

KWEE

Apr Issue

0415

NAT'L
POETRY
MONTH

**LEKPELE M.
NYAMALON**

Author of
the Month

Featured Poets:

Gwendolyn Brooks
Anna Akhmatova
Maya Angelou
Rabia al Basri
Rita Dove
Ho Xuan Huong
Jane Austin
Jenny Joseph
Emily Dickenson
Mathew Zapruder
Josiah Joekal Jr.

Featured Poets:

Althea Romeo Mar
Richard Wilson Mo
Herbert Logerie
Aken Wariebi
Cher Antoinette
Lamelle Shaw
Stephen Cooper II
Viola Allo
Matanneh Dunbar
Baltimore Verdler
Mohhamed D. Doll

Poetry Section
Gifts of the Masters

Resurrected Master
Liberian Proverbs

KwEE

Liberian Literary Magazine





Overview:

New Look

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

Our Commitment

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

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

What to Expect

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

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

Overview

Segments

From the Editor's Desk

#Liberia Puzzle

Poems by Moore Batch 2

Authors' Profiles

[Lekpele M. Nymalon's](#)

[Interview](#)

Book Review

National Poetry Month:

Random Thoughts

Diaspora Poet - Althea Mark

[Richard Wilson Moss's](#)

[Interview](#)

Book Review

Resurrected Masters

Featured Article

Unscripted: Cher Antoinette

[Article](#)

[Janice Almond's Interview](#)

Finding Meaning in

Everyday Living

Liberian Proverbs

Poetry Section

Gifts of the Master

New Releases

Recommended Readings

Meet the Team

Around Town

**Liberian
Literature
Review**

Segment Contents

Editorial

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

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

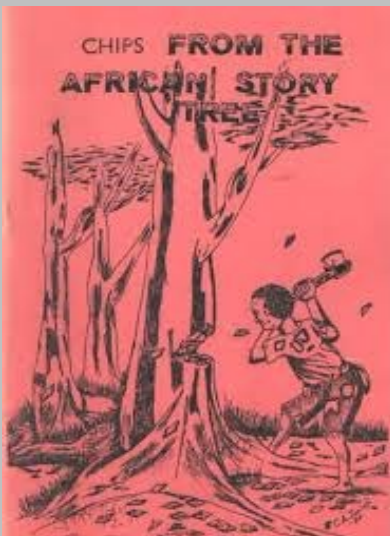
Liberian Classic

A few Poems by A Liberian Great

Bai. T Moore

An Elder's Prayer

Oh great Spirit of the forest,
 I have nothing in my hand
 But a chicken and some rice
 It's the gift of all our land
 Bring us sunshine with the rain
 So the harvest moon may blow
 Save my people from all pains;
 When the harvest time is done
 We will make a feast to you.

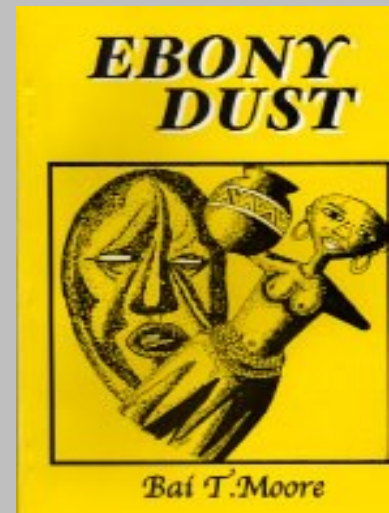


Monrovia Market Women

the Monrovia
 market women
 they are something-o
 foreday in the morning
 the pepperbirds
 dog

goats and
 chickens
 chase them
 out of bed and
 send them running
 like red ants
 on nettles
 they grab old buckets
 run to hydrants
 ch-u-u-u-u-u
 and duck in
 foul enclosures
 smelling with pee
 throw cold water
 on they
 back
 belly
 and between they legs
 and all
 they snatch
 young crying babies
 tie them smugly
 on they back
 in they mouth
 to hush them up
 then rush by
 foot
 bus or taxi
 to the arteries
 pumping life
 into the markets
 of Monrovia
 they rush to
 buying depots
 Tubman Bridge
 Doola
 Belema (for Mesu fish)
 Juakpebli
 And Oldest Kongotown
 to stop the
 trucks and pickups
 full of zoba bags of
 cassavas
 potatoes
 plawa sauce leaves and
 dry meat like:
 wild bush goat
 boaconstrictor
 elephant skin
 nyangaboy
 and other fuyu fuyu
 these women must have
 strong backs

and legs and hands to
 push and fight
 and hold on to their market
 money
 wrapped in a belt of
 country cloth
 which they tie around the
 waist
 but wait now the fun
 begins in
 market stalls where
 chattering
 and palavering (like a
 colony of rice birds)
 and dollar notes and coins
 commence
 passing like confusion
 through
 a hundred thousand
 fingers
 come good friend
 buy my part me
 I go dash you
 goes on endlessly till dusk



Authors of the Month Profiles

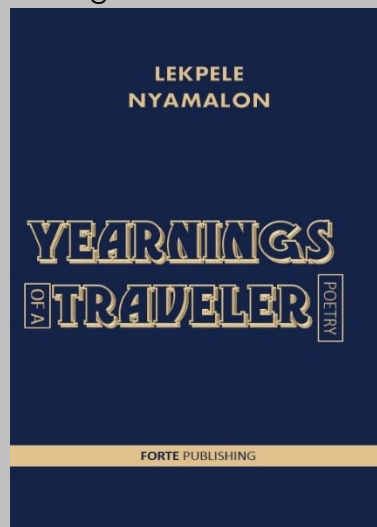
LEKPELE M. NYMALON



Lekpele M. Nyamalon

Lekpele M. Nyamalon is a Liberian poet, writer, blogger and an OSIWA Poetry fellow. He was the only Liberian to contribute to the OSIWA Anthology titled 'Soaring Africa', sponsored by the Open Society Initiative of West Africa. He has authored several articles on National and Global issues that have been published in local and International media outlets to include, the Daily Observer, New Democrat, Frontpage Africa online, The Perspective, based in Atlanta Georgia, The Ghanaian news platform Dawuro Africa, etc. His poems have been featured in several literary papers, including the Kalahari Review, the Kwee Magazine, the Daily Observer Newspaper, the Best New African poets 2015. His poem, 'This place our place' appeared in a World Anthology of Poetry published in 2014. Lekpele was the proud winner of World Poetry Day contest organized by 'Young

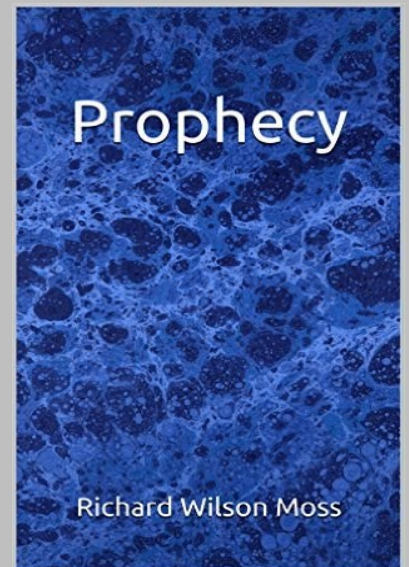
People Today' a UNESCO sponsored youth based organization that focuses on sexuality and reproductive health for Eastern and Southern African youths. His award winning poem is 'Forgotten future, also available online. His debut collection' Yearnings of a traveler' was rated No.1 best seller for African Poetry on Amazon in the first 20 days of publication. He is the founder of Africa's Life-a non for profit that engages the minds of youth through motivational speaking and sharing inspirational stories. Through his subsidiary initiative, 'The Moonlight Theater', he tries to discover the creative talents of youth through arts and culture. Some of his poems have been translated to French, Chinese and Kpelle. He holds a Bachelors degree in Economics (cum laude) from the United Methodist University and an MBA in Finance from Cuttington University.



RICHARD WILSON MOSS



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



Our Spotlight author of this issue is poet, lecturer and a young man of much promise-

Author Interview

LEKPELE N. NYAMALON



Liberian Literary Mag conducted an interview with

Lekpelel M. Nyamalon
LLR: First, we would like to thank you for granting this interview. Let us kick off this interview with you telling us a little about you- your early childhood, upbringing, education.

I am an unassuming, shy guy with a passion for deep imagination and an unquenchable drive for self discovery.



Why writing?

Writing allows me to vent, rage, paint, sing, dance, express and sometimes escape.

What books have most influenced your life/career most?

Anthologies, motivational articles.

How do you approach your work?

Attention to details, which, sometimes brings a lot of pressure.

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

Social justice, Global issues, Political inequalities.

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

Just about anything around me, about everyday people, the common happenings influence my themes, sometimes, the not-so-noticeable themes. I'm inspired by moods-sad, happy, indifferent, etc.

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

Well, it was actually a combination of thoughts. First, my publisher came

up with 'Yearnings' I said right, correct. I really liked it because I had nothing in mind.

But, I looked deep inside of me, I tried to look inside the hearts of others- perhaps the readers and followers and thought maybe we can add it up and bring them onboard somehow- now you have it' Yearnings of a traveler'. So, the 'two heads theory' worked again- smile.

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

Hope, Courage, Positivity, Self belief.

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

This is a story teller about events in Liberia and Africa. It's more than a book of poetry- it's a book of history.

Do you have any advice for other writers? Write from your heart. Don't borrow ideas, find yours!

What book[s] are you reading now?

Or recently read? 'Dreams from my Father' Barack Obama



promoting my book. It's been rewarding.



shelved them- 'Ebony dust', 'Murder in the Cassava patch', 'Marriage of wisdom', 'Why nobody knows when he will die', etc.

What are your current projects?

Any last words? Watch out for our next issue and keep the faith!



A National Poetry Competition for High School Students-coming up shortly.



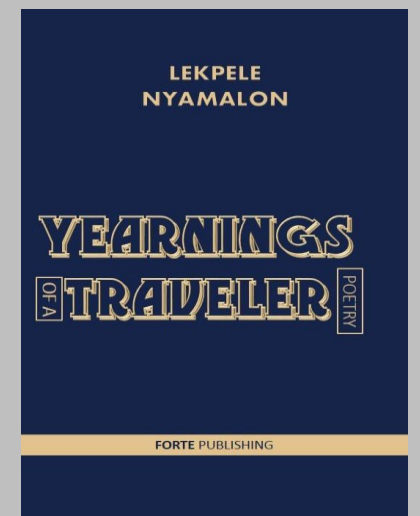
Have you read book[s] by [a] Liberian author[s] or about Liberia?



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



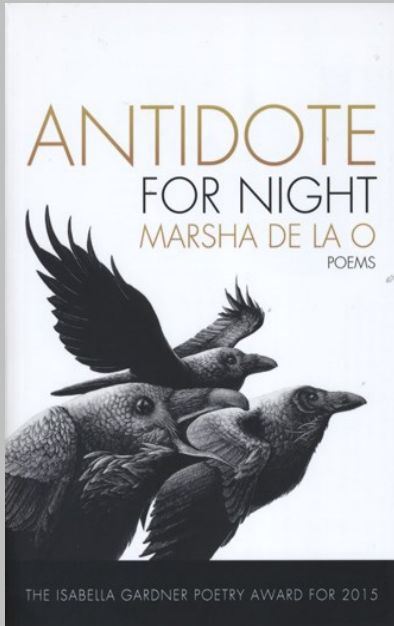
I recently bumped into old books I read in Junior High School and re-



Lekpele M. Nyamalon

Book Review

Antidote for Night Marsha de la O Poems



Book Review by:
Elizabeth O'Brien

Antidote for Night

Poetry by
Marsha de la O
BOA Editions LTD
September 2015
ISBN-13: 978-1-938160-81-3
Paperback 104pp \$16.00

Marsha de la O situates her poem “Crossing Over” in time and space as follows:

This time of year, gold
lingers
in thin
autumn air
ether-light shining
crossing over [.]

Evoking the Day of the Dead, when the veil between the living and the dead is especially thin, the poem nicely encapsulates the book’s mood. Antidote for Night is filled with omens, dreams competing with nightmares, and fears and questions of fate as much as it is a book about the family unit and hardship and joy and struggle.

The book is ostensibly set in modern day California, but aside from occasional place markers and setting details—orange groves and earthquakes both appear in the book—the poems tend to feel more unrooted and spectral than anything else. de la O may be a California poet by virtue of her location, but the terrain of her poems is far more spatially fluid than this categorization suggests. The poems are rooted in lived experience, but the perspective nonetheless feels otherworldly.

Antidote for Night is the winner of BOA Editions 2015 Isabella Gardner Award for Poetry, and it is a rich collection, with poems of varied forms but a consistent tone holding the book together. The diction is surprising and precise, as

when de la O writes in “His Burning Cloud” that “A bee drills its zero / into wood, and oleanders,” the use of the word zero is immediately strange and spot on. Later in the same poem, the speaker’s mother urges her children to pray, “in a ropy / Voice to a full quiver of kids[.]”

de la O’s preoccupations are universal and haunting: she revisits childhood fears and her mother’s superstitions, and continues to be touched by them into adulthood. So, too, the speaker’s minor betrayal—with her siblings and father—when they go tubing against their mother’s wishes—seems almost to be paid for by the mother’s subsequent illness and death, later in the book, and in the speaker’s life. Guilt, worry, and the fear that what is precious will be stolen away function here as necessary counterweights to satisfaction and joy.

Are our lives fated? Or is what happens to us random? The question appears over and over again in different contexts, until finally, the speaker concludes, “it’s ravishing, that sense that fate is upon us.”

Diaspora Poet

Streetsweeper

In this haven I clean
 paths in parks, sweep
 streets.
 Red stains splatter the
 ground
 where berries fell after
 last night's storm.

They are not the blood
 smears
 of brothers accused of
 betrayal.
 Hear-say alone is
 enough
 to crush bones back
 home.

I joyfully sweep up berry
 seeds.
 They are not broken
 fingers, or toes.

I wash the walkway,
 breathe in unpolluted air.
 It is free of gasoline
 fumes spewed
 by military trucks
 heading to frontier towns
 to crush the voices of
 discontent.

My heart dances with joy
 at the sight of red stains,
 not blood.

© Althea Romeo-Mark
 11.10.10

Off the Coast, Winter, 2011
www.off-the-coast.com
 © Althea Mark-Romeo

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



Resurrected Master

Edwin J Barclay



This series focuses on the writings of one of the literary giants of Liberia. The Lone Star Forever, may be the most famous song he is known by, but what many know not is that the piece was originally a poem which he later converted.

Unfortunately, more people remember the man as the politician or the master 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.

Dawn

Far in the East the Sun,
whose lambent flames
Peep through the purple
gauze which hides away
Things unforeseen from
those already past,
Uprears his brow: The while,
fair imps of light
Roll up the filmy sheet 'twixt
Night and Day,
And drowsy Nature dons
her dew-decked crown,
Awakening all to life and
work and Love!

The Past

The Past! the Past! O Love,
recall

Its joys, its hopes, its cheerful
years;
Its tranquil hours, its short-
lived fears,

O Love, recall, recall them
all!

The Past! the Past! ah, hadst
thou known
The unsoothed pain, the
smarting wound
Which this sad heart in
sorrow bound

Has felt, would 'st thou its
joys have flown?

Ah, tell me not the Past is
past:

Such accents cannot
quench desire;
For Hope still lives and riseth
higher

Where Memory's leaves fall
thick and fast.

Ah, tell me not all hope is
dead:

That passing years have
crowned our brows
With fell despair. Recall the
vows

Of love we made; let hope
be fed.

Can love be dead? May
passing years,

Pulsed with the throbbings
of our hearts,
Drown all the hopes which
faith imparts?

Must holy love be
quenched in tears?

Ask thine own heart for
mine beats fast
With faith, tho' still
unrealized:
The joyous hopes once
dearly prized

Alive but to crown our live
at last!

Let faith, let death, let life
and time, —

The minions of eternity, —

The God of Love and
destiny,
Teach thee, my heart, this
faith sublime.

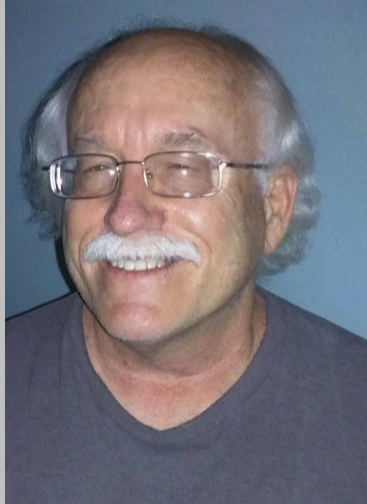


Presidents Barclay and Roosevelt

Author Interview 2

Spotlight Author

RICHARD WILSON MOSS



Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with Richard Moss, a poet, a lover of nature and word; a cool guy 😊.

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

Well, I have written an entire book about myself, an autobiography, Northspur, and having written such, tend to tire of talking about my life anymore.

However, I have lived a life of passion with interruptions of complete boredom and the necessity of supporting myself and my family. I dropped out of high

school, joined the navy when 18, married at 19, and afterwards attended nearly two years of college, leaving that to help support and rear my two children. I have earned no certificates of education and pursued no true career. Nor did I chase traditional publication of my work.

A lack of self confidence, which I yet continue to indulge, and distaste for the idea of competition in any of the arts, has prevented the entertaining of any of these common goals.

I have worked untold menial jobs throughout my life to get by. Retired now, at 63, I live on social security and write constantly.

Why writing?

I have no idea. I wrote my first poem at age 12. From then on I found writing poetry satisfying and quite effortless at times.

Everything else in life seemed much more difficult and troublesome. When writing poetry, I always felt unbothered, left alone, to explore this garden of Eden within oneself. Perhaps I write out of sheer laziness.

What books have most influenced your life or career most?

Many, too many to mark here. Always favored George Orwell's *Down and Out in London* and Paris and Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*.

Also Celine's *Death on the Installment Plan*. Percy Shelley and TS Eliot are two of my favorite poets and have had great influence on my own work as well as the philosophy book of my father's, *The Second Book of Proverbs*. by Phillip Allen Moss Sr.

How do you approach your work?

There is no set approach. Things occur to me in the ongoing process of daily routine life and when allowed,

I sit down and expound on these themes, or upon metaphors I discover that best express such themes.

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

The infinite most often undiscovered landscape of the human spirit. And its end.

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

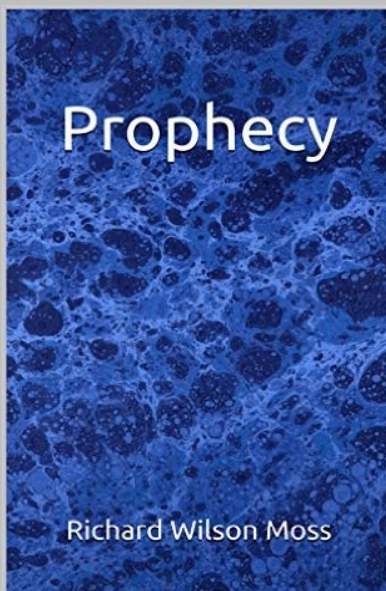
I have written to date, 13 chapbooks of poetry, and the autobiography, Northspur. Nothing much to tell, simply books of poetry and one prose book of self indulgence.

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

Regarding Northspur, the unfolding of the stupidity and the passion of my youth.

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

Nobility of self.



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

The idea that there is who you think you are, there is what others think you are, and there is what you really are. The last you will never know.

Do you have any advice for other writers?

Read the classics. Read new writers. Read and write, constantly.

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

Just finished reading Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness.' Rereading Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'

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

None at the moment.

What are your current projects?

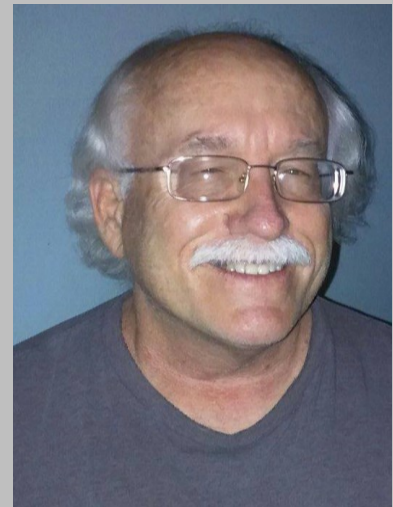
Working on my 14th chapbook of poetry

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

Sorry to say, I have not. But plan on it. Forgive me. What would you suggest?

...

Author bio:



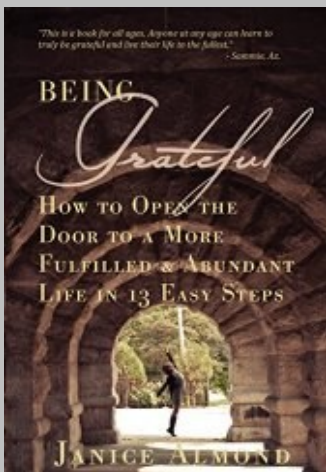
Richard Wilson Moss

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



Richard Wilson Moss

Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

**“Do You Know the 5
Keys to Be HAPPY?”**

**H–Have Expectation
A – Appreciate Life
P – Permit Mistakes
P – Purpose to Live
Y – Yearn For the Best**

H- Have Expectation:

How important is it to have expectation? It's super important because if you don't expect something, you usually won't get it. Take a minute and think about that. What is something, right now, that you are expecting to get? Something you have an expectation for. If I were to ask you if you believed you are going to receive it, what would be your response? You would probably say, “Yes.” That's exactly what I mean- Believe & Receive. Even the scriptures tell us that. Expectation is everything!

It's really hard to be happy if you just go through life with no expectations whatsoever. Nothing or no one to live for usually brings unhappiness. It's a known fact that suicide victims for the most part, give up hope, feeling they have no reason to live. In fact, most lonely people you know are most likely also unhappy.

Become like a little child. Children expect and keep expecting, believing until they receive. I'm sure you've seen this. I have a granddaughter who will be a year old at the beginning of next month. When she wants a snack, she holds out her hand. She keeps on holding it out until she gets it.

If she doesn't get it in an appropriate amount of time or if she doesn't see some progress toward getting it, she makes a noise with her mouth. She has no doubt that sooner rather than later, she will get her snack if she keeps her hand out.

Keep expecting. Keep your hand out. Believe you will eventually receive.

A – Appreciate Life:

That's a mouthful! Appreciate life. In other words, have an appreciation for life – for your life. You've heard it said before, “Don't take life for granted!” I almost died last week. At least, that's what my husband thought I was doing – dying. In his words, he said, *I was pale, my eyes were rolling back inside of my head, and I barely had a pulse.* He was scared! Well, you can see I made it, I'm writing this article. (smile)

Appreciating life should be as they say a “no-brainer.” It shouldn't be something we even have to really think about. It should just come naturally. No matter what, we should be grateful. I am grateful and truly appreciate my life that I'm alive. Having life is a precious thing. Last week, my life “flashed” before me, but I was given mercy.

If you are having a hard time appreciating your life or being grateful, pray or meditate until you are able to get yourself in a better state of mind. Appreciating life is vital if you are to be a “happy” person.

Remember, you could be dead like I almost was. *Life* is to be lived.

P – Permit Mistakes:

You have to allow yourself to make mistakes without getting “down in the dumps” about it. Why do so many of us when things are not going well, become ill-at-ease and unhappy? It's simply because we are not making allowances for our blunders. But, have you ever really stopped to ponder, you can't be perfect!

Instead, give yourself permission to make mistakes. Lots of them! We are too hard on ourselves. Our happiness or unhappiness can't be based on our performance. We can't kick ourselves when we're down. Just because you fail, it doesn't mean you are a failure. Internalize that statement.

But, what if we make a grave mistake, you ask? No matter what it is, we must move on. Ultimately, we have to look for some resolution. I have had to do this numerous times in my life. I venture to say, you have too. You must learn just to let things go. We need to learn to let go of what we cannot change.

Next time you make a mistake, do this – pat yourself on the back, forgive yourself, and move on.

P - Purpose to Live:

I talked a little bit about this in an earlier newsletter. Living your life “on purpose.” You need to find a purpose for your life or why you're still living. C.S. Lewis, a British theologian, once said, “You are never too old to set another goal or to dream a new dream.” How old are you? I'll be sixty-three in August of this year. Man, that sounds old! Where did all those years go? I am finding a purpose to live.

I saw this quote just today. “Just because the past didn't turn out like you wanted it to, doesn't mean your future can't be better than you ever imagined.” Exactly! I concur. Anyway, none of us has an unblemished past. Our only saving grace is to discover anew how we can be useful.

Anyway, what IS age? Only a number. I read on a poster once many years ago this phrase, *Attitude more than age determines ability*. If you are determined to have a purpose for living, you will find one. My challenge to you is to persevere through whatever obstacles or issues you may be facing.

Remember, you only fail if you quit!

Y – Yearn For the Best:

The Best. Yearn for it. Go for it! Why wouldn't you? Why shouldn't you? You hear people say all the time, “Go for the gusto!” They don't mean hap-hazardly. *Gusto* means, “vigor, enthusiasm, relish, enjoyment, delight, glee, pleasure, satisfaction, zest, spirit, and fervor.” In other words, with ALL of your might, your soul, and your strength.

Let's face it. The “best” is what we all want. Truth be told, no one wants or even desires a mediocre life. No one wants to live or have a “ho-hum” existence. How boring would that be? That would be no fun and bring no lasting happiness. Bored people are unhappy people. As a high school English teacher, I told my students daily to be the best and give it their best.

Today, you can do that. You can choose the best.

Today, you can choose to be happy.

Simply, remember these keys:

1. Have expectation
2. Appreciate life
3. Permit mistakes
4. Purpose to live
5. Yearn for the best

Sending you much happiness,

Janice Almond

www.janicealmondbooks.com

www.facebook.com/janicealmondauthor

www.facebook.com/begratefulbooks



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

National Poetry Month

D. Othniel Forte

National Poetry Month

In celebration of national poetry month, we are running this piece gathered from a couple of sources.

Ever so oft, I am a lazy poet. What can I say? Shameful right? Nah, I ain't ashamed to say it. I get writer's block, I hit the wall and nothing comes, I spend ages staring at my screen, hoping, wishing and anxiously praying that my mind would unfreeze, open up, relax some and let the vibes flow. But aint nothing more stubborn than a writer's mind. When it locks, hell or high waters aint got nothing on it.

So, I have learned to do this when that time comes. I go away from the machine and find me a cold juice or something, put a movie on and just binge watch—that is if I have time. If not, I take in an episode of my favorite TV series [oh they are way too many] and call it a night. For some reason, the mind tends to function better when I do.

Well as life goes at times, April 1 met me in high spirits. I was all gleed up to participate in as many poetry exercises as I could muster. Little did I know my ole boy had plans of its own. Day one ended and I was already done with three pieces from as many competitions. I had this locked down. I quickly placed them into my upcoming poetry book and NO, you are not reading them. Did you expect to? You'd have to wait for the book as everyone else.

Perhaps I should share one, just not to be mean don't you think? Okay, here is one.

All God's Chillum Got Wings

I got wings
How come I can't fly
I sing and I sing
With dis weary voice
I do; Lort nos I try
But.....

I sang and I sang
And I made a lot of noise
To the good O Lort I cry
In the end it was only noise
Still....

These days I only hum
'cuz I got no other choice
I've tried my darnest,
As time went by
To give God a ring
Yet....

I fluttered and strutted
I cluttered and watered
I muttered and uttered
E're supplication I 'new

*I scrubbed and cleaned
I was even **mighty** good
To me master.
I done did all me chores [and more]
I prayed and forgave
Dem white folks for
Any wrong they done did me
I done did me part
However*

I kept lookin' up to the sky
From whence cometh no help
So, one thought persists
How come I can't fly?
Ain't I supposed to have wings?

I guess God done neglect
To wing them house and field negroes.
Maybe it's like the massah said
Niggers are good for nothin'
Negroes ain't e'ben good for de Lort.

So if you dropped the ball a little or a lot, don't despair, try writing as many prompts as you can. It'll be fun. I'm already enjoying

Unscripted

Cher Antoinette



APRIL 2016

April marks the 20th anniversary of National Poetry Month, which was inaugurated by the Academy of American Poets in 1996. Over the years, National Poetry Month has become the largest literary celebration in the world with schools, publishers, libraries, booksellers, and poets celebrating poetry's vital place in our culture.

This month in UNSCRIPTED we have chosen to showcase a form of poetry that has always been very interesting to many, but at the same time difficult to master by some.

HAIKU (hai-ku) is a Japanese poem of seventeen syllables, in three lines of five, seven, and five, traditionally evoking images of the natural world and of love. It is a way of looking at the physical world and seeing something more intense, like the very purpose and nature of its existence. Popularity of this expression has grown within the past fifty years even though their origins are as far back as the 9th Century.

HAIKU

BEAUTY

Enjoy the simple
Resplendent in her glory
Mother Nature smiles

THE ADMIRER

Watching her from far
She feels the intensity
Of his longing stare

HEAT

Lizard slithering
Rock glistening bright hot
Lemonade sweet to taste

LUNA

Perfect silver sphere
Tidal pull ebb low and far
Time for sand in toes



ONCE BITTEN

Just give it a chance
Embrace the experience
love will conquer all

GOODNIGHT

Darkness swallows eyes
Closing around textures
smooth
The sandman comes
again

DAYBREAK

sun's first rays glimmer
dew sparkles birds'
melody
coffee black and sweet

© Cher Corbin"



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.

Cher-can be contacted at cher.insight@gmail.com and has a social media presence at <https://www.facebook.com/CorbinGirl> <http://cher-insight.blogspot.com> and on **Twitter** @cherinsight **Instagram** @CherAntoinetteStudio



Writer | Publisher | Project Manager

Ophelia S. Lewis

KEEP IN TOUCH



VILLAGE TALES PUBLISHING

Websites:

<http://www.villagetalespublishing.com/>
<http://www.villagetalespublishing.com/index.php/ophelialewis>

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/OpheliaLewisBooks-211665885533947/>

Linked IN:

<https://www.linkedin.com/in/ophelia-lewis-5b654735>

Contact Person: **Ophelia Lewis**



Contact Person: **Elma Shaw**

COTTON TREE PRESSBOOK

Websites:

<http://liberiestories.blogspot.com/>
<http://cottontreepress.com>
<http://www.CommunicatingJustice.org>

Facebook

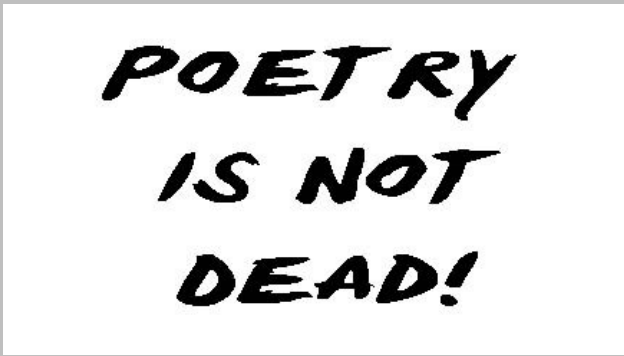
Linked In:
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/elmashaw>

Liberian Proverbs

- 1) The lion does not have to fight to show its power.
- 2) The man that gets up each time he falls, is sure to succeed.
- 3) The patient dog will eat the fattest bone.
- 4) The person that is down, has nowhere to fall.
- 5) We each have our own path.
- 6) What the family talks about in the evening, the child will repeat in the morning.
- 7) When a long teeth man is suffering, no one knows because it looks like he is laughing.
- 8) When building a house, don't count the number of big trees in the forest.
- 9) When one is in the bat kingdom, one has to swing like a bat.
- 10) When you see a crocodile happily laughing, it is best to be very careful.
- 11) Whenever you are short of funds, even a fool will advise you.
- 12) When you see a mouse laughing at a cat, then a hole very close by.
- 13) When the poor man dreams, he dreams of money and wealth.
- 14) A person with wisdom, has wealth.
- 15) Wisdom is like an old cotton tree; one individual's hand can't cover it.
- 16) A fool learns the rules of the game, long after the players stopped playing.
- 17) Misfortune is a good chance to learn.
- 18) A wise person will always find a way around a problem.
- 19) A person with wealth may lose it, but one with knowledge and wisdom keeps it.
- 20) The monkey doesn't learn how to jump the tree without first trying.
- 21) A person of reason, has little needs for force.
- 22) Wisdom is not like money to be tied up and hidden.
- 23) The heart of the wise person lies quiet like clear water.
- 24) Wisdom is like fire. People take it from others.
- 25) A learned person expands his/her influence.

Excerpts from **Proverbs From Liberia**

Poetry Section



'Twas Brillig

Richard Wilson Moss

Upon Puberty

Young in the pew
The oak seat so hard it
burns
Like hot spice, I fasten
together
Paper clips secretly
stolen
From a teacher's desk
With them I daydream of
hanging
The black suited man up
front
Who goes on and on
About deliverance,
forgiveness of a god
I would test with this
noose.
Far from there I hear the
noon train
And wish to climb on,
travel forever
Jump out at times into
pouring rain
Sit in cool puddles and
drown ants
Slave to no reason of
destination
Like the dancer to the
dance.

Kents

I reach into the fold of
living
Like my cancer-ridden
weeping grandfather
Reached for his Kents
In ward pajamas
With no pockets.

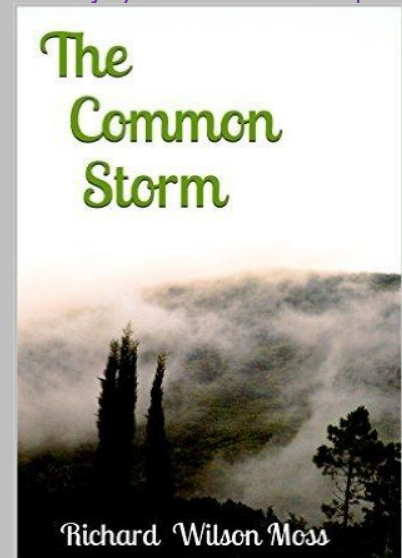
Potter's Fields

Those gunned down
watching movies
At parties laughing, in
class drowsy
Then buried in
unremarkable places
Those murdered by
stones
Their ashes still fresh in
their fires
Those dismembered by
drones
Their pieces and parts
assorted and labeled
With different colors of
paint
Then routinely planted in
caskets or vases
The three year olds left in
the ditch
Or half buried in the
sand
If not on the floor of the
sea
After struggling in the
waves
The drunk killing himself
on the road
Taking the teen, the
mother, the worker
The rapper, the shithead,
the addict, the saint
To common burial
grounds
All these are my graves.

Train

Catching the train
I found no one inside
I realized it was not my
train
And didn't know where it
was going

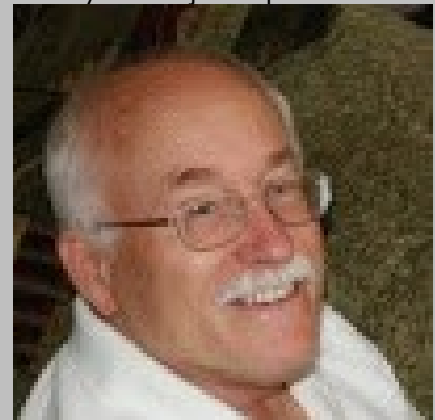
So I waited until arrival at
the next station
To get off but it kept
going
Past countless farms and
forests and mountains
Their lakes and rivers and
streams
Past towns and cities,
their people, their pain
Their joys, their hardships,



their dreams
And after a while they
were no more
Than passing shadows in
the rain.

copyright 2005 Richard Wilson Moss

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



©Richard Moss

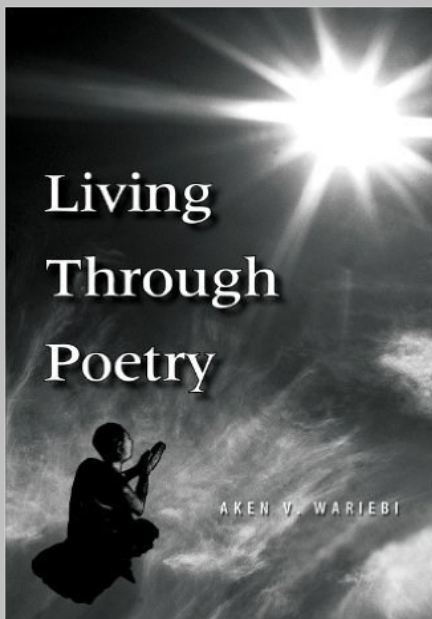
Aken-bai's- A Flow of Thoughts



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



Messages

When messages are sent
We may hear, but not listen
Sense, but not feel
Wonder, but not question
Soar, but not leap

We may run, walking slowly
Love, creating hate
We may fall, never staying
Down too long and avoid a hit
Stumbling as we crawl,
We may deny it all

We maywrite, without pondering
Judge, without knowing
Laugh, without smiling
Only to reply to nothing

We may leave, without entering
Yell, without screaming
Plant but with sowing
Act, without meaning

Messages do that all the time
So we pay attention only
Sometimes... without caring

Written by Aken V. Wariebi

© Aken V. Wariebi

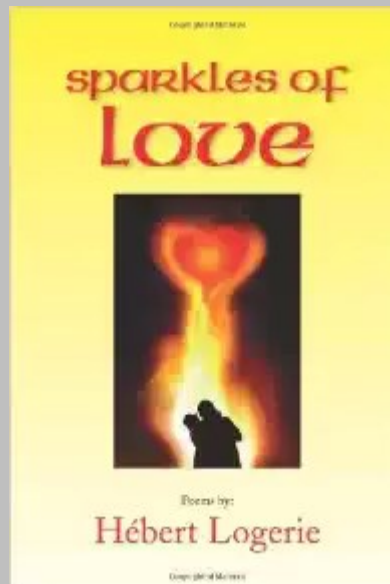
Aken V. Wariebi, MSW
www.facebook.com/inspirewithlove

Herbert Logerie

April Fool's Day

At school, every day was like the first day of April. However, on the anniversary of today, things were eerily different. Spring fever was in the air; it was fun time down the hill. It was hard to focus on school works, or being efficient, On finishing our tasks, at the end of a fun afternoon. A gentleman, who is now President, like a class clown, a goon, Used to hang out outside of the school. When the bell rang, The school Director used to call on him to come in, To bring his two buns inside of the classroom. Other students used to laugh. It was show time. Mr. Kool, in uniform, Would listen, marching in the yard, with arrogance and pride like a model, On a run way. Wow! Time is the number one enemy of man, the rebel, Which nobody can defeat. The past will forever remain happy, beautiful, Incredible, and nostalgic. And the future will always be unpredictable.

In the United States of America, the atmosphere wasn't really different. Kids, of everywhere, will always be kids; however, sometimes indifferent. The Soul Train's brothers and sisters could be seen out of the school. Back then, they were not criminals; they were clean and cool, Like the eternal breeze of spring and the tropical wind of summer. People, of everywhere, are the same, with a different glamour, With an air of laissez-faire, and the charm of a slightly incongruous accent.



The month of April is the prelude of a new season, a new aroma or scent, Which embalms the streets, and the schools. It sets a new trend. Listen; listen carefully to the songs of the birds, and the lazy wind.

This special long month has a major impact on every body's mood. In a few weeks, we'll hear the bells of all types of parties, where food, Soda, beer, and cakes will be served. Today is April Fools' Day,

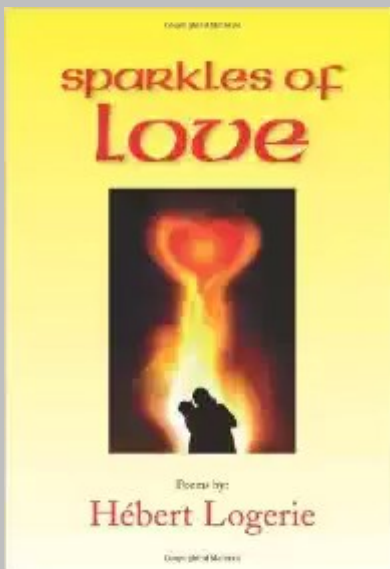
Let's have fun again, stop the violence and enjoy this special holiday. Hebert Logerie

Racism And Violence -

Racism is the deadliest form of cancer For our society, it is a serious danger Racism is a form of terror Racism is a cancerous disease It is about ignorance and prejudice It is in the streets, it is in the air It is volatile, it is everywhere.

Racism is like a chameleon It is a fatal and lethal weapon Racism is a form of hatred and bigotry It is a false sense of superiority By many ignorant goons with a light pigmentation It is about false ideologies and strange perception It is about being evil and using unfair practices It is about discriminating on false pretenses.

Not all obnoxious racists
lack some forms of
education
Many of them have
advanced degrees, their
contention
Is that those steadfast
fools want to protect the
status quos
They create all types of
standard in order to block



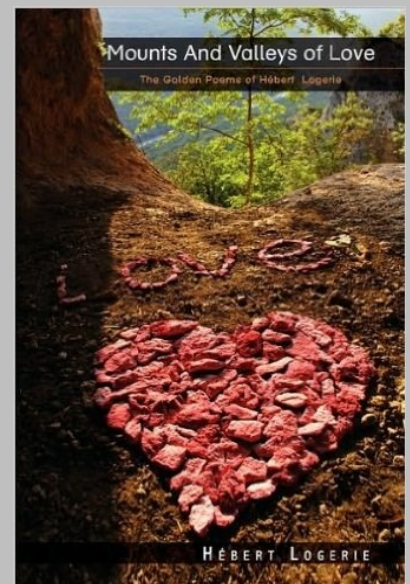
Or prevent Non-Whites
from reaching their
potentials
They discriminate,
humiliate, make fun of
and mocked
Anybody that they
consider weak
intellectually
Or inferior. Racism is
about hate, greed, and
bigotry.

Racism is about
prejudice, shame, and
ignorance
It is about not giving
somebody a one-time
chance

It is about not second
guessing. They just start
shooting
Killing, destroying,
discriminating and
annihilating
Racism is about insecurity,
and putting up blocks
Some Caucasians and
others feel better than or
superior
To Asians, Indians,
Africans, Afro- Americans
or Blacks
Those Whites have a
mental state which is
inferior
Deficient, weak, hollow,
feeble, unstable, and
challenged
Regardless, many Whites
will die as racists; they will
not change
And others, who are
quietly biased, will be a
bit tolerant
But they remain very
dangerous, by being
secretly defiant.

Racism is a deadly illness,
a cancer
Racism about being rude
and unfair
To other people by
treating
Them badly, differently
And inhumanely
By poking them with a
toxic syringe
Racism is to lead a
rambunctious mob
Against someone who is
innocent
Racism is to hire an African
to do a job

And then creating a
hostile working
environment
Because he or she looks
different
There is nothing good
about racism
It is a form injustice,
violence and fascism.
Copyright © November 4,2015
Logerie Hébert, All Rights
Reserved.



Hebert Logerie

is the author of several
collections of poems.

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

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

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

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

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

Matenneh-Rose L. Dunbar

OUR HEARTS

Matenneh-Rose L. Dunbar

Made of only soft flesh without a bone
Made to be flexible and ready to bend
Made of how we see the world around
Made to swifter big problems suddenly
Our hearts plead to go on.....

Made to shed tears as a vent for hurt
Made firm by the sound of pleasantries
Made bubbly when your smile radiates
Made weak by actions of the unfriendly
Our hearts sing a song.....

Made a hero by the loud acclaim of all
Made to rock against all the odds in life
Made green as a lawn new spring time
Made to glow as candles behind a glass
Our hearts rests in a cradle.....

Made to break when placed in shock
Made to rejuvenate its self-healing
Made to rosy again after the deep fall
Made to tango in lilac and purple yet
Our hearts soft but stronger than gold

PALM BUTTER

It was a Monday and man it was humid
It was necessary to remove my coat first
It was late to go driving to the city then
It was good for a drink of the natural milk
It was a process to go and find the
hawker
It was as usual the guy in stained clothes
It was paid for three trees freshly cut
coconut
It cooled my fast as I drank it with zest
Ummmmmm Palm Butter

It was being picked off the husk for sale
It was spread out on the table in portions
It was a point of attraction in the dingy
corner
It rhymed with the skin tone of the girl
seller
It was praised as being fresh and full of
oil
It looked nice to give it a trial all the hard
work
It weighed my arms as I carried it in a
black bag
It takes me back to my younger days of
cooking
Ummmmmm Palm Butter

It is washed boiled and beaten in a
wooden mortar
It must be sorted out seed by seed and
juicy pulp
It has to be watered and cleanly
strained to season
It begins to boil and assorted meats
added to taste
It foams and falls all over the silver pot
but cook well
It thickens as the red coals heat the
brew soon eaten
It liquefied to a thin layer of healthy rich
red edible oil
It serves best with fufu or deepor or our
famous rice
Ummmmmmmm Palm Butter.....

Matenneh-Rose L. Dunbar

Is a Liberian poet, a radio presenter and
a mother amongst other things. Her
popular radio show deals with issues
related to women- something she is
passionate about.

Her poetry book is expected sometime
this year.

Varney L.S. Gean

TOMORROW

All day I face today
Hoping to glimpse
All that tomorrow
Will bring forth

All day I face today
Hoping to hear
Echoes of tomorrow
Of things to come

All day I face today
Praying so hard
That if I could tell
All tomorrow fetches

If today could talk
Just a mere whisper
My ears heed all
Of tomorrow's feat

If today could reveal
All tomorrow's deeds
I would happily dance
For that great tomorrow

ANGUISH

The grieving widow left with little to feed
some hungry mouths
The furrowed face blind man begging by
the road side
Those beautiful girls adorned in gangly
attires selling all day
The unkempt youth chasing cars with their
merchandises
The doughnut sellers with grubby feet and
awful snuffles
Children loitering around when the school
bells are ringing
Students who will never understand those
words the teachers utter
Workers laboring in the sizzling sun yet wages
are a disgrace

The congestions in town no one will even
understand
That taunting traffic we all battle through to
reach our destinations
Frowzy young men flagging in laziness in the
name of addiction
Foul smells that lingers on yet we all huff with
no complaints

© **Varney Gean**—

Lamelle Shaw

ASHES OF MY HEART

Although my body should lie
covered here in chipping stone
my grave holds not my soul
nor my decaying bones.
sure, it has a tombstone
saying 'Rest in Peace',
but the tombstone has no corpse
lying at its feet.

My soul has been charred,
my flesh cremated
ashes shared among those
i loved and hated.
i've left them all for somewhere better,
but to you my darling
i left a love letter...
proclaiming my love
till death do us part
in an envelope containing
the ashes of my heart.

Originally written in 1992 in remembrance of
the thousands of people who died in the
Liberian civil war and were buried in mass
graves. The poem that launched my love for
writing.

This poem comes from her Poetry book, *Ashes
of My Heart*, which will be published soon.

© **Lamelle Shaw**

Benjamin Oppong Clifford

Class 3 Printing Fee

He stood in a tired uniform
well ironed and tucked
And his shorts fusiform
Today was exams day and he couldn't
wait
to write
He walked to his Mum for the usual
morning blessings
She tried to tell him that he probably
should stay home
He bowed his head and she threw her
eyes
away
They both knew why... why it was best to
stay
But he knew what to say...
What to tell his teacher's cane and his
mates who might laugh again
Of why he will write but can't pay
His Mother knew it would be another day
when her second child
Will end education and chase after life
around the traffic light
She sensed the aroma of history
repeating
itself today
And tried harder to keep him at home
But the little boy went to school
Ready to tell all about why he will write
but can't pay
They were many kids seated in arranged
rows and columns
He saw the blank desk. It was Obvious
Kweku wouldn't come
One by one, the teacher inspected their
printing-fee receipts
Some showed a full year, others for the
term...
And he sat there, hoping to do magic
At last the teacher got to his desk
Every child was watching with their faces

covered with laughs
It was an old story: he would be thrown
out again
"Show me your receipt", the Teacher
requested
"If you don't have go home", a boy
retorted
"No printing fee, no paper", another
dared
to shout
...And now, they all teased
"I'm sorry you will have to go home" said
the Teacher
He stood up, opened his mouth as if to
cry
then shut it
"Go on, do you have anything to say?"
Teacher urged
In tears, he closed his eyes, clapped
both
palms together
And like a humble prayer, he said:
"I don't want to be like Kwabena, my
elder
brother
Who lost his education a day like this
His daily bread is now oven by the red
light on the street"
"I don't want my mother to keep wishing
for graduates
Yet crying for the fact that she can't
afford
one
I don't want any of my mates here think
me dumb
Because I have not the chance to prove
myself"
"Don't talk of my father, he is long resting
and heaven is far away from here
He too had a task for me: "Become an
engineer!"
Please Sir, Allow me education and one
day we both won't regret"
This minute, you are deleting a future
This minute, you can create a destiny

This minute break the rules to make an
engineer and Heaven will smile.
This is my humble plea"
He opened his eyes to his ultimate
dismay
every eye was flooding
The teary teacher apologized and
promised
him his help
Later at home, his Mum, took the exams
question paper
In a gentle voice, she asked, "how did you
do it?"
Now he is a civil engineer
An award winning poet
...and the author of this particular piece
.

© by Clifford Oppong Benjamin

Terry Komanyane

THESE CHAINS

These chains, chains that shred my soul,
I'm bound to chains of command.
I'm Harnessed and tied to these chains.
I'm chased, whipped and ridiculed,
Behind lies a burden, a burden of chains.

These chains, chains shred my soul,
Burning and burning under the wrath of
earth scorching sun.
My back, my torso are bruised,
Soaked and dripping with sweat,
I Swear and curse these catastrophic
chains.

These chains I pull and push,
Chains that Undermine, discriminate,
segregate.
Under contempt I rage and age,
I regret this day, this day of chains
Arrested, my identity transformed.
A child of Africa rejected, despised,
enslaved,

These chains are ruthless and heartless
Tied I was in a hold, in darkness
To breathe the air of strangers,
These chains, these chains strangled and
lynched
Leaving me scarred, impotent.

Religious and moral they claim to be,
Hypocrites all; who criticized my struggle,
As I traversed land, home and foreign
Debating, appealing, for the rights of
oppressed race,
My Consciousness has brought me back
to the chains,
But these chains I have cut and tossed
away,
These chains I tossed away
I definitely declared my freedom from
any chains.

Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

Prince

"Sometimes it Snows in April"
Today 'wuz' 'wanna' 'dem' 'daze'
When 'dem' Doves Cried
Purple rain
Purple rain
Purple reigns
But 'den' again
'Dats' the sign
O' the time
'Dat' ev'ry body can't be on top
'Dat' pop life
Got real funky
And the 21st
April shower dropped
Purple rain
Purple rain
Purple RAINED!!!
Prince
Life got real ugly
'An'
I guess
Like MJ
You had 'dat' space to fill
If it 'wazn't' you two

'Den' who?
 Pop life
 'Dat's the part
 That ain't no thrill(er)
 "If I was your Girlfriend"
 Like the Manhattans
 We'd "KISS" and say goodbye
 But I'm not
 'Nevatheless'
 We use to party
 Like it Twas' 1999
 In 'dat' "Little Red Corvette"
 'BET'

Believe it or not
 I started to wonder
 If I was writing too fast
 But it's Thursday night
 'Dat' makes my scribes alright
 And yes
 You've left us
 'Wit' an empty tank of gas
 True 'dat'
 True
 'Cause'
 'Da' color worn 'NOW'
 Is NONE other 'dan' 'da' blues
 Sir Prince
 We lost a music Icon in you

You've NEVER caused us any sorrow
 Nor did you cause us any pain
 Your music
 Will 'foreva'
 Keep us laughing
 In 'your' purple rain
 Your Purple rain
 Your purple reigns

I was woke
 When I wrote 'dis'
 So...
 Excuse while I take my time
 For you PRINCE
 We're 'gonna' 'NOW' party
 Like it's
 '2099'

© Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

Dedicated To: The late great Prince Rogers Nelson. Prince your music will 'foreva' be cherished and you are 'foreva' loved...



(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!!!)

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

Stephen F. Cooper II

A Shy In Love

Almost every moment with her
 Stolen or rightful mine
 I marvel at those glittering teeth
 Embedded in bright red gum
 Her eyes like mine situated divinely
 Could be mine if only they could see
 From where these words bud every second.
 O magnificent Creator...what can I say
 How could you make such
 An entrapment to my soul?
 Her presence confines me in a Roman's jail heavily guarded by fear that won't let me out.
 "I'll say it;surely I'll tell her!"
 Always revamping myself in her absence
 But her smiles unknowingly unleashes a nuclear bomb that sends my labour in billows of smoke in less than a second
 And a new page I have to begin
 A new one like this
 "Ummm ,ummm, how are you?
 What did you have for breakfast?
 Is your grandma alive?"
 And these amount to nothing but laughter

So far from my purpose
Like the heavens from hell
A distance that cannot be
approximated.
Friendship, all she knows
Relationship, I envision all day
As I sincerely pray that we both be
Bai T. Moore's characters in his 'Love
Without Words'.
But disappointingly it seems it'll never
be, for my moments with her are
moonless
With neither coconut trees nor waves
"Like two lovers playing a relay game."
I mean....they are always beachless.
Yet I can't be a failure
For I'll surely tell her of my love tomorrow.

Stephen is a student at the University of Liberia reading geology. He hopes to publish his poems one day. For now, he writes as a passionate habit.

Josiah Joekai Jr.

In My Grandma's Custody

Greeted by early morning birds
Anchored on branches of an old almond
tree
Singing the unchangeable chorus
The displeasing melody beeps deeper
into our ears
It never ceases to echo
Keeping us awake for the rest of the
morning
Yes, it is in my grandma's house
Where I am always barricaded

Her clutches, the walls and doors are off
limit
Into a single and narrow window
The hot wheeling air ventilates the old
clay house
Although it seems confining and
discomforting

But it is my grandma's house
A custody of certainty
Where freedom is measured and
dispensed

In my grandma's custody
Everything seems possible
Although my grandma is unpredictable
But I am bold, acrobatic and impatient
Embellishing these attributes
My grandma simply smile and giggle

Warm hugs and extra meal are my
rewards
Before the indicting eyes of my
unconscious spectators
Her clutches, the walls, narrow window
and the doors
I enjoy my grandma's warmth and
delicious meal
In my grandma's custody
Everything is possible

The poem reflects the general upbringing of many African children raised by their grandparents particularly, grandmothers. Brought up by his grandma during difficult times, the author reflects on some of the challenges young or teen African families face in caring for their children. Education sojourns in most cases are shattered, hopes and aspirations for better life remain bleak and soon, a hopeless future sets in. Little Joe was one of such kids but fortunately his grandmother's relationship with American Peace Corps was extended to him indirectly. In his grandmother's two-room clay house, his dad and mommy who were junior secondary school students shared one of the two rooms and he and his grandmother share the other. Spending the day in confinement with his grandmother while his parents were in school was an experience that the typical African referred to as "bitter-sweet". Meaning there were rosy and sour moments. Even with those moments, he was the best grandson for his rewards were consistent and appreciated by him.

Jack Kolkmeier

The Drum is the Voice of the Trees

the drum
 is the voice of the trees
you taste its lilt on your hips
and hear its heartbeat
 in the breeze

the drum
 gives us root music
 and trunk space
 and leaf scatter
 and branch breaking

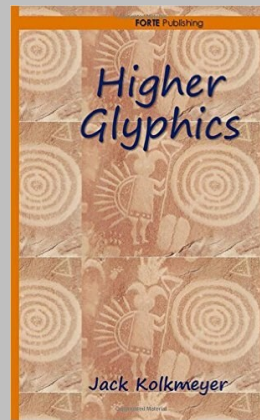
as a symbol
of love and a constant steady rainfall
the drum
 is the choice of the trees
 with all due respect to fiddling
around
 and basic intentions

for the drum
 keeps us up late
 watching stars and flying embers
it makes us other worldly spectres
 half-baked with an urge
 from the heat of dancing
and then

the drum walks us home
 with a surety and sprightliness of
step
 and not ironically
 well, perhaps iconically
right on time
to watch the moonglow
 melt into the morning notes
 coming from the birds and the
churches

yes, you see

the drum
 is the voice of the trees
because
the drum
 is the choice of the trees



Jack is the author of *Higher Glyphics*

Jimmy Carter

Why We Get Cheaper Tires from Liberia

The miles of rubber trees bend from the sea.
Each of the million acres cost a dime nearly two Liberian lives ago.
Sweat, too,
has poured like sap from trees, almost free,
from men coerced to work by poverty
and leaders who had sold the people's fields.

The plantation kiln's pink bricks
made the homes of overseeing whites
a corporation's pride
Walls of the same polite bricks divide
the worker's tiny stalls
like cells in honeycombs;
no windows breach the walls,
no pipes or wires bring drink or light
to natives who can never claim this
place as theirs
by digging in the ground.
No churches can be built,
no privy holes or even graves
dug in the rolling hills
for those milking Firestone's trees, who die
from mamba and mosquito bites.

I asked the owners why.
The cost of land, they said, was high.

Jimmy Carter, *Always a Reckoning*, 1995
Printed by permission.

Baltimore C. Verdier

I Have Seen It All

Young man, I have seen it all
Yes, the days of old and new

I have watched it from far and near
From the break of dawn to sun set

Dripping in sweat and in blood
Drowning in tears and in grief

But you question my remote days
Term it backward and a dark era

You boast of yours being sophisticated
Digitally interconnected and free flowing

So true, but I'm still here
Much longer than you ever know

Look son, I am proud of my days
I had it rough and really tough

And it made me a strong world
Because I work with the heart to live

I took the long way to still be around today
Never an easy way my young man

I chose the days of trouble
So you can have peace in your time

But you blew it all away with your
sophistication
Now your own world is crumbling upon you

Sadly, you end up at an early age
Because you chose the shortcuts to life

But I'm still here seeing you come and go
Painfully grieving your loss

Seeing you been buried is just too much to
bear
But this is the world you created

You have a chance to turn it around
Learn the secret of this silver hair

Life is a sweet sorrow my dear boy

There is no easy way to live a life

Be contended for the little things
Work with a heart of love and with honesty

Pray for good health and not wealth
And let your church be your heart

Copyright © Baltimore C. Verdier

Mohammed Donzo Dolley

Words

Words I have used to educate people
Words I have used to persuade people
Words I have used to motivate people
Words I have used to disagree with people

Words I have used to advice people
Words I have used to lie to people
But words I have not used to
Exacerbate the pitiable conditions of
people
But words I have not used to murder people
But words I have not used to humiliate
people

Words, Words,
More
Words, Words

They are powerful
For when words are used
They are either positive
or negative
Positive, that`s welcoming
Negative, that`s something
I never wish to happen
For my conscience will
never serve me right

Monrovia, Liberia, 01/14

© 2016 Mohammed Donzo Dolley

Mohammed Dolley's first chapbook *Our Future*, publishes in the second quarter of 2016.

Lassana V. Donzo

Mama Africa Must Awake And Rise Up Now

Africa! Oh sleeping Mama Africa
Rise up as did Europe and America
Verily! your children are suffering
Frustratingly, your leaders are bluffing

Why should you allow yourself to be psychologically
corrupted?!

Why allow your precious resources to be viciously
pillaged? Why be exploited?!

Why should your children be victims of modern
slavery in foreign lands?!

Why should your dependency be on aids and
donations from Western hands?!

You're stigmatized as the most impoverished
continent.

Your offspring do nothing; taking this as a matter
seriously pertinent.

Your leaders don't care for the welfare and progress
of their people.

Your children's plights, resulting from leaders' greed,
are left tedious. They linger; they perish; they're in
limbo

Your leaders are manipulated by the West. They are
but puppets

They have been reduced to the level of political
muppets

We cry every day for the economic emancipation of
the downtrodden African masses

They pay no mind to our grievances, our plights; they
treat us as uncastrated asses

Our leaders are the architects of our unending
misfortunes.

They have made our precious resources their
personal fortunes.

Their greed for power has caused chaos and
violence; loss of many lives; and utter destruction.

Their quests for personal glorification are the root
cause of rampant corruptions.

These Corruptionists have made poverty, hunger,
and chaos the fate of Mama Africa's children.

They have created animosity among Africans leading
to ethnic cleansings among brethren.

They have made joblessness a professional
occupation for Mama Africa's youthful populations.
These leaders are best known for their arrogance,
intolerance, ruthlessness, and lack of visions

For so long we have been viewed as a people
backward.

Everything about us is being misperceived by others.
We have neglected our African civilizations and
adopted Western ones which promise great rewards.
We have become, on the face of this earth, the most
brainwashed and best cowards

It's time for you Mama Africa to awake and rise up
from your deep sleep.

It's time to graduate from the western mentalities
being imposed on you like a sheep

It's time for you, Mama Africa, to turn your back on
neocolonialism.

It's time to adopt and appreciate the emancipation
and Pan-Africanism.

It's time to advance yourself in science, technology
and education.

It's time to fight division among your children and put
them under the umbrella of unification

It's time that we take Mama Africa at heart and
embrace our own unique African cultures.

It's time that we rise to the heights of countering
economic bandits and vultures.

It's time now that we, the children of Mama Africa,
rebuild our African consciousness.

We need to make our Mama proud by driving her on
the trajectory of progressiveness

As progenies of Mama Africa, we must help her now
graduate from retrogression.

We must muster the courage to save our Mama from
Western manipulation and suppression.

© Lassana V. Donzo Is a Liberian aspiring poet. He
hopes to publish a chapbook of poem one day.

Gifts of the Masters

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

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

The Crazy Woman

I shall not sing a May song.
A May song should be gay.
I'll wait until November
And sing a song of gray.

I'll wait until November
That is the time for me.
I'll go out in the frosty dark
And sing most terribly.

And all the little people
Will stare at me and say,
"That is the Crazy Woman
Who would not sing in May."

There Are The Words That Couldn't Be Twice Said

There are the words that couldn't be twice
said,
He, who said once, spent out all his senses.
Only two things have never their end –
The heavens' blue and the Creator's
mercy.

Anna Akhmatova

Rābi'a al-'Adawiyya al-Qaysiyya (or simply **Rabi'ah al-Basri**) was a female Muslim saint and Sufi mystic.

Not much is known about Rabia al Basri, except that she lived in Basra in Iraq, in the second half of the 8th century AD. She was born into poverty. But many spiritual stories are associated with her and what we can glean about her is reality merged with legend.

These traditions come from Farid ud din Attar a later sufi saint and poet, who used earlier sources. Rabia herself though has not left any written works.

After her father's death, there was a famine in Basra, and during that she was parted from her family. It is not clear how she was traveling in a caravan that was set upon by robbers. She was taken by the robbers and sold into slavery.

Her master worked her very hard, but at night after finishing her chores Rabia would turn to meditation and prayers and praising the Lord. Foregoing rest and sleep she spent her nights in prayers and she often fasted during the day.

My Beloved

My peace, O my brothers and sisters, is my
solitude,
And my Beloved is with me always,
For His love I can find no substitute,
And His love is the test for me among mortal
beings,
Whenever His Beauty I may contemplate,
He is my "mihrab", towards Him is my "qiblah"
If I die of love, before completing
satisfaction,
Alas, for my anxiety in the world, alas for my
distress,
O Healer (of souls) the heart feeds upon its
desire,
The striving after union with Thee has healed
my soul,
O my Joy and my Life abidingly,
You were the source of my life and from
Thee also came my ecstasy.
I have separated myself from all created
beings,
My hope is for union with Thee, for that is the
goal of my desire
Rabia al Basri

Falling in Love and Falling Freely A Love Poem

Viola Allo

I am not myself. For some time now. I am not.
Or perhaps I am myself, another self
I had not known existed within me.
I am Viola. I am Viola falling in love.
I am Viola falling and falling. And I wish
there was a way to stop the falling.
I am Viola falling freely.
I have not been myself lately.
I am Viola full of euphoria. Viola full of
unfathomable bliss.
Yet, I am so frightened. So terrified.
Of all the falling and falling without stopping.
I am now so full of fear and sorrow.
So filled up, am I, with an unquenchable
longing.
I am Viola falling in Love. I am already fallen.
I am a Woman. Heart. Taken. Woman.
I am Viola falling, splintering, and I try
to pick myself up, but I cannot.
I cannot stand. I cannot stand up.
I have fallen in love with a young man.
A beautiful young man
from Cameroon.
I went for a walk one day.
I saw a mighty tree in the forest.
I stood beside that tree and embraced it.
I felt in my heart that this tree could belong
to me.
I was a tree once. Once, I was a tree myself.
And someone felled me.
Someone sawed me, someone chipped
me.
Someone made of me a mass of paper,
made bound books of me,
made poems of me.
I became a poet. A prisoner.
I told myself to grow. Again.
To begin. To rise again.
I now fall into a new being.
Truth is—and babies know this:
To be birthed is to fall. To fall to the ground.
To dream of being caught and cradled.
To trust in the softness of the earth.
I have fallen in love with a young man.
A young man from Cameroon.
Soft. Earth. Man.
Given. Man.
The one whose broad body is made of
golden light.

The one whose laughter is an echo that
ripples
in the hills outside Bamenda.
The one whose drinkable eyes are cups
of clean rainwater.
The one whose feet are the waterfalls.
The one whose arms are the wind
in the cypress trees.
The one who himself is a tree,
a towering eucalyptus tree.
I went for a walk one day.
I saw him in the forest.
I stood beside him and embraced him.
And I said: You belong to me.
My heart pressed to his shimmering skin,
his vast heart so full of fire,
I also sighed and said,
You are free. You are free. I will not cut you
down.

©Viola Allo All Rights Reserved

California Prodigal

Maya Angelo

FOR DAVID P—B

The eye follows, the land
Slips upward, creases down, forms
The gentle buttocks of a young
Giant. In the nestle,
Old adobe bricks, washed of
Whiteness, paled to umber,
Await another century.

Star Jasmine and old vines
Lay claim upon the ghosted land,
Then quiet pools whisper
Private childhood secrets.

Flush on inner cottage walls
Antiquitous faces,
Used to the gelid breath
Of old manors, glare disdainfully
Over breached time.

Around and through these
Cold phantasmatalities,
He walks, insisting
To the languid air,
Activity, music,
A generosity of graces.

His lupin fields spurn old
Deceit and agile poppies dance
In golden riot. Each day is
Fulminant, exploding brightly
Under the gaze of his exquisite
Sires, frozen in the famed paint
Of dead masters. Audacious
Sunlight casts defiance
At their feet.

Maya Angelou

Pierrot

Tsitsi Jaji

Under the bridge there are
stones growing
smooth with the
slippage of water
 and the
 smear campaign of silt.
The moon floats
closer
and closer,
dragging below the bridge.

Is it time
or a limpid ripple
of maize-silk swimming?
And while we look away

Ordinary Heaven

Ladan Osman

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

I want to say, "Be!" but am an ordinary
creation. I watch for the folds under her eyes
to twitch.

I have many dreams, I say to her.
In my dreams I'm better than myself.

I soften peppers in a well-greased pan and
make announcements.
I say, in the afterlife we cannot allow a single
particle of our light

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

There, I learned God doesn't know shame,
and after six days He allowed our
atmosphere to make certain souls wince;

we crawl under its magnificence. Here, I can
attain ordinary heavens. Here, I attend to
my book of questions. What is love? Why
does it say,

"Allow me to mogul your soul?" Where does
it keep what it takes? What does the
prostrating shadow request? Why do rocks
enslave

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

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

that entry into ordinary heaven only requires
recognition of it, for the soul's arrogance to
weigh less than a mustard seed.

I am sorry for you, I tell her.
You witness but don't testify.

Hope Is The Thing With Feathers

Emily Dickinson

'Hope' is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chilliest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of Me.

Ode To Pity

Jane Austin

1

Ever musing I delight to tread
The Paths of honour and the Myrtle Grove
Whilst the pale Moon her beams doth
shed
On disappointed Love.
While Philomel on airy hawthorn Bush
Sings sweet and Melancholy, And the
thrush
Converses with the Dove.

2

Gently brawling down the turnpike road,
Sweetly noisy falls the Silent Stream--
The Moon emerges from behind a Cloud
And darts upon the Myrtle Grove her
beam.
Ah! then what Lovely Scenes appear,
The hut, the Cot, the Grot, and Chapel
queer,
And eke the Abbey to a mouldering
heap,
Conceal'd by aged pines her head doth
rear
And quite invisible doth take a peep.

The Sun Has Burst The Sky

Jenny Joseph

The sun has burst the sky
Because I love you
And the river its banks.

The sea laps the great rocks
Because I love you

And takes no heed of the moon dragging
it away
And saying coldly 'Constancy is not for
you'.
The blackbird fills the air
Because I love you
With spring and lawns and shadows falling
on lawns.

The people walk in the street and laugh
I love you
And far down the river ships sound their
hooters
Crazy with joy because I love you.

The Jackfruit

Ho Xuan Huong

I am like a jackfruit on the tree.
To taste you must plug me quick, while fresh:
the skin rough, the pulp thick, yes,
but oh, I warn you against touching --
the rich juice will gush and stain your hands

Translated by Nguyen Ngoc Bich

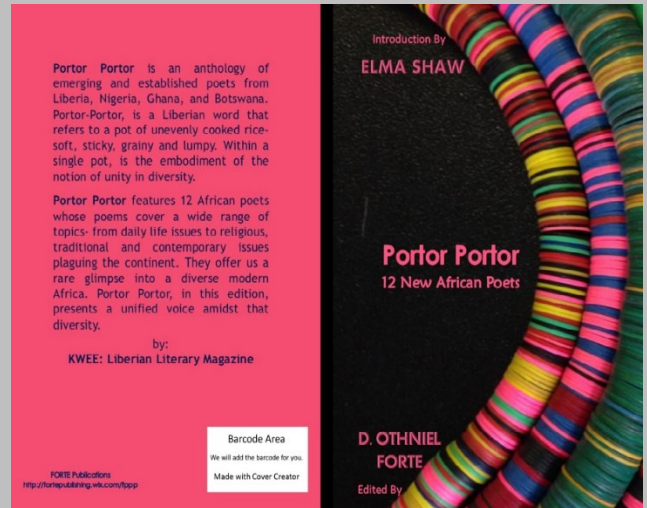
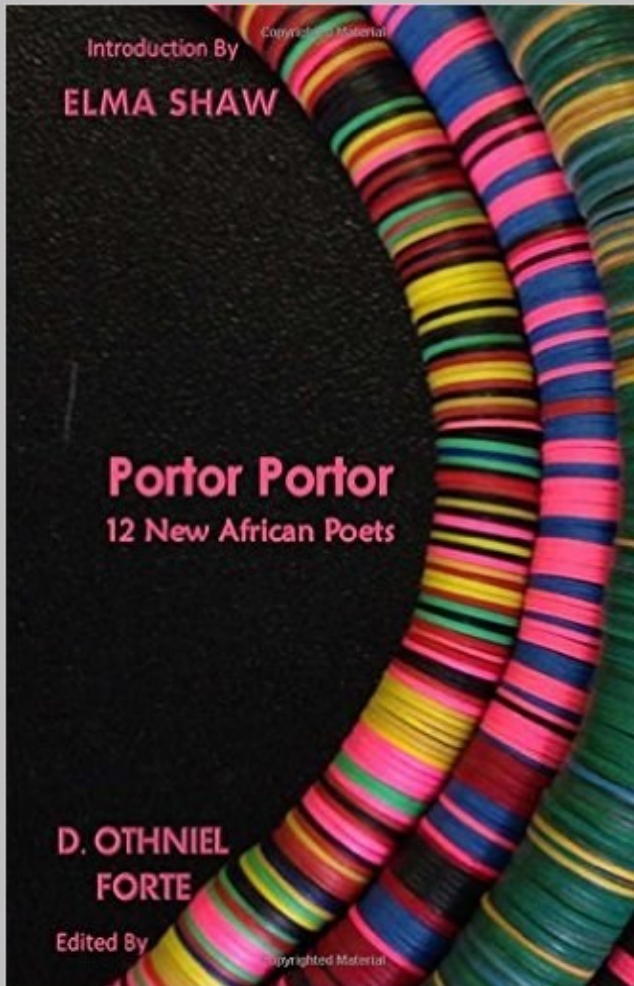
Ode to the flute

Printed by permission

Matthew Zapruder

A man sings
by opening his
mouth a man
sings by opening
his lungs by
turning himself into air
a flute can
be made of a man
nothing is explained
a flute lays
on its side
and prays a wind
might enter it
and make of it
at least
a small final song.

Portor Portor

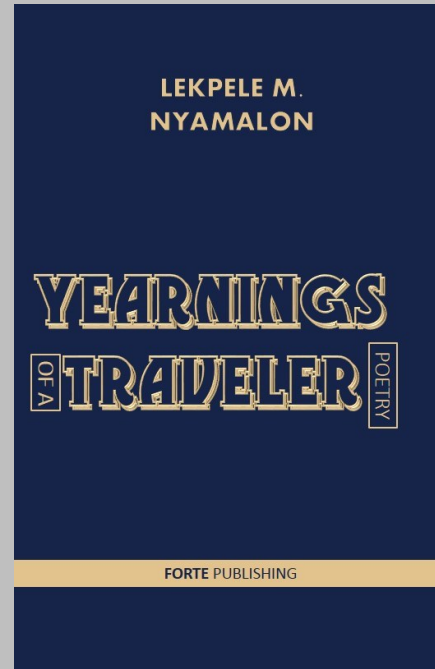


Portor Portor is an anthology of emerging and established poets from Liberia, Nigeria, Ghana, and Botswana. Portor-Portor, a Liberian concept, refers to a pot of unevenly cooked rice-soft, sticky, grainy and lumpy. Within a single pot, is the embodiment of the notion of unity in diversity.

Portor Portor features 12 African poets whose poems cover a wide range of topics- from daily life issues to religious, traditional and contemporary issues plaguing the continent. They offer us a rare glimpse into a diverse modern Africa. Portor Portor, in this edition, presents a unified voice amidst that diversity. KWEE: Liberian Literary Magazine

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,

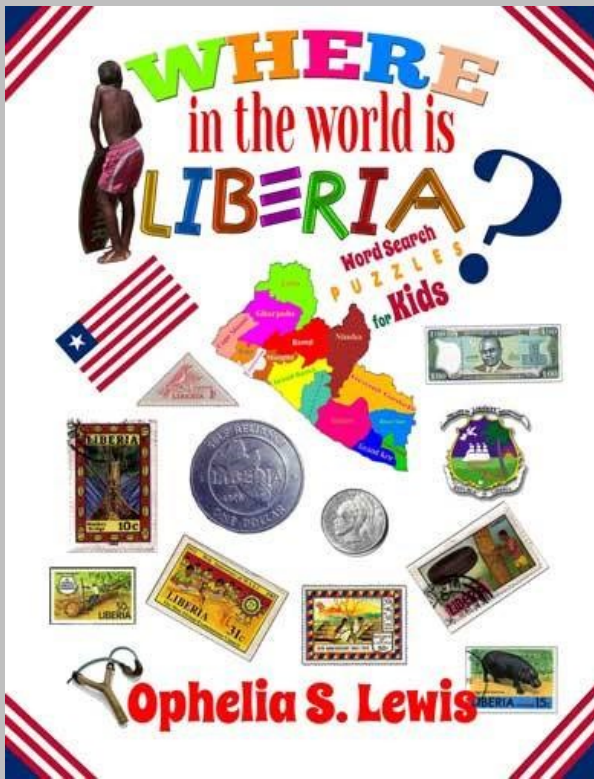


Dig The Graves. He also has a message of hope as seen in his award winning poem, Forgotten Future. He is an emerging voice that one can't

afford to ignore. Yearning is the debut chapbook by Liberian poet, Lekpele M. Nyamalon.

Recommended Reads

Where in the world is Liberia?



Where In The World Is Liberia (Word Search Puzzles for Kids) is like having a passport to Liberia. There is much more information written about Liberia than what's in this book. Author, Ophelia S. Lewis has gathered and put together more than a few important facts in this game book as an introduction to Liberia's unique history. Children will have fun while learning how unique Liberia is.

Facts are hidden in the grid and as they find the hidden words, they learn facts about Liberia. Each page features a word search puzzle that will teach children about Liberia and hold their interest for hours. Get to know important historical facts, learn about the people, culture, natural resources, and many more... plus many illustrations to color.

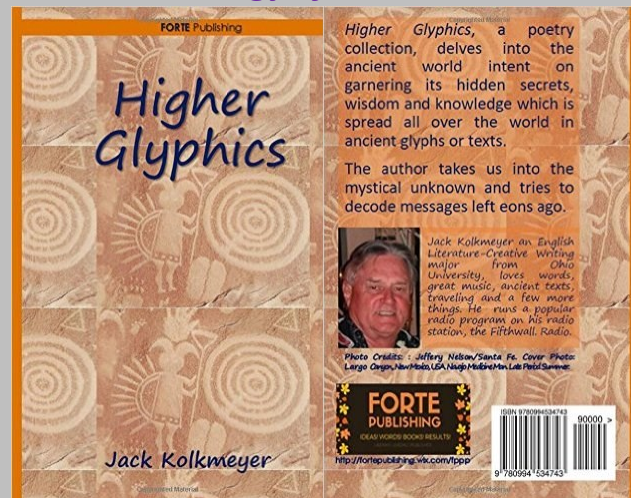
Age Range: 6-12 years old, Grade Level: 2-7, Paperback: 60 pages, Publisher: Village Tales Publishing, Language: English, ISBN-13: 978-0985362577, Product Dimensions: 8.5 x 11 inches, **Children's Books-Education-Activities-Games-Puzzles.**

Edited by: D. Othniel Forte

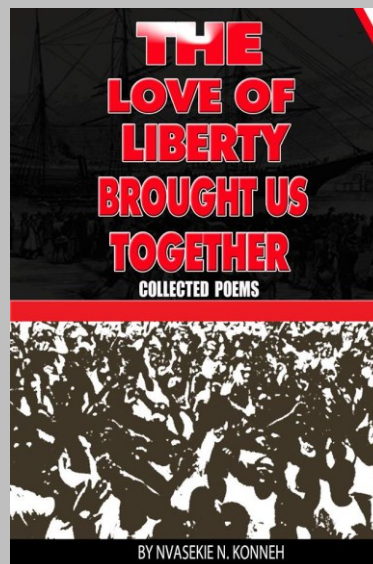
Palm Leaves



An anthology of Ghanaian Poets



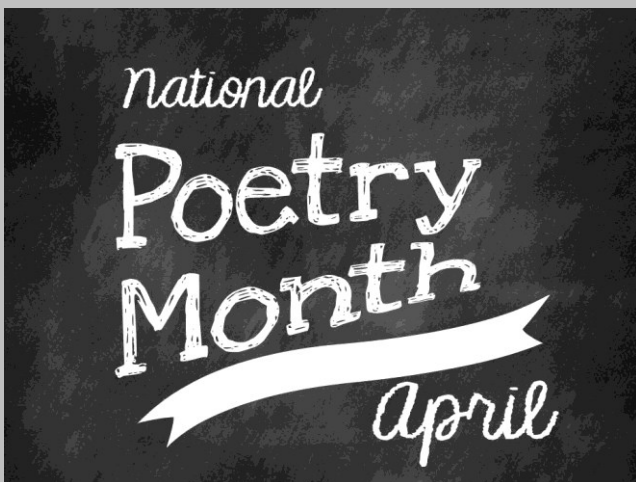
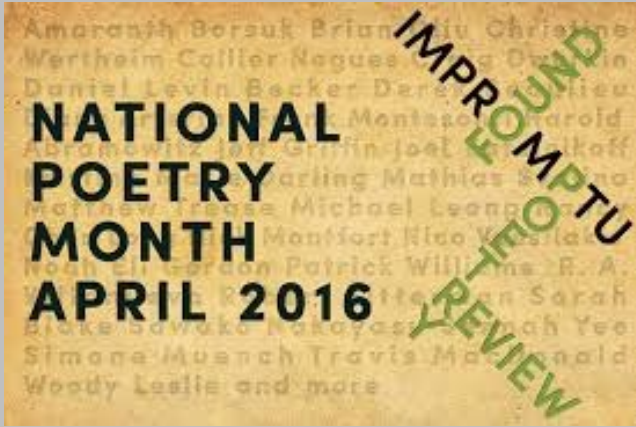
Published by FORTE Publishing



Coming soon from Clarke Publishing

by Nvasekie Konneh

Around Town



Happy POETRY Month



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



Traditional Dancer from the Gio Tribe-Gio Devil



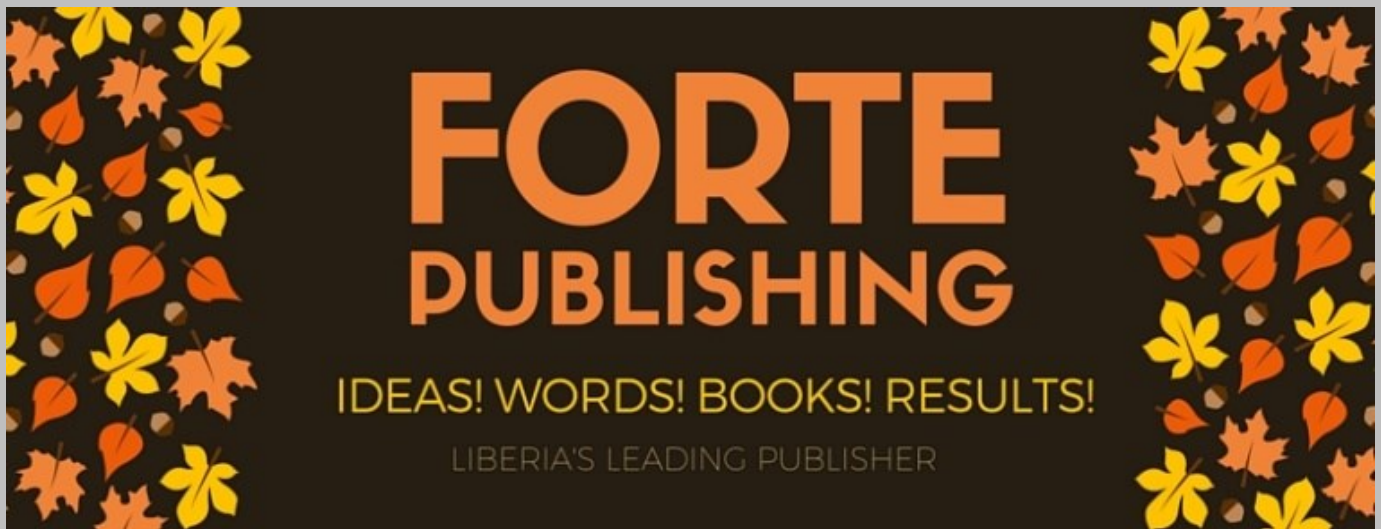




City Center



Garage Hustle.... Mechanic at work
Credit: Darby Cecil & Daily Pictures from around Liberia



Liberia

12 Ashmun Street
Monrovia Liberia

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

fortepublishing@gmail.com

Asia

76 Sarasit Road
Ban Pong,
70110, Ratchaburi
Thailand

+66-85-8244382

fortepublishing@gmail.com



USA

7202 Tavenner Lane
Alexandria VA

+1703-3479528

fortepublishing@gmail.com

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

Liberia's fastest growing publisher.



Ad Space available

MEET OUR TEAM



PATRICK BURROWES
CONTRIBUTOR



HARRIET AGYEMANG DUAH
STAFF REVIEWER CHILDREN'S BOOK



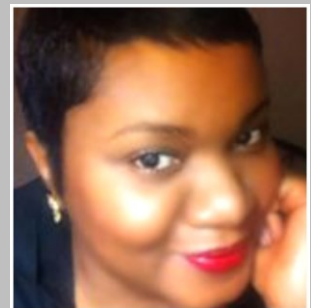
REBAZAR FORTE
IT/LAYOUT DESIGNER



HENRIQUE HOPKINS
SEGMENT HOST/REVIEWER



JOSIAH JOEKAI JR.
CONTRIBUTOR



KULUBA MUCURLOR
SEGMENT HOST



MARTIN N. K. KOLLIE
CONTRIBUTOR



NVASEKIE KONNEH
CONTRIBUTOR



LEKPELE M. NYAMALON
IN-HOUSE POET



JOSEPHINE BARNES
ART CONTRIBUTOR

ELMA SHAW
EDITOR ANTHOLOGY

OTHER
CONTRIBUTORS

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



BRIMA WOLOBAH
ART CONTRIBUTOR

AKEN WARIEBI
EDITOR ANTHOLOGY

Team



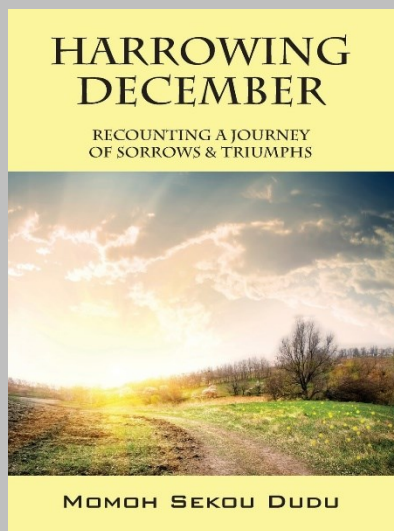
VAMBA SHERIF
Editor - Short stories

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



MOMOH DUDUU
Editor- Reviews

Is an educator and author. For the last decade, he has been an instructor at various Colleges and Universities in the Minneapolis metro area in the state of Minnesota, U.S.A. At present, he is the Chair of the Department of Business and Accounting at the Brooklyn Center Campus of the Minnesota School of Business at Globe University. His works include the memoir 'Harrowing December: Recounting a Journey of Sorrows and Triumphs' and 'Musings of a Patriot: A Collection of Essays on Liberia' a compilation of his commentaries about governance in his native country. At the moment, he is at work on his maiden novel tentatively titled 'Forgotten Legacy.'

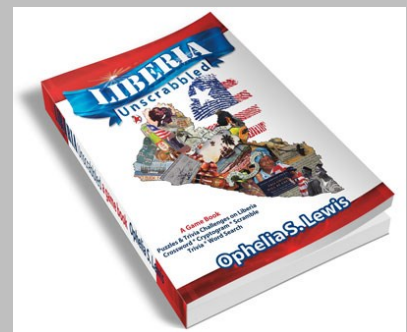


Find out more [here](#).



OPHELIA LEWIS
Editor- Anthology

The founder of Village Tales Publishing and self-published author of more than ten books, Lewis is determined to make Village Tales Publishing a recognized name in the literary industry. She has written two novels, three children's books, a book of poetry, a book of essay and two collections of short stories, with the latest being *Montserrat Stories*. As publisher-project manager, she guards other authors in getting their work from manuscript to print, using the self-publishing platform. Self-publishing can be complicated, a process that unfolds over a few months or even years. Using a project management approach gives a better understanding of the format process and steps needed it take to get an aspiring writer's book published.



Find out more [here](#)

Editors

Editor

D. Othniel Forte

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.



PHOTO BY: CHITO REYES

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

Promoting
Liberian

Creativity
& Culture

We are
Accepting
Submissions

Advertise
with us!!!!

Liberia	Asia	USA
Monrovia Liberia	Ban Pong, Ratchaburi	7202 Tavenner Lane
# 12 Ashmun Street	76 Sarasit Road	Alexandria VA
[+231-770-456038 +231-886-527151]	+66-85-8244382	+1703-3479528

<http://liblitrev.wix.com/llmag> liblitrev@gmail.com

<http://othnielf.wix.com/mybooks>

KWEE

Liberian Literary Magazine

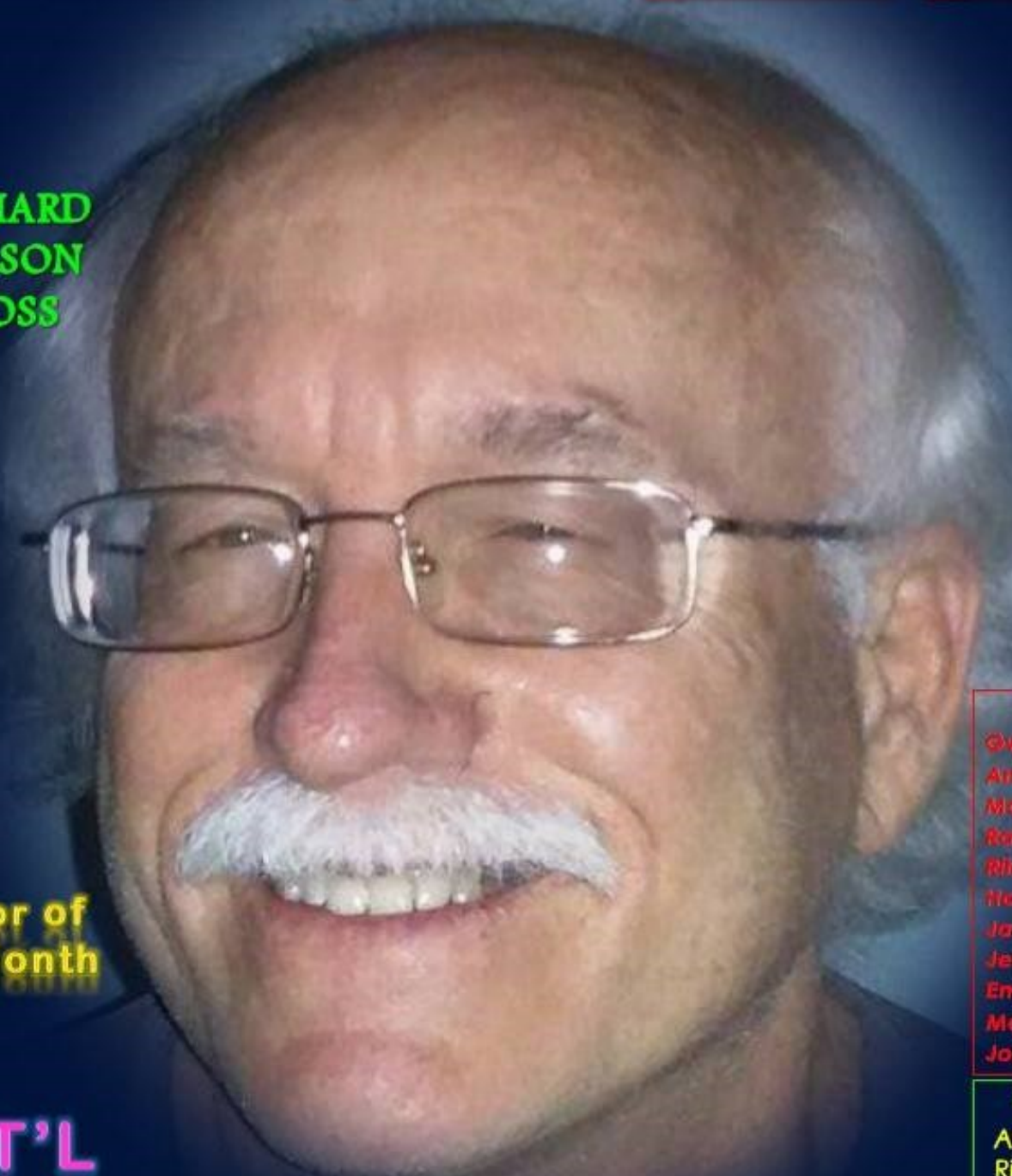
Apr Issue

0415

**RICHARD
WILSON
MOSS**

**Author of
the Month**

**NAT'L
POETRY
MONTH**



Featured Poets:

- Gwendolyn Brooks
- Anna Akhmatova
- Maya Angelou
- Rabia al Basri
- Rita Dove
- Ho Xuan Huong
- Jane Austin
- Jenny Joseph
- Emily Dickenson
- Mathew Zaprunder
- Josiah Joekai Jr.

Featured Poets:

- Althea Romeo Mark
- Richard Wilson Moss
- Herbert Logerie
- Aken Wariebi
- Cher Antoinette
- Lamelle Shaw
- Stephen Cooper II
- Viola Allo
- Matanneh Dunbar
- Baltimore Verdier
- Mohammed D. Dolley

**Resurrected Master
Liberian Proverbs**

**Poetry Section
Gifts of the Masters**