Your stare is strong; your bone structure,
thick,
to withstand the burdens of time.
That reflection you see in the mirror...
The Image that looks back is MINE!

By **RuNett Nia Ebo ©1994** is the original
author of this poem ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
<http://www.poetebo.com>

RuNett Nia Ebo, Poet of Purpose, is a local resident of NW Philadelphia and married to William Gray, Sr. She has been writing since age 10 (which means 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 appeared on cable and public television, been featured or guest hosted on cable and regular radio and acted on local stages in Philadelphia in addition to speaking and presenting at community events and local schools on every level in Philadelphia, New York, Houston, Los Angeles, and St. Croix as well as several cities in New Jersey and Delaware.

Miss Ebo can now add playwright to her list of accomplishments since a play she wrote based on her signature poem, *Lord Why Did You Make Me Black* has been performed by the Fresh Visions Youth Theatre Group as part of their *Ebony Kaleidoscope #9 and #10* (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 back in 1980 and is a member of Germantown Church of the Brethren. Rev. Richard Kyerematen is her pastor.

RuNett Nia Ebo, Poet of Purpose to contact this poet

runett.ebo101@gmail.com

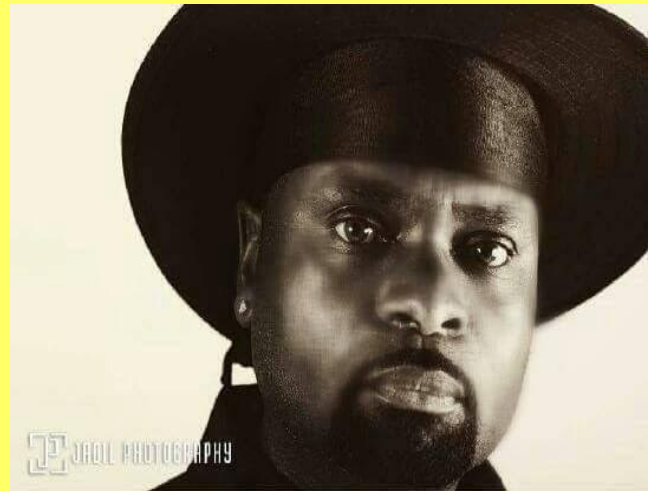
www.poetebo.com

Alonzo "Zo" Gross

Hate iZ Over (if u want it)

U never met me,
yet U label me a crook
U don't respect me,
cuz of the way that I look.
(& This is True not a figment,
4 its due 2 my pigment.)
Anyway...
I walk by U-
(& immediately),
U hide Ur purse)
so I talk 2 U first & try 2-
(peacefully)
calm ur nerveZ)
"Hello 2 U mam,
& How is ur day?
2 which U exhale & say,
"Grand! Thank U",
then calmly walk away.
Grateful I didn't hurt u,
like u expected me 2 do
confused by my virtue
which is Loving & True.
Look at this,
somehow u dropped ur money,
I catch up 2 u,
"Miss, I think U lost a 20".
Surprised,
as U flash a smile so Lovely---
(U Say)
"Beautiful Man
I hope U can++
4give a Fearful-Heart,
That was once so ugly"---.
zO

© Alonzo "Zo" Gross



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" Noveber 2012.

On December 2nd 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.

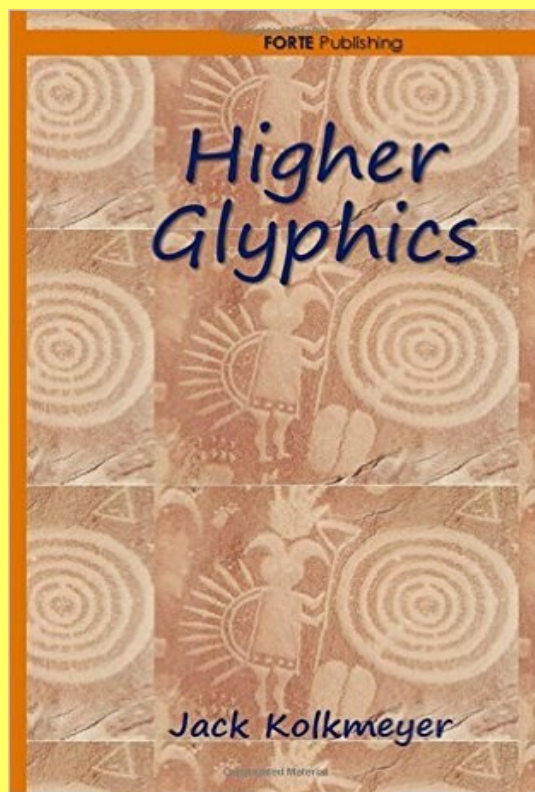
Jack Kolkmeier



changing the vibe

come what may
come by here
we can change the vibe
with a wordless song
 of streaming notes
 that sing from deep in
the sanctum of the soul
 of long
 forgotten tones
 that once whirled
around the choired masses
 of eons
 stretched in
 resoundingly
 harmonic tunes
 that themselves
intoned the teachings
left behind so long
ago
to guide us
once again
 into the light of
acceptance
 that shines so dimly
and rings so hollow
 in our current tower of
babbling nothingness
but
to hear the song again
 and to understand
the meaning of the silent
words

demands a stillness
from the roars of anger
 and a quelling
of the tidal storm of
hypocrisy
that reigns
in place of spirit
 on the throne of
intuitive
understanding
for those who listen
and retune their ears
and hearing
 to the chords of
diversity
 and entwine them
sympathetically
into the new song
of now
come what may
come by here
right now



FORTE Publishing

Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

This Land 'IZ' THEIR Land

A King had a dream

'Twuz' me

Given opportunity

'an'

Equality

Equality for any kings' dream

'Iz' equivalent

to impartiality

fairmindedness to fairness

comes 'wit' that territory

Territory 'iz' Spirit filled ground

More or less

How can one forget

terrains & regions

belonging to Indians

Indians too had dreams and rain calls

this land

once belonged

not to you nor me

THEIR CHIEF filled it all.

Author: Renee' B. Drummond-Brown
(Renee's Poems with Wings are Words in Flight)

Dedicated to: Land of the free!!!

And the Bands Played On....

We heard 'da' noise

'An'

We knew it 'wuz' George Clinton

'an' 'dem' 'boyz' 'jus' getting it

Awww

We 'jus' had to get in 'da' band

And y'OUR' band played on...

You played 'dat' funky music

white 'boyz'

It had us 'turnin' round

'SHOUTIN' 'an' 'sangin'

'an' 'movin' to your grove

'Jus' when it hit us

we 'layed' it down 'an' boogied

Until 'dat' funky music of yours

'wuz' no more.

And y'OUR' band played on...

We had 'dat' school 'girlz' crush

Average white band

Met you in 'da' playground

WAITED

'til' 'ev'ry' body 'wuz' long gone

Before long

It 'WUZ'

A **strung out** crush

'Dat' 'wuz' ever so wrong

Momma said

You 'gotta' move on

'Dat' what's up!!!

And y'OUR' band played on...

Dedicated to: Where have ALL the bands gone?

(Authored: "Renee's Poems with Wings are Words in Flight-I'll Write Our Wrongs" and books on Amazon, Barnes and Noble and/or on my Face Book Page.

"SOLD: TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER". Note* each book ranked 5 stars!!!)

No part of this poem may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted by any means without written permission from the author. All Rights Reserved@ June, 2016.

Tom Zart

AMERICA & THE MAD DOGS OF MAN!

Wherever dwell the mad dogs of man
There is corruption, plunder and hate.
In every city, town or village
Those who promote distrust deserve their
fate.

All are born as an innocent child
Till misled by others along the way.
God has always loved His children
Though it breaks His heart when they
stray.

The mad dogs of man never repent
For they have no sense of shame or
sorrow.
Worshiping dominance and the dark
side of life
Abusing victims as if there were no
tomorrow.

God gives us the will to sin no more
And to overcome evil unwilling to cease.
The mad dogs of man must be stopped
Who murder, rape and destroy world
peace.

Samson, Solomon, Moses and David
Were chosen by God to stand tall.
They faced great odds and the fear of
death
Refusing to ignore their call.

The time has come for the people of
Earth
To band together to restrain the horde.
Standing firm against tyranny where it
exists
Putting the mad dogs of man to the
sword.

The fearful cry we must submit
And find a way to soothe them.
Where defenders worry if we stand down
The future for America is grim.

Now's not the time to fight one another
Or kiss our enemy's cheek.
All through history it remains the same
The strong enslave the weak.

May God continue to bless America
Refusing evil, the upper hand.
It's up to us to stay resolute
Defending the liberty of Man.

Mónica de la Torre

Equivalents

My child is my mother.
There is a perpetual tug of war
between the child in my mother
and the mother in my child.
My spouse is not father to my child.
The man who is lover to his mother—
he too is childless, having been
son to his grandfather, but not brother
to his mother, or son.
The self-evidence of terms
designating family ties
masks the entanglements.
Is it folklore, the assumption
that a man will choose a lover
over his children
and that a mother her children
over her lover?
In this, the man and I,
we are equivalent.
We each have our records.

Copyright © 2015 by Mónica de la Torre.
Originally published in Poem-a-Day on
December 15, 2015, by the Academy of
American Poets.

Gifts of the Masters

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

LANGSTON HUGHES

Let America Be America Again - Langston Hughes

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers
dreamed--
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants
scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the
free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the
dark?
And who are you that draws your veil
across the stars?
I am the poor white, fooled and pushed
apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,

I am the immigrant clutching the hope I
seek--
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the
weak.
I am the young man, full of strength and
hope,

Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of
satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own
greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean--
-
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today--O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the
years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic
dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave,
so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow
turned
That's made America the land it has
become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early
seas
In search of what I meant to be my home-

For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's
shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy
lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief
today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our
pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay-

-
Except the dream that's almost dead
today.

O, let America be America again--
The land that never has been yet--
And yet must be--the land where every
man is free.

The land that's mine--the poor man's,
Indian's, Negro's, ME--
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and
pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow
in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose-

-
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the
people's lives,
We must take back our land again,

America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath--
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster
death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth,
and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain--
All, all the stretch of these great green
states--
And make America again!

Claude McKay, 1889 - 1948

If We Must Die

If we must die—let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry
dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die—oh, let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be
shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though
dead!
Oh, Kinsmen! We must meet the
common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us show us
brave,

And for their thousand blows deal one
deathblow!
What though before us lies the open
grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous,
cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting
back!

Jupiter Hammon, 1711 - 1806

An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatley

I
O come you pious youth! adore
The wisdom of thy God,
In bringing thee from distant shore,
To learn His holy word.

II
Thou mightst been left behind
Amidst a dark abode;
God's tender mercy still combin'd
Thou hast the holy word.

III
Fair wisdom's ways are paths of peace,
And they that walk therein,
Shall reap the joys that never cease
And Christ shall be their king.

IV
God's tender mercy brought thee here;
Tost o'er the raging main;
In Christian faith thou hast a share,
Worth all the gold of Spain.

V
While thousands tossed by the sea,
And others settled down,

God's tender mercy set thee free,
From dangers that come down.

VI
That thou a pattern still might be,
To youth of Boston town,
The blessed Jesus set thee free,
From every sinful wound.

VII
The blessed Jesus, who came down,
Unvail'd his sacred face,
To cleanse the soul of every wound,
And give repenting grace.

VIII
That we poor sinners may obtain
The pardon of our sin;
Dear blessed Jesus now constrain
And bring us flocking in.

IX
Come you, Phillis, now aspire,
And seek the living God,
So step by step thou mayst go higher,
Till perfect in the word.

X
While thousands mov'd to distant shore,
And others left behind,
The blessed Jesus still adore,
Implant this in thy mind.

XI
Thou hast left the heathen shore;
Thro' mercy of the Lord,
Among the heathen live no more,
Come magnify thy God.

XII
I pray the living God may be,
The shepherd of thy soul;

His tender mercies still are free,
His mysteries to unfold.

XIII

Thou, Phillis, when thou hunger hast,
Or pantest for thy God;
Jesus Christ is thy relief,
Thou hast the holy word.

XIV

The bounteous mercies of the Lord
Are hid beyond the sky,
And holy souls that love His word,
Shall taste them when they die.

XV

These bounteous mercies are from God,
The merits of His Son;
The humble soul that loves his word,
He chooses for His own.

XVI

Come, dear Phillis, be advis'd
To drink Samaria's flood,
There's nothing that shall suffice
But Christ's redeeming blood.

XVII

While thousands muse with earthly toys;
and range about the street;
Dear Phillis, seek for heaven's joys,
Where we do hope to meet.

XVIII

When God shall send his summons down
And number saints together
Blest angels chant (Triumphant sound)
Come live with me forever.

XIX

The humble soul shall fly to God,
And leave the things of time.

Stand forth as 'twere at the first word,
To taste things more divine.

XX

Behold! the soul shall waft away,
Whene'er we come to die,
And leave its cottage made of clay,
In twinkling of an eye.

XXI

Now glory be to the Most High,
United praises given
By all on earth, incessantly,
And all the hosts of heav'n.

Jessie Redmon Fauset, 1882 - 1961

Dead Fires

If this is peace, this dead and leaden
thing,

Then better far the hateful fret, the
sting.

Better the wound forever seeking balm
Than this gray calm!

Is this pain's surcease? Better far the
ache,

The long-drawn dreary day, the night's
white wake,

Better the choking sigh, the sobbing
breath

Than passion's death!

FETHI SASSI

POEMS IN ARABIC FETHI SASSI

لا أتذكرُ جيِّداً ... كانَ شيئاً يشبهُ وجهَهَا

كانتُ تشربُ قوسَ قزحٍ ...
 وخلفَ رُجاجةِ الغيابِ تختفي
 لا أتذكرُ جيِّداً ... كانَ شيئاً يشبهُ وجهَهَا
 كنتُ معها أشربُ عزلي فوق ذراع نايٍ يعتذرُ

...
 لكنَّ اللَّيْلَ قد أفضى لها العبيرُ
 ودعاها لكي تنامَ على نُوتةِ عشقٍ ...
 فاشتعلَ وجهُها شعراً وسالتُ كقصيدةٍ
 ما زالتُ كعادتها تطلُّ من نافذةِ الوقتِ كفراشةٍ
 بينَ أناملها شهقةً
 تحفرُ الذاكرةَ ...
 هكذا تتدلى لها الأسماءُ عناقيدَ يائسةٍ فوق
 أسوارِ القصيدةِ
 لذلك أنا ...
 لا أعادُ حلمها باكراً حتى أصطفي للريحِ
 حجارةَ النسيانِ

أنامُ معها وعلى يدِ اللَّيْلِ قبلةً مُعلّقةً كأحلامِ قطّةٍ
 ...
 وشقةً تمطرُ غيوماً سقطتُ في بساتينِ الذُّهولِ
 أنا ... سوفَ أسرقُ نجمةً وأختفي بينَ غبارِ
 الكلماتِ ...
 كي يصعدَ اللَّيْلُ وحدهُ على سلمِ الوقتِ يسامرُ
 فراشةً أكثرَ
 دهشةً
 وأنا على نافذةِ القلبِ أسربلُ مناخاتٍ للفُصولِ
 القادمةِ
 فأفرشي لي في الفراغِ أغنيةً ...
 وقبليني لعابك يكفيني كي أعرقُ ...
 أيها الوجهُ الغائبُ عن قصائدي
 افتح لي بابَ الشَّمْسِ لأشربَ عاصفتي
 لأنني خلفَ الغيابِ أرى غمامةً تمطرُ
 فوقَ فنجانِ قهوتها العصيِّ عن البكاءِ
 كابتسامَةِ الغروبِ الموجهةِ

كحكايةِ المساءِ

فترفقُ أيُّها الموجُ أناملي تكثرتُ لغيبها

قبلتها قصيدةً برمتها

فهيّا معي ندخلُ معاً سراديبَ جسدها هناك نعرُك

طينَ الحكايةِ

ونغامِ دُونَ هوادهٍ بينَ طياتِ فتنتها ولا نعباً

بكيماي القبلِ

ولكنني لا أتذكرُ جيِّداً ... كانَ حلمًا يشبهُ

وجهها

Ache Flutes

Translated by Fethi Sassi

Really ...

I do not reflect on eternity

But all the history is that I rebuke

the wind in the introduced poem

....

I roistering as god does in the poet's
funeral ceremony

I lie down on a tree border

embracing baby fruit

embroider my face on my shoulder

and scatter climates of nostalgia ...

For suckling desire from bundle talk

But the milk cries if breathe history is

gushing out

a dream lost on the sly with peeps

stars

I have no face to wet my confusion in
a sky

for a new happiness

I will seclude in the bottom of the

absence

And scratch his extravagant night ...

Intimidate the silence to the

resignation of

the emptiness

and collect pebbles to court ache

flutes

If I Believe

E. E. Cummings

(1894 - 1962)

if i believe
in death be sure
of this
it is

because you have loved me,
moon and sunset
stars and flowers
gold crescendo and silver muting

of seattides
i trusted not,
 one night
when in my fingers

drooped your shining body
when my heart
sang between your perfect
breasts

darkness and beauty of stars
was on my mouth petals danced
against my eyes
and down

the singing reaches of
my soul
spoke
the green-

greeting pale-
departing irrevocable
sea
i knew thee death.

 and when
i have offered up each fragrant
night,when all my days
shall have before a certain

face become
white
perfume
only,

 from the ashes
then
thou wilt rise and thou
wilt come to her and brush

the mischief from her eyes and fold
her
mouth the new
flower with

thy unimaginable
wings, where dwells the breath
of all persisting stars

Book: 100 Selected Poems by E. E. Cummings

Don't we get it yet?

Miatta Stella Herring

Don't we get it yet?

Slavery is just in a different form Dressed
up and kept in uniforms, a holster and a
cell in the jailhouse.

Look at the towers doesn't it say Trump
and the tissue to clean our AZZ says
property of
Koch?
What don't we understand? Are we
truly stuck on stupid?

Wait, we rather eat chemical infused food
fill with poison than drink the safe water in
Kampala? Don't we get it? A-attention D-
deficit D-
Disorder
Means. ADD that is a direct Order to
reduce our brain power?

Look, stop being fooled; we have a home.
I was told " a hint to the wise is
Sufficient"
Let me ask: isn't all of this sufficient or are
we unwise? NOT!

We built the Pyramids, we own the sun
rays, the gold, diamond and spices. So let
us Stop this denial. Come on let's go follow
the likes of Cuba...
Āāà.... HAITI now
a member of the African Union.
Come onn...
We've got a, Home. Come, Come
You are W E L C O M E 1

625

Emily Dickinson

A Prison gets to be a friend—
Between its Ponderous face
And Ours—a Kinsmanship express—
And in its narrow Eyes—

We come to look with gratitude
For the appointed Beam
It deal us—stated as our food—
And hungered for—the same—

We learn to know the Planks—
That answer to Our feet—
So miserable a sound—at first—
Nor ever now—so sweet—

As plashing in the Pools—
When Memory was a Boy—
But a Demurer Circuit—
A Geometric Joy—

The Posture of the Key
That interrupt the Day
To Our Endeavor—Not so real

The Check of Liberty—

As this Phantasm Steel—
Whose features—Day and Night—
Are present to us—as Our Own—
And as escapeless—quite—

The narrow Round—the Stint—
The slow exchange of Hope—
For something passiver—Content
Too steep for looking up—

The Liberty we knew
Avoided—like a Dream—
Too wide for any Night but Heaven—
If That—indeed—redeem—

A Prison Gets To Be A Friend

Weaving At Night

Ho Xuan Huong

Lampwick turned up, the room glows white.
The looms moves easily all night long

as feet work and push below.
Nimbly the shuttle flies in and out,

wide or narrow, big or small, sliding in snug.
Long or short, it glides out smoothly.

Girls who do it right, let it soak.

Here is another translation of the same
poem:

Light turned on, it is found such a white,
The stalk moves slightly and repeatedly all
night.

Pushing with the feet, but lightly release,
Shuttle passing through brings joy and ease.

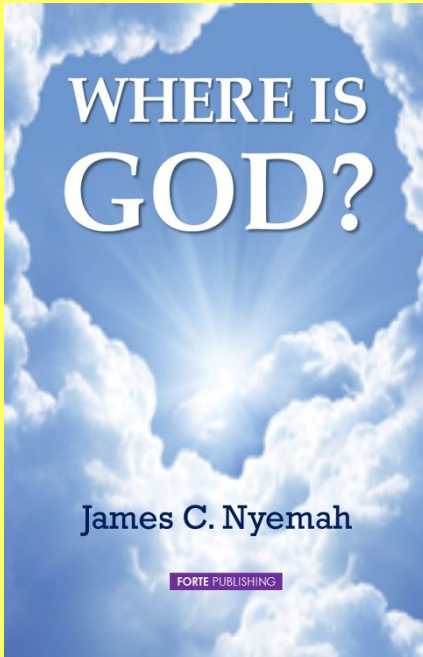
Large or narrow, small or big they all fit,
Long and short, size and form so be it.

To make it best, girl needs to soak it with
care .
The cloth color won't fade before three
whole years.

Recommended Reads

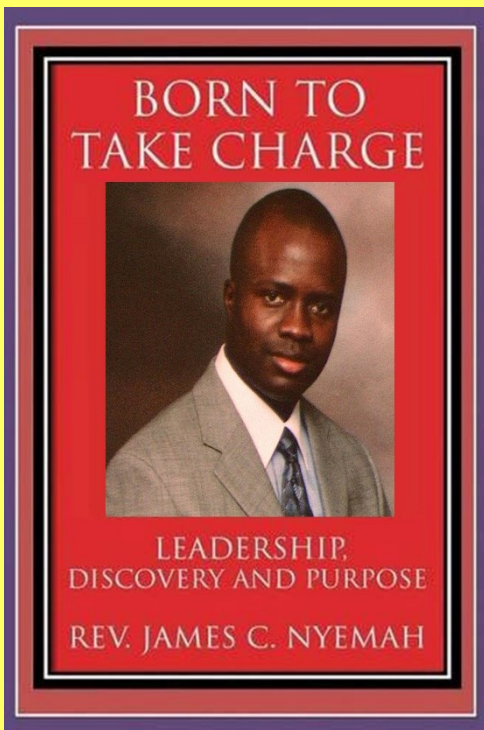
Published by **FORTE Publishing**

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?



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.

Pastor James

Nyemah writes a powerful motivational book that spurs one to do one thing... TAKE CHARGE.



MOMOH SEKOU DUDU

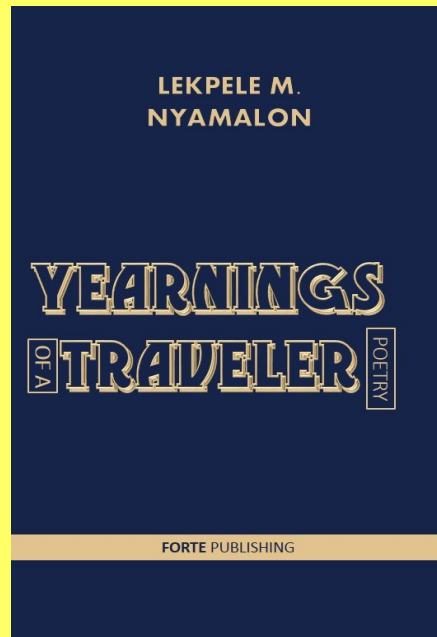
takes us on a mental journey in his latest release, *When The Mind Soars*, poetry from the Heart.

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



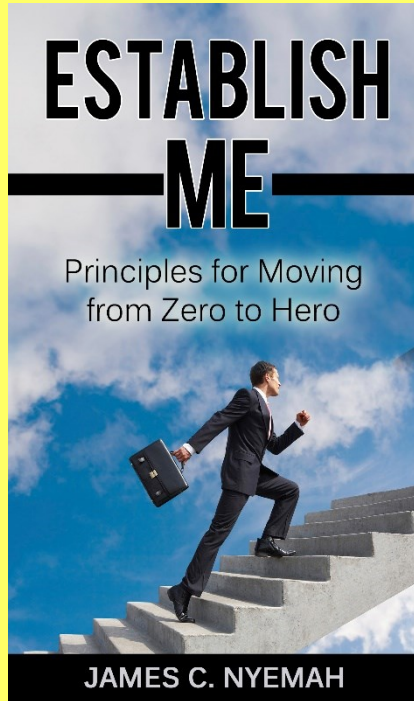
Lekpele, his has been a message of self worth, as we see in his signature piece, My Body is Gold; one of patriotism, as in Scars of A Tired Nation; one of Pan Africanism as in the piece, Dig The Graves. He

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.

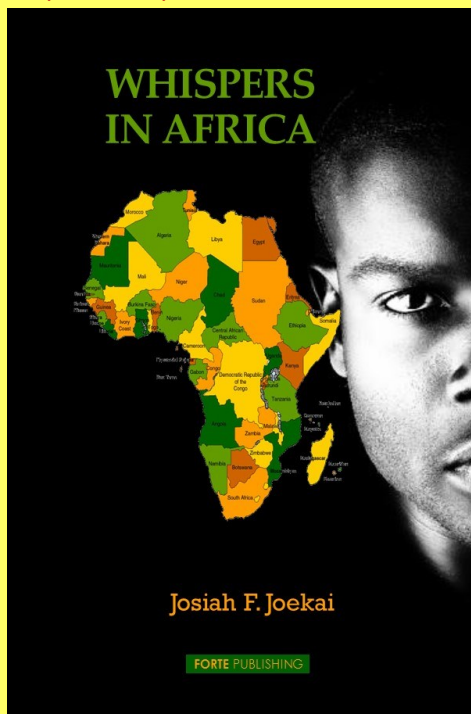
Recommended Reads

ESTABLISH ME in the world is Liberia?

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

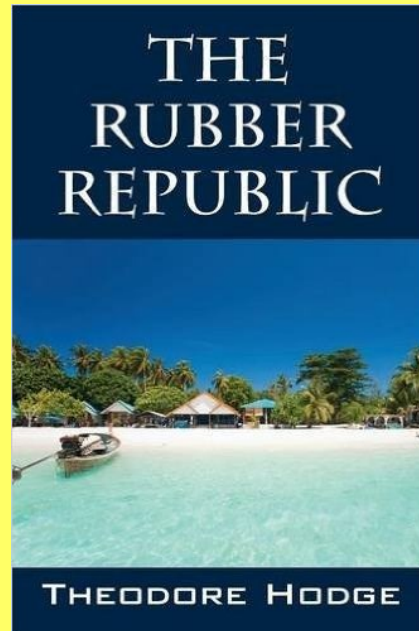


In his latest work, Ps. Nyemah lets us know that God can **Fix Us, Mold Us, Create Us** and then **Establish US**.



Coming soon from FORTE Publishing

The Rubber Republic

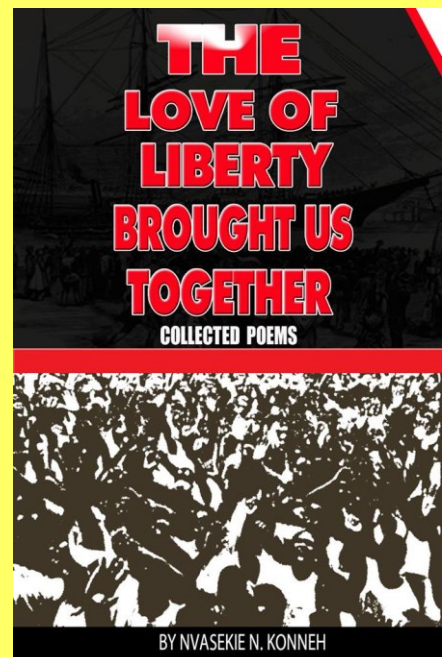


From relative stability to upheaval, military coup, violence and revenge. . . **The Rubber Republic** covers two decades, the late 1950s through the 1970s. Set mainly in West Africa, the story takes the reader to the United States and a few

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. **READ MORE????**

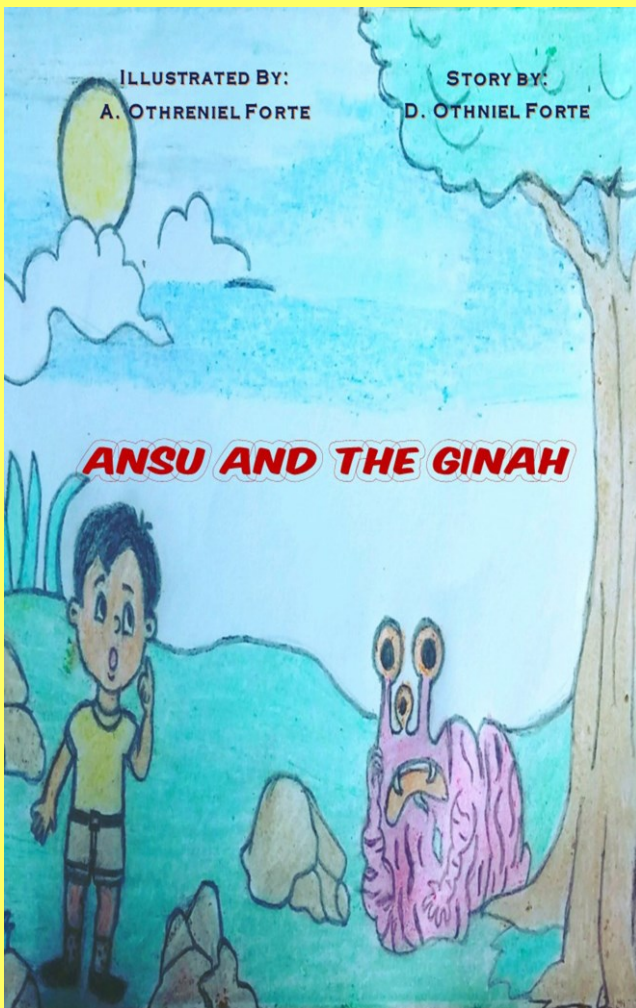
Nvasekie Konneh

In his latest endeavor, writes about things that divide and unite Liberians. The book title plays on the motto of Liberia, THE LOVE OF LIBERTY BROUGHT US HERE.



Coming soon from

Clarke Publishing by Nvasekie Konneh



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 is attends school. She is in the 7th grade.

FORTE Publishing Int'l

Around Town



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



PHOTO BY: B Yourfee Kamara from Gbarnga



Traditional Dancer from the Gio Tribe-Gio Devil



Photo: S. Mark

City Center



A scenic view of Monrovia, city center



Michelle Obama's stopover in Liberia on her African trip



DK, one would only ask if they are unfamiliar with LIB



Around Town





Bomi County, a perfect view



This exotic waterfall is a great opportunity
To expand tourism if developed.



The People's Monument



Down town Pehn Pehn Hustle

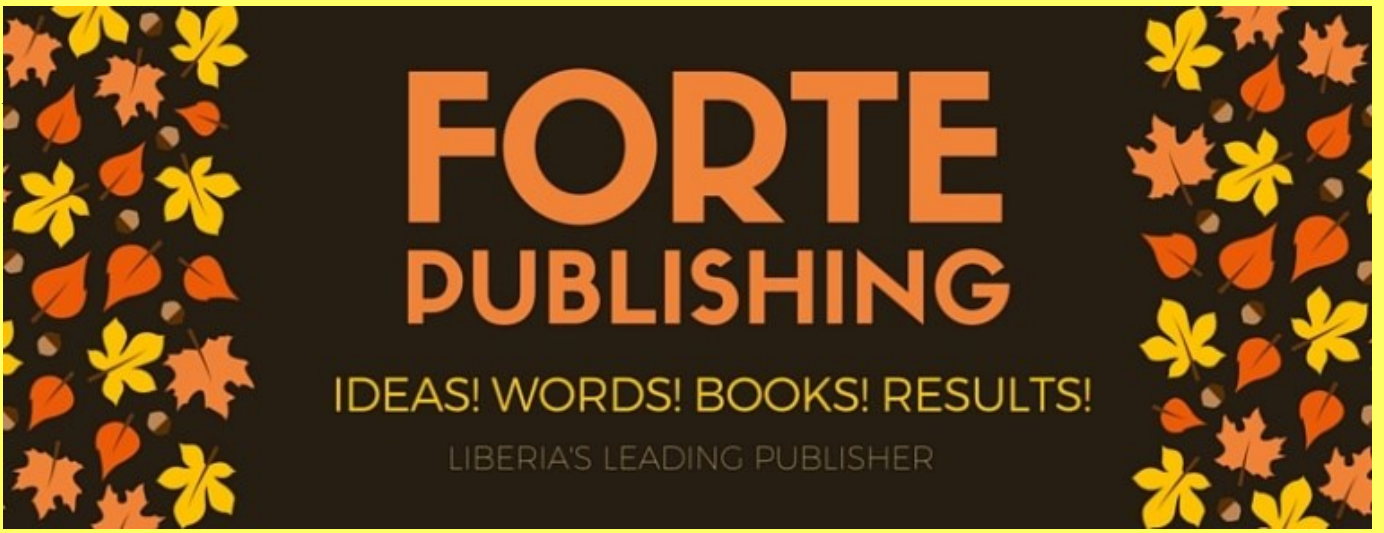


Forget us not



Broom & Mop sellers. Hustle; real life situations

Credit: Darby Cecil & Daily Pictures from around Liberia



Liberia

12 Ashmun Street
Monrovia Liberia

[+231-770-456038]
[+231-886-527151]

fortepublishing@gmail.com

Asia

76 Sarasit Road
Ban Pong,
70110, Ratchaburi
Thailand

+66-85-8244382

fortepublishing@gmail.com



USA

7202 Tavenner Lane
Alexandria VA

+1703-3479528

fortepublishing@gmail.com

Join our team today and enjoy countless
benefits in any of our locations.

Liberia's fastest growing publisher.



Ad Space available

MEET OUR TEAM



PATRICK BURROWES
CONTRIBUTOR



HARRIET AGYEMANG DUAH
STAFF REVIEWER CHILDREN'S BOOK



REBAZAR FORTE
IT/LAYOUT DESIGNER



HENRIQUE HOPKINS
SEGMENT HOST/REVIEWER



JOSIAH JOEKAI JR.
CONTRIBUTOR



KULUBA MUCURLOR
SEGMENT HOST



MARTIN N. K. KOLLIE
CONTRIBUTOR



NVASEKIE KONNEH
CONTRIBUTOR



LEKPELE M. NYAMALON
IN-HOUSE POET



JOSEPHINE BARNES
ART CONTRIBUTOR

ELMA SHAW
EDITOR ANTHOLOGY

OTHER
CONTRIBUTORS

- PATRICIA JUAH
- JACK KOLKMEYER
- RICHARD WILSON MOSS
- BERENICE MULUBAH
- JAMES NYEMAH
- CLARENCE PEARSON
- PRESTON M. TULAY
- MASNOH WILSON



BRIMA WOLOBAH
ART CONTRIBUTOR

AKEN WARIEBI
EDITOR ANTHOLOGY

Team



VAMBA SHERIF
Editor - Short stories

He was born in northern Liberia and spent parts of his youth in Kuwait, where he completed his secondary school. He speaks many languages, including Arabic, French, English and Dutch, and some African languages like Mande, Bandi, Mende en Lomah. After the first Gulf War, Vamba settled in the Netherlands and read Law. He's written many novels. His first novel, *The Land Of The Fathers*, is about the founding of Liberia with the return of the freed slaves from America in the 19th century. This novel was published to critical acclaim and commercial success. His second, *The Kingdom of Sebah*, is about the life of an immigrant family in the Netherlands, told from the perspective of the son, who's a writer. His third novel, *Bound to Secrecy*, has been published in The Netherlands, England, France, Germany, and Spain. His fourth *The Witness* is about a white man who meets a black woman with a past rooted in the Liberian civil war. Besides his love of writing and his collection of rare books on Africa, he's developed a passion for films, which he reviews. He divides his time between The Netherlands and Liberia. You can see more of his work on his [website](#)

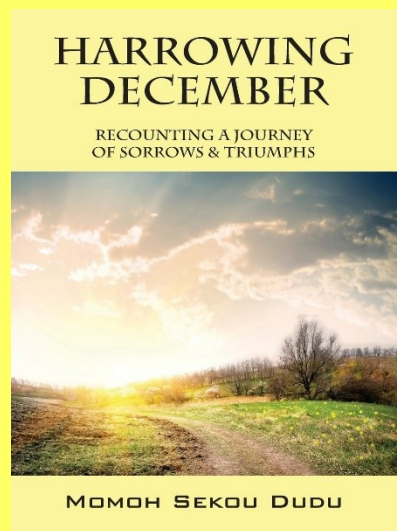


MOMOH DUDUU
Editor- Reviews

Is an educator and author. For the last decade, he has been an instructor at various Colleges and Universities in the Minneapolis metro area in the state of Minnesota, U.S.A. At present, he is the Chair of the Department of Business and Accounting at the Brooklyn Center Campus of the Minnesota School of Business at Globe University.

His works include the memoir 'Harrowing December: Recounting a Journey of Sorrows and Triumphs' and 'Musings of a Patriot: A Collection of Essays on Liberia' a compilation of his commentaries about governance in his native country.

At the moment, he is at work on his maiden novel tentatively titled 'Forgotten Legacy.'



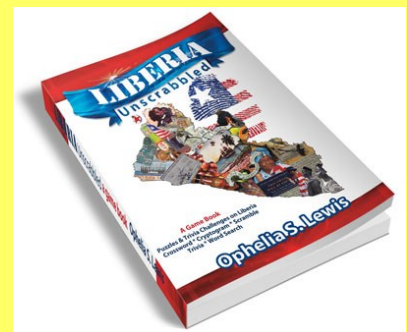
Find out more [here](#).



OPHELIA LEWIS
Editor- Anthology

The founder of Village Tales Publishing and self-published author of more than ten books, Lewis is determined to make Village Tales Publishing a recognized name in the literary industry. She has written two novels, three children's books, a book of poetry, a book of essay and two collections of short stories, with the latest being *Montserrat Stories*.

As publisher-project manager, she guards other authors in getting their work from manuscript to print, using the self-publishing platform. Self-publishing can be complicated, a process that unfolds over a few months or even years. Using a project management approach gives a better understanding of the format process and steps needed it take to get an aspiring writer's book published.



Find out more [here](#)

[Editor](#)

Editor

D. Othniel Forte



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, all is not 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

We are
Accepting
Submissions

Advertise
with us!!!!

Liberia	Asia	USA
Monrovia Liberia	Ban Pong, Ratchaburi	7202 Tavenner Lane
# 12 Ashmun Street	76 Sarasit Road	Alexandria VA
[+231-770- 456038 [+231-886- 527151	+66-85-8244382	+1703-3479528
http://liblitrev.wix.com/llmag liblitrev@gmail.com http://othnielfd.wix.com/mybooks		

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE

Sept Issue

Iss. # 0916

HAPPY
SEPTEMBER

**Author of
the Month**

**Fethi
Sassi**

**Book
Reviews**

Featured Poets:

Althea Romeo Mark
Richard Wilson Moss
Aken Wariebi
Cher Antoinette
John Eliot
Mónica de la Torre
Jack Kolkmeier
RuNett Nia Ebo
Fethi Sassi
Alonzo Gross
Renee' D Brown
Tom Zart

**LIBERIAN CLASSICS
GIFTS OF THE MASTERS
RESURRECTED MASTER**

**Unscripted
Liberian
Proverbs**

**Words of Nia
Janice Almond
Kpana Nnadia Gaygay**

Liberian Literature Review ©2016