

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE

Nov Issue

Iss. # 1116

**HAPPY
THANKSGIVING**

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Uwamahoro**

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the Month**

**Book
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Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE



Liberian

Literary

Magazine

Overview:

New Look

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

Our Commitment

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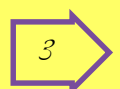
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Literature
Review**



Segment Contents

Editorial

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

Risqué Speak

This new segment to our print covers the magical language of the soul, music. It will go from musical history, to lyrics of meaning to the inner workings of the rhythm, beats, rhyme, the way pieces connect and importantly, the people who make the magic happen.

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

Kuluba's Korner

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

Authors of the Month Profile

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

off with showcasing authors. It is dear to us. Each month, we highlight two authors. In here we do a brief profile of our selected authors.

Authors of the Month Interview

This is the complimentary segment to the Authors of the Month Profile one of our oldest segments. In here, we interview our showcased authors. We let them tell us about their books, characters and how they came to life. Most importantly, we try to know their story; how they make our lives easier with their words. In short, we find out what makes them thick.

Articles

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

Book Review

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

Education Spotlight

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

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

Artist of the Month

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

We do not neglect our artist as has been traditional. We support them, we promote them and we believe it is time more people did the same. Arts have always form part of our culture. We have to change the story. We bring notice to our best and let the world know what they are capable of doing. We are 100% in favor of Liberian Arts and Artists; you should get on board.

Poem of the Month

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

Editor's Desk

The Year Ahead



2016 is swinging and thus far, things are on the up. This is our new issue and I am excited for many reasons. We have an improved line up, some segments have changed and others shifted, whilst yet others are, well, NEW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We have new poets still finding their voices placed alongside much more experienced poets who have long ago established themselves and found their

voice. They in a way mentor the newer ones and boost their confidence.

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

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

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

If there is one message you want to take from here, let it be this-prepare for a roller-coaster this 2016.

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

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

Read! Read! Read!

KWEE Team

Thanksgiving Day, Random Thoughts

By D. Othniel Forte

The just concluded US elections refuses to stay in the past. Post elections tensions get more violent daily. This is eerily reminiscent of some developing nation. Who would have thought... then again, this election exposed the US for the hypocrites they are. It bared the deep seated, underlying division in all the talk of diversity and tolerance. It drew out bigots, misogynists, sexists, feminists and the lot.

COMING OUT AMERICA

The American publics turned out in full to star in this reality series, *“Coming Out America”*. From the left, right and center, we saw in this thriller-horror film one big coming out.

The DNC

The Dems insisted on pushing forward a candidate that had more target spots than a shooting range. They sidelined nearly half of their party when the DNC and its lead batter flunk Ole Bern out of the pitch. It was a Baby Ruth like home run. It was messy but effective. Somehow, they expected to use recover from the fall out and repeat this feat in the last round.

The RNC

Off the pitch in the locker room, the Republicans. decided that conservatism was overrated and it was time to taste some out-of-the-box thinking. They picked a candidate that actually owned the shooting range. He could fire at will on any target without fear. Across the breadth of their party, they came out swinging. It was a massive Royal Rumbo with body slam fiestas and, punches flying all over the place. By polling day, both parties had fought internal battles bigger than the one they should have had with their opponents. They were bloodied, scarred and just needed to rest from all the energies wasted. Thus, as RNC went liberal, the DNC just got riskier and nonchalant.

REVOLT

However, the true winners, if there is any such thing here, is the American people. Oh heck, they revealed a new age Frankenstein but at least they stuck it up to the system. The ‘people’ gave a huge middle finger to the establishment.

In the process, they unveiled a mask many are uncomfortable with. The blunt reality sets the stage for serious dialogue now on a range of issues. The third party was never a serious option what did they care?

The Media

Both conservative and liberal media conducted themselves like the unruly kids they are. This was an **MML** Fight night- no gloves, no knee or face proctor, no referee. It was open season and the prize was awarded for brownie points based on who could cause more harm than the other. There was little attempt to cover up obvious lies. The audacity with which this went on, gave the impression that they felt that their audiences were fools that would swallow anything shoved down their throats. alternatively, they simply did not care.

World

Meanwhile, the rest of the world watches in anticipation. There is much uncertainty lingering to cause markets to be apprehensive. But to burst the bubble some, the world spins still. People are living and carrying on as usual in ‘most every other place. Some are fearful, others are not.

It is my hope that President Trump will stay out of the typical US ‘meddling’ policy and let developing nations sort out their issues internally. At least we don’t see him sending marines into most parts of the world and that could be a good thing.

We wish the US sorts herself out speedily.

Liberian Classic



GUANYA PAU: A Story of an African Princess I

By: JOSEPH J. WALTERS

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

RECAP From PART II

"Well," continued Guanya, "my mother has brought me word that within two moons (two months of eight weeks) some kind of a man is coming to take me to his home. She tells me that the money was paid for me when I was a little girl.

Dreadful! That the dislike I then manifested for him she hoped had vanished with my increased age and experience. She added further, that if I still have repugnance toward him I might as well dissipate it as soon as possible, or she would see that I was severely punished.

Saying that I was always too proud, thinking more of myself than was right for a girl, that she and thousands of other

women are content with the condition of things, and what am I more than they? She would hear nothing about my loving Momo or anybody else except that somebody of whom she spoke.

Indeed, Jassah, she said many bitter things which I must not take time now to recount. The truth is, my friend, my mother and the other women to whom she alluded are satisfied with this state of things, because they know of no better.

They accept them as being absolutely necessary to the life of society. If they could see things as they really are, that they were never destined in this world to be servants — sold and treated like slaves, but on the contrary, that woman is as good and great as man, and intended to be his equal, and that the realization of this is possible, they would soon change their minds, and be as hostile to the present deception as I am.

But the day will come. My mother may call me "hot-headed," 'headstrong,'

'wilful', and what not; but, Jassah, I am inexorable and mean to swerve not a hair-breadth from my purpose.

"Now, Jassah, my secret is this, that baboon, I hear, is coming to see me tomorrow, I shall await him, and as soon as possible after his departure I shall run away and search for some other land, or if the Gregrees will, perish in the attempt. Now you have my secret, and my safety is in your hand. When I am gone you will pray to the Gregrees for me, won't you?"

Jassah heaved a deep sigh, then embracing her more affectionately, answered determinedly: "Guanya Pau, I shall never leave you."

Chapter III

THE GREGREE BUSH

THE Gregree Bush is an institution in some respects similar to the "White Cross Society" of America.

The Girls' Gregree Bush is of time immemorial. Said to be as old as the Vey tribe itself and founded by the old wizard, Pandama-Pluzhaway, the Devil's brother-in-law. The story runs like this: This man died. Of course, he went to the Devil; for he was a devil in this world and what will hinder him from being of the same in the next?

When he arrived at the Devil's Palace he was asked on what business he had come. He replied he would make a contract with the Devil. Thereupon the Devil challenged him to a combat, which was the means of testing his ability to make a contract with him.

But the Devil found him his match and granted him whatever favor he desired.

Upon Pandama-Pluzhaway's return to earth he instituted the Gregree Bush and appointed certain old women at its head. This is the Girls', the Boys' are of later origin and is said to owe its founding to Guanya Pau's eminent father.

The Zobah, as the leaders of these institutions are called, are those who lecture to the young women on matters of practical importance, and some of the instructions given by them are beneficial and wholesome. In their dress they approximate as near as possible the image of the Devil. Hence foreigners call them "Country Devil."

Their attire consists of a black gown, reaching to the ground, a false-face, a

head-dress two feet long, carrying in their hand a plaited brush. They are present at all weddings and deaths of great men to lead in the song and dance.

The natives try to persuade foreigners that the Zobah are not human, but real devils. An amusing story is told of how an American was affected on meeting of a Zobah.

There was some celebration at a certain town when he was eager to see the whole.

But in his curiosity he ventured outside of the prescribed limits and, of course, one of the Zobah started at him. Fortunately the American had his gun with him, and after retreating a few steps stopped and with one of those "d you", for which the average American is famous, made the Devil halt, turn around, and march back to her quarters.

The bully American, of course, had to pay five dollars for his imprudent act.

The Gregree Bush girls are under some strict rules. For instance, they seldom dance with men.

Men dance by themselves and maidens by themselves.

For unchastity the punishment is so severe that very few ever recover from it.

On entering the Gregree Bush they are given a peculiar kind of beads and a small horn for the neck, which they are required always to wear.

As a rule these girls are respected and cases of unchastity are comparatively few.

I believe I can truly say that cases of moral turpitude are more frequent in America than it is among these heathen people.

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

In Celebration of Bai T. Moore

Ko Bomi Hee M Koa

THIS VERSION OF A GOLA POEM BECAME VERY POPULAR AROUND 1956.

Bai. T Moore

Ko Bomi Hee M Koa

Gola** Version

koa mu wo dada
o hinya kpo goo me
ko bomi hee m koa
ko mi nyinia kei ma
ma jeima wuye m zoo

Ko Bomi Hee M Koa

English Version

go tell my father
to bring my root pot
to bomi i'm going
where i'll do my stuff
and sweat it out hard

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

The Gola Script is one of the six indigenous scripts developed in Liberia, making Liberia one of the only nations to have developed as many indigenous scripts all of which are unrelated to the other.

Authors of the Month Profiles

ANGEL UWAMAHOHO 1



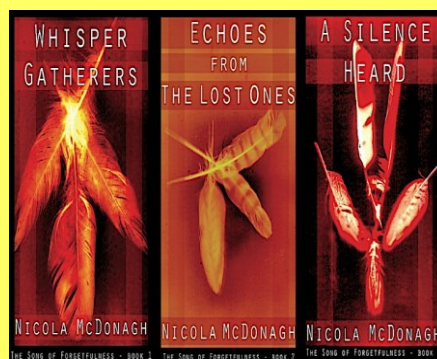
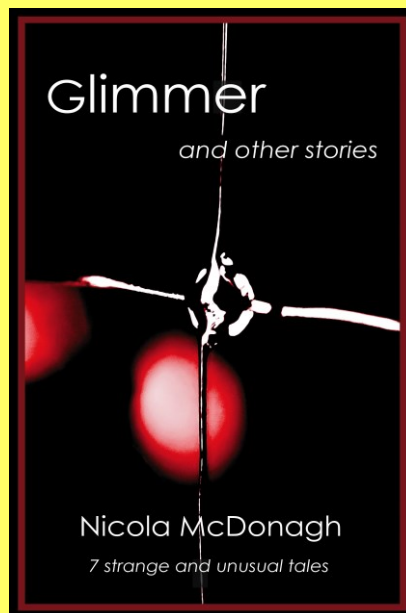
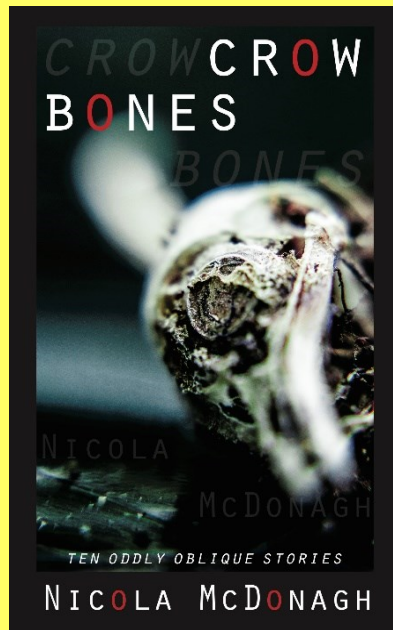
ANGEL UWAMAHOHO

(Performer, 2016) Angel is an actress, poet and activist, born in Rwanda, currently completing her BA at Fordham University in NYC.

She has performed her own poetry around the world, and is the proud recipient of a Rwanda Presidential Scholarship to study in the U.S. In 2014, she made her Off-Broadway debut at Signature Theatre in the world premiere of Katori Hall's *Our Lady of Kibeho*.

Other theatre in the US includes *Measure Back* (The Dixon Place), *Bishop* (Fordham/Primary Stages, NYC), and *Africa's Hope* (USC Bovard Theatre, CA). International theatre: *Les Os que Craquent* (Theatre de Poche, Belgium.) Film: *Un Plain*

Parfait (Dir. Pascal Chaumeil), *Shake Hands with the Devil* (Dir. Roger Spottiswoode).



NICOLA MCDONAGH



Nicola McDonagh lives in Suffolk, UK, is an author, editor, creative writing tutor, and photographer. She writes in multiple genres including science fiction/dystopian and magic realism

Nicola was born in Liverpool, the youngest of six children. She grew up amidst books, music and lots of animals. She originally trained as a photojournalist, but her love of the theatre and story telling, saw her gaining an Honours Degree in Drama and English Literature. She spent many years as an actor, scriptwriter and workshop leader, but gave it up to concentrate on her writing.

Nicola gained a Diploma in Creative Writing from the UEA, won the Suffolk Book League's Short Story Competition with the title story from her first anthology – *Glimmer*.

She was shortlisted for The Escalator Genre Fiction Competition 2011 with her book *Echoes from the Lost Ones* and in 2013 it was published by Fable Press, followed by the second book in *The Song of Forgetfulness series - A Silence Heard*.

The song of Forgetfulness has been re-released, with a new prequel *Whisper Gatherers* and *The History of NotSoGreatBritAlbion*, a series of short stories connected to the series, the first story is due out December 2016

Our Spotlight artist is a young woman that is causing storm with her work

ANGEL UWAMAHORO

Artist Interview



Liberian Literary Mag conducted an interview with

ANGEL UWAMAHORO

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

My name is **Angel Uwamahoro**.

I am a Rwandan Artist Currently studying in New York- as a theater major at Fordham University.

I was born in Rwanda in 1990- then raised in Uganda- The US- and Rwanda again.

I love the Arts!

Why writing?

Writing is a safe place to express yourself clearly. It does not involve violence yet it can be violent- Writing

is a space for truth-honesty- for beauty and cruelty- for imagination-creativity. Writing lets your ideas live in a space and wonder. It's beautiful!

What books have most influenced your life/career most?

More music has influenced my life than books actually- but a few books aha have really moved me and inspired me are:

-The mark of the lion by Francine Rivers-

-The Desert Flower-Waris Dirie

-Long walk to Freedom-Nelson Mandela

How do you approach your work?

If it is commissioned work- I research- then I feel it out- If it is just me writing for me- I just allow my feelings and experiences to take control of what I want to say. At all times I speak from my heart and truth!

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

Love, Unity, Freedom, Dreams.... I look at this world and I see so much potential in it- So I try to write material that will

inspire individuals to find themselves in it and move forward from hardships.

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

Right now I am currently reading " the Alchemist" by Paulo Coelho. Fascinating!

What are your current projects?

I am currently still in school in my senior year. So right now I am focusing on my studies- But I have a cool new music video coming out this week- and more stuff in the near future.

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

Not yet! But I will!!!

Any last words?

Stay true to yourself and do what you want and need to do while you still have the chance.



Thank you for taking this time with us.

Diaspora Poet

Now Massa Loved Some Hunting **PART I**

(Thoughts on visiting a Georgian Plantation)

I.

Visiting a Georgian plantation I am told by the guide that husbands and wives slept in separate rooms so husbands, as they made ready to go hunting, would not have to wake wives at five in the morning. I am thinking, massa may not be out hunting at all.

The bed is narrow and high.
You needed a ladder to get onto it.
Massa would have rather sneaked into the slaves' quarters, dragged a female slave to the barn or bush and "had his way with her."

That is the story of many of our great-great grandmothers who brought *colored* babies into the world.

II

Caribbean "Bokrahs," too, said they were hunting mongoose or inspecting plantations fences.

There weren't many trapped vermin to show and the number of *mulatto* babies spiraled.

Bokrahs' wives knew their husbands weren't out hunting and took revenge on the "baby-mamas." Slave-women were countless times on potty-duty. They counted chamber pots in their sleep instead of sheep—if they slept at all.

Bokrahs loved to hunt and their wives dared not interfere with their favorite sport.

© **Althea Romeo-Mark, 2014**

"Massa" – Master.
"bokrah, bokra—white land owner in the Colonial Caribbean.

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. 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.

Love's Lament

Spirit, that in th' ethereal
deeps

Keeps ward o'er frail
mortality,
O thou bright star,
where'er she be,

Watch o'er her as my
darling sleeps!

Thou breath of Love that
downwards sweeps
Upon thy crystal wings of
light,
Breathe on her as within
the night,

My darling Love's sweet
vigil keeps!

Ye rays of morn that paint
the sea

With hues dipped up
from Nature's wells,

Love's Lament

Illumine her where'er she
dwells,

And guide my darling
back to me!

O wind that fills with
sweet perfume
The mountain-coronets
of earth,
That kissed the flowers at
their birth,

Caress her when in
sorrow's gloom.

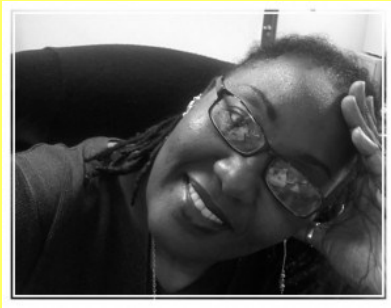
And thou, O earth, if she
be dead,

And rests within thine
ample bound,
Let roses, springing all
around,

Breathe lightly o'er her
darling head!

Unscripted

Cher Antoinette



NOVEMBER 2016

DAWN FREEDOM

The call of the chill in the early morning air was quickly answered by the perk awakening of her breasts. A restless night, disturbing dreams and an empty bed did nothing to quell the ache she felt within.

Decisions she had made, being truthful to herself, the consequences of her actions, these thoughts swirled and mixed in a dark cauldron that fired hot and cold.

Three a.m., she lay on the bed, naked, pillow between legs, covers pulled, swaddled in a cloak of insecurity. What was she to do next? The year was coming to an end, but hers had ended months before.

What she craved was a beginning, a new normal, one devoid of the constant rollercoaster ride she had been prized with.

The headaches were becoming more frequent; stress related she was sure. Self-diagnosis was her only option as finances to procure a

second opinion were not available. She closed her eyes tightly, willing the pain away, speaking it to the Universe, begging for some relief from this prison with no walls.

It started to rain. Her cell phone rang.

“Hey, what are you doing?” the voice on the other end questioned. She assumed this was rhetorical.

“You want to come for a drive? See you in thirty minutes.” The phone went dead. He gave her no choice and no chance to answer.

Cool easterly breezes caressed her face, gently. A face highlighted by the yellow moon that peeked and beamed through coconut palms and breadfruit canopies which framed the pre-dawn sky.

Shadows and silhouettes played across her rounded cheeks. Eerie ribbons traced her forehead and gifted her lips as the light of the headlamps bounced off the ground walls guarding the narrow lonely road on which they traveled.

He watched her. Slowing the pace of the vehicle, and maneuvering between the many pot-holes, he switched between keeping an eye on the road and an eye on her.

This woman, who answered his call to adventure; this woman who exuded confidence yet drowned in insecurity; this woman who showed such passion for the simple things, sensual in

nature and caring of heart; this woman, who was not his.

He was intrigued from the first time they had spoken, well actually not in person - virtually. He listened as her words trailed across his screen. She was funny, witty and yet he could sense a deep sadness within. Her play on words and her ability to invoke excitement from the simplest phrases confused yet interested him. And, she was beautiful – her eyes, her smile, and the way she tilted her head in the photos he saw of her online, he wanted to be a part of her world.

“Are you cold? I can turn the windows up a bit,” he offered to her but she just smiled at him and continued gazing at the moon as they turned off the main to a secondary road.

She had not said much of anything since getting into the car, but it was not necessary because he somehow knew what she was saying just by looking into her eyes. Light pools of brown flashed with specks of yellow depending on how the light played on them.

A dead end lay ahead of them. He stopped the car and turned off the headlights. The sky was slowly changing colour; deep dusky blues were emerging from the once darkly star studded sky. He came around and opened the door for her – she giggled and somehow lost her footing on the small pebbles that lay strewn at the side of the road. Quickly, he caught and

steadied her around her waist. She turned around to meet his gaze; eyes questioning, lips locked in answer. He hugged her close and for a moment felt as if they were completely alone, and as they stood at this cul-de-sac his only hope was that they were at the beginning of the perfect journey.

She felt his warm breath on her lips. Good thing he held her close because she was certain the ground was fast approaching.

He tasted of peppermint, spearmint actually and his tongue teased the inside of her mouth with such deftness that all she could do was hold on tight.

This was unreal, just thirty minutes prior she was in her bed, dreaming, lonely and now, now she was seemingly in the middle of nowhere with a man she barely knew but felt a strange connection to. She must be crazy, or rather they both were.

But what is there to life if you constantly feared the unknown? For too long she lived according to others wishes and graciously accepted the falsely paraded offers of kindness and “love”.

No more, this was the end, she had walked away. She knew her spirit would guide her, and apparently it had leaded her right here, into the arms of a man who was not hers.

After what seemed like ages, the embrace was broken and hand in hand they made

their way across the grassy track that steered in the direction of the newly dawning sky. The smell of the ocean rushed towards her and she inhaled deeply.

Maybe he thought she had felt a chill, because he drew her closer to him. There was never a word said between them as they approached the edge of the cliff and stopped just short of the low ragged stones that formed a natural barrier from the precipice.

He was slightly taller and so she was able to lean her head against his chest. He kissed her at the temple and watched with some joy as she closed and opened her eyes. A sigh escaped her lips, leaving them slightly parted thus tempting him to search for just one more kiss.

Willingly she gave what he desired at that moment and their bodies merged and moved in time with sound of the breaking waves on the treacherous rocks below.

He did not want to release her, but she pulled away and moved towards a low flat abandoned concrete slab that lay to the left of where they stood.

Beckoning him to join her, they sat facing the now rising sun. He supported her as she sat between his legs, resting on him. There was no need for words.

The morning show was beyond their expectations. The main actor performed in the most chic of solar fashion,

dressing and undressing in wispy shawls of pinks, peaches and blue.

All the while the moon stared from the west, beyond the curtains, like a slighted understudy.

They breathed as one as the ocean’s applause resounded when the diva removed the final garb of gold and stood before them as a perfect sphere of silver white light.

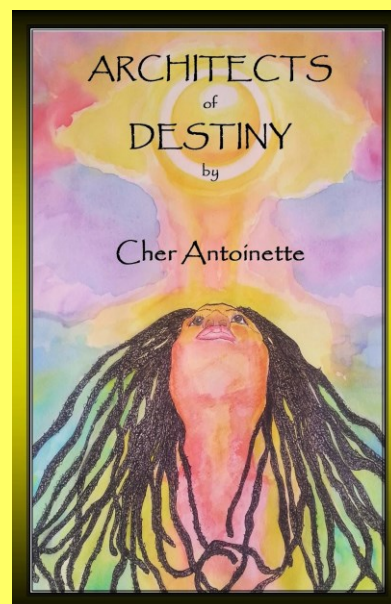
Suddenly, she stood up and spoke for the first time.

“Thank you, thank you, I am free!”

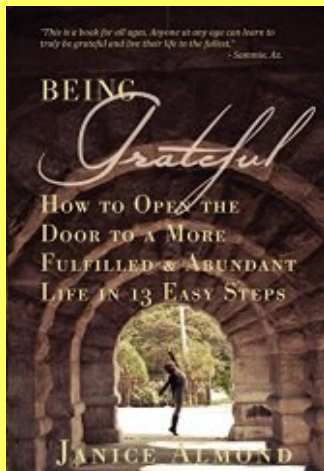
And with that, she unbuttoned her shirt and let it drop to the grass.

*The moon hung low
And wept with jealousy
As she bared her breasts
To the Sun*

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“Architects of Destiny” 2015



Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

Are you missing ONE

Are you missing ONE

A few days ago, our family was presented with a prize. A pleasant surprise. It was a puzzle. Not just any puzzle, mind you, but a 300 count one, to be exact. I don't ever recall putting a puzzle together of that size. I do realize there are much larger puzzle counts available.

We were all; well not I. My son, daughter-in-law, and grandson were conscientiously putting the puzzle together. It looked like hard work. They were focused. For two+ hours they poured over the kitchen table in deep concentration. It was truly an organizational undertaking. As time progressed, I was impressed to see the puzzle taking shape, bit by bit, section by section.

An undertaking such as this takes lots of patience. They were determined to finish what they had started. In fact, my son even said, "We finish what we start." And they did finish, too!

As they stood back to survey their masterpiece entitled, "Home Sweet Home" of barns, trees, people, animals, grass, and sky, all of a sudden, I heard someone blurt out, "We're missing a

piece!" "What?" Someone else asked. Then another comment, "I can't believe it! How did that happen?" I piped in and asked, "Are you serious?" "What happened to it?"

What was supposed to be a "masterpiece," turned out to be a disaster, a debacle, a misfortune. What was supposed to be a perfect little 300 (puzzle piece) world, became a blight or disfigurement. This happened because of one little puzzle piece.

I was thinking to myself, "Where is it?" "Where did it go?" "Is it still in the box?" "Did it fall on the floor?"

It was nowhere to be found. I said out loud, "WOW that could be an analogy for life!" Are you missing something? Are you missing a piece of the puzzle? Is one thing lacking in your? Fill in the remainder of that question.

What ARE you missing or lacking for your life to be complete? Maybe it's a better relationship. Maybe it's a better job. Maybe it's a better environment. Whatever it is, and only you really know, I urge you to go find the missing piece. Who knows if **we** will ever find that last puzzle piece? I know it's somewhere. Who knows? Perhaps it wasn't inspected by agent 99. It could still be at the puzzle factory, lost.

I started a new 300-count puzzle. I am not even a third of the way done yet, and my mind is already thinking, "What if there is a piece missing?"

It sort of takes the joy of anticipation away wondering if I am going to go through all the painstaking process of putting the puzzle together, only to discover at the very end that my labor was all in vain.

We don't want that to be said about our lives, do we? That's why it is so vital, so important that we get that ONE thing seen to, done, and accomplished NOW!

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

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

Until next month-
Your attitude matters,
Janice

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I choose to never back down by ...

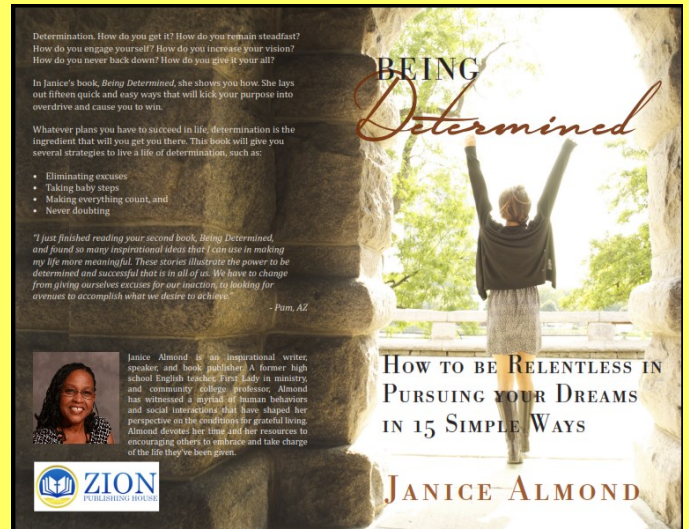
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Janice Almond is the author of the **Being Grateful** book series. Her first book in the series, *Being Grateful: How to Open the Door to a More Fulfilled & Abundant Life in 13 Easy Steps* is available on her website:
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Author Interview 2

Spotlight Author

NICOLA MCDONAGH



Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with author NICOLA MCDONAGH 😊

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 creative arts practitioner/ writer and photographer. I teach photography and creative writing to young people and adults. I used to be an actor/director and script writer but gave that up over ten years ago to study creative writing.

I love to cook vegetarian and vegan food and enjoy sitting in my large garden watching nature, unless it is too wet or cold, then I gaze at things from the window.

Why writing?

Even as a child, I would make up stories about my pets, toys even the moon and stars. I told them to anyone who would listen, which was mainly my cat. Surrounded by books, I came top reading early in life and marveled at the wonderful worlds and characters that flew off the page and entered my head. Despite being an actor and tutor for most of my adult life, I never gave up on creating stories, whether in play format or in the occasional short story. When I write it feels like the most natural thing in the world for me to do.

What books have most influenced your life or career most?

Oh dear, I think this answer will be very long. I think **The Bell Jar** by Sylvia Plath was the most influential book in my life. Her words touched me as a teenager. She has the ability to get to the soul of things in both her prose and poetry. Also, **The Wizard of Earthsea** by Ursula Le Guinn, a favourite of mine as a child, has stayed with me into adulthood. Although it can be termed as fantasy, it is full of deep, spiritual messages that I

only really understood when I re-read it as an adult. Her writing is poetic and beautiful. When I started to write I wanted to make my words sing like Plath and Le Guinn. I also adore **Vladimir Nabokov**, again for his wonderful use of words and believable characters, and daring to tackle the taboo subjects. Ian McEwan falls into that category a master of the written word, his short stories are brilliantly crafted. In the sci-fi world, Ray Bradbury for his incredible storytelling and evocative descriptions. Reading some YA novels such as **'Unwind'** by Neal Shusterman and the **'Chaos Walking'** series by Patrick Ness were the books most influential when I started writing the Song of Forgetfulness series.

I like the classics: **Dickens**, **Bronte** sisters, and **Thomas Hardy**. Also, I enjoy more surrealistic works: Gunter Grass **'The Tin Drum'** **'Street of Crocodiles'** by Bruno Schulz, **'Heart of A Dog'** by Mikhail Bulgakov, **'At Swim Two Birds'** by Flann O'Brien. I think Conrad and Nabokov are two of my favourite authors. Enjoy humour too: Jeeves and Wooster series by PG Wodehouse and **'A Confederacy of Dunces'**

by John Kennedy Toole. I have a particular fondness for the short stories of Annie Proulx, Flannery O'Connor and always go back to Sylvia Plath's poetry.

How do you approach your work?

I usually come up with a title or phrase or I look at a work of art and imagine what the people in are doing. Then I jot down ideas, list of characters and set it in a time frame. For my novels, I do a lot of research before I get down to the task of writing. I make sure that I do some writing every day, even if I can't think of anything, I look at the screen then just start to type. Sometimes it is great but often it isn't, however, there is always something of value in the words I have written.

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

Ah, that would be inner struggles, Questioning, who I am, why I do things I do, and how the things I do affects others. I am quite passionate about the environment and animal welfare, so a lot of my themes do deal with

man's inhumanity to man and beast.

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

The books in The Song of Forgetfulness series are about survival in a time of want. It is set in Scotland, England, 250 years after famine, disease and global warming have wiped out almost all animal life. Those creatures that are left are diseased, their flesh inedible to humans. Oceans have risen, land is in short supply and in NotsoGreatBritAlbion, people are divided into **Citydwellers, Forestdwellers, Clonies, Ladies, S.A.N.T.S.** and the Agros; a self appointed government that supplies all the food to the inhabitants of **NotsoGreatBritAlbion.**

The story follows the journey of seventeen - year old Adara, who has a special gift. She is a Bringer and can sing to the only edible creatures left, the birdybirds and make them land. In a world where meat is just a memory her talent is much sought after. When the Agros cut food supplies and children go missing, Adara must leave the comforts of her

hygiene home to search for her kidnapped brother.

During her dangerous quest to find him, Adara finds unlikely friends, unearths dark secrets and discovers her true potential, which is not exactly what she thought it was. Using her voice as a powerful weapon she must use all her courage and skill to battle against evil forces to save herself and those she loves from being slaughtered by Agro spies.

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

The Song of Forgetfulness began with Echoes from the Lost Ones and started out as a challenge from students that attend a creative writing class I teach at my local High School.

They kept giving me books to read, such as 'The Hunger Games' and 'Divergent.' I'd read them and we'd discuss their merits and failings. The biggest gripe by far was that the female characters never went to the toilet. I asked them if they wanted to see this in the books they read and they said, "Yes." Then they said, "Why don't you write one?" So I did.

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

In the book, I deal with issues that are of concern to us today. Such as overpopulation, rapid advances in technology and global warming. The book is set in Scotland because oceans have risen and that is all the land that is left in Great Britain. There are no animals because of viral infection, except for the elusive birdybirds and they never land. In 'Echoes,' I am trying to suggest that if mankind continues to abuse this beautiful planet, then a world like the one I have created might happen. But I am also trying to say that we are all connected somehow, and that we all have something special inside us, even if we aren't sure what it is. That we are all capable of doing something amazing if put to the test.

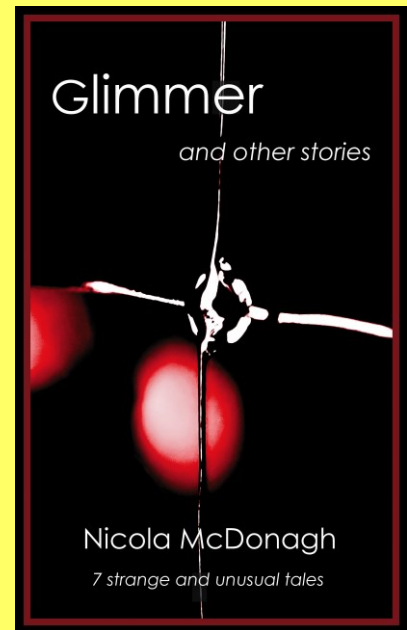
Is there anything else you would like readers to know about your book?

As the narrative is from Adara's point of view, it made sense to have her talk to the reader in her 'own' voice. The characters and futuristic setting become more credible and believable, when the vocabulary

reflects this by being different to today's spoken or written word.

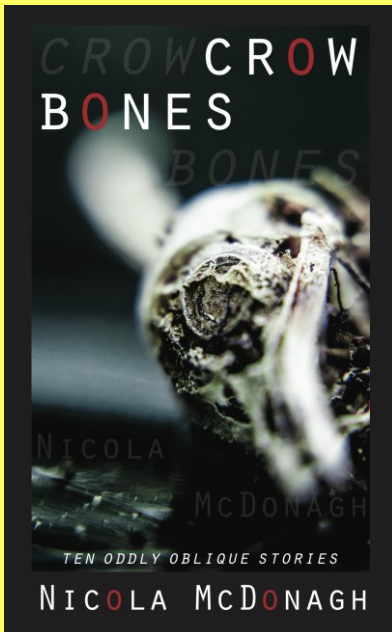
I wanted the reader to experience what Adara sees and feels through her eyes, and a good way to do that, was to create a slang-based language that instantly says, 'this is another time and place' because we don't speak like that now. We get to know what Adara is like and how she reacts to the action around her by the way she uses words to describe her journey, and the people she encounters. In a sense, we become her friend, and as a result, empathize more readily with her.

I use the quirky language and vivid descriptions to create a sensual and plausible environment. Employing appropriate similes to enrich the narrative helps create an authentic setting. We first encounter Adara as she is scrambling through insect filled herbage, into a densely packed wood. We have all seen insects and grass and trees. So the reader can identify with the environment presented. I then bring it into the future by adding unfamiliar accessories and words that hint at another time and place. Such as *Synthbag*, *Sterichoc* and *killpainpill*.



Do you have any advice for other writers?

Learn your craft. Go to writing classes and study. Read. Keep writing, even if you think what you are writing isn't very good. Discuss your work with others. Critique other author's work and get feedback from other authors on your work. Having beta readers look over your story is invaluable and will help you fix the things that are wrong with it. If you have enough money, hire an editor, but make sure it is someone with a good reputation and or a referral from an author whose opinion you trust. Don't rush into being published whether you decide to go traditional, Indie or self-publish, learn how to market your book and yourself, it will save you a lot of heartache and money in the end.



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

I am reading two books at the moment, more on that in a later question. The book I will talk about here was written by one of my student's and is called Pimple. It is a gentle, yet moving book about a boy's dream to make the world a better place through touching people via his trumpet playing. It has some great character descriptions and a message I can relate to.

I have just finished re-reading a sci-fi book More than Human by Theodore Sturgeon about a gestalt community of strange people brought together by their unique supernatural abilities. It is a deeply moving story

about trust, love, guilt. Raising the question, how do you control someone who could destroy you with a blink of an eye?

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

I have just published my second anthology of short stories – Crow Bones – I have launched my own publishing house ODDLY BOOKS and an audiobook version of my first anthology of short stories – Glimmer – is due out the end of November. Then in December I am publishing the first two stories in the History of NotSoGreatBritAlbion – The Chronicles of Mayer.

What are your current projects?

Working on more stories for the History of NotSoGreatBritAlbion. Deciding whether or not to try and traditionally publish my Children's action adventure novel, Cleo Dalby and the Curse of the Chaos Mummies, or go the self-published route again, seeing as I've just set up my own publishing house. Doing research for the fourth book in The Song of Forgetfulness series, as yet untitled.

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

I am reading the Lazarus Effect by [H. J. Golakai](#) based on a review I saw in the Guardian newspaper. I am very impressed by the writing of Hawa Jande and although crime mysteries aren't really my thing, the author is such a good writer that I am totally drawn into the story and the wonderfully crafted main character, Voinjama Johnson is utterly believable.

Strangely enough, I visited a writing site recently called Wattpad, where authors can share their works and was drawn to Famous Liberian Folklore by D. Othniel Forte. When I discovered who the author was I left a message.

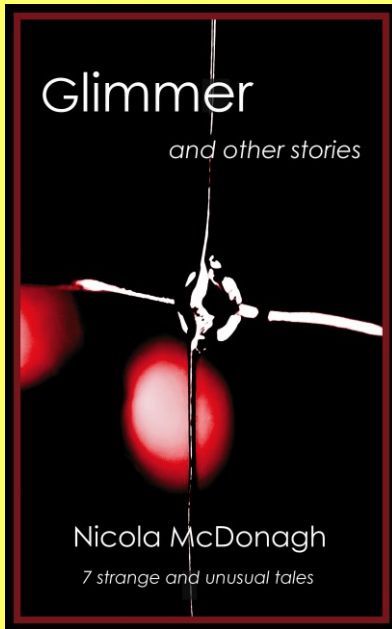
I do like a good folk story and thoroughly enjoyed the author's tales, reminiscent of the Brothers Grimm and Rudyard Kipling. I believe folk stories can reveal a lot about a culture.

Any last words?

Write from the heart, edit from the head. Read with an open mind and rejoice in the wonders of nature.

Author Bio

Nicola McDonagh lives in Suffolk, UK, is an author, editor, creative writing tutor, and photographer. She writes in multiple genres including science fiction/dystopian and magic realism



Nicola was born in Liverpool, the youngest of six children. She grew up amidst books, music and lots of animals. She originally trained as a photojournalist, but her love of the theatre and storytelling, saw her gaining an Honours Degree in Drama and English Literature. She spent many years as an actor, scriptwriter and workshop leader, but gave it up to concentrate on her writing.

Nicola gained a Diploma in Creative Writing from the UEA, won the Suffolk Book League's Short Story Competition with the title story from her first anthology – **Glimmer**.

She was shortlisted for The Escalator Genre Fiction Competition 2011 with her book **Echoes from the Lost Ones** and in 2013 it was published by Fable Press, followed by the second book in **The Song of Forgetfulness series - A Silence Heard**.

The song of Forgetfulness has been re-released, with a new prequel **Whisper Gatherers** and **The History of NotSoGreatBritAlbion**, a series of short stories connected to the series, the first story is due out December 2016

You can Follow her on:

Facebook:

www.facebook.com/nicolamcdonaghauthor?ref=hl

Twitter:

<http://twitter.com/McDonaghNikki>

Blog page:

<http://nicolajmcdonagh.wordpress.com/>

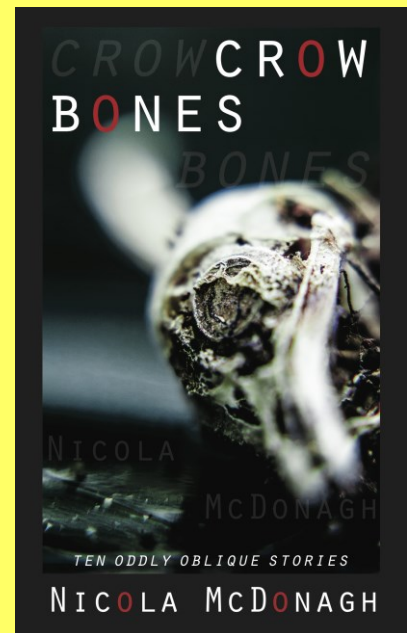
Websites:

<http://www.thesongofforgetfulness.com/>

<http://www.oddlybooks.com/>

Amazon author Page:

<https://www.amazon.com/Nicola-McDonagh/e/B00D4NAH0S/>



Short Story

WHY DOG IS A DOG

**By Jeanine Cooper –
retold from a fable by
Etweda "Sugars" Cooper**

Once upon a time.
Time.

Dog was moping around, walking with his head hung low. Every so often, Dog would sort of sigh and roll his eyes a bit.

God was up in Heaven and saw the slinking dog, so He came to Saint Peter and asked him what was wrong with Dog down there on earth.

"I don't know," said the Saint. "He's been like that for a while now."
"Send for him. Let me find out from him directly."
"Send for him...? Uh...."
"No, no! I don't mean for good...let him just come here so I can talk to him. We will send him back."
"Oh, okay. Got it, Boss!"

And so it was that Dog found himself before God Himself. The Almighty. This was big! Huge!

"Hello Your Highness!" Dog said, almost tongue-tied in his excitement! His tail was

shaking like nobody's business. Then, "Wait now...am I dead?" The excitement fizzled.

"No, no, no," God boomed. I sent for you just to find out from you why you've been moping around. You can go back afterwards but let's get to the bottom of this trouble you're facing."

"Ohhh! Ehn-mehn! People were worried...I mean, I was worried now!"

"So what's the problem Dog? Why are you walking around down there like 'Poor-No-Friend'?"

"Hmm. God! Hmm! Nobody knows the trouble I've seen! It's too much!"

Behind Dog, Saint Peter pulled up a wing to cover his laugh.

"Well, I'm listening to you, Dog. Tell Me. Maybe I can help." God refused to meet Saint Peter's eyes.

"Your Worshipfulness, my problem is people."
"People?"

"Yes oh! People. Everywhere I go, they call me Dog! When they themselves do wrong, they call themselves 'Dog'. When

Man goes through his wife's front door looking for his neighbour's wife, they call him 'Dog'.

"Sometimes, when they are arguing, they say "If I lying, you must call me 'Dog'. Aye man God...I mean Your Excellency! My name is not a cuss!"

Behind Dog, Saint Peter was in a serious coughing fit, trying to cover his laughter. God self smiled slightly but then He put on His serious face. The one that He can use to rebuke people.

"Is that so? But this is just terrible! I've not heard this before. Do you have any witnesses to this calumny?"

Dog looked confused for a moment as he thought 'What thing named 'calumny' aye?'

"Witnesses? Yes, of course I have witnesses. My own Ma is my witness!"
"Your mother? Well where is she? Can she come to testify?"

Dog was shaking his head. "No oh, Your Grace. She can't come right now. She just delivered day before yesterday. She can't leave the babies."

"Splendid!", God said. "Well congratulations to her and...uh, who is the lucky father of her pups?"

"Dah me," Dog said with his chest puffed out.

God just raised His eyebrows and tried not to notice Saint Peter doubled over behind Dog. "You're the father of...? Okay, anyway... Well then," God made a careful attempt to school His features. "Well, do you have anyone else who can bear witness to your troubles?"

My sister self can bear my witness God. But she too, she's busy." Dog sucked his teeth and shook his head.

"Oh and what is she so busy doing?" God asked.

"She pregnant oh, Our Father. She coming deliver this very week."

"Now isn't that just wonderful? More babies. Your family is so blessed!"

"Yeah, me. Me, I am blessed!"

"Of course you are," God reassured Dog. "And who is your sister's husband? Maybe he can come to testify...?"

Dog was already shaking his head. "Husband?" Dog laughed. "I say this God man self! No, no Heavenly Father! Dah I de one!"

"You the one...what?"

"I am the one: I am the babies' pa!" Dog was practically strutting.

"You're the...Your sister...!" God was blustering. In the corner, Angel Michael had come to help Saint Peter to his own feet. The poor Saint was practically rolling on the floor.

"Yeah! Me!" Dog was proud and it showed.

God thought a bit and then said: "Well Dog, you've been around for a while now. Surely you must have somebody who can testify...your brother...?"

"My brother?" Dog sucked his teeth loud and long. "That other one part...! In fact self Papa God, I want lay that man complaint to you. He is the reason why people can be cussing us. All day he in the dump pile, going around smelling all kinda nasty things them. Ehn you know ehn? And dirty? Hmm. Flea self don't like him! Nasty dog like that, full of itch, he come telling me he wanted my daughter. My good good daughter! I told him pass from here! You can't see the girl pregnant for me? No oh! I not bringing my

brother here. He's a doggoned dog!"

"But, but..." God's voice was faint. "But your daughter...? Pregnant for you...?"

"Yeah!" Dog stuck his chest out and actually pranced in a circle. "And her puppies them were fine fine so! She herself would come talk with You, Your Blessedness, but the puppies them still breastfeeding."

God looked over at the small crowd of angels, laughing until tears rolled down their faces. He gestured weakly to Saint Peter. "Peter...I beg you please come carry this dog back yah! I tried but I think people are right. He nah make me too weak."

"Dog?"

"Yeah Pa?"

"Saint Peter will carry you home and when the people call you dog, you just try to answer. And tell your wife and your sister, your daughter, your brother and all the other dogs them, that they must answer when people call y'all 'dog'. Go up, come down, you are a dog."

Doggit!

THE END

'Twas Brillig

Richard Wilson Moss

At Portsmouth

During youth
I didn't know I was young
The sun was young then
and the moon
But the world was old.

I watched wrinkled, bare
chested black men
Dig up rusted pipe in
Portsmouth
They sat down a lot in
the shade.
They were telling me
Although I was not really
told
That even right after the
world was made
It was old.



Immortality

Somehow death did not
come
And life triumphant
Made more flowers and
trees and animals
And people and their
gods
That could not die
And this crowd roamed
The universe ferociously
Having forgotten
The love of life forever.

Rest

If only the world turned
Not as it turns
And once forgiven its
rotation
Rest as still as the flung
stone
Finding the bottom of a
dead lake
No more crawling after
the sun
No vain movement,
none.

Colossus

Interred like wild primrose
Surrounded by red flame
ivy
So innocent is the climb
of this vine
And so vain.

Destructive rain
That ruins the rose
Invigorates un-
belabored growth
Of this green rioting vine
ungodly reaching
To choke the sun itself.

Interred in this building
built
Of concrete and
painted sheet rock
Imitating oak
It is I the architect would
choke
The uncommitted clay
Attempting to close the
jammed window
Held open by that great
green arm
That would crack open
graves
To strangle the dead.

But I am Colossus
Put in the crazy house
Shivering alone above a
thin starched sheet
My eyes candle wax red
My arms and legs iconic
meat.

I am Colossus
Straddling a headboard
Straining to close that
portal
To keep growth of
conquest
From reaching in.

Helios would have that
which would perish

Helios would tear itself
apart
To reach in and pull out
The secret nights of all
bright days.

Cast in bronze plate
concealing granite bone
One foot on the window
sill
The other on a military
mattress
My heart is not my own
My head, stone.

Inmates snore below
beyond reach
One sits up and softly
howls
One voids his bowels
Another pretends to
nibble at yesterday's
pretzel.

Silently in coldness and
madness
I call for quiet
I speak but say nothing
more than what is said
By apostles surrounding
my bed.

They sleep as kittens
sleep
Curled fur forgiven
undisciplined claws.

There are greetings and
then there are calls
For sanity among the
insane

I call out that we will not
be slain
Kept free from the
deadly grip
Of the ascending vine.



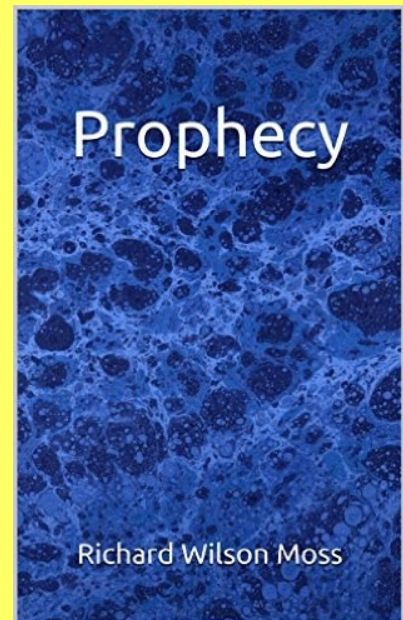
I call out
I am providence
Indecent and divine
I am Colossus
Closing the window

Destination

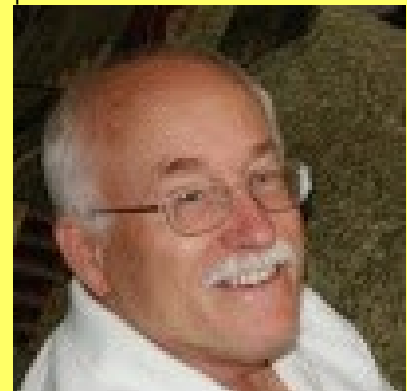
The Greyhound bus
depot
In a small Nebraska town
Is not really a station but
a roller rink
A short stop for tired
cross country travelers.
Stiff, we come in to
stretch our legs
And wash up in the rest
room.
And those putting on
their skates

Glare at us for we are a
deliberate intrusion
Upon their fun
We have yet a
destination
And they will go round
and round'
Knowing they have
none.

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



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According to Eliot

Is this some kind of joke?

Bob Dylan - Nobel Prize for Literature 2016

Arguments rage on the social media, and elsewhere, as to whether Bob Dylan should have received this most coveted prize in literature. I myself wrote the other day that I felt he didn't but then I listened to his CD '*John Wesley Harding*' from 1968. All but two of the songs on there are poetry, and could have been published as such.

Recently I viewed a DVD, '*The Other Side of the Mirror*', which shows Dylan's performances at the Newport Folk Festival in America from 1963 to 1965. In 1963, as a twenty three year old, his songs were not only powerful but his charisma so strong that he was drawing mass audiences to the minor stage. He wasn't well enough known to appear on the main stage. The minor stage looked like a band stand and he sat on a fold up chair, but, behind him sat Pete Seeger, Joan Baez and Judy Collins luminaries in the world of folk music. It would be rather like the poet Laureate of the Wales turning up to hear me one night. In my dreams.

But back to Dylan and his Nobel Prize. When making the announcement, we were told that he had received the prize for, "having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition". When asked to justify further, feeling that Dylan was simply a songwriter, the represented said, "Listen to *Blonde on Blonde*". True, a poetic album but there are many others, *Another Side of Bob Dylan* which was recorded in 1964 sounds like it was made

yesterday. And that is the definition of truly great poetry, when the words stay with us forever.

Two or three interesting points about the Nobel Prize for Literature. Dylan wasn't the first musician to win the prize. That went to Rabindranath Tagore of India in 1913 for his poetry, novel, drama, short story and music.

Ernest Hemingway winner in 1954 was going to refuse the prize money of (in today's value) of nearly one million US dollars but his wife decided they needed the money.

French author Jean Paul Sartre refused the prize in 1964, declining to attend the ceremony, take the money or the medal. He said, "I always refuse official distinctions and do not want to be institutionalised. Accepting would limit the impact of my writing".

But perhaps it is much simpler. Bob Dylan is not being ignorant. He objects to where the prize money came from. Alfred Nobel made his fortune from making and selling armaments. It is for Dylan a matter of principle. Dylan has accepted Doctorates from Glasgow (UK) and Princeton (USA) universities and the USA President's Medal.

And the latest news on Dylan and the prize, though of course this may change by the time KWEE is published. Dylan has removed a mention of the prize from his website, and has not responded at all to the Nobel Academy. Some may respect him for not wishing to be institutionalised. Others would call him ignorant. For me his reaction does not surprise me and I do not expect him to turn up on December 10th to shake hands with King Carl XVI Gustav, receive his prize, 18 carat gold medal, eat a meal and give a speech.

c. John Eliot 2016

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

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

He is married with children and grandchildren. He has 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."

Any comments to

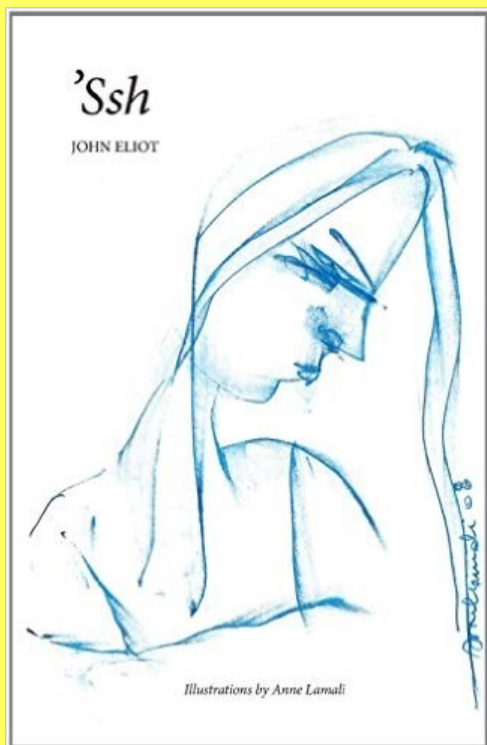
I will reply to all emails.

Connect here: johneliot1953@gmail.com

John Eliot



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



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According To Eliot – Extra

Well if you are President of the United States of America, what would read? President Obama has told the world. If you didn't see the article in online magazine Wire, here is a summary. They reckon it will take you 89 hours to read this lot.

1. In Nine Volumes, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*. I think it would take me 89 hours to read this! Cynical maybe, but, I suspect that President Obama put this as number one. After all he has to be seen as the good all American guy reading the works of the most important American in the country's history. So a thumbs down from me.
2. Now this one I think I would like, a thumbs up, thank you President Obama. Taylor Branch, *Parting the Waters (America in the King Years 1954-63)*. The book covers the early years of Martin Luther King, politics and the civil rights movements.
3. Next on President Obama's list is the Pulitzer Prize winner *The Power Broker* by Robert A Caro. New York, I'm told was largely shaped by one man, Robert Moses and this is his definitive biography. Basically he built New York. I'm really not sure about this. I'm inclined to think no.
4. I already think a thumbs up to President Obama's next choice. *The Fire Next Time* by James Baldwin. The book comprises of two essays, *Down at the Cross* which shares his experiences in the Christian Church as a young man; and my *Dungeon Shook*, a letter to Baldwin's 14 year old nephew.
5. Andy Grove was born in 1936 in Hungary. He survived the Holocaust and the invasion of Hungary by Soviet Russia. I've a feeling that there would be more significant Americans to read about, rather than, and I quote, "One of America's greatest capitalists". *For The Life and Times of an American – Richard Grove* by Richard S Tedlow, a thumbs down.
6. Fair to say, that President Obama has a wide taste, his next choice is *Sapiens – A Brief History of Humankind* by Yuval Noah Harari. Humankind has existed for 150,000 years and Harari explores the whole human development to the present and the future when life may end.
7. I won't pretend to understand what President Obama's next choice is about. So I would have to pick up the book in my local library and give the thumb through before I decide on whether an up or down! Or perhaps the President's choice is irrational. *Thinking Fast and Slow* by Daniel Kahneman.
8. For the President's 8th choice a depressing and sobering read. An asteroid caused the last mass extinction on the earth, and according to author Elizabeth Kolbert we are facing extinction from the Amazonian Rainforest, the Great Barrier Reef and the Arctic Ice Cap. Read it all in Ms Kolbert's book, *The Sixth Extinction*. A thumbs up.
9. Now a definite thumbs up. I love the work of John Steinbeck, well known for his superb novel *Grapes of Wrath*. I had not heard of this choice from President Obama. *In Dubious Battle* by John Steinbeck. On my must read list.
10. Having spent some time in India this year, I know I would appreciate this tragic tale. Set in a Mumbai slum, the story is about Abdul who supports his family as a rubbish trader until he is wrongly arrested for murder. *Behind Beautiful Forevers*, Katherine Boo is President Obama's last choice.

c. John Eliot 2016

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

Liberian Proverbs

Excepted from, *The Elders' Wisdom*

1. **The important things are kept in the locker.** We have a tendency to guard the things that matter to us. Because of their value, we can't risk losing them. If we do not protect them and others take them, we would lose them.
2. The law is like a biscuit (cracker).
3. **The leopard that visits you is the one that kills you.** Betrayal is successful when people we let in our confidence turn on us. It is important not to allow dangerous people into our lives. In this case, the leopard represents danger, yet we allow it to pay a visit, which it uses to size up our weaknesses. The next time it comes back, it would be to finish the job.
4. **The man may head a home but the wife is the heart that runs the home. Liberian culture places high value on women.** From the home to the national level women play key roles. They raise the children, run the home, manage the funds, the farm and so many aspects. Just as the heart is vital to life, so are women in the homes. If a woman is unhappy, that home is never in peace. It is true the man may run around saying he is the boss, but a wise man knows that his wife is the key to his success.
5. **The man who has bread to eat does not appreciate the severity of a famine.** The rich and poor have different perspectives in life. They appreciate things differently. During the time of famine, those with food do not feel the effects as those without food. In reality, when people have, they are easy to undervalue what they have. Those that lack are forced by circumstances to appreciate the little things of life.
6. **The man who says "I will do it" but does not, always loses to the one who says, "I did it".** Procrastination is not a friend of progress is another proverb that relates to the one above. Having good plans that never materialize are useless when compared to those that actually do. Of these two people, one is a dreamer and the other is an accomplished person. It is better to be the one who does than to be the one that plans to do but never gets around to doing it.
7. **The medicine tastes worse than the disease.** The best way to fend off a problem is to find a solution, which is bigger than the problem. This is more like fight fire with fire, only this time, your fire has to be bigger than the one you are fighting. The bigger the problem the bigger the solution.
8. **The monkey does not need a bridge to cross a river surrounded by trees.** There are many ways to live. A man does not need a flamboyant life style before he lives; as long as he has life, and can meet his basic needs, he will survive all right. We only need some things to live, the rest we can live without them.
9. **The monkeys also celebrate the crocodile's funeral; but they do so from in the trees.** They do not come in the water with the crocodile's family. When an evil master dies, all his or her enemies and slaves rejoice. They are relieved and happy for their freedom.
10. **The most dangerous thing a man needs is a woman.** No matter how powerful a man is, a woman can bring him down if she puts her mind to it. Nothing is more potent to a man than a woman out to get him. This is not to say women are wicked, it is just an observation that women have a way of getting into the heart of men.

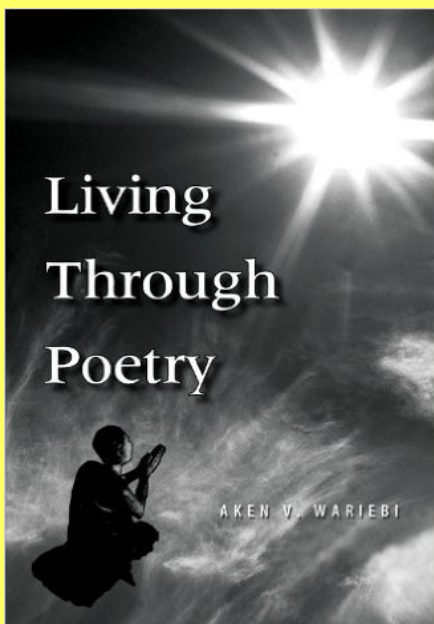
Aken-bai's- A Flow of Thoughts



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.

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The Seat of Gratitude

We all know the magic word/s “thanks” or “thank you”. It shows gratefulness and how one appreciates the act of some form of kindness. The ripple effect explodes in unknown ways and then some. It is a “seat of gratitude” I’ll call it. But specifically a choice we make to express it. So during this time of year, and yes, it is thanksgiving right now. We must sit at our “seat or gratitude”. But how grateful are we for it all, all that we have at this moment? For all that we may have, some are praying for. The little or much that we possess, to what extent are we grateful? Many times we simply forget and take for granted how blessed we are. We also take for granted what we have been given or protected from over our lifetime. Yet as we know not what tomorrow brings, perhaps maybe, just maybe, our “seat of gratitude” can begin from our very breath. This is because if we don't know what to be grateful for we really can and should so easily start from there.



Aken V. Wariebi, MSW

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A Short Story

By: D. Othniel Forte

The Hunter's Dilemma **PART II**



Meanwhile, the maiden and her friends noticed that the three were no longer together. Instead, each came to the creek alone and tried to win her affection. This seemed strange since they were deliberately avoiding each other. However, the charade did not last as some bad news interrupted it.

They learned that the hunter failed to return home. The news spread throughout the town. Such an important hunter was invaluable to the town and the chief was rightly concerned. As was traditional in the town, well-wishers went by to comfort the family. The animals also joined in wishing the family well.

The mother was overwhelmed with everything. When she saw the three hovering nearby a three in their yard, she had a thought. She called them aside and said. "The one who finds my husband and brings him back alive will marry my daughter." They were surprised, but accepted the challenge.

When they left the house, Mr. Eagle suggested, "You know what? I think that we should work together. We have been friends from childhood and should not forget that. To be honest, we work better as a team. I am

sure you will all agree that cooperating on issues has helped us in the past and should do so now."

"I think you are right," Mr. Otto said.

"Yes, I also agree," said the dog. "In fact, I think I should take the lead. No one sniffs better than I do." Thus, Mr. Dog took the lead. He smelt and sniffed until he picked up the scent of the hunter. They followed it until they reached the riverbank.

Then he lifted his head and informed them, "This is where it ends, right here. I think he must have gone into the water. Beyond this point, I am not sure we can track him, we have to find another means."

They all stood there thinking the same thing but each afraid to say it out. This particular water was the dwelling place of the Water People. Everyone in the land knew this. They also feared the Water People because once they got hold of you they didn't let go. With the trail ending here, it appeared all hope was gone.

However, Mr. Otter said, "I will have to pay them a visit. They are my friends from long ago. The least we can do is try." With this, he dived into the water and swam down into the depths. When he got there, he heard loud drum rolls and saw that a noisy festival was going on. Before he could enquire as to the cause of the celebration, he saw the hunter tied to a stick.

They lit a huge bonfire and water people were arriving from all over.

He rushed to the Water King and after paying his respects, pleaded. "My wise old friend, could you please stay the slaying of the hunter? He is a good man."

The King was curious for this was an odd request. "My good friend, why would I do such a thing? It has been a long time since me and my people had a decent meal, so why should we give this one up?"

"The hunter is my friend. I'd rather you didn't eat him," said Mr. Otter.

The Water Chief shook his head slowly. He informed him, "You know very well that things have been rough on us lately. This man is partly responsible for the hardship we are experiencing.

Mr. Otter was surprised, and asked, "How is that so?"

"He has driven away the monkeys that used to frequent our water. At least when they did, we grabbed some and feasted on them. Now it is impossible to get hold of a single monkey."

Mr. Otter paused, and suggested, "Why don't you people eat catfish and tilapia like the others?"

The Chief replied, "That is all we get to eat, you know that. We can't live well only on fish. Furthermore, we are just tired of fish. It is not as if we have other options, the fact is, fish is all that is left since man decided to destroy the forest and drive the animals away. Hunters are the worst of men."

Mr. Otter tried every trick available. He did his best to make his friends release the hunter but each time the chief return a negative response. Almost discouraged, he suggested a trade. "How about I find you a hundred raccoons and possums, some rice and a barrel of fresh palm oil? Would you let the hunter go free?"

The Water Chief turned slowly to his friend and said, "No trade, we want this man."

"You are not a bad king, and I understand your situation, but at least think about it," said Mr. Otto.

The king paused and after rolling the thought over he said, "I know you are trying to save your friend so I will try and help you. The only trade we will consider is one hundred monkeys, that or the hunter dies."

Mr. Otter realized that nothing would get the hunter out of there except finding them the monkeys. He also knew that he was running out of time. The sooner he got the monkeys there the better.

However, there was one problem with the idea. It was nearly impossible to catch so many monkeys under the present conditions. In fact, catching one was difficult enough, so how would they catch one hundred! The monkeys were simply too fast. They leaped

and jumped from branch to branch at alarming speed.

When he got to the surface, Mr. Otter met his two anxious friends who feared the Water People had eaten him. They were relieved to see him, but sad not to see the hunter. He told them the demands of the Water People.

"What!" screamed the dog. "Are they crazy? There is no way to catch so many monkeys. They might as well kill him."

Mr. Eagle pondered for a while and suggested he talk to his friends. With that, he flew off. He contacted all the eagles he knew and asked them to help him get his bride. They in turn, asked other eagles and soon the monkey kingdom was on fire. Eagles of every kind swarmed in on them.

They captured as many monkeys possible but did not reach one hundred. Therefore, they flew off again and managed to get the number. They dropped them into the water and flew off.

The Water People were stunned at first, then overwhelmed. Every few moments, they would drop a monkey into the water. When they counted one hundred, the Chief ordered the hunter released. Mr. Otter collected him and they returned to the surface.

Now they all went back to the hunter's house. There was much rejoicing and fanfare. When he settled down, his wife informed him of the promise she made to the animals. She said, "You should now give your daughter's hand in marriage to the one who had brought him back safely."

At first, he had been grateful to Mr. Otter, but when he got to the land, he learned that Mr. Dog's keen sense of smell was the only thing that led them to the river. Mr. Otter's friendship with the Water People had made it possible for him to negotiate his terms of release, and the courage of Mr. Eagle and his friends had secured his ransom.

Each had given much for him be alive.

Thus, he was alive today because of all of these efforts. The question now was to which one should he give his daughter's hand in marriage?

*****THE END*****

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

CHER COBIN is our Artist of the Month. In this month's display, she features some of her works on the **Saartjie [Sarah] Baartman**

Sarah was a large booty woman that fascinated Europe but was crudely displayed as a human animal for most of her life in hostage .



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

VIRTUALIS: A New Age Love Story in 2014 and ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY: Poetry & Prose in 2015.

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

Her timeline history to date is exemplified by ENDANGERED, ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY, UNMASKED & COLOURS OF MY FREEDOM.

"The sky is but a stop-over on my journey to the Stars."

TRAPPED



The other pieces are

REFLECTION
NUDE
RESILIENT





Cher. Antoinette
2016
2



Cher-Antoinette
2016

Africa in Tatters

By Martin K. N. Kollie

Columnist & Youth Activist,
martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com



Risky Journey in the Mediterranean Sea: Africans enroute to Europe
Image Credit: BBC Africa

When I think about an Africa of my dream in this generation, I think about a people-centered Africa that would emancipate hundreds of millions out of entrenched poverty and acute misery. I think about an equal and a just Africa that offers new hope for all Africans. I think about a unified Africa free of greed, nepotism, corruption and hatred. I think about a self-reliant

Africa that discourages foreign aid and embraces equality in bilateral trade and global partnership. I also think about an Africa that provides unhindered and equal access to quality education, safe drinking water, improved housing, electricity, food security, environmental safety, employment, good roads, modern infrastructure, advanced technology, defense, etc.

The Africa of our dream seems too far from rising above mediocrity, self-pity, conflict, foreign aid and poverty. In this generation and judging from an objective opinion, Africa can best be

described as a rich and populous continent with a group of hopeless and choiceless people whose destiny is predominantly dictated by foreign powers and handouts. Africa in my view is like an island in the middle of the sea with its inhabitants experiencing drought.

With all of what Africa has in terms of natural resources and human talents, 19 out of the 23 poorest countries in the world are found in Africa according to the Global Finance Magazine. Even though the Democratic Republic of Congo has an estimated US\$24 trillion worth of untapped deposit of natural resources including iron ores, cobalt, diamond, gold, uranium, copper and oil, but it remains the poorest with its citizens earning an average US\$394.25 per annum according to the Global Finance Magazine.

Even though Botswana and DR Congo are the second and third largest diamond-producing countries by volume and value in the world, but majority of the people from these regions live in slums as opposed to Australia and Canada that are ranked fourth and fifth respectively. Even though both DR Congo and Botswana are far richer than Australia and Canada in term of natural resources, but DR Congo and Botswana would nearly be empty if the governments of Australia and Canada decide to issue free visas. The opposite of this reality is absolutely untrue.

Seven (7) out of the ten (10) leading diamond-producing nations by volume and value on earth are found in Africa, but the continent is still crawling behind Europe, Asia, North America, Australia and South America. Africans are sitting on a mine of riches, but Juba, Monrovia, Freetown, Kinshasa, Harare, Bissau, Lome, Conakry, Mogadishu, Asmara, Addis Ababa, Bamako, Banjul, Bujumbura, Maseru, Niamey, [Ouagadougou](#), Porto-Novo etc. are in shambles.

The number of slum communities in these cities is increasing exponentially due to poor governance in every sector. The massive lead by Africa on the Poverty chart proves that this great continent is in **tatters** and **shackles**. The leaders of Africa today have become so complacent about transforming their people's condition. The visible smuggling of tons of natural resources from Africa to develop foreign countries is unprecedented. I wonder sometimes whether the riches of Africa truly belong to Africans. The scramble for Africa's wealth in this 21st century is not only between European superpowers, but also superpowers from Asia, America and Australia.

In my mind, the rush by foreign powers to grab and distribute Africa's resources is as a result of bad governance in Africa. Currently, Africa is being sandwiched by Europe, Asia, America and Australia. The World, including the African people themselves, has been made to believe that Africa is nothing more than a dark continent where cannibals, charlatans and zombies live. This vilifying fiction and classic cliché continue to lead thousands of Africans to martyrdom as they endeavor to pursue socio-economic revival elsewhere.

Even most of our leaders in Africa have agreed to this neo-colonialistic belief that Africa has got no genuine solution and hope to offer its 1.2 billion people (16.14% of the [total world population](#)). A typical African President or Head of States in this 21st century would prefer seeking medical attention in America, Europe or Asia while an African child dies from malaria after every 2 minutes according to USAID's Tina Dooley-Jones, deputy mission director in Kenya.

The leaders of Africa today are the real enemies of Africa. The leaders of Africa today feel overly satisfied to use millions from the proceeds of Africa's resources to send their children and grandchildren to

foreign schools while education remains an inaccessible right for over 32 million children in Sub-Saharan Africa according to Hamanium International. Some of them prefer siphoning millions to buy foreign palaces while Africa ruins in ashes and filths. This is why they would go at every length to maintain power and crush the popular will of the people.

According to recent Swiss Leaks investigation, Africa loses at least US\$50 billion each year in [illicit outflows](#), which usually come from a range of legal corporate tactics as well as corruption, bribery and trafficking. If this huge sum of money was spent annually to build modern universities, research centers, high-tech science laboratories, technical colleges, hospitals, roads, housing units, dams, markets, sea ports, air ports, skyscrapers, public libraries, hotels, factories and create more jobs through merchandized farming, Africa would have been on a path of self-reliance and economic viability by now.

Unfortunately, those billions have been pillaged and wired into foreign accounts at the detriment of poverty-stricken Africans. I look forward to the day that all of Africa's leaders will have a shift in paradigm and begin to maximize the wealth of this continent for the benefit of all Africans. I still cannot understand why Africa must be at the bottom in this age of modernity when it is the world's richest, second most-populated and second largest continent. Isn't this an irony? But the real fact of the matter is that the Africa of Kwame Nkrumah's dream is in tatters due to greed and corruption. Almost all of our leaders in Africa are in hurry to enrich themselves. There is an ongoing competition among African leaders as to who has the fattest foreign account and most expensive mansion abroad.

It is too sad and frustrating to see Nelson Mandela's Africa in a state of

uncertainty and misery. The destiny of a new, united and prosperous Africa envisaged by Augustine Neto, Amilcar Cabral, Patrice Lumumba, Kenneth Kaunda, Robert Mugabe, Sekou Toure, Thomas Sankara and other pan-Africanists remains unachieved as a result of the lack of vision by most African leaders today. It is pathetic that the African Union and most regional organizations, as well as governments in Africa, have become western puppets and stooges. The economic dependence of Africa is undermining its political independence!

Instead of promoting equality in trade and mutuality in partnership, the appetite of African leaders for foreign aid is too high. Even when foreign aid comes, it is again pocketed by the privileged few at the expense of the underprivileged majority. The earnings from Africa's resources and foreign aid are making the powerful richer and the powerless poorer in Africa. As a result of this self-seeking and anti-people nature, Africa has been severely engulfed by some of the deadliest crises and despicable conditions in human history. The African people have been victimized by all forms of violence and human indignity.

Up-to-date, there is still war in DR Congo, South Sudan and the Central African Republic. Boko Haram is posing serious threat to Nigeria, Niger, Chad and Cameroon. Al-Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb is perpetrating mayhem across Mali, Algeria and Libya. The casualties in Sudan and Somalia are mindboggling as Al-Shabaab extremists continue to attack Mogadishu and endanger Kenya's security. **Surely, Africa is in tatters!**

Political tension is budding very fast across the continent while socio-economic inequality widens. The self-pride and dignity of the African people especially in rural communities are being plagued by malnutrition, human

trafficking, rape, disease, hard labor, illiteracy, unemployment and hunger. Due to the inability and unwillingness of most African governments to rapidly and sustainably address these miserable challenges, most Africans perceive Africa as a den of turmoil and peril.

Consequently, thousands of Africans have no choice, but to seek refuge in Europe through dangerous means. Day after day, they are eager to escape from Africa using risky routes and perilous paths in pursuit of social welfare and economic change. During these desperate adventures especially en route to Europe, life becomes secondary to African migrants. Off late, the Mediterranean Sea has become the largest graveyard for Africans. They are drowning en masse just to resettle on a continent (Europe) that was urbanized and modernized by a good portion of Africa's resources.

3,771 migrants and refugees died in the Mediterranean Sea in 2015 according to the International Organization for Migration (IOM). More than 3,700 of them have also fallen prey this year in a period of six (6) months according to IOM. This accounts for 67 percent increase in the number of recorded deaths as compared to the same period in 2015. Dying on sea en route to Europe has become an unavoidable option for Africans. What a pity that justifies that Africa is in tatters!!

A large portion of migrant fatalities in the Mediterranean Sea accounts for Africans who are fleeing poverty, instability, socio-economic and cultural barriers. It is demeaning for Africans to prefer dying on deep-sea than to live in Africa. Eritreans, Ethiopians, Somalis, Libyans, Moroccans, Nigerians, Algerians, Malians, Malawians and Africans in general would rather risk their lives on unsafe rafts and boats in search of new opportunities and improved livelihood.

I sometimes wonder why Europeans

won't even dream about running away from Europe to Africa through the Mediterranean Sea on a raft or a boat. The Europeans have made us to believe that Europe is a paradise on earth while Africa is an abyss of anguish. They have made inhabitants of the 54 sovereign states, 7 territories and 2 *de facto* independent states in Africa to believe that Africa has got no genuine hope to offer its people.

The dependence of Africa on foreign aid and loan from Europe and the entire West is harming Africa. Every time I tune into to BBC, CNN, CCTV and Aljazeera, I either monitor a headline that says "EU donates US\$60 million to Africa" or "Foreign Aid to Africa by European Union". When I read through Fox news, Reuters, Bloomberg and Mail & Guardian, I do not see headlines like "AU donates to Europe" or "Europe receives Aid from African Union".

When I see our leaders from Africa well-dressed in coat-suits to proudly receive millions in aid from Europe and elsewhere, it makes me to believe that the leaders of Africa today are far from redeeming this rich continent from obscurity, indignity and ruin.

Why must it always be Africa crying out for handouts? The '**aid syndrome**' is rendering African nations more vulnerable, impotent and dependent. The danger of someone feeding you always instead of you feeding yourself is too high. The risk of consuming expired or poisonous food is likely.

Anyone who decides what you eat is likely to control how you think. After more than 5 decades of receiving trillions in foreign aid, Africa still remains at the basement of poverty. Was Africa established only to receive and not give? In his book **The White Man's Burden**, William Easterly writes: "The West spent US\$2.3 trillion on foreign aid over the last five decades and still had not managed

to get twelve-cent medicines to children to prevent half of all malaria deaths in Africa."

African leaders need to wake-up to the realities of today and begin to chart a new course in the best interest of the continent. The people of Africa must also be willing and ready to unite and embrace such change by promoting the spirit of African solidarity. Africa can become an enviable pride of the world if leaders of Africa abandon greed and corruption. Moving Africa forward would require a progressive and visionary African Union that is anti-aid and pro-people. Africa needs leaders who are ready to stand up against foreign conspiracy and protect the predominant interest of the African people. The continent can make immense progress if its leaders become locally responsive and globally proactive.



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

Words of NIA



Why Be Anybody's Mentor?

Many times when I visit a school to share my poetry, I am asked two questions. The first one: How did you get started? or What motivated you to share your poetry publicly?

The second one: What advice would you give someone else who wants to do what you do?

I have been sharing my poems in public venues and written form (posters and books) since 1980 but I have been writing since I was 10 years old. I do stop and reflect on where I would be if someone had not mentored me and more importantly, if I had not listened to their advice.

If I had listened to my high school English teacher who told me, "No one wants to read this tripe?" I might still be shoving my poems under my bed and no one would know anything about me. I start this by telling you about the person of influence who gave me bad advice because I had to make a decision whether or not to believe her. I have a rule I follow that works for me most times. If one person says something negative but three people give me something positive, I take that as a sign especially when the three do not know each other.

On the flip side, if I had not listened to my speech teacher in college who told me not to stop writing, certain poems for which I am known would not have been

written, including *Lord, Why Did You Make Me Black* ©1994. If I had ignored the elder who took me under wing and said I should write more work that encompasses our history and information very few know, I would never have written and shared the rap that describes some of the inventions created by African Americans and children still would not know. If I had ignored my Creative Writing Instructor, Abasi Malik who had me re-think my purpose when writing my poetry and what I wanted it to say, I would not have written poems that revealed segments of history that no one talks about or events during my lifetime that might have been forgotten. I could go on but the bottom line is that these people were important in making me the writer I am and guided me to explore new styles and directions as an author. Now, I write short stories and plays. Something I thought I would never do.

So why mentor someone? No matter what they aspire to be, if you have the talent and skill to show them something, you could be saving their life. That might sound like an exaggeration but it has been the salvation of many a young person (even an older one) who might be heading down a path of destruction or despair. Writing was therapy for me at the age of 10 after a tragedy. After that, I just kept doing it because it felt right and gave me a satisfaction that I cannot really describe to this day. Some people paint, some play musical instruments, some make pottery, some dance, some sing. Some people restore old cars, while others knit, crochet or design clothes. Whatever you do, if you find someone else with an interest in it, show them, mentor them. You might be saving them from themselves.

In the Spirit of Truth, RuNett Nia Ebo, P.O.P.
RuNett Nia Ebo, Poet of Purpose to contact this poet

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www.poetebo.com

Herbert Logerie

It's Pitiful And Humiliating To Hate

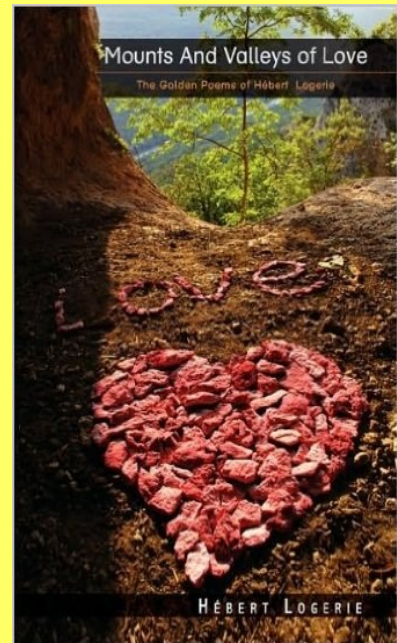
Hate is far more than the
opposite of Love,
It is an awfully mournful
feeling of destruction, of
Evilness, of selfishness, of
a negative passion
To harm or maim our
fellow men or women.
To like someone does
not mean "not to love
lightly";
"Like" is a coded word
with a blended
signification,
It can also mean hating
someone or something
mildly.
When love is in motion,
the heart is open for
positive passion
And immeasurable
admiration; the blood is
flowing
Like an intermittent April
shower on a Sunday
afternoon:
The sky is blue and
inviting; the birds are
chirping;
The toddlers playing; and
the lovers strolling

It's Pitiful And Humiliating To Hate

Under the heaven like
splendor of a romantic
moon

To hate is to lose. Haters
are financially and
spiritually
Very poor. They are
overly aggressive, god
awfully bossy,
And vilely revengeful,
while having an
elephant like memory.
Those losers are selfish,
they fool themselves by
thinking
That they are perfect,
and the universe is
beneath their feet.
Yet the biggest danger is
when they assemble or
congregate,
And they have followers
who obey their wicked
orders.
Today's world has no
room for extrovertly
hate-mongers or haters.
It is beautiful to love,
while it is pitiful and
humiliating to hate.

Herbert Logerie



Herbert Logerie

is the author of several
collections of poems.

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

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

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

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

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

HALİL KARAHAN



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

GECE LİRİKLERİ - NIGHT LYRICS -
Lyriques Nocturnes

"Gecem sonsuz zamanın üstündedir"

Yüzleşme
güçlü kılar geceyi

Silkeler kozasını zaman
sökülür izan
ve ipek küfran

Zaman, yaman öfke:
eşyanın köpürerek
döküldüğü şelale!

Gece,
ruhu okur
rahmin ahşap rahlesinde

«Ma nuit est sur le temps infini»

Confrontation
rend solide la nuit

Le temps secoue son cocon
la raison et l'ingratitude de soie
se défont
Le temps, la haine rigoureuse :
la cascade où les choses
tombent en écumant

La nuit
lit l'âme
sur le lutrin en bois de l'utérus

"My night is above the eternal time"

Confrontation
strengthens the night

Time shakes its cocoon
unravels the intelligence
and silk ingratitude

Time is a terrible temper:
pouring cascade of
foaming objects

Night,
reads soul
on the lectern of uterus

"Gecenin kapısını hiçbir el kapayamaz"

Günlerin göğsünden söktüğü
hükmü ateşle diker

Kün ayna,
kuyruğunu yutan şahmeran

Kapısını kapatmış karanlık
buyruğuna yaslanmış

Gece,
kainatın boynunda
uzun urgan

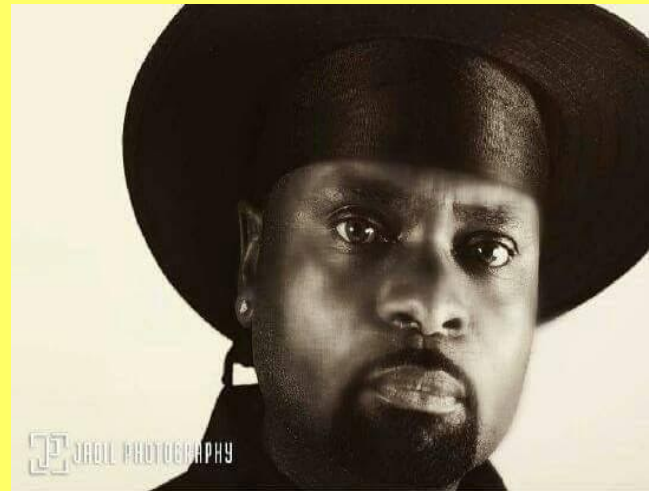


Alonzo "Zo" Gross

Ta Save A Drownin' Child

AND there U R-
Crouching In Delirium,
Bare U Fall-
Determined 2 lose it all-
ItZ U whom U despise)
With Ur Shallow CrieZ)
Sea of TearZ in Thy EyeZ)
Lookin 4,
A Familiar Sunrise).
AND there U Hover*
Once Again Jaded/
wanting to Uncover*
The Mystery,
By which Life iZ Invaded/
BUT those DemonZ U face,
will not be persuaded/.
Furthermore...
U kneel on thy kneeZ_
wanting desperately 2 Feel,
yesterdayZ BreeZe_
but Ur empty pleas_
only further reveal,
ur Dreadful- Disease_.
But Alas---
U call out 2 the gentle rain]
& break the Glass---
wherein ur misery was contained].
Ur Pain No Longer Wild.../\
(As If)
Taken in a Cloud^
Ur a Bit shakened,
But Awakened,
& Proud^
Understanding Now,
what it Truly MeanZ-----
Ta Save A Drownin' Child.../\.
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



embraceable you

come
put your arms around me
so we can delve into them
 one by one
looking for clues to unlock the gates
 of repressed passageways
leading into the inner realms
 of our anxieties and misgivings

then
we can throw down our amulets and
charms
and once and for all
dispel any notions of misinterpretation
 of the signs we have followed
 or the messages
we firmly believe may have been given
to us
 incorrectly
or unknowingly

 so come embrace me
and these moments of change
and these times of fearfulness

hold tightly
 on to the truths that have guided
you
 to this point

hold them close to your heart
until your blood runs warm
with their deep meaning and intimate
fervor

and then
unclasp them and watch them fly
 into the face of delusion
soaring beyond the culturally crafted
 webs of illusion

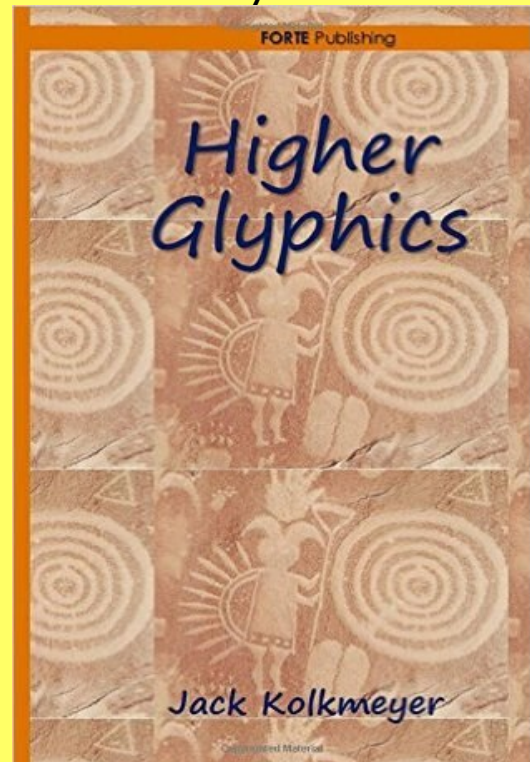
into the grasp of nothingness

into the arms of the true embrace

that only knows

freedom

Delray Beach



FORTE Publishing

Jack's newest book **Philosophy of Yard** is expected to be published soon. But **Higher Glyphics** is currently available for purchase

Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

Contemporary Women Poets

Poem #4 Poetry Challenge

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

Thinking Out-loud

Think 'thunk'
Words lost
Lost words
Reflect trust
Hearing deliberate reasoning's
contemplated
pondering
seasons
JUST
THINKING
OUT-LOUD

Author: Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

Dedicated to: Poetic thoughts...

Poem #3 Poetry Challenge (day 3)

Smoking Glass

The mirror looked
at me
She said,
She didn't like what she seen.
She cracked up 'laughin'
at my GOOD
reflection
'an' said
'Mirror, mirror on the wall
Girlfriend,
YOU AIN'T
The fairest of them all.'

Lucille Clifton,

1936 - 2010

if there is a river
more beautiful than this
bright as the blood
red edge of the moon if

there is a river
more faithful than this
returning each month
to the same delta if there

is a river
braver than this
coming and coming in a surge
of passion, of pain if there is

a river
more ancient than this
daughter of eve
mother of cain and of abel if there
is in

the universe such a river if
there is some where water
more powerful than this wild
water
pray that it flows also
through animals
beautiful and faithful and ancient
and female and brave

Lucille Clifton, "poem in praise of menstruation" from Collected Poems of Lucille Clifton. Copyright © 1991 by Lucille Clifton. Reprinted with the permission of The Permissions Company, Inc., on behalf of BOA Editions, Ltd., boaeditions.org.

In the Waiting Room

Elizabeth Bishop, 1911 - 1979

In Worcester, Massachusetts,
I went with Aunt Consuelo
to keep her dentist's appointment
and sat and waited for her
in the dentist's waiting room.
It was winter. It got dark
early. The waiting room
was full of grown-up people,
arctics and overcoats,
lamps and magazines.
My aunt was inside
what seemed like a long time
and while I waited I read
the *National Geographic*
(I could read) and carefully
studied the photographs:
the inside of a volcano,
black, and full of ashes;
then it was spilling over
in rivulets of fire.

Osa and Martin Johnson
dressed in riding breeches,
laced boots, and pith helmets.
A dead man slung on a pole
--"Long Pig," the caption said.
Babies with pointed heads
wound round and round with string;
black, naked women with necks
wound round and round with wire
like the necks of light bulbs.
Their breasts were horrifying.
I read it right straight through.
I was too shy to stop.
And then I looked at the cover:
the yellow margins, the date.
Suddenly, from inside,
came an *oh!* of pain
--Aunt Consuelo's voice--
not very loud or long.
I wasn't at all surprised;
even then I knew she was
a foolish, timid woman.
I might have been embarrassed,

but wasn't. What took me
completely by surprise
was that it was *me*:
my voice, in my mouth.
Without thinking at all
I was my foolish aunt,
I--we--were falling, falling,
our eyes glued to the cover
of the *National Geographic*,
February, 1918.

I said to myself: three days
and you'll be seven years old.
I was saying it to stop
the sensation of falling off
the round, turning world.
into cold, blue-black space.
But I felt: you are an *I*,
you are an *Elizabeth*,
you are one of *them*.
Why should you be one, too?
I scarcely dared to look
to see what it was I was.
I gave a sidelong glance
--I couldn't look any higher--
at shadowy gray knees,
trousers and skirts and boots
and different pairs of hands
lying under the lamps.
I knew that nothing stranger
had ever happened, that nothing
stranger could ever happen.

Why should I be my aunt,
or me, or anyone?
What similarities--
boots, hands, the family voice
I felt in my throat, or even
the *National Geographic*
and those awful hanging breasts--
held us all together
or made us all just one?
How--I didn't know any
word for it--how "unlikely" . . .
How had I come to be here,
like them, and overhear
a cry of pain that could have
got loud and worse but hadn't?

The waiting room was bright
and too hot. It was sliding
beneath a big black wave,
another, and another.

Then I was back in it.
The War was on. Outside,
in Worcester, Massachusetts,
were night and slush and cold,
and it was still the fifth
of February, 1918.

From *The Complete Poems 1927-1979* by Elizabeth
Bishop, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.
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Edna St. Vincent Millay 1892 – 1950

I, Being born a Woman and Distressed (Sonnet XLI)

I, being born a woman and distressed
By all the needs and notions of my kind,
Am urged by your propinquity to find
Your person fair, and feel a certain zest
To bear your body's weight upon my
breast:
So subtly is the fume of life designed,
To clarify the pulse and cloud the mind,
And leave me once again undone,
possessed.
Think not for this, however, the poor
treason
Of my stout blood against my staggering
brain,
I shall remember you with love, or season
My scorn with pity, —let me make it
plain:
I find this frenzy insufficient reason
For conversation when we meet again.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, "I, Being born a Woman and
Distressed [Sonnet XLI]," from *Collected Poems*.
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Millay and Norma Millay Ellis. Reprinted with the
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of Holly Peppe, Literary Executor, The Millay
Society.www.millay.org.

Eileen Myles

our happiness

was when the
lights were
out
the whole city
in darkness
& we drove north
to our friend's
yellow apt.
where she had
power & we
could work
later we stayed
in the darkened
apt. you sick
in bed & me
writing ambitiously
by candle light
in thin blue
books
your neighbor had
a generator &
after a while
we had a little
bit of light
I walked the
dog & you
were still
a little bit
sick
we sat on a stoop
one day in the
late afternoon
we had very little
money. enough for
a strong cappuccino
which we shared
sitting there &
suddenly the
city was lit.

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permission of the author.

Eileen Myles

Gifts of the Masters

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

LANGSTON HUGHES

Madam and the Phone Bill – Langston Hughes

1902 - 1967

You say I O.K.ed
LONG DISTANCE?
O.K.ed it when?
My goodness, Central
That was *then*!

I'm mad and disgusted
With that Negro now.
I don't pay no REVERSED
CHARGES nohow.

You say, I will pay it—
Else you'll take out my phone?
You better let
My phone alone.

I didn't ask him
To telephone me.
Roscoe knows darn well
LONG DISTANCE
Ain't free.

If I ever catch him,
Lawd, have pity!
Calling me up
From Kansas City.

Just to say he loves me!
I knowed that was so.
Why didn't he tell me some'n
I don't know?

For instance, what can
Them other girls do
That Alberta K. Johnson
Can't do—and *more, too*?

What's that, Central?
You say you don't care
Nothing about my
Private affair?

Well, even less about your
PHONE BILL, does I care!

Un-humm-m! . . . Yes!
You say I gave my O.K.?
Well, that O.K. you may keep—

But I *sure* ain't gonna pay!

From *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
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Claude McKay, 1889 - 1948

Harlem Shadows

I hear the halting footsteps of a lass
In Negro Harlem when the night lets
fall
Its veil. I see the shapes of girls who pass
To bend and barter at desire's call.
Ah, little dark girls who in slippered feet
Go prowling through the night from
street to street!

Through the long night until the silver
break

Of day the little gray feet know no rest;
Through the lone night until the last snow-
flake

Has dropped from heaven upon the
earth's white breast,
The dusky, half-clad girls of tired feet
Are trudging, thinly shod, from street to
street.

Ah, stern harsh world, that in the
wretched way

Of poverty, dishonor and disgrace,
Has pushed the timid little feet of clay,
The sacred brown feet of my fallen
race!

Ah, heart of me, the weary, weary feet
In Harlem wandering from street to street.

Jupiter Hammon, 1711 - 1806

An Evening Thought: Salvation by Christ, with Penitential Cries **PART I**

Salvation comes by Christ alone,
The only Son of God;
Redemption now to every one,
That love his holy Word.

Dear Jesus, we would fly to Thee,
And leave off every Sin,
Thy tender Mercy well agree;
Salvation from our King.

Salvation comes now from the Lord,
Our victorious King.
His holy Name be well ador'd,
Salvation surely bring.

Dear Jesus, give thy Spirit now,
Thy Grace to every Nation,
That han't the Lord to whom we bow,
The Author of Salvation.
Dear Jesus, unto Thee we cry,
Give us the Preparation;
Turn not away thy tender Eye;
We seek thy true Salvation.

Salvation comes from God we know,
The true and only One;
It's well agreed and certain true,
He gave his only Son.

Lord, hear our penitential Cry:
Salvation from above;
It is the Lord that doth supply,
With his Redeeming Love.

Dear Jesus, by thy precious Blood,
The World Redemption have:
Salvation now comes from the Lord,
He being thy captive slave.

Jupiter Hammon was the first African American poet to be published in the United States. He was born into slavery to Henry Lloyd in Lloyd Harbor, New York, on October 17, 1711. The Lloyd family encouraged Hammon to attend school, where he learned to read and write, and he went on to work alongside Henry Lloyd as a bookkeeper and negotiator for the family's business. In his early years, Hammon was heavily influenced by the Great Awakening, a major religious revival of the time, and became a devout Christian.

Hammon published his first poem, "[An Evening Thought. Salvation by Christ with Penitential Cries: Composed by Jupiter Hammon, a Negro belonging to Mr. Lloyd of Queen's Village, on Long Island, the 25th of December, 1760,](#)" as a broadside in 1761. Eighteen years passed before the publication of his second work, "[An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatley.](#)" In this poem, Hammon addresses a series of quatrains with accompanying Bible verses to [Wheatley](#), the most prominent African American poet of the time. In 1782 Hammon published "A Poem for Children with Thoughts on Death."

After Henry Lloyd died in 1763, Hammon moved to Connecticut with Lloyd's son, Joseph. There, he became a leader in the African American community and attended abolitionist and Revolutionary War societies. At the inaugural meeting of the Spartan Project of the African Society of New York City in September of 1786, Hammon delivered his most famous sermon, "Address to the Negroes of the State of New York." His writing was reprinted by several abolitionist societies, including the New York Quakers and the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery.

Hammon is widely considered one of the founders of the early American and African American writing traditions. His date of death is unknown, although he is believed to have died sometime around 1806, having been enslaved his entire life. He is likely buried in an unmarked grave on what was once the Lloyd property and is now Caumsett State Historic Park Preserve in Long Island, New York.

Ladan Osman

Ordinary Heaven

I arrange a doll in a chair and wait for her to speak.
I want to say, "Be!" but am an ordinary creation.
I watch for the folds under her eyes to twitch.
I have many dreams, I say to her.
In my dreams I'm better than myself.
I soften peppers in a well-greased pan and make announcements.
I say, in the afterlife we cannot allow a single particle of our light to diminish. I am not a woman-prophet but I know paradise. I have seen my soul sitting on grass.
There, I learned God doesn't know shame, and after six days He allowed our atmosphere to make certain souls wince; we crawl under its magnificence.
Here, I can attain ordinary heavens.
Here, I attend to my book of questions. What is love? Why does it say, "Allow me to mogul your soul?" Where does it keep what it takes?
What does the prostrating shadow request? Why do rocks enslave water? What is the slave's poem? Does the sea favor its roar or murmur?
The doll cannot answer. The furrow in her bottom lip suggests that entry into ordinary heaven only requires recognition of it,

for the soul's arrogance to weigh less than a mustard seed.
I am sorry for you, I tell her.
You witness but don't testify.

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Jessie Redmon Fauset, 1882 - 1961

La Vie C'est La Vie

On summer afternoons I sit
Quiescent by you in the park
And idly watch the sunbeams gild
And tint the ash-trees' bark.

Or else I watch the squirrels frisk
And chaffer in the grassy lane;
And all the while I mark your voice
Breaking with love and pain.

I know a woman who would give
Her chance of heaven to take my place;
To see the love-light in your eyes,
The love-glow on your face!

And there's a man whose lightest word
Can set my chilly blood afire;
Fulfillment of his least behest
Defines my life's desire.

But he will none of me, nor I
Of you. Nor you of her. 'Tis said
The world is full of jests like these.—
I wish that I were dead.

FETHI SASSI
POEMS IN ARABIC BY FETHI SASSI

امرأة متوحشة

أقول ... :
لَمْ لَا أَرْحَلُ نَحْوَ الْمَتَاهِ ؟
مَثَقَلًا بِالشَّتَاءِ
غَائِرًا فِي وَطَنِ الْقَصِيدِ
لَذَلِكَ قَالَتْ لِي أُمِّي :
لَا تَشْرَبِ الحَلِيبَ مَعَ الأَعْيَاءِ
وَأَرْكَبِ شَمَالَ اللَّيْلِ ...
وَأَشْرِبِ وَجْهَهَا ...
مَا فَاتَكَ ظَلَّ عَيْرٌ أَنْ الَّذِي يَعْتَرِيكَ ...
هُوَ أَعْتِرَابُ المَنَافِي فَوْقَ آخِرِ غَيْمَةٍ
تَشْتَبَهُ فِي حَانَةِ اللَّيْلِ
حَقًّا أَنْتَ لَا تَشْتَهِي شَيْئًا
عَيْرٌ امْرَأَةً مُتَوْحِشَةً
عِظَامُ شَجَرَةٍ تُغَيِّرُ مَلَابِسَهَا
لِعُرْسِكَ القَادِمِ

وَقَصِيدَةٌ بَلَّتْ شَعْرَ المَاءِ بِالنَّشِيدِ
هَكَذَا حِينَ أَفْتَرَقْنَا كَعِنَاقٍ
لَذَلِكَ لَيْسَ لَكَ يَا وُلْدِي إِلا أَنْ تُغَاوِلَ جُرْحَكَ
لَتَقْطِفَ دَهْشَةً مِنْ شَفْتَيْهَا
فَادْخُلْ كَيْ تَغْسِلَ الشَّمْسُ وَجْهَهَا بَيْنَ يَدَيْكَ ...
وَأَشْعِلْ بِالشُّوقِ فَحْمَ الحِكَايَةِ
وَاسْكُنِ النَّارَ حَتَّى تَتَدَفَّقَ القَصِيدَةُ
عَلَى ظِلِّ العِنَاصِرِ
حَتْمًا سَوْفَ يَسْكُنُ البَرَقُ خِلْسَةً فَنَجَانِ قَهْوَتِهَا
لَتُصْبِحَ أَنْتَ
قَامَةً وَرِدٍ ... وَحَانَةَ بُكَاءٍ ...
وَعِنْدَ آخِرِ خِيُوطِ الشَّعْرِ
تَوْضًا مِنْ مِلْحِ شَفْتَيْهَا
وَضَعَ الغِيَابِ عَلَى النَّارِ ...
كَيْ تَشِيخَ الوَرْدَةَ مِنْ نَزِيْفِ عِطْرِهَا
وَتَتَلَصَّصَ القَصِيدَةُ عَلَى أَطْرَافِ أَصَابِعِي
لِيَشْمَ اللَّيْلُ رَائِحَةَ المَجَازِ
مُفْرَطًا فِي عَدِّ أَنَامِلِهِ
فَتَتَعَطَّشُ السَّنَابِلُ لِلنَّدَاءِ
وَتَبْقَى الحِكَايَةُ وَشَمًا عَلَى كَتِفِ الحَمَامِ ...

I Do Not Remember Well

Translated by MONIA ZGUIDI

I do not remember well ... It was
something
resembling her face

She was drinking the rainbow ...
Hiding behind the bottle of absence
I do not remember well ... It was something
resembling her face
I was with her drinking my retreat
Upon the arm of an apologizing flute ...
But the night revealed to her its fragrance
And invited her to sleep on the note of love ...
Her face blazed with poetry ; she melted as a poem
She is still , as usual , looking from the window of time
Like a butterfly bearing in the fingertips a sob that
engraves
Memory ...
Thus names dangled for her like desperate bunches on
the ramparts of a poem

That's why...
I do not leave her dream early until choose to the
wind the stones of oblivion
I sleep with her and on the hand of the evening a kiss
hangs like
dreams of a kitten ...
A lip that sheds clouds on the groves of amazement
Me ... I will steal a star and hide in the mist of words
So, alone ,the night ascends the ladder of time ,
chatting with a butterfly of amazement.
At the window of my heart I weave climates to the
forthcoming seasons
So, spread to me a wish in the emptiness ...
Kiss me! your spittle is enough for me to drown
You , a face absent from my poems
Open to me the sun gate to drink my storm ,
for I see behind the absence a raining cloud upon her
obstinate cup
of coffee
Like the sore sunset smile
Like the evening tale
So be lenient waves !!
My fingertips care about her absence.
Her kiss is a hole poem

Let's enter together the dungeons of her body
There we shall knead the clay of the story ; and
venture in the folds of its charm
We never care about the alchemy of kisses ...
But I do not remember well...It was something
resembling her face...

It May Not Always Be So; And I Say

E. E. Cummings

(1894 - 1962)

it may not always be so; and i say
that if your lips, which i have
loved, should touch
another's, and your dear strong
fingers clutch
his heart, as mine in time not far
away;
if on another's face your sweet
hair lay
in such silence as i know, or such
great writhing words as, uttering
overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at
bay;

if this should be, i say if this should
be—
you of my heart, send me a little
word;
that i may go unto him, and take
his hands,
saying, Accept all happiness from
me.
Then shall i turn my face, and hear
one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands
of the
world
and the earth withers

In The Rain-



in the rain-
darkness, the sunset
being sheathed i sit and
think of you

the holy
city which is your face
your little cheeks the streets

Book: 100 Selected Poems by E. E. Cummings

Fireflies In The Garden

Robert Frost

Here come real stars to fill the
upper skies,
And here on earth come
emulating flies,
That though they never equal stars
in size,

(And they were never really stars
at heart)
Achieve at times a very star-like
start.

Only, of course, they can't sustain
the part.



Do You Not Father Me

Do you not father me, nor the
erected arm

For my tall tower's sake cast in
her stone?

Do you not mother me, nor, as I
am,

The lovers' house, lie suffering my
stain?

Do you not sister me, nor the
erected crime

For my tall turrets carry as your
sin?

Do you not brother me, nor, as
you climb,

Adore my windows for their
summer scene?

Am I not father, too, and the
ascending boy,

The boy of woman and the
wanton starrer

Marking the flesh and summer in
the bay?

Am I not sister, too, who is my
saviour?

Am I not all of you by the
directed sea

Where bird and shell are
babbling in my tower?

Am I not you who front the tidy
shore,

Nor roof of sand, nor yet the
towering tiler?

You are all these, said she who
gave me the long suck,

All these, he said who sacked the
children's town,

Up rose the Abraham-man, mad
for my sake,

They said, who hacked and
humoured, they were mine.

I am, the tower told, felled by a
timeless stroke,

Who razed my wooden folly
stands aghast,

For man-begetters in the dry-as-
paste,

The ringed-sea ghost, rise grimly
from the wrack.

Do you not father me on the
destroying sand?

You are your sisters' sire, said
seaweedy,

The salt sucked dam and darlings
of the land

Who play the proper gentleman
and lady.

Shall I still be love's house on the
widdershin earth,

Woe to the windy masons at my
shelter?

Love's house, they answer, and
the tower death

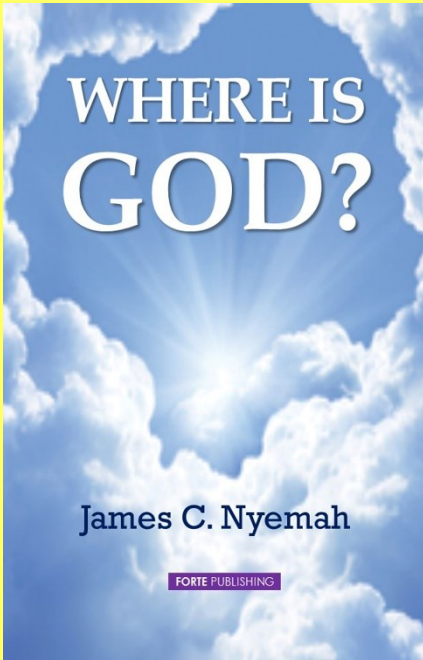
Lie all unknowing of the grave
sin-eater.

Dylan Thomas

Recommended Reads

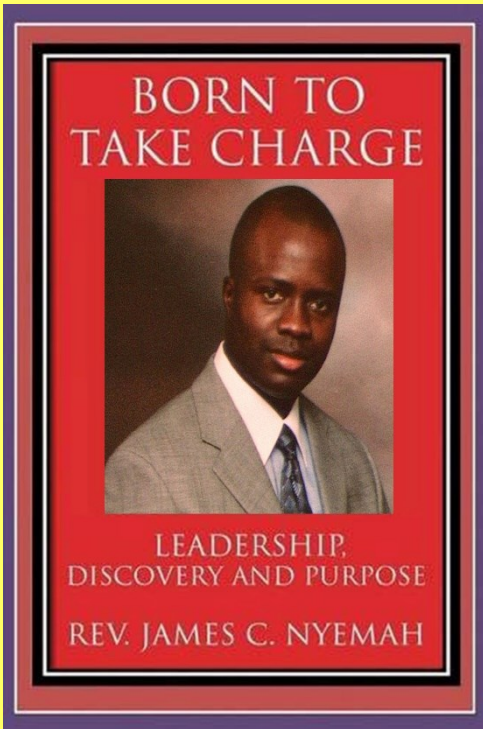
Published by FORTE Publishing

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

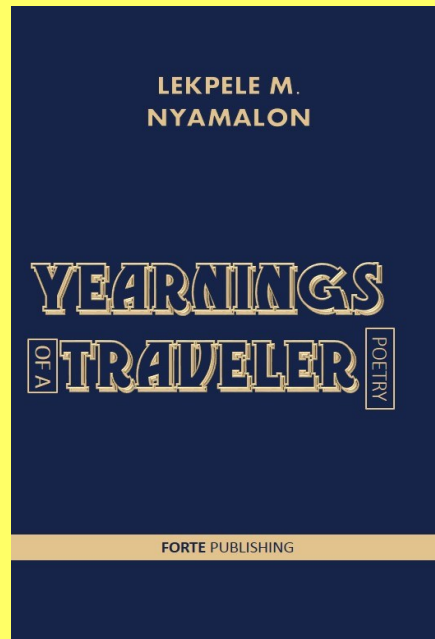
takes us on a mental journey in his latest release, *When The Mind Soars*, poetry from the Heart.

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



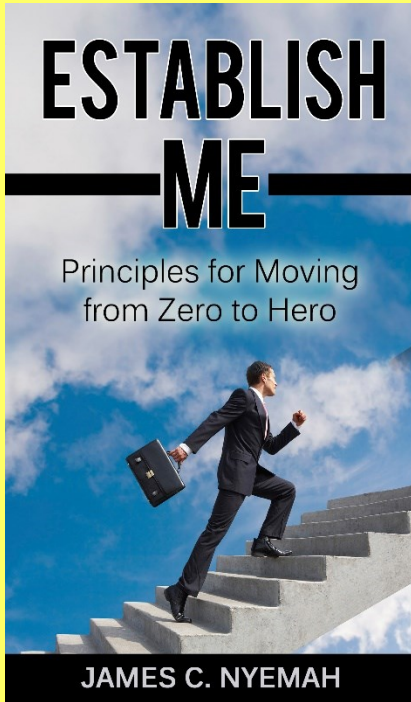
Lekpele, his has been a message of self worth, as we see in his signature piece, My Body is Gold; one of patriotism, as in Scars of A Tired Nation; one of Pan Africanism as in the piece, Dig The Graves. He

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.

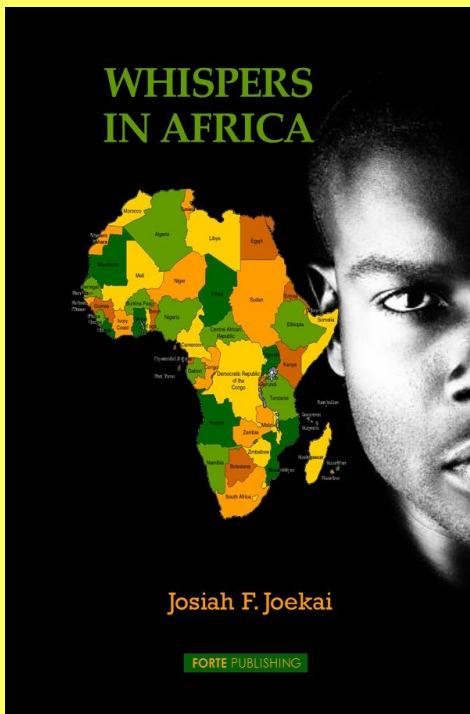
Recommended Reads

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

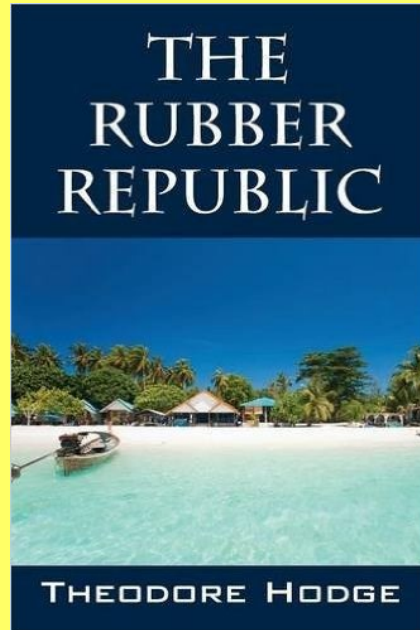


In his latest work, Ps. Nyemah lets us know that God can **Fix Us, Mold Us, Create Us** and then **Establish US**.



Available now from FORTE Publishing

The Rubber Republic



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

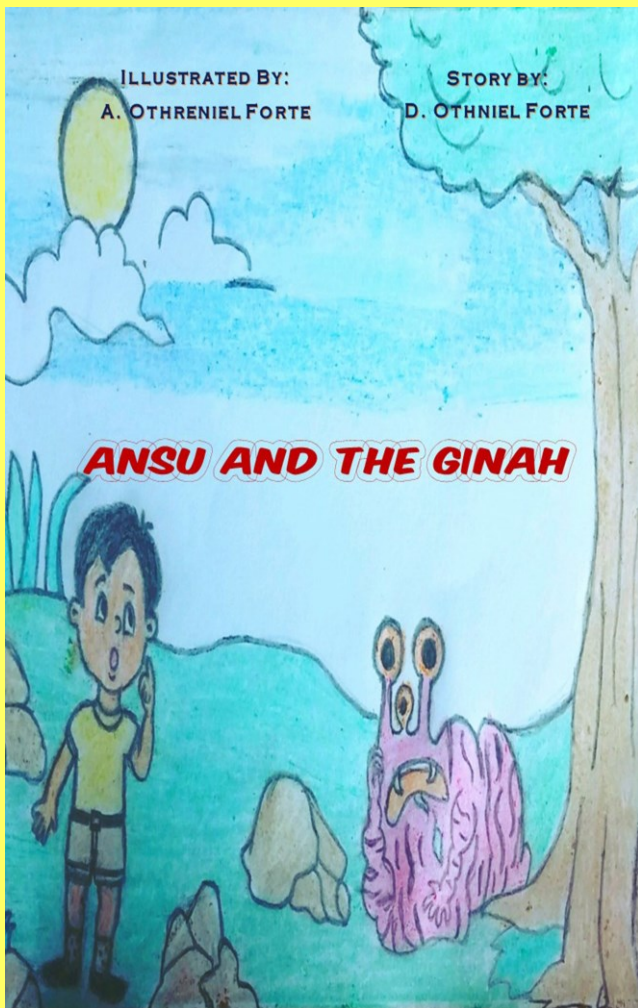
other stops along the way. The story is mainly about the intriguing and fantastic lives of two young men, Yaba-Dio Himmie and Yaba-Dio Kla, who leave their parents' farm in search of enlightenment and adventure. But the story is also about their country, the Republic of Seacoast, and a giant American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

Mohammed Dolley Donzo

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



ancestors. Available now from FORTE Publishing by Mohammed Dolley Donzo



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

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

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

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

FORTE Publishing Int'l



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

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

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

FORTE Publishing Int'l

Around Town



Cozy Evening



The Gabriel Tucker Bridge- New Bridge



Kola Nuts and Bitter Kola. Traditionally, Kola Nuts have a huge significance in West African Culture. The Bitter Kola is favored by men as it is considered a natural sex stamina solution



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



PHOTO BY: B Yourfee Kamara from Gbarnga



Traditional Dancer from the Gio Tribe-Gio Devil



Photo: S. Mark

City Center



A scenic view of Monrovia, city center



Hustle is real.



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



Around Town



Bomi County, a perfect view



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



The People's Monument



Down town Pehn Pehn Hustle

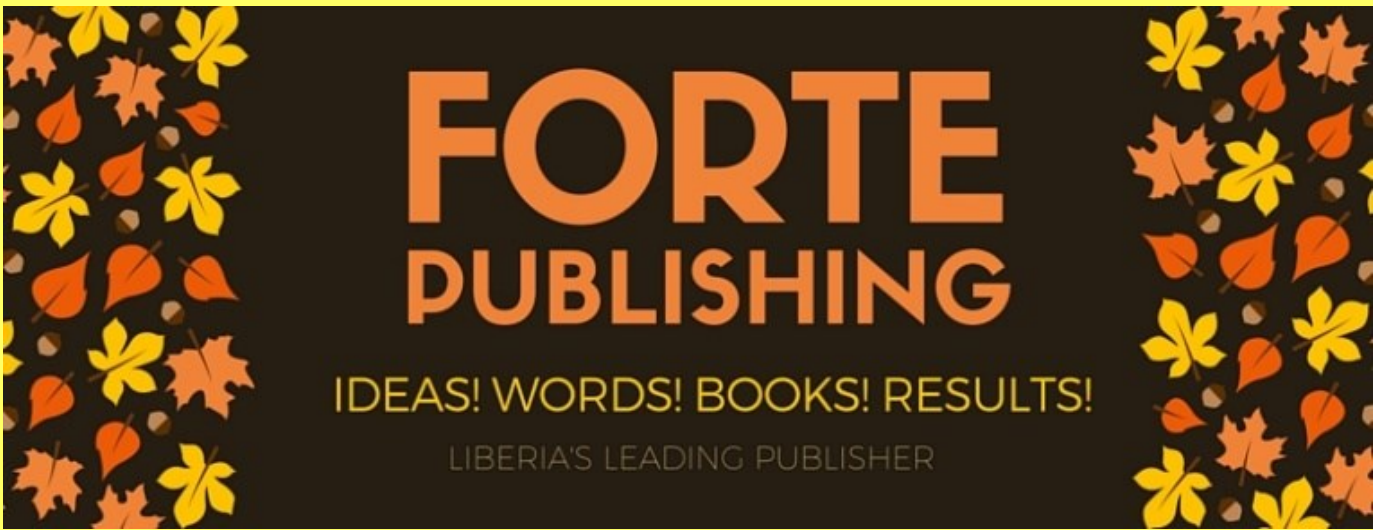


Forget us not



Broom & Mop sellers. Hustle; real life situations

Credit: Darby Cecil & Daily Pictures from around Liberia



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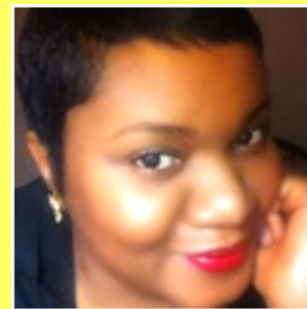
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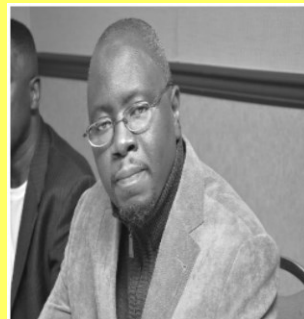
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Team



VAMBA SHERIF
Editor - Short stories

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

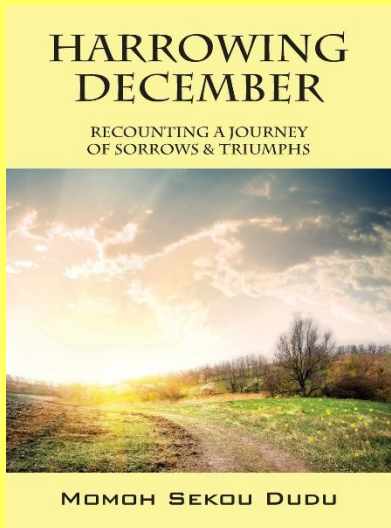


MOMOH DUDUU
Editor- Reviews

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

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

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



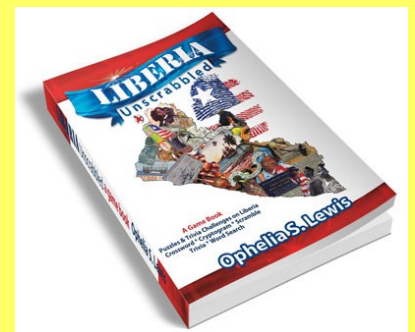
Find out more [here](#).



OPHELIA LEWIS
Editor- Anthology

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

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



Find out more [here](#)

[Editor](#)

Editor

D. Othniel Forte



PHOTO BY: Melisa Chavez

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

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

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

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

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

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