

IKWE

Liberian Literary Magazine

Aug Issue

Happy
Flag Day

Edwin J.
Barclay

Author of
the Month

Book
Reviews

Featured Poets:

Althea Romeo Mark
Richard Wilson Moss
Lekpele M. Nyamalon
Aken Wariebi
Cher Antoinette
Fethi Sassi
Jack Kolkmeier
Matanneh Dunbar
Renee D. Brown
Miiatta Stella Herring
Alonzo Zo Gross

Liberian Classics
Gifts of the Masters

Short Story
Liberian
Proverbs

ACCORDING
TO ELIOT

Liberian Proverbs

KwEE

Liberian Literary Magazine



Liberian

Literary

Magazine

Overview:

New Look

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

Our Commitment

We at Liberian Literature Review believe that change is good, especially, the planned ones. We take seriously the chance to improve, adopt and grow with time. That said we 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.

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Overview

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**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

Liberia Classic

This segment features classic Liberian poetry and prose by our greatest creative minds.

Contemporary Liberian Literature

As the name suggests, deals with *issues* in modern local or *diasporan* literature as seen by Liberian creative artists.

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.

Diaspora Poet

The internationally acclaimed poet, Althea Romeo Mark hosts this segment.

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. Additionally, we'd print reviews by freelancers or other publications that grab our interests.

Gifts of the Masters

Our world have a way of shattering when we encounter masters of the trade. We bring some of the works of the greatest creative minds that ever graced the earth.

Short Stories

Well what can we say? They are short, engaging and we easily fall in love with them

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.

Poetry Section

This is the marrow of the bone; the juicy parts we keep sucking on. We feature established and emerging poets in the array of their diversities. If you can imagine difference, chances are, this is where you will find.

Editor's Desk

The Year Ahead



2016 is swinging and thus far, things are on the up. This is our first 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



Bejan and the Boys



Big Ma and Small Sista



Fish town Market

Artist: Josephine Barnes [JOVIBA galleries]

Liberian Classic

O Wilhelmina Ka

monrovia, r.l.

Bai. T Moore

(a tribute)

O wilhelmina ka

bai t. moore

in Gola

o wilhelmina ka
a great mortal soul
made holy by the power of
god daya glepo nyesua
with arms wide open
and under whose abode
humble as it was
every living thing there
found comfort day and night
has passed away suddenly but
left people and spots which
she touched and built
with love, warmth and charity things
which will last thruout eternity
weinti wilhelmina kwa mu geny hee
o daya kpuma m fahn whe ndisia



Author of the Month Profile

EDWIN J. BARCLAY



EDWIN J. BARCLAY

E. J. Barclay is mostly remembered as a politician. Perhaps his most famous creative piece is the Lone Star Forever. But 'neath the brilliant legal and political mind was his best, a creative machine that churned. Sadly, most of his works are missing or lost forever.

Edwin James Barclay (January 5, 1882 - November 6, 1955) was a Liberian writer and poet but is most remembered as a politician. He ran for president and won the 1930 national elections under the banner of the True Whig party. President Barclay went on to serve as the 18th President of the country from 1930 until 1944. Under his leadership, Liberia's ties with the United States grew closer than ever before. She went on to become an ally of the United States during World War II causing Germany to send a U-boat to bomb the city of Monrovia.

Edwin Barclay's paternal grandparents moved from Barbados to Liberia with their children in 1865. They were among a minority of immigrants from the Caribbean but shared with the Americo-Liberians a culture with an English base, considerable mixed-race ancestry, and a shared history. Edwin's father, Ernest Barclay, and uncle, Arthur Barclay, became important politicians in Liberia.

In 1901, at the age of 19, Edwin wrote a Liberian patriotic song, "The Lone Star Forever." Barclay and his wife Euphemia had three children [Mary Barclay Dumbar, Siata Isabel Barclay, and Earnest Barclay]. In addition, they fostered George Arthur Padmore (1915-2005). He became the Liberian ambassador to the United States of America.

Barclay was selected to complete King's term as president. One of his first official decisions was to repeal the famous Port of Entry Law of 1864 that had restricted the economic activities of foreigners in the country. Subsequently, in the early 1930s concession agreements were signed between the Liberian Government and Dutch, Danish, German and Polish investors. Barclay is credited with helping the country survive some of Liberia's greatest threats to its sovereignty in that

country's history. These included threats by the [League of Nations](#) led by Germany, the United Kingdom and the United States to recolonize the country unless reforms were made, aggressive actions by France and a coup attempt by the [Firestone Tire and Rubber Company](#) which owned much of Liberia's land.

Renegotiation of loan payments

In 1926, the Liberian government had granted a major rubber concession to the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company and undertook to borrow \$5 million from a Firestone subsidiary.

The Great Depression of the 1930s brought Liberia to the verge of bankruptcy. As the global economy collapsed, so too did prices of all commodities, including those for rubber. By 1932, rubber prices had fallen to a low of 3¢ a pound. Although the trees planted by the Firestone Company in 1926 and 1927 were reaching tapping age, the market price of rubber would cover only a small fraction of the cost of tapping, processing and transportation to market. Firestone did not bother to harvest and produce the rubber. Without this revenue, government revenues fell steadily to a low of \$321,000 in 1933. By 1931, it became apparent to the Liberian administration that the

revenue shortfall made continued loan repayments impossible. The government asked the lending bank and Firestone for forbearance on the loan payments but to no avail. Harvey Firestone attempted to persuade the United States government to employ "gunboat diplomacy" to compel compliance with the loan agreement. U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt refused to interfere in Liberian internal affairs, writing in a memorandum to the State Department that, "At all times we should remember that (Harvey) Firestone went to Liberia at his own financial risk, and it is not the business of the State Department to pull his financial chestnut out of the fire except as a friend of the Liberian people." In 1932, the Liberian Legislature passed the Moratorium Act suspending payment of the Firestone loan until terms could be negotiated that were more in line with Liberia's ability to pay. The US suspended diplomatic relations but did not take further action. When Barclay appealed to the League of Nations for help, the Council of the League of Nations established a commission of inquiry. The report of the commission recommended providing financial aid to Liberia with certain conditions that reflected concerns that the government of Liberia

would not be able to pay a renegotiated loan without some level of monitoring. Some European powers in the League of Nations had advocated mandate status for Liberia, a move which would have abrogated the independence of the republic. Barclay and other members of his cabinet objected to the proposed conditions on the grounds that they would infringe upon the sovereignty of Liberia. For example, one of the conditions would have required that the League's delegates be placed in key positions within the Liberian government. After Barclay implemented some of the measures that had been proposed by the League of Nations, U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt restored diplomatic relations with Liberia in 1934. After three years of negotiation, an agreement was reached along lines suggested by the League. Two key League officials were placed in positions to advise the government, but with limitations set forth by the Liberian government. With this assistance program in place, Liberia was able to resume making loan payments.

World War II

In 1937 President Barclay, under pressure from the United States, withdrew the concession agreement

with the German investors, who were accused of sympathies with the Nazi regime in their home country. Until January 3, 1944, Barclay was Liberian President, to be succeeded by William Tubman.



Poster from U.S. Office of War Information. Domestic Operations Branch. News Bureau, 1943

Strategic importance of Liberia

After the fall of Malaysia and Singapore to the Japanese during World War II, Liberia became very strategically important as its rubber plantation was the only source of natural latex rubber available to the Allies, apart from plantations in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). Among many other uses, natural rubber was needed to build tires for war planes, military jeeps, aircraft guns, and sensitive radar equipment. As a result of the simultaneous sharp increase in demand and drastic reduction in supply, prices soared for natural rubber in the United States and measures were taken to reduce demand.

Writing in his memoirs, former U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull wrote, "With Japan's occupation of

the Rubber producing areas in the Far East, Liberia became of greatly increased importance to us as one of the few remaining available sources of natural rubber." President Barclay assured the Americans that Liberia would supply all the natural rubber that the United States and its allies needed for the war effort.

Defense Pact with the United States (1942)



Barclay visiting the United States at [Fort Belvoir](#)

In 1942 Liberia signed a Defense Pact with the United States.

This commenced a period of strategic development, including the construction of roads, airports and other infrastructure projects. [Robertsfield Airport](#) was built with runways long enough for B-47 Stratojet bombers to land for refueling, giving Liberia the longest runway in Africa to this day.

Provision of war supplies to the North African theater

The provision of war supplies to the North African theater was

difficult, expensive, and time-consuming. German U-boats had taken complete control of the North Atlantic Ocean routes, making shipping in the North Atlantic Ocean hazardous to American warships and merchant vessels.

In order to transport American soldiers and war supplies to North Africa, the United States needed to open up a South American-Liberian air corridor.

Because of its proximity to South America, Liberia became the first major West African bridgehead for the South Atlantic air ferry route.

For this reason, the Liberian Government also granted to the United States use of its territory to store war supplies and to construct military bases in [Montserrado County](#) and [Grand Cape Mount County](#) at Fisherman's Lake. United States military supplies were collected in Florida, transported through South America to Brazil, and then flown from Brazil to the military depot at Roberts Field.

There 5,000 United States African-American troops stored and maintained the inventory. From Roberts Field, the war supplies were flown to their final destinations in Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria.

Franklin Roosevelt's visit to Liberia (1943)

Liberia's strategic importance to the Allied war effort was evidenced by the fact that, in January 1943, U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt traveled to Liberia after participating in the Casablanca Conference in order to secure Liberia's support. Roosevelt's objectives were to negotiate the establishment of U.S. military bases in Liberia, secure Liberia's commitment to continue supplying the U.S. with natural rubber, urge the Liberian government to expel German citizens and persuade it to abandon its neutrality and declare war on the Axis powers.

In May 1943, Edwin Barclay visited the United States. He was the first black man to be officially introduced from the rostrum of the United States Congress as a guest of honor.



President Edwin Barclay (right) and President Franklin D. Roosevelt during World War II, 1943

Source: EJ Barclay's official bio, Wikipedia

Diaspora Poet

Web Weaving

I

Someone smeared blood
on Nymades's door.

Stinging ants
crawl under her skin.
Albino lizards drop
on her bare shoulders.
A grey net of spider webs
has spread across her
path.

She can feel the crawling
sting
the cold flesh, the thick
gossamer.

Syllas' name invades her
brooding.
In her dreams she stops at
Syllas' house.

II

Sylla, who gave birth
to a still-born,
found a dragon* in her
bedroom.

In the hut of potions and
fetishes
she set off a witch hunt
when Yakpawolo cast his
spell.

*Dragon-a fetish wrapped
in cloth and tied with string

© Althea Romeo-Mark



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



They Think It's Me

he looks towards me, right through me
and says, "i love you", but i've heard that crap.
they all say it but i know better. they don't mean it.

he only wants what i can give him; what he's taking!

he's on fire, his eyes are ablaze, his body gyrates.
right here, right at this moment, i'm a goddess.
i own him, if only for a short time. he's mine!

i do with him as i please. he knows it, so do i.

he screams and holds me tighter. why do they do that?
make strange sounds? some blab, others whisper and
grunt or murmur and then there are the silent types.

it's never the same twice, they all do it differently.

the tempo increases and the animal in him surfaces,
suddenly, he goes limp. his face tells me all i need
to know; his satisfaction is beyond anything i know.
he is satisfied in ways I have never known

*to me, he is just another score to pass my day
for this frame, it's just a means, nothing more.*

he takes my face and says, "you're mine girl."
but am i? how can i be when i'm not even here.
this isn't me . i'm hidden away deep inside, well

protected from all this nonsense. this is but a frame

you see, long ago, i got lost. i found that i needed
to build this prison and lock myself up deep inside
otherwise, i'd lose my soul, or what is left of it.

it has paid off 'cause, all i need for this task is a body

*hopefully, one day, this body will reunite with that
little girl locked away somewhere deep inside of it.*

*that is, if it is not already too late or she is not lost
to us all, forever. i wonder, if she'd still remember?*

D. Othniel Forte

Author Interview 2

Spotlight Author

HILAL KARAHAN



Dr. Hilal Karahan

Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with author

HILAL KARAHAN 😊

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 a world citizen living in Istanbul. I am a mother and a doctor, as well as a poetess. I publish poems since 2000. I have 6 poetry, 2 prose and 1 garland book. I also write critics about poetry and do translation from English to Turkish.

Why writing?

Because I have to. I have a talent to see the deepness of a situation. Poet eyes are different than ordinary people. So I try to show readers what I have seen.

What books have most influenced your life or career most?

I like mostly mystic poets like Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi, Yunus Emre, Kaygusuz Abdal, Mansur al-Hallaj, Khalil Gibran. And also Adonis, Derwisch, Saadi Yousseff, Wadih Saadah, Nazim Hikmet, Hilmi Yavuz, Baudelaire, Rilke, Lorca, Neruda as well. I like poems showing other face of the matter, deepness of soul, goodness of humanity. I think all ancient poets gave hand to my poetry.

How do you approach your work?

As a doctor, I am very obsessive. As a mother, I am a rigid mother. As a poetess, I am very tolerant. I usually study on the sentences for a long time. I like the adventure of words in the meaning. Sometimes a sentence comes to such a point that it makes me surprised.

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

I usually write about women rights and social themes. Also mysticism and philosophy. I believe

that poetry takes us to the deepness of souls. It points out not only the top of the mountain in the ocean but also it makes reader to feel the rest of the mountain.

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

I have 6 poem books: Self Dictionary-Summary of One Day (February 2003), In Front of The Hill (May 2003), Secret and Mist (November 2004), Delayed Mummy (June 2010), The Night Sundering Passion (June 2012), Strada Care Cauta Marea (Romanian, Bucurest, November 2014).

Self Dictionary book is composed of very short poems. It is a real dictionary of my world and words. It is hard to write short, because poets like to speak too much. So I try to do word economy in this book. For example, in "The Distance" poem: "who can understand the pain of others/ every one is covered by itself" or in "The Danger" poem: "the sage checks his sword with his tongue"

In Front of The Hill book is composed of mainly lyric

poems seeking love and philosophy. For example, in "Summer Rain" poem: "Looking for a place to go back/ Became a stranger wherever it went/ An umbrella left in the train/ Few words spoken to side seat/ Yet it didn't know wherever to go/ carrying itself within" And there are also theories about life and civilisation in this book. For example in "Five Theories on Loneliness-Freedom Spiral" poem: "who tested by freedom/ is doomed to loneliness// thought history is a struggle/ to solve freedom from the knot/ of loneliness // freedom/ is the lord of free" I try collage technique in this book.

Secret and Mist has lyric poems mainly mystic and philosophic themes. I made a collage between short poems. It is found remarkable in 2004 Varlık Yaşar Nabi Nayır Poetry Election which is an important poetry election for young Turkish poets.

An example in "Ex duhul" poem: "Where is love in a relation, MU?/ Do perception rolling, sensitivity softening,/ certainty sharpening occur suddenly or slowly?/ She pushed back that night/ of

coagulation in her blood:/
The darkness was walking in the roads/ of a stammering town. You were afraid of the crowd.../ The man felt cold and sat down wearing a new/ self percipience:/ ...and touched my arm./ We were supposed to walk side by side,/ instead, you were silently buried inside./ It was a time that I could rip off you from my heart,/ but I was loving pain more than its space."

Delayed Mummy is full of new techniques. It is an experimental book of poetry. It has mainly social themes and also Turkish classical music items. It is found successful in 2010 Cemal Süreya Poem Election which is very important for Turkish poets.

In "The Honor" poem: "twisted roads rush into a quarter/ which is wet and always smelling *tarhana*// evenings enter always through the same door/ to the bald houses wearing wigs of arbor// the smell of fried food binds to life/ women who expose their wounds to the court// opening with the evening, girls' eyes at their feet/ a way that a lifetime walking/: flat heel size to thirty six"

The Night Sundering Passion is a lyric, mystic book of poetry. I use collage technique here also. Night and confrontation to self being are the main, problems of humanity and philosophy are the other themes. It is given Burhan Günel Private Award in 2013 M. Sunullah Arsoy Poem election. In "Night Lyrics" poem: "Noone can close the door of night/ Unraveling judgement/ from the bosom of days, /sews with fire// Mirror of existence,/ Shahmaran, swallowing its tail//Darkness has closed the doors,/reclined its own order// Night,/ is a long cord/ around the neck of universe"

Strada Care Cauta Marea is my selected poem book. It is published first in Bucurest, in Romanian with the translation of Niculina Oprea. It is translated into English, French, Italian; and being translated into Spanish, Hindi and German. They are waiting to be published in related countries. In "Bone Cage" poem: "Should love remain as an absolute love,/ isn't it enough to be some friends/ and some pals for the sake of years?// Look, cinder is put out with fire/ there is no ash no fume

left/ your words have
dried in blaze// We forgot
the joy of laugh/ your
mouth was crushed/
under the stoned
mornings// The golden
ring you wore/
respectfully on my finger/
hanged my neck in time"

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

Titles are related to the soul of the book. For example, **Self Dictionary** is a real dictionary of short poems. It is my world of words. **In Front of The Hill** takes the name from a poem. It is about a seeker looking for goodness and ordinary people. So, ordinary atmosphere is always stronger than superb ones. **Secret and Mist** is because of mysticism. There is a mystic border in front of our eyes. No one can see behind the wall that is not allowed for him/her. **Delayed Mummy** takes its name because of a long poem related to the life of Sylvia Plath. Her life story, unhappy marriage and suicide makes me so sad. She tried 3 times for suicide. At the third and last, she was successful. I can't understand how she could remain her children alone. It made me write a long poem

about her. **The Night Sundering Passion** is a thematic book about night. So the name is related to night also. I always consider night with confrontation. And people have many regrets about past. So confrontation can be hell sometimes. **Strada Care Cauta Marea** means **Street Looking For Sea**. As a whole, my poems look for goodness, deepness of humanity. So we put an ironic name.

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

I believe in women, mothers and shakti power in females. Because I am an obstetrics and gynecology doctor, I have opportunity to deal with women. I want to give the message of how powerful we are. We can do everything, because goodness is always stronger than badness. And the most powerful thing in the earth is the human heart.

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

There are doors in doors and walls after walls. Everyone can

understand only what is allowed for her/him. So my poetry has many levels of meanings. I hope they have patience and ability to understand them all.

Do you have any advice for other writers?

Everyone has its own way. Copying and stealing is not a good challenge.



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

I am reading many and many times Koran, Kitab'ut Tavasin of Mansur al-Hallaj and The Prophet of Khalil Gibran. They give me self confidence and consciousness of creation. And also old poets of the world.

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

Strada Care Cauta Marea, my selected poem book, is translated into Romanian, English,

French, Italian; and being translated into Spanish, Hindi and German. We have projects of ebook for these translations. I am writing a prose book about Kitab'ut Tavasin of Mansur al-Hallaj. And a new poem book will be published. I have joined international anthologies. One was Mother Book, by Malak Mustafa Sahioni. Its book launch was held in Havana Poetry festival in June 2016. And we have another project about Syrian refugees whose book launch will be held in Rome in February 2017.

What are your current projects?

I am intercontinental director of **World Festival of Poetry** and we arrange poetry festivals in Istanbul, India and all over the world. For example **FeminIstanbul** will occur in 5-9 October 2016 in Istanbul. And **Holy Poetry Festival** will occur in 11-20 October 2016. In May 2017, we will arrange **PoetIstanbul Poetry Festival**. Festivals are good for meeting and translating poems. So poetry has a supreme power.

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

Not yet.

Any last words?

Thank you for your kind attention to my poetry. I hope your readers are also interested in Turkish poetry and we can do some projects with Lebanese poets.



AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

Hilal KARAHAN, was born in 1977, at Gaziantep, Turkey. She has graduated from Kütahya Tavşanlı İstiklal Elementary School in 1988, Balıkesir Sırm Yırcalı Anatolian High School in 1995, Ankara Hacettepe University English Medical School in 2001 and Ankara Başkent University Medical School, Obstetrics and Gynecology Residency in 2006.

Although she has been writing since elementary school, her professional poems, stories, articles about poetry have been published since 2000. She was one of the editors of *ÇAMCAK Culture and Literature Magazine*, published in Ankara Hacettepe University Poem Club during 2000-

2002, *ETKEN Poem Magazine*, published in Alanya during 2003-2004 and *MÜHÜR Poem and Literature Magazine* in İstanbul during 2010-2013.

Since 2000, she has been writing in various poetry-culture-literature magazines such as *Destine Literature*, *Rosetta Word Literatura*, *Absent*, *Galaktika Poetika Atunis*, *Kıyı*, *Kurşun Kalem*, *Patika*, *Hürriyet Gösteri*, *Yasak Meyve*, *Varlık*, *Cumhuriyet Kitap Eki*, *Mühür*, *Mor Taka*, *Eliz*,

Çinikitap, *Özgür Edebiyat*, *Kuşak Edebiyat*, *Papirus*, *Edebiyat Ortamı*, *Ayraç*, *Üçnokta*, *Akköy*, *Akbük*, *Hâr*, *Ayna*, *Aşkın e-Hali*, *Kül*, *Kül-Öykü*, *Etken*, *Şiir Saati*, *Dize*, *Le Poète Travaille*, *Kum*, *Islık*, *Bahçe*, *Ücra*, *Heves*, *Mavi Ada*, *Düşe-Yazma*, *Bilinçaltından Notlar Dergisi*, ...etc.

She has also joined too many collective books, poetry almanacs and literature festivals. Her poems were translated into many languages.

Poem Books:
Self Dictionary-Summary of One Day (Kül Publications, Ankara, February 2003)

In Front of The Hill (Kül Publications, Ankara, May 2003)

Secret and Mist (Kül Publications, Ankara, November 2004):

Found as "remarkable" in 2004 Yaşar Nabi Nayır Poem Election

Delayed Mummy (Mühür Library, İstanbul, June 2010):

Found as "successful" in 2010 Cemal Süreya Poem Election

The Night Sundering Passion (Mühür Library, İstanbul, June 2012):

Given Burhan Günel Private Award in 2013

M. Sunullah Arısoy Poem Election

Strada Care Caută Marea (Selected Poems, Translated to Romanian by Niculina Oprea, Tracus Arte Publishing, Bucharest, November 2014)

Prose Books:

Poem and Quantum (Mühür Library, İstanbul, January 2012)

Nook and Cranny Poem Notes (Yasakmeyve

Komşu Publications, İstanbul, September 2014)

Garland Book:

Other Poetic: Assays About Bayrıl Poem (Mühür Library, İstanbul, May 2012)

A Member of: Turkish PEN Centre Turkish Authors Association
Turkish Language Society

Participated in:

5th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2010) Karadeniz Ereğli 1st Poetry Festival (2010)

Karadeniz Ereğli 17th International Love Peace Friendship Culture and Art Festival (2010)

Karadeniz Ereğli 2nd Poetry Festival (2011)

Karadeniz Ereğli 18th International Love Peace Friendship Culture and Art Festival (2011)

Akköy Poet Meeting (2011)

3rd Datça Literature Days (2011)

2nd International Ordu Festival of Literature (2011)

Karadeniz Ereğli 3rd Poetry Festival (2012)

Karadeniz Ereğli 19th International Love Peace Friendship Culture and Art Festival (2012)

Zonguldak Karaelmas 12nd International Culture and Art Festival (2012)

Bartın 1st National Poetry Days (2012)

8th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2013)

9th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2014)

10th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2016)

19th International Festival "Curtea de Arges Poetry Nights" (Bucharest, 8-14 July 2015)

20th Internacional De Poesia De La Havana (Havana, 23-28 May 2016)

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Short Story: *VICTORY IN TRAGEDY*

KPANA NNADIA GAYGAY

She glanced at her watch and it was already after six! Fear gripped her. She knew Alex could be home anytime. She again read the note he left her and she knew better than taking it for granted. She wasn't going to take chances. She hurriedly packed few clothes into her backpack and slipped out of the house. She didn't want the neighbors noticing her. She knew they have question. She went to the home of one of her friends and begged her parents to stay with them for a couple of days. She lied that Alex was out of town and forgetfully taken the keys with him. They agreed. She was given the guest room and she quickly settled in for her stay. She was greatly overjoyed. Two days after arrival at her friend's house, Massa came home and was introduced to a young man. He was her friend's elder. She greeted him. Went inside and changed her uniform and went to help in the kitchen. After that, everyone gathered in the living room to watch movies. Massa didn't like the way the young man kept staring at her. She knew that look. Her mind ran to Alex. This was the same look that awakened the beast in him. She prayed that this shouldn't be the case. Though she was greatly enjoying the movie, the uneasiness she felt couldn't allow her end it. She bid everyone goodnight and went to bed. She entered the room and for the first time since her arrival, she thought of locking the door. She wanted to avoid any eventualities. She

reached for the keys to lock the door was met with disappointment. The lock on the door was not good. Her heart missed beats. She was afraid but she didn't want to create any suspicions. She closed the door, turned the light off and jumped onto the bed. That night, she prayed that God would protect her. She asked Him to not allow what she feared to come true. After her prayers, she dozed off. In the dead of night, Massa felt something pulling at her dress. She thought it could be the breeze as it was raining that night. She reached for the sheet, turned to the other side and again she felt the pull on her dress. Before she knew it, she felt a hand reaching out for her breast. Massa nearly fainted. She quickly jumped out of bed and turned the light on. Behold stood her friend's brother. He was shirtless and had on only a boxer that revealed the entire structure of his manhood. She couldn't believe her eyes. She turned her faced away from him and asked him to leave or else she would shout. He agreed to leave but begged her not tell his parents about what had happened. She agreed and he left the room. Massa sat on the bed and burst out in tears. She couldn't understand why misfortunes continue to follow her everywhere she went. She wondered if she had some sort of curse on her life. Already feeling miserable with her events involving Alex, the night's incident added insult to injury. She was beyond scared. She was trembling and sweating profusely. She sat down on the bed and refused to allow herself to sleep. She contemplated whether to tell the young man's parents of the incident or just let sleeping dog lie. She didn't want

to cause any problem. She wasn't sure if his parents would believe her. After pondering over it a while, she decided not to tell. She wasn't convinced anyone would believe her. She blamed herself. She regretted why she didn't shout for help. That way, he could have been caught red-handed. She dozed off eventually. She was awoken by her friend for them to get ready for school. Massa rushed to the bathroom and quickly got ready. She was walking so quietly and seems lost in thoughts that even her friend couldn't help but notice.

"Why are you sad and quiet this morning, Massa? Is something bothering or you're not happy staying with us?" her friend asked.

"Pal", Massa began. "It's not that I'm not happy staying at your home. It's just that there are things bothering me." Thus inferring that she didn't want to talk to her about whatever was going on with her. Her friend didn't bother about asking any further questions. They walked quietly together. Both were lost in their own thoughts.

In class, Massa sat absentmindedly. She was confused. This was too much for her to bear. She decided to go back home and beg Alex. Maybe he was just angry when he left the note. "He might just be calmed now and will allow me back home", she thought. School day went swiftly by without Massa noticing. Her only concern at the moment was her predicament and how she was going to get herself out it. She walked helplessly out the class as the bell signaled the end of the school day. She had no strength left. She was exhausted both physically and mentally. Was this really her fate in life? She wondered. When she got home,

she thanked her friend's parents and told them her Uncle had returned home so she was going back. The young man who had attempted raping her was sitting in the far corner of the porch along with his parents. When he saw Massa, he bowed his head. Massa pretended that he wasn't even there. He seemed invisible to her. She rushed to the room, got her things and left.

She met Alex watching the evening news. He sat in the sofa hands akimbo and paid no attention to her presence in the living room. She noisily dropped her bag on the floor in an effort to draw his attention. He turned and began shouting insults at her. Massa didn't care anymore about what he had to say to her. She knew she had to do what she had in order to survive. She got on her knees and began begging him to allow her back home. Tears rolled down her cheeks as if they had been forcefully released. She held onto his feet and prostrated. She had to stay, she thought. She wouldn't mind pretending how remorseful she was if that would convince his conscience to allow her back home. He looked down at her and she could see the guilt in his eyes. He motioned to her to get up and sit down. She sat in a sofa away from him as he lowered the volume of the TV. "Take your things into room, Massa." That was all he said to her and then went back to watching the news. She was left confused. She hoped he had not taken her pleading to return home as a sign of her agreeing to lay with him. She didn't say anything to him again as she feared angering him. She went to her room, dropped her bag on the floor and went straight to bed. She woke up early the next morning and decided to make coffee for Alex.

She wanted things to go back to normal- her the niece and him the uncle. She greeted and handed him the mug of coffee. He muttered something like a thank you, he quickly downed the coffee and dashed out the door like he was being chased out. She stood there smiling. She thought that he was ashamed of his actions and so she decided to forgive him. Every day, she endeavored to make one of his favorite dishes. From her point of view, everything went back to being normal. But, Alex still had his eyes set on her and was anxiously waiting for a perfect moment to strike.

A teller at a bank in the neighborhood, Sumo had been showing interest in Massa for a while. She agreed to go with him for lunch one afternoon and it went well. She began paying him more frequent visits both at home and his office. She wanted to know more about him. Often, their conversations centered on their dreams and aspirations for the future and maybe a life together if all went well. She told him that she wasn't going to jump into his bed until she was convinced about him. The closest they got to intimacy on their outings was a tight hug and a casual kiss on the lips and then she disengaged from him. Massa wanted for them to stay clean, thoroughly examine one another, and if they were convinced, they could then decide to take another step. That wasn't going to well for Sumo. He wasn't used to such restrictions from a girl. Once he attempted engaging sexually with her but she turned him down. That evening, she angrily walked out on him and refused to talk or see him for nearly two weeks. He pleaded with her to forgive him. She agreed but threatened to break the relationship up if he

ever attempted such again. He accepted her condition and they resumed their relationship. Deep down inside, Sumo had other plans. He did not have the patience of waiting for a girl's timing before having sex with her. He was a man and wasn't going to allow Massa to dictate to him. He knew his moment would come. On the surface, Massa felt that her life was finally taking shape. She was nearing the end of her final year in high school, things were going steady with her and Alex at home and she had found a man with whom she hoped to build a strong relationship. Little did she know that the beast in both men had not died. It had only calmed down and was waiting for a moment to strike.

Massa's interest began growing in Sumo until one fateful evening. A long serving manager at the bank Sumo worked with was retiring and the bank planned a farewell dinner in his honor. He told Massa of the dinner and asked if he could take her along as his date. "Of course, Sumo", she told him. "I am honored to go on a date with you." To Massa, this was a start to their relationship. She did feel something for him but she wanted to make sure he felt the same. It was her final year of High School. She thought it was safe to start building on her love life but cautioned herself to take it one step at a time. She wasn't going to allow anyone to ruin her life. She told Alex about the planned date out and she could see that he did not seem happy. She sat beside him that evening and engaged in a heart to heart conversation with him. Reluctantly, he granted her permission to go out with Sumo. Dressed elegantly in all African attire, Massa stood in front of

her home awaiting Sumo to pick her up. She was all lit up inside. After her conversation with Alex the previous night, she was wholly convinced that her life had been placed on the right path as Mrs. Brown had left it. Again, she felt sad. She couldn't understand why Alice Brown abandoned them. Maybe if she was around, all the horrible events would never have happened. She prayed quietly in her heart that her saving angel was safe and protected.

Sumo arrived, got out of the car, gave her a kiss on the cheek and then they drove off to the dinner hall. All started well that night. She was introduced to his workmates and other friends at dinner. They sat quietly holding hands as they listened to one speaker after other telling stories of the hard working and diligent nature of the retiree, all the while sipping on their glasses. Massa was quiet happy and did not fail to express her gratitude to him. They were both having fun, and then she felt the need to go to the bathroom.

As soon as she left for the bathroom, Sumo quickly began his plans for the night. He slipped some inducing substance which he had hidden in his pocket into her glass. He had planned all along that since she was playing, he would have his way by and through any means possible. She returned from the bathroom and he helped her refill her glass and urged her to drink. His plan had to work. An hour later, she started feeling dizzy. She ignored the feeling and went on drinking. After a while, she told Sumo she needed to go home as she

had had enough. He helped her quickly to the car and drove off. She told him to take her straightly home but he insisted that he was low on petrol to make the two hours' drive to her house. He suggested they pass the night at his place and would take her home the next morning. Massa felt too weak to argue. She could barely hold herself to sit up in the car. She feebly kept reminding him that she was not ready to engage into sex. Sumo hurriedly pull into the garage. His plans were gradually working. He reached out to help her out of the car and then began pressing his manhood against her helpless body while pushing her against the car. She screamed, but it was late into the night and her voice was faint. She burst out in tears, begging him not to defile her. But Sumo was mute. His mind was made up. He had to sleep with her. She could see that her pleads were falling on deaf ears. She had to fight back, she thought. Gathering whatever strength left in her intoxicated body, she managed to give him a kick with her kneel right into his groin. He fell to the ground screaming in pain. She took few steps back and then it hit her; she was about to be raped. Standing few feet away from the door leading to his apartment, she stood still. Tried taking steps forward but something kept her grounded. Streams of hot tears rolling down her cheeks, barely managing to get her words out, she turned around and ran as far and fast as her feet could enable her. She sat helplessly under a mango tree breathing heavily. The events of the day vividly flashed through her

mind. She couldn't believe that she'd just escape from being assaulted. Feet trembling under her, she walked on the road, and luckily got a taxi that took her home. She composed herself in the car. She didn't want to create any suspicion of her current situation. She wasn't ready for another attack. The last thing Massa remembered was that she had entered her house.

She opened her eyes that morning but felt that something wasn't right. She lay half naked in her room. She tried to move her legs but it felt painful. She peeped under the sheet covering her body and then she gave a loud scream and passed out. One of the neighbors heard her scream and ran into the house shouting her name. He entered the opened room and spread before him was her unconscious body. Her burst out in tears as he wrapped the sheets around her and rushed her out. "She's been raped, she's been defiled, oh, Alice, where are you", he lamented. His wife heard him crying and came running out. They rushed Massa to the hospital and began making frantic efforts to connect with Mrs. Alice Brown.

Doctors at the hospital tirelessly worked to revive Massa back to life, the police were called and Alex Brown was arrested. But they still needed to hear her story and to know what really happened. Two days later, Mrs. Brown arrived and headed straight to the hospital. She entered the hospital room where Massa unconscious body was surrounded by medical equipment. She reached out for her hand, crying uncontrollably. This is not what

she hoped for when she took Massa in. She regretted everything and promised Massa that she would do everything possible to make sure that she gets justice.

Back in the community, there was outrage. Students from Massa's school and the entire community held peaceful protests calling on the government for Alex to go on trial speedily. Mrs. Brown in fact led a protest at the Court demanding a speedy and fair trial of her own husband. "I don't care what my relationship with Alex is, all I am asking for is justice for Massa", she told reporters.

Later during the week, Massa pulled through and narrated her ordeal with Sumo that led to her rape that night. He was arrested and charged along with Alex. Two weeks later both men went on trial.

On the day of the verdict, thousands of people gathered at the court to show support for Massa and Mrs. Brown. Alice Brown was praised for her stance in seeing that justice be served even though her husband was involved. She hugged Massa tightly as the judge read out the sentences of both men,

"Today, I hereby sentence Defendants Alex Brown to a life time imprisonment and Forkpa Sumo to 20 years imprisonment both without parole. This, I hope, will served as a deterrent to would-be perpetrators of such crimes that the law will pursue them and make sure they pay for their wrongs. This is my judgment". He said. The entire courtroom broke up in jubilation. People rejoiced. The crowd hailed the judge and everyone who ensured that justice prevailed.

Hugging Massa tightly outside the courthouse, Mrs. Brown stood with teary eyes as she signaled to address the crowd of supporters.

"My brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, I thank you all today", she began. " I thank you for raising your voices so high in order for Massa to get a speedy, free and fair taste of the law. You have shown over these last three weeks that in union strong, success is indeed sure. By and through your commitment to pursue justice with us, today we have seen, and we have all witness victory in tragedy. My heart bleeds that Massa had to go through this. But I am glad that in this bitter moment, she has experienced the true side of the law. She didn't deserve this; no human being deserves to go through such humiliation at the hands of another. You are the hero, Massa. We all celebrate you today. And I want to admonish everyone here today to take the issue of putting an end to sexual and every form of violence against women and children their priority. Let not your advocacy or mine end with Massa. Let's look beyond Massa and see the thousands of others who daily go through abuses of every kind but are afraid to speak because they're being threatened by their abusers. Be it your father, mother, brother, sister, aunt or uncle, report them to the police. Together, let's all work to make our homes, houses, neighborhoods, communities, countries and the world at large a safer, peaceful and better environment for every human being now and those yet to come. Thank you, thank you

and thank you". The crowd suddenly broke into the singing of the National Anthem and after that disbursed, each person going home with a vow to fight violence in all forms and manners against any human being.

THE END



KPANA NNADIA GAYGAY

Born in Voinjama City Lofa County, Kpana Nnadia Gaygay is a product of the Bromley Episcopal Mission School-an all-girls Episcopal Church of Liberia boarding school. She began her educational journey at Voinjama Public School but was interrupted due to the civil unrest and her family moved to Monrovia. A lover of the Sciences, Kpana is currently pursuing a degree in Biology at the University of Liberia. For her love of books and writings, she uses her free time to write short stories and poems.

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 II

Sent her my movements to
espy.

But then as time wore on, and
she
With tenderest care and
interest
Divined my will and each
behest,

I felt a foe she could not be.
We travelled, and my doubt
gave place
To fullest confidence. Nay,
more:
As noon to evening quickly
wore,

Within my heart she filled a
space
Exclusive. Soon my wearied
feet,

Fraught with the stress of
travelling,
Heavily moved. Besides a
babbling

Brook that, with its music
sweet,

Rushed capering through the
forest glade,
We sat us down, and she with
love
Watched o'er me while I
faintly strove

Against o'erpowering sleep.
The shade

Of night fell o'er us, and I
slept, —

(If slumber deeply mixed with
dreams
Of fairest flowers and
laughing streams
Meandering through a world
that wept
No more for human woe and
sin;

Where all is purest love and
beauty,
And the stern call of solemn
duty

Wakes no remonstrances
within

The human breast, may sleep
be deemed.)
How long I slept, I know not.
Soon,
Ah, soon, too soon I woke. The
moon

Through leafy bower her
radiance streamed
And flooded the recumbent
earth

With glory. But the night wore
on:
And in the mystic east fair
morn

Rose from her fimly couch, and
Mirth

Held revel as she raised a
crown

Of golden beauty o'er the
earth.
'Twas then my spirit had its
birth

To higher destiny: and down,
Deep down within the sacred
well

Of holy passion in my soul,
I felt the unresisted roll

And surge of love. How may
one tell

The high elation, — ecstasy of
mind
Soaring from out the grosser
self, —
The circumscribed sphere
where pelf
Of spirit-longings undermined

Unscripted

Cher Antoinette



AUGUST 2016

UNSCRIPTED – AUGUST

“There are times when we create feelings in the name of love, but it is not the same thing as being truly in love.” MLC

This month's selection is dedicated to all of those who are looking for love, those who have found love, and those who have loved and lost.

NEW DAY

Waiting for the end of day
For dusk to dawn
Wondering whether this time
Our auras will at last merge
I will try
To stay just long enough
To awaken you
Lifting the darkened veil
Knowing that I know
Knowing that they know
You are heaven sent

ETERNAL

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

LONGING

Warm whispers soothe
My aching heart
As you leave me once again
I feel the need to exhale
Releasing my essence
The hours will be unbearable

Heated memories of earthly desires
Disturb my calm
Until that time when we are close again
Our elements become one
My end of day
Becomes the beginning of your night
Stay still my darling
Do not move

END OF DAY

Evening ends and the light dims
I go to sleep and walk with you in my dreams
I will kiss you as I close my eyes

As I awake to your whispers in the early morn
You kiss me in return
And hold me close until the evening dawns

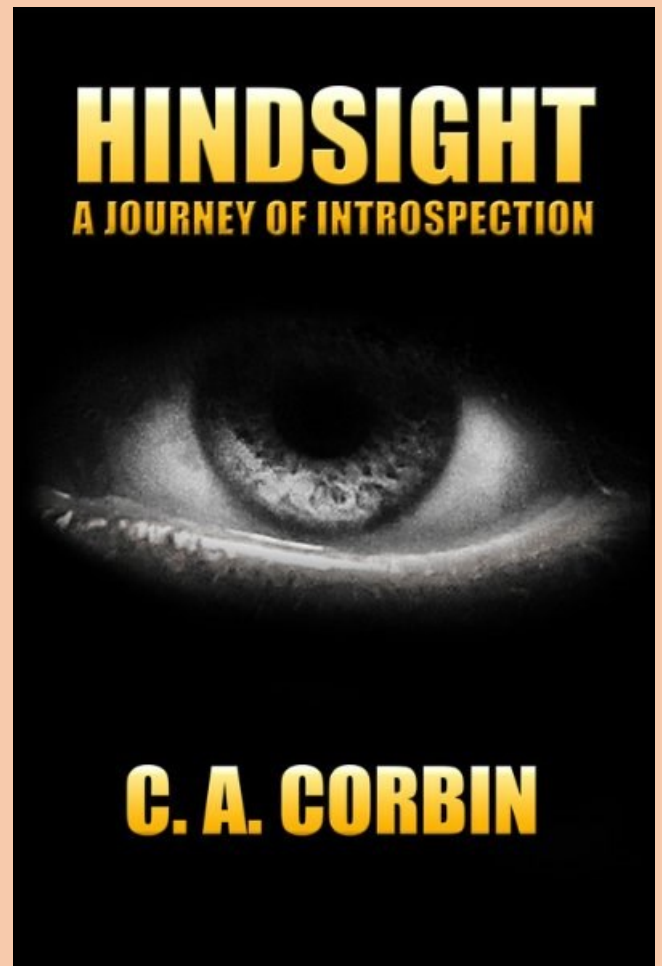
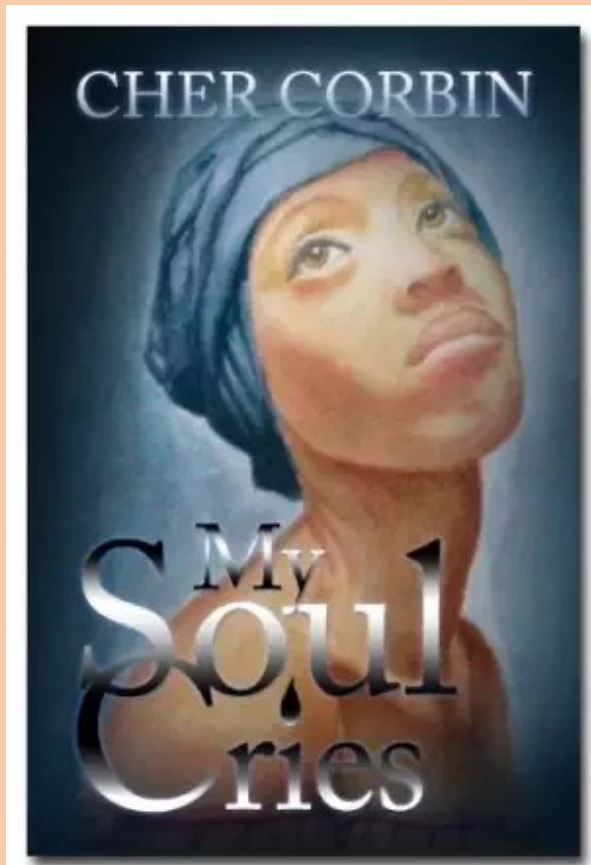
INFINITY

Too long
I have lived a life where love is limited
Too long
It has taken to find you
Too long
Have I waited for happiness
Now
I have found you
There are no limits

AWAKEN

The birds are singing
And I awaken
With an empty heart
One I can fill only with the memories
Of you
The words you speak
Are as good as music
Heard in the poetic halls
Of our minds
I wait for you
Breathless
At the end of the day
I exhale

Excerpts from *Virtuālis: The Anthology*
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Cher-Antoinette is a mother of two, a forensic scientist and is a multiple silver and bronze award winner at the Barbados National Independence Festival of Creative Arts (NIFCA) in Photography, Visual Arts and Literary Arts.

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Ophelia S. Lewis

KEEP IN TOUCH



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COTTON TREE PRESSBOOK

Websites:

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

<http://cottontreepress.com>

<http://www.CommunicatingJustice.org>

Facebook

Linked In:

Author Interview 3

SPOTLIGHT AUTHOR

AYOOLA OLANREWAJU



Ayoola Goodness Olanrewaju

Thank you for taking this time with us, we appreciate it. Let us kick off by you telling us a little about you - childhood, education, upbringing etc.

Tell us a little about yourself

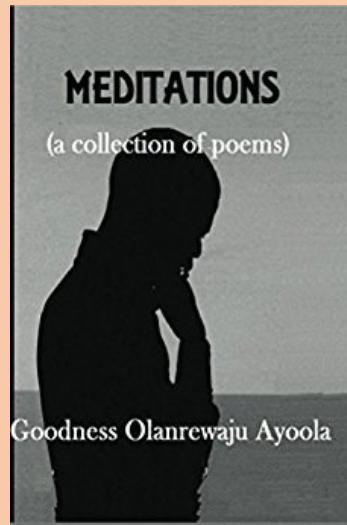
Ayoola Goodness Olanrewaju is my name; I am an English Language teacher and a poet. Some of my poems have appeared in literary journals and anthologies one of which is 'Portor Portor' 12 New African Poets, a collection of poems published by KWEE.

Few of my poems also have been translated into Assamese and I am the author of 'Meditations', a recently published collection of poems.

I have an NCE in English and Yoruba languages and a B.A (Ed) in English Language.

Why writing?

Oh! Why writing? I always experience myriads of thoughts fired up in me whenever I



am asked of this, but then, I will make this as brief as I can. You see...though writing can be fun and also be considered as a gift, but beyond these, I particularly chose to write for the purpose of 'expression'; expressions steered in the positive way. Writing for me, is what I personally considered as an 'escape route', that is, a means of escaping into oneself to find what is right and write to bring to right the many wrongs in the world generally today. I must confess that I chose to write because I believe it is the only assured way of providing a long lasting remedy to our cases of insanities. A calling.

What books have most influenced your life/career most?

The Bible has mostly influenced my life and career plus all other literary works by brilliant writers

such as Prof Niyi Osundare and others.

How do you approach your work?

Smiles... I am always very meticulous when I write and I don't write for the sake of writing. As I said earlier on, the first thing I keep in mind when I write is for expression on life realities. Succinctly put, I write to express. I wish to also add that my approach to my works goes along with the simplicity of communication and the clarity of whatever thematic focus I intend to experiment on.

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

Love, politics and change, life, peace, womanhood and selfhood.

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

I have just published a book, 'Meditations' (a collection of poems), published yet by Words Rhymes and Rhythms. The collection of poems explores themes on life, love, politics, peace and womanhood in different consciously created styles, liberal and classical styles of poetry. I wish to also add that "Meditations" is 'an expression' based on the trappings from life's experiences, the ups and

downs, the struggle for peace, the thin line between love and lust, societal injustice, the death and revival of cultural tendencies and societal inheritances and the constant change crave in the corridors of power. It is also a medium to reset and to create a unique standard for the art of poesy, reigniting its fire in the fusion of classical and contemporary styles to actualize the intent of change in the world at large.

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

Oh! That. What actually inspired the title of the collection is my experience whenever I am working on a piece. I transit deep into somewhere I cannot fathom, often times, it feels like I am lost into something. Somewhere in the outer space, a new realm of illumination and depth where I trap strayed poetics, hence, the title.

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

Yes, more than just one, if I must say. There is the message about life, love and respect, positive change and most especially the message of peace.

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

If there is anything else, I think it will be that the

collection of poems, 'Meditations', presents poetry as a constant and reechoing voice (undaunted) to be relied upon for the unspoken desires of victims caught in the web circumstances in every facet of life. It is undeniably considered as a force that reckons with the echoes of silenced passions in the hearts of many and bringing respite of hope for their troubled minds. It is in a bid also to reinstate poets as trailblazers to actualize the index of change in the world at large.

Do you have any advice for other writers?

Get patience, be true to yourself, find the art your heart, light the elders, get madness and keep growing.

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

I am currently reading an anthology 'From Here to There' compiled and edited by Jerry Adesewo et al.

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

Oh! Never saw that coming...smiles

Well, the latest news is I have just been recently honoured to be one of the judges in 'The 2016 Green Author Prize' organized by Words Rhymes and Rhythms and was glad to read a

brilliant review of my book done by **Joseph Omotayo** that was published on WRR website. On book promotions, 'Meditations' is now available on Amazon both in paperback and in eBook

(www.amazon.com/dp/1535537752/ ; www.amazon.com/dp/B01JLRVG32/)

and responses have been encouraging so far. I have been doing few readings and meeting with great poets at poetry events.

What are your current projects?

I am currently working on my next collection of poems.

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

Hmm....Not really, but then, I have read about Liberia online and particularly in one of my language courses, Multilingualism, during my undergraduate days. I know D. Othniel Forte as one of the prominent and vibrant Liberian authors, I have read brilliant reviews about him and his books such as '6 For Dozen' and 'Hope for Liberia'.

Any last words?

(Smiles)Yes... I want to sincerely extend my unreserved appreciation to the initiator of KWEE and the crew for the privilege of this interview. Thank you and God bless.

Author bio:



**GOODNESS
OLANREWAJU AYoola**

Goodness Olanrewaju Ayoola hails from Osun State, Nigeria. His poetry has appeared in numerous poetry journals, such as Kalahari Review, Peregrine Reads, *Elsiesy*, *Mad Swirl*, *Calvacade of Stars*, *Duane Poetree*, *Literary Vox*, *Novelafrique*, *Ijagun Poetry Journal*, *Words Rhythms and Rhymes*, *Leaves of Ink*, *Praxis Magazine*, *Youronephonecall*, *Indian Periodicals*, *Deepwater Literary Journal*, *Literary Planet*, *Tuck Magazine*, *Stagafrik*, *Lunaris Review*, *The Voices Project*, *The Poet Community*, *Social Justice Poetry*, *Chrysolite Writers* and *Parousia Magazine*. Some of his poems have also featured in anthologies,

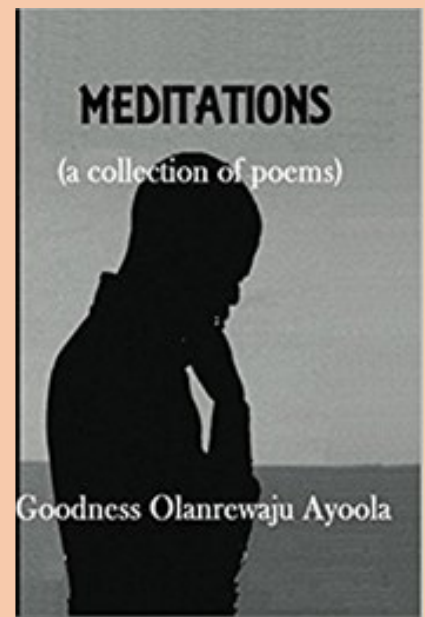
such as "Peace is Possible" (A World Peace Collection for Global Charity), "*Portor Portor, 12 New African Poets*" (A Liberian Initiative, published by KWEE), *Muse for World Peace*, "*Wind of Change*" (An anthology of Poems of *Brigitte Poirson Poetry Contest*, 2015) and *Harbinger Asylum* (A quarterly journal for literature and the arts-Fall 2015).

Ayoola was one of the *Wole Soyinka's* at 81 shortlisted Poets, 2015 organized by the Poetry Court and few of his poems have garnered awards from the World Union of Poets, where he took the second place in the World Poetry Prize for Peace with his poem 'for peace', *Peregrine Reads*, where his poem 'the sound of a needle-drop' took the first place in the *Patriot for Change Creativity Contest*, 2015, *Word Rhythms and Rhymes*, where his poem '*The Green Hope*' took the second place in the *Brigitte Poirson Poetry Contest* (May Edition, 2015), *Arojah Concepts*, where he took the third place with his poem 'my sleeps do lie' in the 6th Korea-Nigeria Poetry Feast, 2016, and a top ten entrant in the editions of the Poets in Nigeria 10

days Poetry Challenge, 2016.

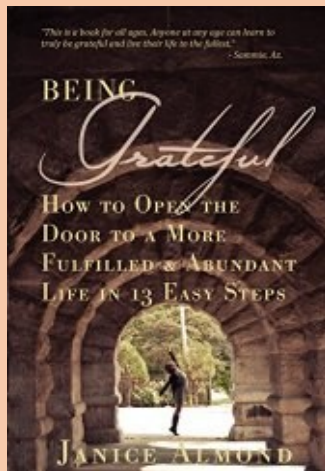
Some of his poems have been translated into Assamese Language by Poet Abani Buragohain from India and he is currently an International Director of World Union of Poets and Official for the World Union of Poets Presidency for Africa (*Tribuno*) conferred on by Knight Silvano Bortolazzi (President of the World Union of Poets).

He is a teacher of English. He has a Nigerian Certificate in Education in English and Yoruba Languages from the Federal College of Education, Osiele, Abeokuta and a B.A (ed) in English from the University of Ilorin, Ilorin.



Olanrewaju Ayoola

Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

A Review

Author Janice Almond's, *BEING Determined: How to be Relentless in Pursuing Your Dreams in 15 Simple Ways* is now available! In her second book in the [BEING GRATEFUL series](#), Janice delivers an impassioned and thought-provoking message on ways to relentlessly pursue your dreams in an easy-to-read text. There are many self-help books in the market about how to succeed in life against all odds. This book elevates that message, by providing real-life examples of people from all walks of life (some well-known, others, the guy or girl next door) who, against incomprehensible odds, succeed in extraordinary endeavors to pursue a life of true joy and freedom.

The key ingredients to their success are found in the 15 tenants (ways) that Janice walks you through—from increasing the size of your vision, to inviting challenges that are inevitable to achieve your goals. Your personal story will be illuminated in this book and ultimately provoke you to finally create the life that you deserve—one that positively affects people's lives resulting in a legacy of fulfillment and success.

Get the *BEING DETERMINED* eBook for \$0.99 for a limited time only. Click link to purchase:

<http://amzn.to/2ctfKaM>

About the Author

Having been a pastor's wife, high school English teacher, community college professor,

and involved in men's prison ministry, Janice has witnessed a myriad of human interactions that have positioned her to understand and communicate the behaviors that drive some toward success, and those that keep others in a slump.

She's had the privilege of traveling around Europe, joining Toastmasters, and receiving a B.A. degree in Communication Studies from UCLA during the John Wooden basketball years (1970's).

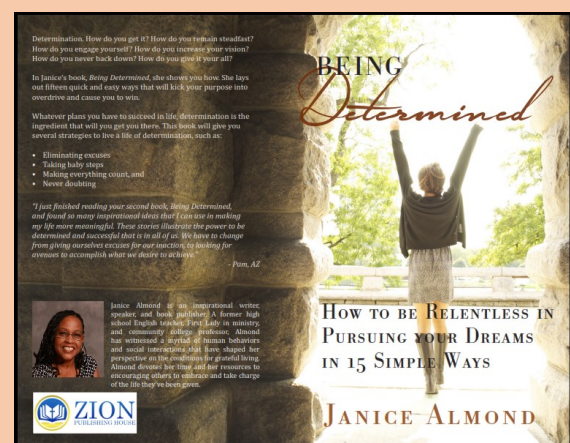
Later, she earned two Master's degrees in Education, Multicultural Education and Educational Administration. Having spent more than a decade in education, it became her passion to share insights to better prepare students for life and to help them develop strong character. Now, it is her passion to share these lessons with the world.

Janice's hope is that her works inspire, uplift, and encourage you to fulfill your full potential, and to live a life of purpose. Helping others to experience and achieve true emotional freedom and abundance is her goal and one of the main reasons she writes.

Her goals as an author are to inspire, uplift, and encourage.

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

In Heaven

In Heaven guards in
Armani suits will escort
me
To golden sinks and ivory
stalls
After dining in celestial
gardens of elysium halls
And then back to my
cell of cement blocks
So I can lie back down
upon my straw mattress
Stained with urine
And dream of sin.

I Must Burn Down The Barn

I must burn the maples,
the oaks
The blue eggs cradled in
their limbs
Like the pregnant hold
their bellies
I must boil their yolks
What is to become
always becomes.

Do you remember the
robin shot
By boys with BB guns
Then dissected, its
feathers on which blood
Dries not long after it
runs?
The parts of the bird, the
lungs

The pale brain, black
bowels, the heart
Put into separate jars
and labeled
Can you really keep
them apart?

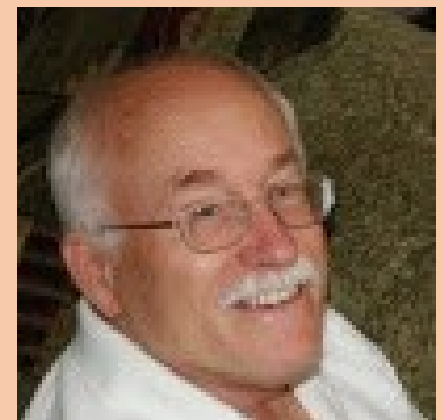
I must burn down the
barn
Let the horses go, the
cows
The hooting at night
Captured in the loft
I must give that back to
the owls.
The trip to the local store
Where I was told the
delinquent bill
Was the total of last
months sum
I must give that back to
the till.
The lover of the local
whore
The parts of him standing
together
Looking at the robin in
the jars
I must become.

The Black Death

At work and walking the
hall
To the main room; yellow
chairs
Around red plastic tables
One cannot stain
Where I watch others
dine
Where I cannot eat
I am not well, I am listless
My blood ponders in a
vein
Of my lack of concern
for them

I am ashamed
Though others here seem
to think
I am the same
But I am the scalpel of
my wounds
The knife the surgeon
cannot use
For it will not cut out
The cancer of a name
The rot around it.
In the kitchen behind
metal doors
The clatter of plates are
heard
The banging of a fist
Seen through the order
window
The quick spit of a flame
After the snap of a wrist
And someone coming
from the restroom
Still wiping their hands
and staring ahead
Perhaps having seen my
initials there
Wondering of the name.

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



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US Chapter of True Whig Party Assists Visually Impaired Students

This is a rerun

Monrovia -The United States Chapter of the Grand Old True Whig Party in collaboration with True Whig Party Liberia has provided minimum cash assistance for the upkeep of blind students at the Bible Way Mission School in Monrovia and has identified some seemingly blind children as part of its free medical assistance initiative for the removal of their eyes' cataracts.

Mrs. Bankee Brown-Stewart, Chairperson of the TWP USA who presented the gestures to the blind students, noted that the initiative is part of an ongoing TWP's social intervention program as approved by the party's USA-Board headed by Sayku Kromah which is aimed at rendering assistance to needy and visually challenged in Liberia.

"We are deeply touched about the situation of visually impaired persons in Liberia and for this

reason; our party decided to workout means of assisting those of our fellow blind compatriots. We rallied in the US recently towards this program and proved successful.

This is just a pilot step and other interventions will be unfolded", she said.

Mrs Stewart, accompanied by TWP's Chairman Reginald Goodridge, Adviser Etweada Cooper and TWP USA Board Member, Nicole Collins, also indicated that the party has identified a local eye treatment center where selected seemingly blind kids for medical examination; and if possible, cataracts will be removed from their eyes.

"We will try within our means to help as giving to the needy in society is one of the cardinal principles to which the TWP ascribed to", she said.

For her part, the Administrator of the Bible Way Mission, Esther Jalarue, lauded the TWP for the gesture.

"On behalf of the students, we are excited and need more of such assistance from well-

meaning people and institutions".

In late May, the True Whig Party-USA held its first ever fundraiser in Newark, New Jersey, on May 28, 2016 to Blind Schools in the Country.



This article was previously published in the Front Page Africa newspaper and TLC website.

The Nation Mourns When A Conscious Voice Fades - A Tribute To Mamadee Diakite

By **Martin K. N. Kollie**



**Mamadee Diakite – a
loss to remember
Died on August 30, 2016**

The rising sun was gleaming from the bottom of the Atlantic with a humid breeze of disbelief spreading across Monrovia and its environs. The nation woke up once more to an atmosphere of shock and surprise. Almost everyone was in a state of mourning as a result of a loss we are yet to get over. Getting over such a loss may not be anytime soon.

I could not just believe that our brother finally said goodbye. Bidding us farewell such a time as this was too early. It was too soon to have told your many listeners ‘au revoir’. Death, why couldn’t you spare us this jewel? Death, why couldn’t you spare us this priceless flower? How I hope God would have given us another chance to hear from this conscious voice – a voice of brilliance and radiance.

I had to turn off my radio yesterday when I heard our brother was no more. My lips were sealed with my head bowing in lamentation. There were too many bleeding hearts

in a state of grief and disbelief. It is tough to accept that Mamadee Fanta Diakite has gone to martyrdom. This loss has hit us so hard and torn our happiness apart. Our generation has lost another great voice of insight and optimism. Without doubt, Mamadee was a fascinating talk-show host with a lot of charisma and enthusiasm. He was bold in his thoughts and analyses. Mamadee added value to radio broadcasting in Liberia. He truly brought taste to the radio and sense to the discourse. Mamadee was a modest character with a lot of passion for his career.

Even when our views were contrary on issues, he always made available his platform. Death, why couldn’t you spare us this precious gift? Why couldn’t you spare us this intellectual paragon? You have got us on our knees pondering and wondering. Truly, we are once more troubled and distressed by your merciless hands. The snatching away of our brother has left a load of pain with us. This load is too heavy to bear.

While mourning with other comrades in the yard of our fallen compatriot yesterday, I was reminded again that life is an unpredictable journey. The memory of our brother will forever live as he finally goes to rest today. Yes, he was a man with a meek and resilient tone never frightened by what people said about his views. The nation mourns when a conscious voice fades.

We will always remember Mamadee Diakite by this popular and intriguing quotation he coined “The

motherland will never fall, Liberia is getting better.” How I hope he could be around to embrace this Liberia he envisaged, but he has played his part with eloquence and intelligence. He has distinctly performed his role on stage. He did all he could to offer his best to our nation and its emerging democracy – This we will remember always as we look forward to a prosperous era!

Sleep on Mamadee – sleep on. Bidding you farewell pricks us a lot. Sleep on our talk-show host – sleep on. You deserve a pat on the back. I can imagine how your family feels right now. Our thoughts and hearts are with your mom, wife and kids. Sleep on our lawyer – Sleep on. The nation will forever weep your demise – sleep on. Your journey on earth was worthwhile and enviable. You were a soldier who never ran away for your shadows. Surely, the nation mourns when a conscious voice like yours fades.

Let me conclude in Latin by saying “Diligimus, sed optimum amet” which means in English “We love you, but God loves you best”. Goodbye Brother!

About the Author: *Martin K. N. Kollie is a Liberian youth activist, a student leader, an emerging economist and a young writer. He hails from central Liberia, specifically Bong County. Martin currently reads Economics with distinction at the University of Liberia and he is a loyal stalwart of the Student Unification Party (SUP). He can be reached at: martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com*

According to Eliot

Short Story

Loaves and Fish

Loaves and Fish

The family, mum, dad, their children, Simondes, Ehud, and Shani and Grandpa Chacham, sat down for their meal. That day they were to eat bread and fish, with olives and figs. After Grandpa had said the blessing over the food they began to eat.

Levana, grandpa's daughter, had baked the bread that morning as she did for each meal. She had been to market early and bought the fish for a few pence. The olives and figs were picked their own farm.

'I went with mummy to the market and chose the fish,' said Shani

'This is very good,' said Grandpa to Levana.

'I hope so. You like it children?'

'Yes!' they said, almost in unison.

'You know,' said Grandpa, 'Jesus once fed five thousand people with only five loaves and two fish.'

'Just a little bit less than we have here and this wouldn't feed fifteen people,' said Simondes.

'Not unless we were all a little bit hungry after dinner,' added Ehud.

'Shall we just eat this up,' said their Mother, 'the five thousand might turn up at our door. And I definitely don't have enough food in the house to feed them.'

'I'd like to hear how one man can feed so many from so little,' said the children's father, smiling at them all, not believing a word of what grandpa had told them. 'Ha, five thousand? Five loaves and two fish?'

'The bread and fish could have been gigantic,' said Simondes. 'Eeee aaah.' He stretched his arms out above his head. 'Like this.'

The children laughed at him.

'Quiet,' their mother said firmly, before their father could tell them off.

'We can all eat at the same time I tell the story. All right with you, Levana?'

'All right, suppose so, Papa Chacham. As long as you are all quiet and eat.'

Chacham began his tale and the family listened to his words whilst they enjoyed their meal.

'Jesus was a master teacher. He was famous throughout the whole region of Galilee. Everybody wanted to hear him speak, and when he didn't go to them, then the people came to him.

One time I saw him speaking to well,' Grandpa thought for a moment as though he were counting all the people up in his head, 'must have been five thousand men and their wives and children.'

'That could have been around eight thousand people,' said Barak, the children's father, 'all gathered in one place. That's a lot of people. I'm amazed the Romans allowed it.'

'Well,' said Grandpa, the Romans didn't like it. I think that's why they finally had Jesus killed. But Jesus didn't invite all these people. Jesus didn't say

to us “go out and tell the people I’ll be speaking at such and such a place tomorrow, get them to come along and listen to me.

Let’s start a revolt against the Romans. He wasn’t a politician. He was a man of God. He knew he had to spread the word of God, but there were times when he just wanted to be alone.’

‘What did he say to them?’ asked Shani.

‘Shani, be quiet and listen to Grandpa, eat your meal and then perhaps he’ll tell you,’ her mother told her.

‘Hm, it’s funny you should ask, Shani. You children like listening to stories,’ said Grandpa, ‘well so do adults. Don’t you Barak?’

The children’s father smiled at Chacham, as though he thought listening to stories were a weakness.

‘Jesus,’ went on Grandpa, ‘was a clever man. He knew all about people. How their minds worked.’ He tapped the side of his head. ‘

Jesus realised that if he stood and just told people how to behave, his listeners would either be bored and walk off or just think he was being a bit of a pompous one.

So he told them stories and these stories had a meaning that they had to work out for themselves. Sometimes they didn’t realise there was a meaning and they just went home feeling that they had been entertained.

Some people realised what Jesus was telling them straight away, for others it might be many weeks, months or years and they would wake in the night,

saying “Ah, now I understand the prophet.”

‘One story I remember was about the leaven. What do we use leaven for, Levana?’

‘It’s like Mummy’s name,’ said Shani.

‘I know, I know,’ said Simondes.

‘Go on then,’ said Grandpa, ‘tell us, and your mum will say if you’re correct.’

‘Every day when mummy bakes bread she uses leaven to make the bread rise.’

‘And,’ added Ehud, not to be outdone by his brother, ‘we eat unleavened bread at Passover to remember the escape from slavery in Egypt.’

‘You are both very clever children,’ said Mummy. ‘So, Jesus told the people what about the leaven? Did he make his own bread?’

Grandpa laughed, ‘I don’t think so. But he knew all about it. Jesus said, “the Kingdom of God was like the leaven that a woman hid in three measure of flour until it was leavened.’ Grandpa sat back, satisfied.

There was silence in the room at Grandpa’s words. Everybody stopped eating and looked at Grandpa, until finally Shani said, ‘That wasn’t much of a story. You tell much better stories.’

‘Perhaps, but what does it mean?’

‘Too difficult for me,’ said Barak, ‘I ought to be getting back to the vineyard. I have an afternoon of pruning to do. You can help me Simondes. You are old enough now.’ He went to rise from the table and Simondes went with him.

'When I make bread,' said the children's mother, 'I take the flour, I add some salt for flavour, I add the leaven, a little oil and water. I knead and knead until it is dough. After that I leave it in a warm place. After a time it has swollen and is ready for the oven.' She paused, nodding her head, 'So if we let the Kingdom of Heaven into ourselves, like the leaven, it will grow?'

'Levana, my daughter, you are correct.'

'I don't understand,' said Shani.

'Perhaps one day.'

'And it's still not much of a story,' the little girl went on.

'No, I'm sorry. When I started to tell you about the leaven I forgot that it didn't have a beginning middle and end like all good stories should. There can be more meaning in a few words than many words though.'

'Come on then, Simondes,' said his father, 'to the vineyard.'

'But Grandpa hasn't told us about the Five Loaves and Two Fish.'

Baruk looked at Grandpa.

'It won't take long and then I'll send him straight out.'

Baruk left the house without saying anything more.

'Right,' said Grandpa, 'no more talking, just listening, Simondes has his bread to earn.' Grandpa smiled at his own little joke. He paused, ready to begin the rest of his tale. 'Jesus told many stories on that day...'

Shani interrupted him. 'Are you going to tell us them now?'

'Shani!' said Simondes, 'Daddy's waiting for me and he'll get angry.'

'Another day,' said Grandpa, 'just let me finish this one. All right?' She nodded. 'Jesus told many stories to the crowds, over five thousand people, he spoke for quite a number of hours. When he was finished he was very tired and we left the people and went in amongst the rocks where Jesus could rest. We were there for quite a time. We were waiting for the people to go to their homes back in the town. But they didn't go. It was as though they wanted to hear more and more from Jesus. But he didn't have any energy left, he was very tired. The day went on, into the late afternoon and then the evening. It would soon be dark. We had reports back from a couple of the men with us that none of the crowd had gone to their homes. We were getting hungry, and like our meal today we were to eat bread and fish.'

'One of the important disciples went to Jesus and said, "The crowds haven't gone. They are still there waiting for you. If they stay much longer they will have to camp here for the night. What will they have to eat?"'

"What do we have?" asked Jesus.

"Five Fish and Two Loaves."

"Take the baskets of food," said Jesus, "and share it amongst all the people."

'The disciples did as they were told. All the people ate until they could eat nothing else. When the disciples brought back to Jesus what was left over, there were twelve baskets of fish and bread. What were the people full of?' Grandpa paused so that the children could think about the

question. 'Food, or the teaching of Jesus?'

'Papa Chacham,' said Levana, 'your stories.'

'Yes, but the children will grow intelligent and asking questions.'

'Hm, come on, Simondes, go and help your Father. He will be waiting for you. You two help me clear the dishes away.'

Grandpa Chacham went out of the house and sat in the courtyard. He could hear the noises from the houses as they went about their jobs. The questions that were being asked back and forth between children and Mother. He wondered if Simondes was talking to his father in the same way as they went about their work in the vineyard. Grandpa closed his eyes and dozed in the afternoon sun remembering the many stories of Jesus that he kept ready in his heart. There would be another day to tell them to Simondes, Ehud, and Shani.

Grandpa Chacham was a follower of Jesus, imaginary of course. He was a Jew. He told these stories to his grandchildren a few years after the death of Jesus. He did not believe in the virgin birth or resurrection as the events hadn't been written about by the Gospel Writers. Please if you want to comment, feel free to email me at johneliot1953@gmail.com

I will reply to all emails.

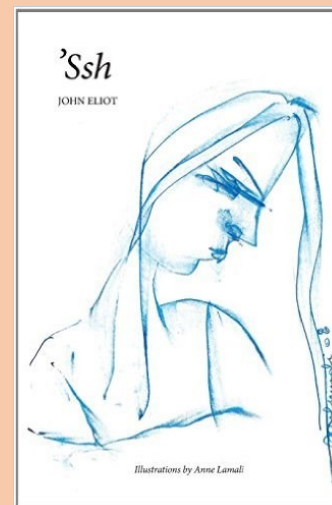
c. John Eliot 2016

*****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 Mosaïque 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.

Liberian Proverbs

Excepted from, *The Elders' Wisdom*

1. **Hunger strikes the adult as much as the child.** Some things in life affect us all equally. As humans, we should be conscious of this fact and treat others, as we would wish them to treat us.
2. **Hurry, hurry, burst trousers.** A person who rushes to do things end up failing or not achieving it. It is best to plan well before execution. A poorly laid plan can only lead to trouble.
3. **If a blind man says I will stone you, be assured that he is holding one already.** A hint to the wise is sufficient is a good way to understand this parable. Serious minded people don't say things they don't mean. If they say it, then they are fixing to do it or will do it.
4. **If a child's hands are clean, he can eat with elders.** A well prepared person can achieve far more; they can be accepted into circles that ordinarily would be inaccessible to them. Preparation is a key to success. Eating with the elders or chiefs has always been a thing of importance in Liberian culture. Firstly, only people of good standing and or high status eat with the chief. They discuss important matters; hence, one is likely to be a decision maker of importance to dine. In addition, the food is often the best. It is well prepared and has lots of meat and it is plentiful.
5. **If a donkey kicks you and you kick back, you are both donkeys.** It is unwise to respond in the same foolish manner as a fool and then think of yourself as better than the fool. Responding in kind to a fool, can only mean you are one. After all, it takes one to know another.
6. **If a monkey lives amongst dogs, why won't it start barking?** We learn from and are influenced by our surroundings. The company we keep has strong bearings on who we turn out to be. Therefore, it is wise to mingle with those that you would rather be like for such company can only benefit you the way you wish to be benefited.
7. **If a woman doesn't love you, she calls you brother.** It is often a painful thing, but it is common for girls to pass of a guy's serious attempts with the line that she sees him as a brother. There are clear lines drawn, hence as a brother, there can be no relationship of sorts between you two. In this case, she is just being nice and wants to keep you around as a friend.
8. **If all seeds that fall were to grow, then no one could follow the path under the trees.** It is impossible for us to do all the things we wish to do. Notwithstanding, it is not bad to have a wish, but it is better to fulfil them. It is not everything we want to do, we accomplish.
9. **If crocodiles eat their own eggs, what would they do to the frog?** Some people are just not to be messed around with. They are so strait; in this case, if they do not spare their own, imagine what would happen to one who is actually in the wrong or considered to be an enemy?
10. **The huge silk cotton trees grow out of very tiny seeds.** The smallest of things can bear great fruits. It is not good to underestimate people or their hard work. It may seem meaningless, but with time and dedication, they can turn that venture into success.

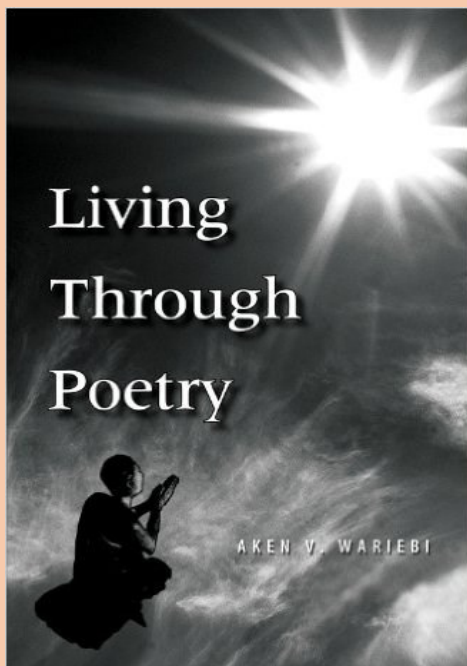
Aken-bai's- A Flow of Thoughts



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

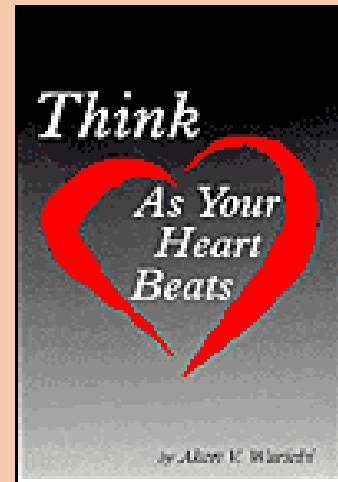


A Few Hellos

I don't want to kill you with hellos
Or nag you with questions and demand answers
Don't want to make you over
Or complain of your unclean hair
Don't want to doubt the sparkles in your eyes
Nor be an investigator of occurrences
Nope I don't want to do any of those things
Because that is not loving you
I don't want to give answers based on assumptions
Of fear
Or see from the surface those things that I thought were real
I want to though share your purpose in life
Love ...but it must be a mutual affair
Have no regrets from knowing you
And do that with every strain of your brow
and every part of your being
Let's share our stories and laugh in the moonlight
Let's smile at the thought of each other in dreamland
Let's me not be annoyed with our nuisances but embrace them as part of our truths
Recognize our imperfections as a special part of us too
No I never want to over compensate the love I have for you
I owe it to God that we met and I thank you
But never want to be avoided because of how I bother you
Instead let me in to build you up and arouse you
Lighten your spirit and be there for you



In search of something more than just a fantasy.
but a new beginning of you and me
Counting the days and hours to say just
one more hello
So I can hold unto a new memory until we
meet again
Written by Aken Wariebi.



Let me instead of being a pain in the rear
Be your light in the dark and the brightest
part of your sun
But in all of the let's let me first say hello at
least once
Then we can begin from there to see how
the weather will turn
The weather that we both can't
comprehend nor apprehend
The weather we both know and have an
idea of how it will be around the bend
Or we think we can see and feel how it
will all end
Yes, that kind of weather where love
depends
On two hearts not one, to be whole again
if there ever was half
To be complete if it needed completion
To be born again if it was dead
So let me say this can and will continue if
we embrace the first one
The first hello leading to many
That heals the souls of two

© Aken V. Wariebi



Aken V. Wariebi, MSW

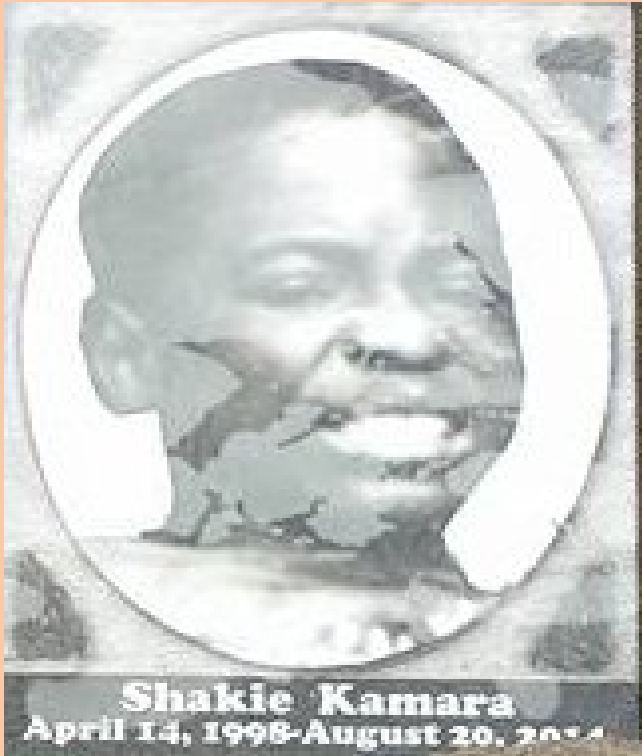
www.facebook.com/inspirewithlove

The Unforgotten Story: Shakie Kamara Deserves Justice

By Martin K. N. Kollie

Youth Activist,

martinkerkukla1989@yahoo.com



Little Shakie Kamara died in pain

Liberia was engulfed by a fatal disease it has never known in 2014. The Ebola Virus Disease was rapidly ravaging our nation and posing serious risk to its sovereignty. As a result of this deadly plague, 4,810 of our countrymen had to fall prey. After almost 2 years since this common enemy (Ebola) was axed, its scars remain noticeable across our nation. The orphans, widows, widowers and survivors of Ebola are still in a state of discomfort, disbelief and trauma. Getting over such tragedy may not be anytime soon due to its dreadful and overflowing impact.

As our nation inks its gloomy encounter and sad experience with Ebola, this chapter in our national chronicle would be incomplete if nothing is said about a tragic episode that captured public and global concern in the township of West Point on August 20, 2014. On this day in Liberia's largest slum community, a

teenage boy laid in a pool of blood after sustaining fatal wounds as a result of the random firing of bullets by untrained and unprofessional soldiers of the Armed Forces of Liberia (AFL).

The scene was pathetic as little Shakie Kamara cried aloud for rescue. The pain he went through before his demise was far beyond his age.

As this 15-year-old child cried out loudly for rescue, his murderers had no sense of remorse and compassion to immediately console him either by performing first-aid or by rushing him to a nearby health facility for medical care. It seemed like their action of using lethal weapons and live-rounds against unarmed civilians of West Point on August 20, 2014 was preplanned and well-intentioned. So soon they had forgotten that the use of lethal weapons and live-rounds against armless civilians and peaceful protestors was totally prohibited according to Military Science and International Law.

For almost an hour, Shakie bled in cold-blood from his wounded legs. The severe brunt of the bullet(s) had one of his legs hanging with his bones seriously damaged. Even if Shakie had lived, he would have been amputated for lifetime – What a sad account to narrate! The murderous action by soldiers of the AFL to have used deadly force and live-rounds against armless West Pointers while enforcing an order to quarantine local residents as a means of containing Ebola constitutes murder, which is a first degree felony under our laws.

After 2 days of bleeding profusely, little Shakie Kamara was confirmed dead at the Redemption Hospital in New Kru Town on August 22, 2014. Shakie died of hypovolemic shock, or severe blood and fluid loss according to medical reports.

Somebody must take full responsibility for this reckless action, because the blood of Shakie keeps on crying out for justice. Justice must prevail in Shakie's case no matter what.

As Shakie lies restless in his lonely vault, his memory continues to live on especially in the hearts of those who believe in protecting child rights and ensuring justice for juvenile. From the very day Shakie was shot, he has been crying out for justice; unfortunately, his killer is being shielded by big-shots.



Looking back after 2 years since the death of little Shakie Kamara, his memory is still alive and deeply imbued in our history as a teenager who was murdered in cold-blood by ruthless soldiers.

The tragic end of this teenager remains unforgotten by his family, friends, love ones and crusaders of justice. Surely, August 20 of each year does not only renew our courage to demand justice for little Shakie, but it also reminds us that Liberia is a country where a soldier goes with impunity for brutally murdering a teenager.

We have every reason to believe that access to justice for children is still far from the shores of Liberia as impunity grows teeth. We have every reason to believe that violence against children in Liberia is far from ending. We deserve to know who kill Shakie.

No amount of cash can replace Shakie's life. Shakie deserves nothing less, but **JUSTICE**. Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King said "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere." We wonder today why justice is being delayed in the case of Shakie.

Why is the family of 15-year-old Shakie being denied justice? Why is the law so silent in the case of Shakie Kamara? Is it because he does not come from the ranks of the bourgeoisies? Or, is it because he hails from the slum of the plebeians and the lumpen proletariats?

These are repeated questions we continue to ponder over. The denial of one's justice simply because of his or her social class, political rank or economic status goes

contrary to upholding those fundamental values of democracy, which are inscribed in our constitution and global statutes.

As a means of memorializing the second anniversary of Shakie's death and reaffirming our undying resilience in pursuit of justice for this teenager, family members, friends and love ones including children gathered in the Township of West Point to re-echoe the unforgotten story of August 20, 2014.

Amidst the heavy downpour of rain, drum majors of justice and proponents of equality marched from the Conscious African Corner on Benson Street to West Point with the portrait of Shakie Kamara. Saturday, August 20, 2016 was another scene of mourning and paying tribute to honor Shakie.

Our gratitude to the Union of Conscious Africans (UCA) headed by Arthur Wahwehlee, Montserrado Student Union (MONSU) headed by Mohammed Donzo and the Liberian Children's Parliament headed by Speaker Satta Sherriff for organizing such an elaborate memorial service for little Shakie Kamara, which was climaxed by a mass clean-up campaign in the Township of West Point. This shows that Shakie's family is not standing alone in this fight for justice. We too are standing with them until the end...

During the memorial of Shakie Kamara this gone Saturday, his grandparents who he lived with before his demise kept on looking at his portrait in a state of regret, disbelief and grief. Their distressing mood evoked an atmosphere of apprehension and lamentation.

As I stood pathetically along with other comrades looking at Shakie's portrait and the outward appearance of his grandparents, my inner spirit became disquieted. Momentarily, I could feel the deep pain and sorrow his grandparents were feeling inward.

Grandma Eva Nah and Grandpa Aballo were again confronted with another heartbreaking moment as they recalled a past that seems too difficult to accept even up to now. When I spoke to Grandpa Aballo who hails from Webbo in Maryland County, these were his exact words to me:

"My son, it is not easy to be without my grandson, Shakie. Shakie was like everything to us and he was someone who we totally

depended on to get most of our works done at home and even in the field. As a plank dealer in Battery Factory, Shakie used to even help me offload my planks and sell them. He was like our backbone. His grandma and I could not do without him. Today, he is no more, and we are really missing him. We miss him a lot. We miss him every day. Almost every night, we miss our grandson. We cannot stop mourning his death, because even today, we have no one to help us. We hope Shakie was around, but he is no more. We hope that those who killed my grandson Shakie will take responsibility for his death.”

As I stood listening to Shakie's grandfather speaking in a soft and grief-stricken tone, I was overwhelmed with sympathy and empathy. One keen message I gathered from his speech was “We hope that those who killed my grandson Shakie will take responsibility for his death”

The easiest interpretation of this message is that grandpa Aballo needs justice for his grandson – grandma Eva keeps crying out for justice for her beloved grandson – the friends, love ones and sympathizers of Shakie are as well eager to get justice in Shakie's case – the inhabitants of West Point are aggrieved and impatient because Shakie is yet to get justice. We hope that the government will take heed and act fast to ensure Shakie's murderer is identified and brought before the throne of JUSTICE.

As a youth activist who is very concerned about ensuring Justice in the case of little Shakie Kamara, I would like to recommend that the government:

1. Set-up a 9-member independent body to thoroughly investigate the death of little Shakie Kamara. This body should consist of representative from the following institutions: Independent Human Rights Commission, Ministry of Justice, Ministry of Gender Children & Social Protection, UNICEF, African Union, PLAN International, CARTER Center, UNMIL and Civil Society Organization. This would eventually lead to

identifying Shakie's killer and ensure that Justice prevails.

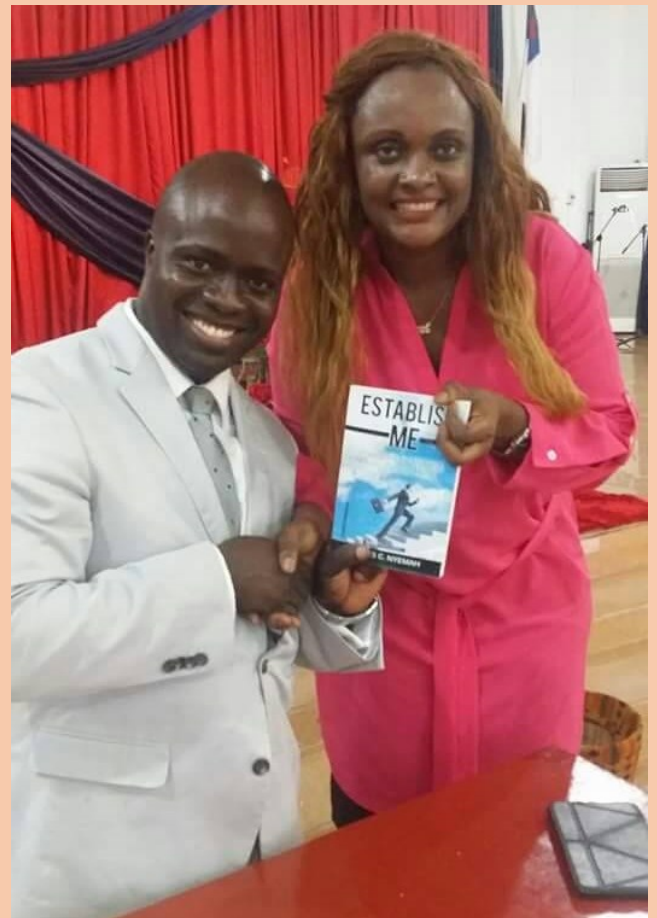
2. Construct a **Peace and Conflict Resolution Center (PCRC)** in West Point to memorialize Shakie Kamara.
3. Build a Library and Reading Room for Children of Liberia that would be named Shakie Kamara Library and Reading Room (**ShaKaLib**).
4. Launch a foundation in honor of Shakie Kamara to educate teenagers, empower girls and boys, and recognize the good works of Liberian children. This Foundation would be called **SHAKAM** Foundation.
5. Provide continuous psychosocial and financial support for the grandparents of the late Shakie Kamara.
6. Initiate a one-week dialogue, reconciliation and peace program (clean-up campaign, symposium, sport jamboree, etc.) between the people of West Point and the Armed Forces of Liberia (AFL). Regaining the confidence of the people is very important for the AFL.

About the Author: Martin K. N. Kollie is a Liberian youth activist, a student leader, an emerging economist and a young writer. He hails from central Liberia, specifically Bong County. Martin currently reads Economics with distinction at the University of Liberia and he is a loyal stalwart of the Student Unification Party (SUP). He can be reached at:

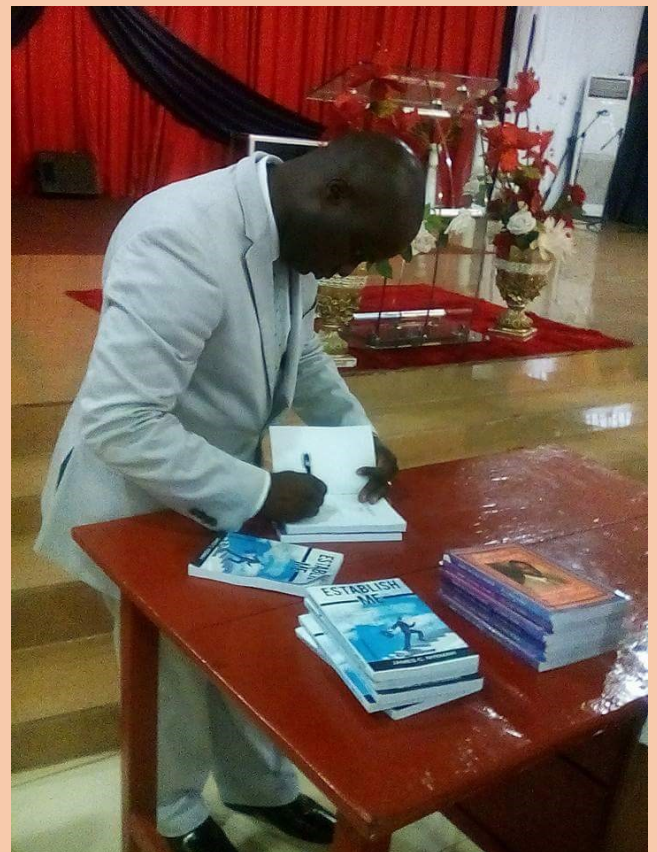
martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com

BOOK THINGS

The founding pastor of the **African Faith Expressions Church**, Phoenix Arizona, **James Nyemah**, spent most of the month of August in Liberia where he launched all three of his books. He also conducted workshops, held speaking engagements, revivals etc.



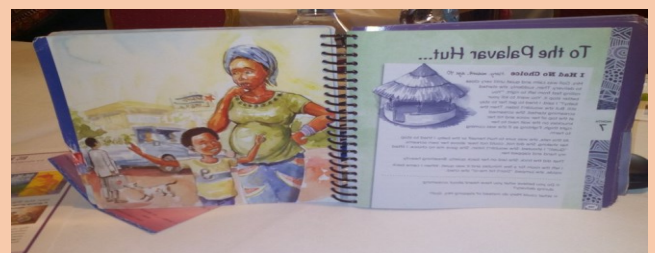
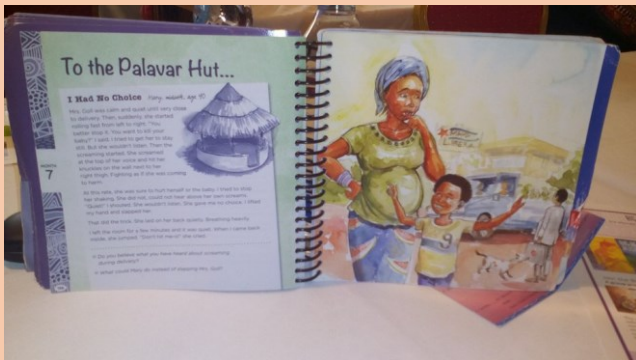
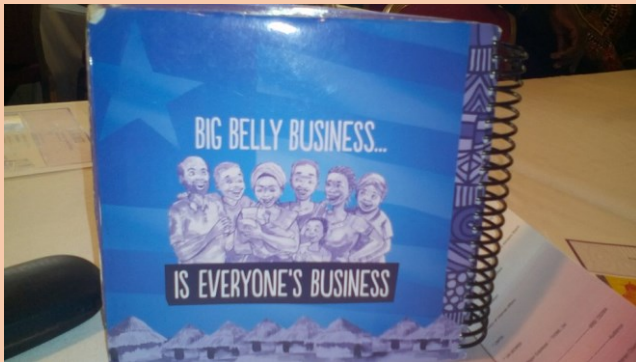
A loyal fan purchases an autographed copy



The author autographing copies of his books

US embassy Monrovia, conducted a book launch of the **BIG BELLY BUSINESS**. This project began many years ago. In an effort to bring national awareness to the issue of pregnancy, they began this series. **Elma Shaw**, of Cotton Tree Press, who edited KWEE's anthology [**Portor Portor**], was a [part of the team the worked on the initial project.

Photo courtesy of: James Dwalu



Fethi Sassi



A Wild Woman

Poem Arabic fethi sassi
Translated by Monia Zguidi

امرأة متوحشة

أقول ... :
لَمْ لَا أَرْحَلُ نَحْوَ الْمَتَاهِ
؟
مَنْقَلًا بِالشَّتَاءِ
غَائِرًا فِي وَطَنِ الْقَصِيدِ
لِذَلِكَ قَالَتْ لِي أُمِّي :
لَا تَشْرَبُ الْحَلِيبَ مَعَ
الْأَغْبِيَاءِ
وَأَرْكَبُ شَمَالَ اللَّيْلِ ...
وَأَشْرَبُ وَجْهَهَا ...
مَا فَاتَكَ ظِلٌّ غَيْرَ أَنْ
الَّذِي يَعْتْرِيكَ ...
هُوَ أَغْتِرَابُ الْمَنَافِي
فَوْقَ آخِرِ غَيْمَةٍ
تَشْطَّتْ فِي حَائَةِ اللَّيْلِ
حَقًّا أَنْتَ لَا تَشْتَهِي
شَيْئًا

غَيْرَ امْرَأَةٍ مُتَوَحِّشَةٍ

....

عِظَامُ شَجَرَةٍ تُغَيَّرُ

مَلَابِسَهَا

لِعُرْسِكَ الْقَادِمِ

A Wild Woman

Poem Arabic fethi sassi
Translated by Monia Zguidi

I say...
Why don't I go astray
Burdened by winter
Probing into the realm of
the poem?
That's why my mother
told me :
Don't drink milk with the
jerk
Ride towards the north of
the night
And drink her face...
No shadow left you; but
what befalls you
Is the alienation of exiles
upon the last cloud
That splintered in the
tavern of the night
In fact....
you desire nothing but a
wild woman....
Bones of a tree that
changes its clothes for
your forthcoming
wedding

And a poem that wets
the hair of water with a
ballad...
Thus we parted like a hug
....
Therefore, my son you
have to woo your wound
...

So that you pick up an
amazement from her lips
Come in and let the sun
bathe her face in your
hands...
Let the coal of the story
blaze with your longing
Dwell in fire to warm up
the poem
On the shadow of the
factors
Definitely the lightening
will dwell stealthily in her
cup of coffee.
So you become....
The stature of roses ...
and a tavern of tears
Then at the extremity of
the threads of poetry
Bathe in the salt of her lips
Lay the absence on fire
....
So that the rose grows old
with her bleeding
fragrance
And the poem peeps on
my fingertips

The evening smells the
metaphor
excessive in counting its
fingertips
The spikes yearn for the
call....
And the story remains like
a tattoo on the shoulder
of
doves...

Don't you hear me YOU
AFRICAN?

Are you sleeping or still
dreaming?
Look closely can you see
I'm drench in my own
blood.

Go ahead feel me
I'm cold like the pit of a
refrigerator.

Is this not just a blink blink?
Look at it.
Listen to them.

I'm telling you
It's just a Hugh Disneyland.

Yea it's a dream alright
You were brought
From the Continent to
their Hell.

from the ship to the field
by a bullet to your grave.

This is the American
Dream!

Go on keep Slaving
A different way
A different day.

You think they care?
If you believe that
You really dreaming.

Congress will not change
the GUN laws
too much YANKEE
DOLLARS

And

it's at the expense of your
BLOOD SWEAT and TEARS
You feel me?

Miatta Stella Herring

THE BATHING BIRDS

They were assumed to be
true true lovers
They coupled as one in
the ancient porcelain
They splashed into this
fountain full of hopes
They tangoed to the
splatter of the washrag
They began a new verve
that was to live on
The Bathing Birds
They sat high up over the
old electric poles
They must be in a forever
state to hold tight
They nibble amorously
from aged old clay
They stare each other far
into their red hearts
They cast a spell to say
you are mine now
The Bathing Birds
They have flown oceans
all on solo flights
They made huge pacts
with soldiers unknown
They climbed mountains
over burning hot lava
They walked with the
devil's aid for a push up
They bring different ropes
to ties together now
The Bathing Birds

Matenneh-Rose L. Dunbar

Poems on the Slave Trade

- Sonnet V -

Did then the bold Slave
rear at last the Sword
Of Vengeance? drench'd
he deep its thirsty blade
In the cold bosom of his
tyrant lord?
Oh! who shall blame him?
thro' the midnight shade
Still o'er his tortur'd
memory rush'd the
thought
Of every past delight; his
native grove,
Friendship's best joys, and
Liberty and Love,
All lost for ever! then
Remembrance wrought
His soul to madness;
round his restless bed
Freedom's pale spectre
stalk'd, with a stern smile
Pointing the wounds of
slavery, the while
She shook her chains and
hung her sullen head:
No more on Heaven he
calls with fruitless breath,
But sweetens with
revenge, the draught of
death.

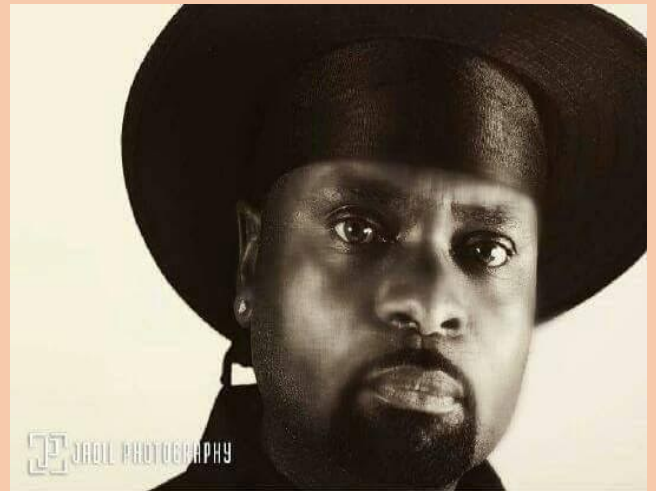
Robert Southey

Alonzo "Zo" Gross

Fore' U Shoot Me Down ...

...
I'm really not Sure-
why it iZ U Pulled me Over/
I didn't Rob any Store-
I'm not High Or Drunk,
I'm Sober/.
Is it really a Crime 4 "ME",
2 have a Nice-Ride*
Why does it have 2b?,
I'm slangin thangZ on the side?*.
ThatZ not what I Do Alright?^
U got the Wrong-Brotha(
But PerhapZ in Ur Eye-Sight^
I Jus got the Wrong-Color{.
U've Been Followin my car,
with this attitude U Got_
lookin 4 my "Non Existin Glock"_
mad cuz I'm Listenin ta Pac_
Holdin on 2 ya pistol,
still searchin 4 Pot_.
Never Sought<
Out ta Lose My Life 2day]
Never Fought<
Jus Thought<
I Could Have My Say]
But Ok]...
I can Hear the Click+
of Ur Ruger Round-----
Jus Let Me Pray Right Quick+
Fore' U Shoot Me Down-----.
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



Droplet

a small pool of water
is an ocean
to the less than gargantuan

a puddle perhaps
but a submersive point of view
for those who choose to jump
into this kind of place

or a torrential storm
when the droplets turn
their temperament to a more
destructive intent

ballistic in its change of function

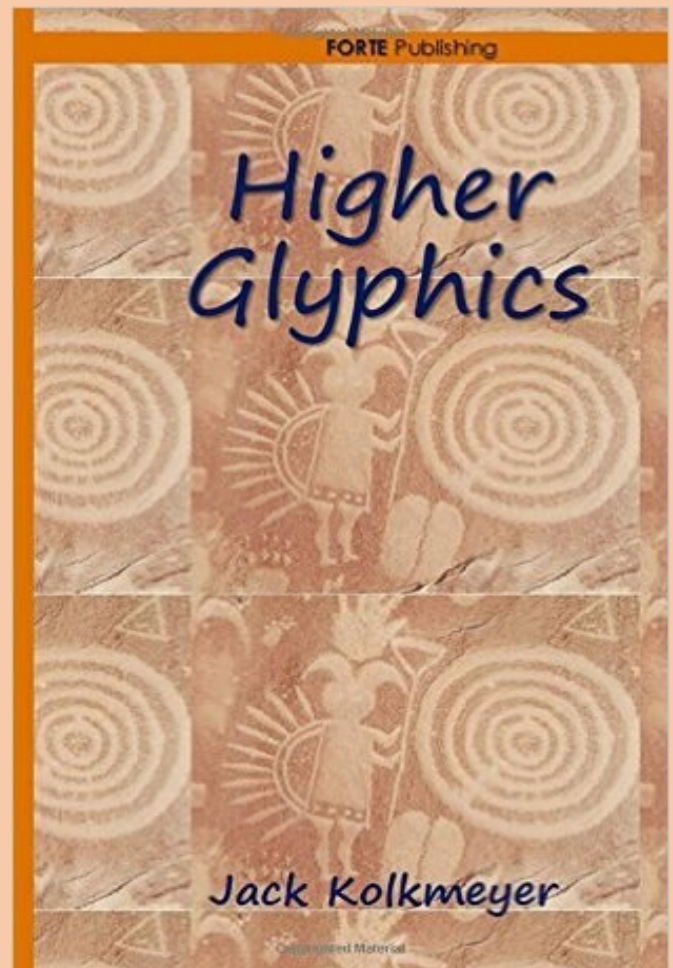
and naturally there are the springs
and the waterfalls
where tranquility is a rainbow
in the mist
of so much falling water

and so the rivers flow
with the strength and fortitude
of commonality and confluence
drop by drop
into the valleys
that funnel them
in to our needs

but then there is that singular drip
seemingly from nowhere
that splats on your nose
and drops down to somewhere
below you

for

even a droplet
can turn the tide
of the tiny



FORTE Publishing

Jack Kolkmeier is currently working on his next book to be published sometime this year.

Renee' B. Drummond-Brown



My Mother Earth

defining one's coloration
is no longer my fight
albino
red
yellow
light-skinned
brown
black
And yes
even
white.

His TIMELY truths
will
reveal my colours plight.
Every child's
birthed from ME,
search the Scripts history
'Afrika'
'Afrika'
O'
Home of the brave
Land of He; Himself, and The Trinity
'Dat' Word's SO plain and blatant to
SEE!!!
STOP inspecting me
as your dirt
You 'betta' ask THE FATHER
'Bout' me...
I am
His

Mother Earth
And HE is
THE I AM THAT I AM
Who'll define my peculiarity's worth
**"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be
preached in all the world
for a witness unto all nations;
and then shall the end come"
(Matthew 24:14 KJV).**
So you SEE,
I am
THE
mother earth
therefore,
WATCH your treatment of ME!

Author: Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

Dedicated to: You shall KNOW the truth
and the truth shall make you free.
Please support my write(s) by sharing this
post and ordering my e-Book, Hardback
and soft back books on Amazon, Barnes
and Noble and/or on my Face Book
Page.

(Authored: "Renee's Poems with Wings
are Words in Flight-I'll Write Our Wrongs"
and "SOLD: TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER".
Note* each book ranked 5 stars!!!)

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(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
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Local Cuisine

Liberia, like many West African countries, has a variety of locally made food. Generally, food is cooked for quite some time. What one would easily consider- overcooking. But it

tastes like heaven. Today's dish is **FUFU**, made from grated cassava. The soup is often spicy. And true to the Liberian fashion, it must contain more than one meat kind-fish, meat, chicken, plus a million other things.



Gifts of the Masters

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

RUDYARD KIPLING

Fuzzy-Wuzzy

(Soudan Expeditionary Force)

We've fought with many men across the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Sua~kim~,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome
in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you
want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you
whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Khyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Iriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu ~impi~ dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
missis and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course
we went an' did.
We slosed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
'ardly fair;
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you
broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would
'elp you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call
the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantee!
So 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome
in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air --
You big black boundin' beggar -- for you
broke a British square!

LANGSTON HUGHES

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

When You Are Old

William Butler Yeats

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim Soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You

Pablo Neruda

I do not love you except because I love you;
I go from loving to not loving you,
From waiting to not waiting for you
My heart moves from cold to fire.

I love you only because it's you the one I love;
I hate you deeply, and hating you
Bend to you, and the measure of my changing
love for you
Is that I do not see you but love you blindly.

Maybe January light will consume
My heart with its cruel
Ray, stealing my key to true calm.

In this part of the story I am the one who
Dies, the only one, and I will die of love because
I love you,
Because I love you, Love, in fire and blood.

A Poison Tree

WILLIAM BLAKE

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;

And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine.
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

A Bird Came Down

Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad,-
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

MARY ELIZABETH FRYE

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

On The Back Of History

*Dedicated to the nation Liberia on her
Independence @167*

On the back of history
Came a small colony
A home of the negroes
A land for them to smile
The first little country
In the breast of Africa
On the back of history came men and women
Led by JJ Roberts
Standing together in adversity when bullied by
the bulldozers
They stood strong, arms under arms, and
declared a free nation
On the back of history, came Maryland,
creeping, crawling, crying
To join her brothers in love and became a
brother in love

On the back of history came men and women of
color
Roaming Africa for a land to rest and call home
Some came for afar
From the Ghana empire, the Mali empire, the
Songhay empire
Came the sons of traders, in search of a home
On the back of history
Came the sons of King Sao Boso, King long
peter
Then came the sons of Bob Gray,
The sons of Matilda Newport Sailing on the
back of history on the mayflower
One day, the sons of sons of our forefathers will
sit down together
Void of tribe or ethnicity or creed
And write the history of their fathers with a lens
Clearer than binoculars
Our country is a tye-dye nation
All sixteen tribes came sailing with one voice
From cape mesurado, to Bushrod Island
From Lofa to Nimba

Bong to Grandcapemount
From Grandgedeh to Grandbassa
Someday, we'll see the faces of the French, the
Greek the Portuguese the Arabs
All trooping to our land
This time, not for slaves, but to see the shores of
Bushrod Island
Where the men of color lived
Or see the shores of lake piso
Or wander behind the forest of the sapo park
Or picnic on the sides of kpatawee
All along the mangrove swamps
And tropical rainforests
We sing the bell of our one own chorus
The love of Liberty
Brought us here!

Red, White and Blue

On a cold, quiet, unassuming day
Somewhere in August,
a cloth was woven into a flag
a day now celebrated as Flag Day
From a simple cotton, thread in a cloth,
a nation's symbol lay bare, ex[posed for all to
see
24 August, rainy, cold and calm, Liberia
became gay

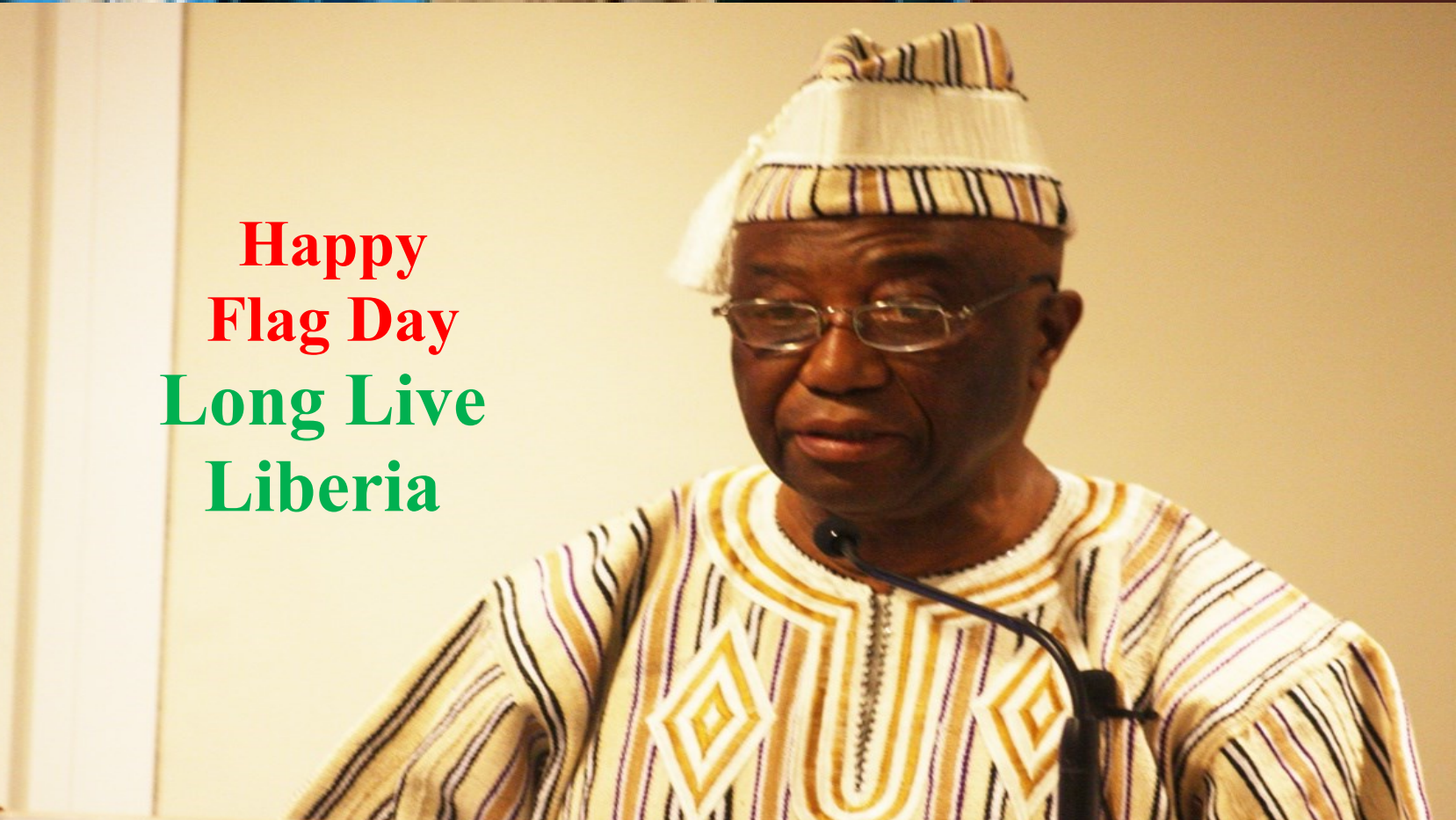
Eleven stripes, rolled beautifully, hoisted above
the fray
Not all colors stood with us, they were red,
white
and blue- not grey
With a small, modest will, sat Susannah Lewis
and her team
keeping at bay
They were seven, all women, strong, brave and
gallant
Toiling the night away; toiling the time with no
pay

Red, white and blue, red, white and blue!
These colors held together, to bind us like glue!
Other nations will watch our bound and never
have a clue!
With bravery, valor and purity, our country is
out of the blue!

Lekpele M. Nyamalon



**Happy
Flag Day
to the people of
Liberia**

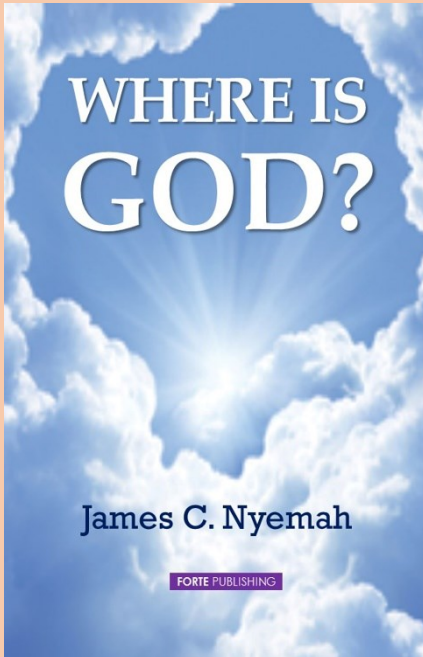


**Happy
Flag Day
Long Live
Liberia**

Recommended Reads

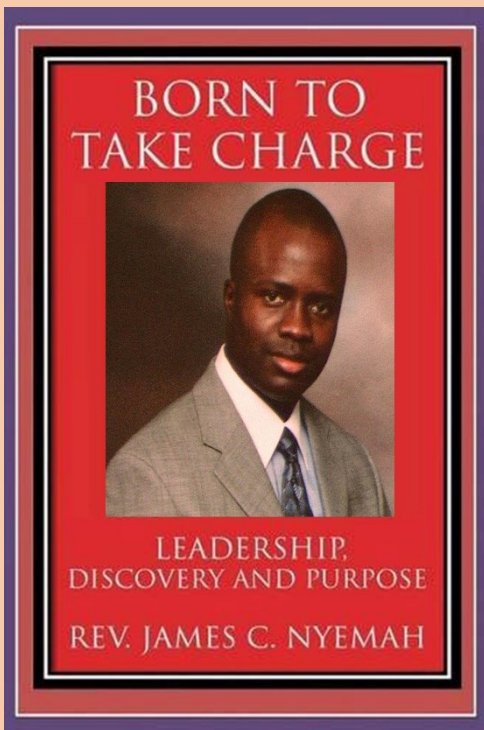
Published by **FORTE Publishing**

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

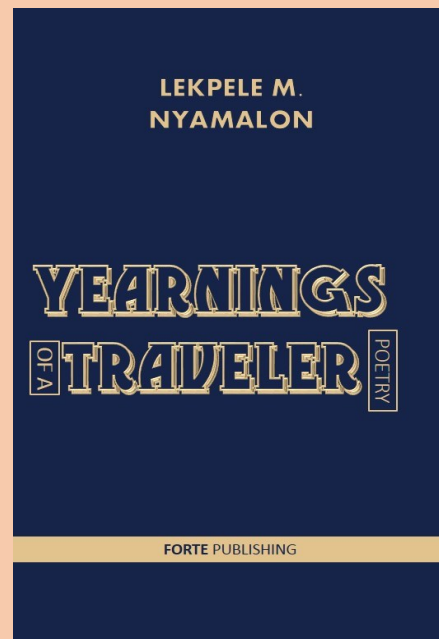
takes us on a mental journey in his latest release, *When The Mind Soars*, poetry from the Heart.

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



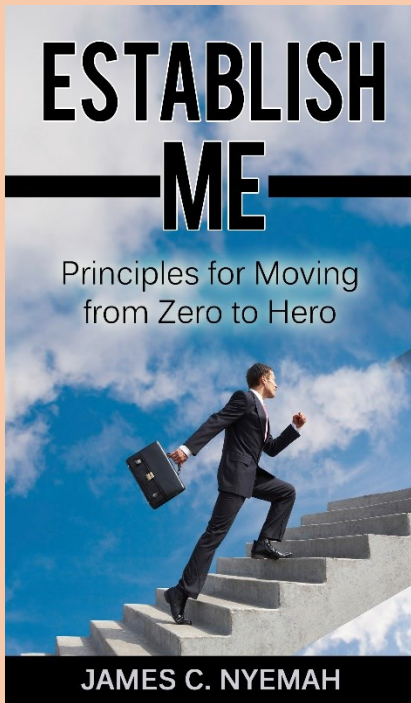
Lekpele, his has been a message of self worth, as we see in his signature piece, My Body is Gold; one of patriotism, as in Scars of A Tired Nation; one of Pan Africanism as in the piece, Dig The Graves. He

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.

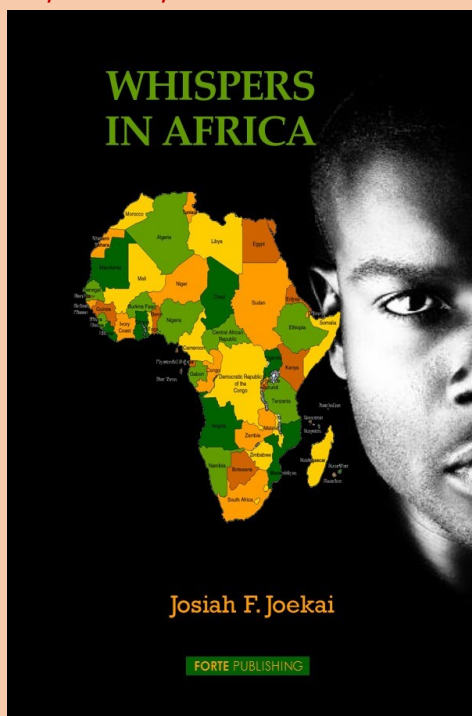
Recommended Reads

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

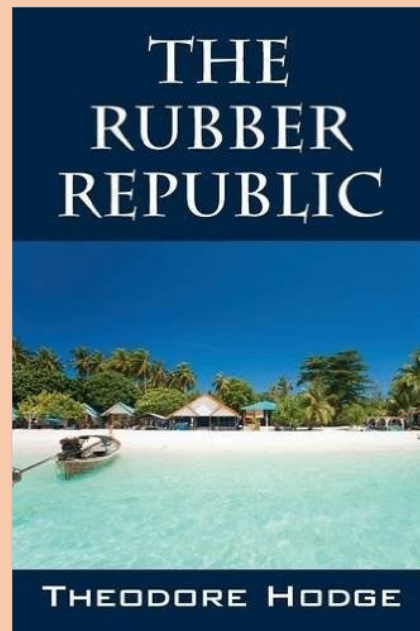


In his latest work, Ps. Nyemah lets us know that God can **Fix Us, Mold Us, Create Us** and then **Establish US**.



Coming soon from FORTE Publishing

The Rubber Republic

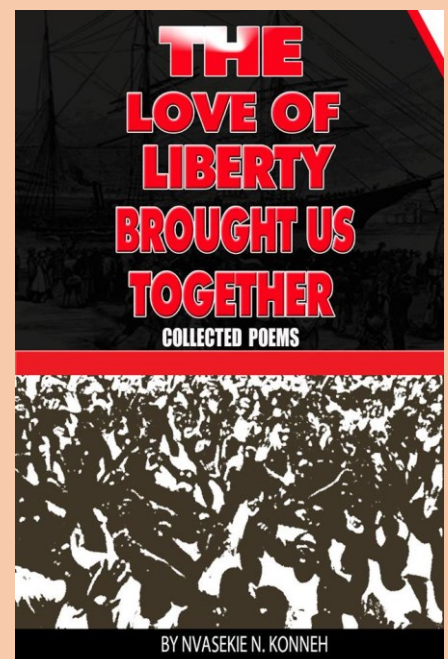


From relative stability to upheaval, military coup, violence and revenge. . . **The Rubber Republic** covers two decades, the late 1950s through the 1970s. Set mainly in West Africa, the story takes the reader to the United States and a few

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.

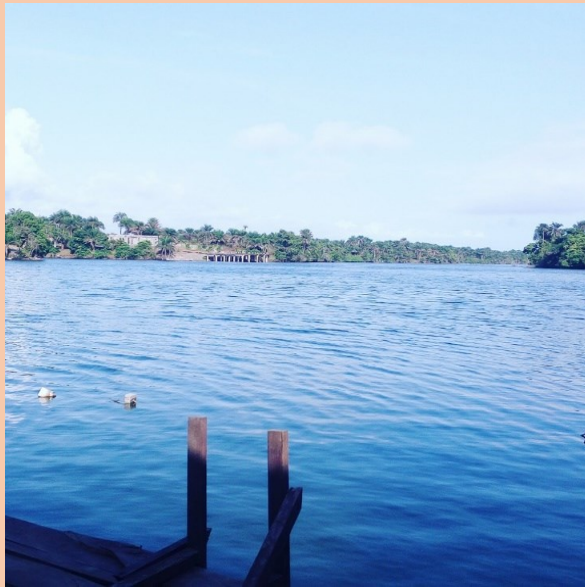
Miatta The Swamp Princess recounts her adventures into the African forest.

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

FORTE Publishing Int'l

Around Town

Note the Message



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



PHOTO BY: B Yourfee Kamara from Gbarnga



HAPPY FLAG DAY

Happy FLAG Day



Traditional Dancer from the Gio Tribe-Gio Devil



Photo: S. Mark

City Center



A scenic view of Monrovia, city center



Sapo National Park





Roasted Corn- something local to munch on



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



The People's Monument



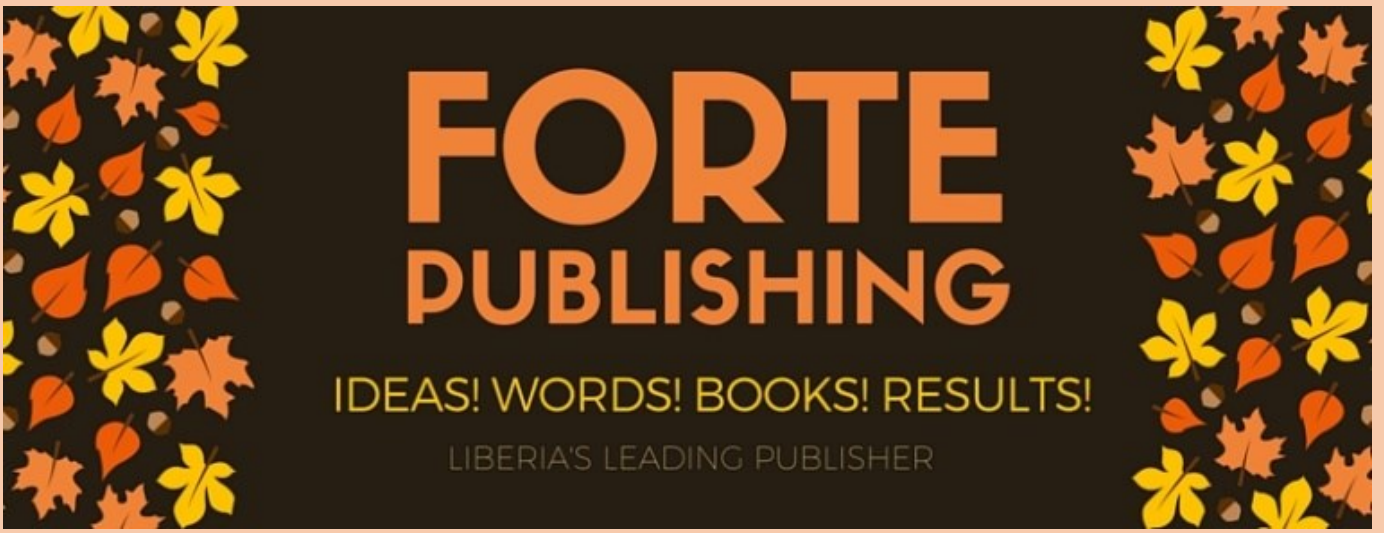
Alternative use for pressing irons



Down town Pehn Pehn Hustle



Made in Liberia, promoting local industries
Credit: Darby Cecil & Daily Pictures from around Liberia



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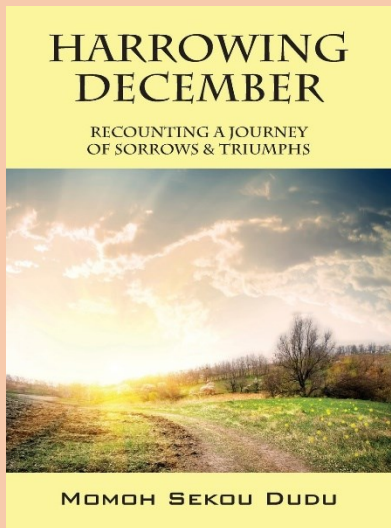
VAMBA SHERIF
Editor - Short stories

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.'

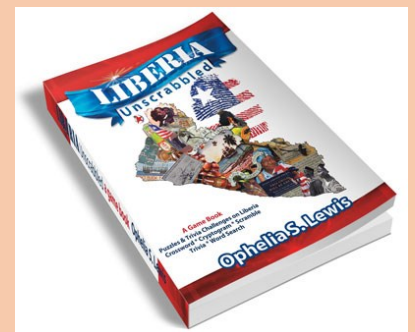


Find out more [here](#).



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](#)

[Editors](#)

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

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Liberian Literary Magazine

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Aug Issue



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Barclay



Ayoola
Olanweraju

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THE MONTH



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Karahana

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Rudyard Kipling
Emily Dickinson
William Yeats
Pablo Neruda
Mary Elizabeth Frye
William Blake

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