

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE

Mar Issue

Iss. # 0317

**HAPPY
WOMEN'S
MONTH!**

**Judith
SWANSON**

**Book
Reviews**

**Authors of
the Month**

Featured Poets:

Althea Romeo Mark
Richard Wilson Moss
Herbert Logerie
Aken Wariebi
Cher Antoinette
John Eliot
Lekpele M. Nyamalon
Jack Kolkmeier
Matanneh Dunbar
Kpana N. Gaygay
Elizabeth Horton
Thelma T. Geleplay

**Wright Better
Liberian
Proverbs**

**Liberian Classics
Gifts of the Masters**

Liberian Literature Review ©2016

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 would still 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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Segment Contents

Editorial

In our editorial, one should expect topics that are controversial in the least.

We will shy away from nothing that we deem important enough. The catch theme here is addressing the tough issues

#KolokwaTakeOver

Being true to our Liberian origin, the contributors to this segment make use of something uniquely Liberia to communicate their messages. Colloqua [Liberian English] is one language every Liberian speaks.

Risqué Speak

Henrique hosts this segment. He explores the magical language of the soul, music. It will go from musical history, to lyrics of meaning to the inner workings of the rhythm, beats, rhyme, the way pieces connect and importantly, the people who make the magic happen.

Liberian Classics

Liberian Classics, as indicated by the name, is a section to show national creativity. We display works done by Liberian masters in this segment.

Authors of the Month Profile

This is one of our oldest segments. In fact, we started with displaying authors. It is dear to us. Each month, we highlight two authors. In here, we do a brief profile of our selected authors.

Authors of the Month Interview

This is the complimentary segment to the Authors of the Month Profile one of our oldest segments. In here, we interview our showcased authors.

We let them tell us about their books; the characters and how they all came to life. Most importantly, we try to know their story; how they make our lives easier with their words. In short, we find out what makes them thick.

Articles

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

Book Review

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

Diaspora Poet

Althea Romeo Mark hosts this segment. The Antiguan poet needs no introduction. Her pieces need none either. Her wisdom of her travels are hard to miss in her writings.

Unscripted

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

‘Twas Briggin’

Richard Moss goes about his randomness with purpose in his poetry corner, ‘*Twas Briggin’*’. He can assume the mind or body of any of his million personifications, ideas or characters or just be himself and write good poetry. He does this magic with words as only he does.

According to Eliot/Extra

John Eliot is a Welsh-*ish*, Engl-*ish*, Brit-*ish* guy who tells us all these ‘grandpa’ beautiful Jewish stories. He even has a book called ‘Ssh. What can I say; he is an *ish* kinda bloke! ☺ But, don’t let that fool you; he has a genuine voice that knows his way with the pen? ☺ Now I am in an *ish* kind of trouble. ☺

Finding Meaning in Everyday Living

Y'all know that one educator that insisted on using the right grammar and speaking better than the "Y'all" I just used? ☺ **Janice Almond** embodies that and more... Her segment is loaded with motivation for the weak, weary and positive dose we all need to hit the road.

Aken-bai's

Hmm, this here is my 'partner', the resident 'love' expert. Yeah I know, you don't want me saying it but those love poems you have been weaving, I have used a few, lol. There you see, I've confessed. Guess what, they worked the magic. ☺ host, **Aken**

Gifts of the Masters

Our masters left us a treasure trove. Now we revisit and feast- that's the idea of this segment.

Poetry Section

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

We have new poets still finding their voices placed alongside much more experienced poets who

have long ago established themselves and found their voice. They in a way mentor the newer ones and boost their confidence.

Education Spotlight

Our commitment and love to education is primary. In fact, our major goal here is to educate. We strive for educating people about our culture through the many talented writers- previous and present.

In this segment, we identify any success story, meaningful event or entity that is making change to the national education system.

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

Artist of the Month

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

We do not neglect our artist as has been traditional. We support them, we promote them and we believe it is time more people did the same. Arts

have always form part of our culture. We have to change the story. We bring notice to our best and let the world know what they are capable of doing. We are 100% in favor of Liberian Arts and Artists; you should get on board.

Poem of the Month

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

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

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

Editor's Desk

The Year Ahead



Last year, 2016, was an amazing year in many regards. However, 2017 promises a whole lot more in as many, if not more, ways than the previous.

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

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

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

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

It had to happen right?

Over the year, we received repeated requests for themes. Some wanted to know our themes so they could prepare the right pieces for submission, others I guess are just plan freaks, what can I say.

This however, slightly conflicts with our policy of not interfering with the creative process. We believe creativity should be allowed to run wild, but not necessarily unguided. We have tried not to impose on our segment hosts what to or not to write.

I guess we found ourselves in a fix- to give the readers more of what they want and to leave our contributors to create contents freely. Thus, we found a middle ground.

We will try list our yearly themes loosely and encourage our contributors to avail of them.

However, what fun is there if everyone did the same thing? We love and prize difference, diversity. That, we believe has made us who we are today.

On the one hand, we will endeavor to have at least half of our contents themed whilst leaving the rest up for grabs. This way, we will satisfy both ends of our readership and remain true to our convictions.

We have actually been doing this. The main difference now is that we will make a conscious effort to balance

Therefore, in **January** we bring you, *New Beginnings*.

February is all about our famous *BLACK ISSUE*, which commemorates *Black History Month*. Don't worry love freaks, you'd still get your *Val's* treats.

March is about celebration to women in our *WOMEN ISSUE*

April-We go huge with our *National Poetry Month*. An issue full of poetry.

May-We take time to honor and celebrate

mothers- the special breed that carried and or molded us. It's the *MOTHER'S Issue*.

June-We do the same for the men who are not deadbeats, *DADDY's Issue*.

July-We pay tribute to nationhood and honor our founders in the *INDEPENDENCE Issue*.

August-We continue the homage with our *FLAG Day Issue*.

September

Anything goes, yeah!

October

We get ready to wind the year down, *Nobel Issue*.

November

We are thankful for things, *THANKSGIVING ISSUE*. We also do NaWriMo. There is no killing of turkeys, absolutely none. ☺

December

The Holidays Issue comes your way.

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

If there is one message, you want to take from here, let it be this-prepare for a roller coaster this 2017.

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

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

Read! Read! Read!

KWEE Team

Liberian Classic



GUANYA PAU: A Story of an African Princess I

By: JOSEPH J. WALTERS

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

The first book of long fiction by an African to be published in English, this novel tells the story of a young woman of the Vai people in Liberia. Guanya Pau, betrothed as a child to a much older, polygamous man, flees her home rather than be forced into marriage, and the novel recounts her subsequent efforts to reach the Christian community where the man she loves awaits her. Joseph Jeffrey Walters was a Vai man who converted to Christianity, and this, his only novel, is a remarkably complex work, embracing both Christian beliefs and a deep pride in his African heritage.

RECAP From PART VI

GUANYA PAU RUNS AWAY

He therefore doubled the dowry, and promised to make her his head wife, arguing withal the absurdity of hoping against hope the return of the vagabond lover. Adding that such action on the part of a lover indicated that he was not concerned about her; "for men are generally," said he, "anxious about

those to whom they are attached, and show this by their frequent presence and their attempt to cultivate acquaintance". "I can testify to this," continued he, "from personal experience." Then the Prince dwelt largely upon his worth, becoming ever eloquent, giving true examples of persuasive oratory. He was a natural orator, and he knew it, and he knew besides that with his voice he had influenced the most fastidious maiden.

The guardian, overcome by the Prince's offer and logic, sat still for a while plunged in deep meditation ; then he looked up into Musah's face, as if to study his physiognomy, looked off into space, scratched his head, and drew a deep* breath. His eyes then fell upon the timid Borney, who was standing behind the mat, pretending to be engaged in the arrangement of her beads!

"Borney, child of the patient heart, and idol of my house," said he, "are you willing to forego your husband who is lost to you and me, of whom during these many moons the sun has run his course, no wind has brought us intelligence? Surely such ill becomes a lover. I fear he does not care anything for you. But he may be dead, my child, and in his grave, who knows; for though we feed and nourish our dead, yet you know that no correct tidings do they send us. But, Borney, be not persuaded. In this matter I want you to be alone in your decision. Would you not though prefer this stranger, a Prince from the Pisu, of noble mien and warlike appearance? Let your heart answer, Borney, but for my part, I would prefer this gentleman, though I shall not influence you." Whereupon he swung the mat back, revealing a shy maiden of ** sweet sixteen/" of pretty face and figure, in a profusion of blushes.

The truth is, the girl had no decision to make, as her guardian had implied in his questions what course she should pursue. So she, without further ceremony, took her stand beside the noble young prince, and whispered, amid sobs and blushes: "I shall be your head wife. Prince Musah."

Chapter VII.

THE WAYSIDE WOMAN.

THE next morning, as they proceeded, they met a woman who was plodding along with a child on her back, and a basket on her head. The customary greeting "Ya ku neh" having been exchanged, Guanya Pan asked her why she looked so jaded and worn out. Taking down her basket, giving the little fellow a gentle tug, and asking them to sit down with her on a log near by, she replied: "Ah, child, my lot has been and is a hard one. May you never have to suffer what I have suffered. I was born a child of ill-luck. The Gregrees must have frowned upon me ere I saw the first light of day. Words cannot describe what sorrows and heartaches I have endured. When a little girl, I was sent to the Gregree-Bush, where I met a youth, who performed some menial services for the Zobah, and who would occasionally assist me with my work. In course of time, as we grew up, our little friendship ripened into strong attachment. I told him that if he would promise me that he would think of no other woman, I would consent to have him, and that probably I could influence my mother to reduce the dowry.

He swore, adding that there was not room in his heart for another woman, and said that he had always since a boy looked upon the polygamous system with extreme disgust. He further promised that he would work hard from henceforth, and save money to buy me. In a few days he left for Solama (an English

trading station on the coast), where he hired himself for wages. After six moons, he came to visit me. He had improved so much, could speak another language, called Englishee (English), and said that after six moons more he would be able to buy me. O what anticipations I allowed to flit through my young brain. To be the sole possessor of that worthy young man I thought would be something enviable. I laughed and cried, and cried and laughed. How I wished those six moons would come and go. One passed, then two, then three, then four, then five passed. I began then to count the days.

"Within two weeks of the time, I got communication from him that I must be patient and wait an additional moon longer. I was disappointed, but I knew it was all right, so I waited patiently. I was sure Jallah, for that was his name, was true as the sunlight. But alas for me! I had in my youthful enthusiasm inadvertently disclosed the delightful secret to my fellow Borney, who told it to another, and she to her friend, and so on it went until it came to the ears of my mother. But I was not anxious even then, for I was sure that Jallah would have means sufficient to buy me. Now judge of my surprise when my mother visited me, and told me that I had been betrothed to another when a little girl. ^ I protested, told her that I loved Jallah, and would have nobody but him. She laughed, saying that I had no say so in the matter, that she would dispose of me as she saw fit. But I was obstinate, and told her that she had no control over my affections, and therefore had no right to determine whom I should have. She

laughed again, saying that *affection' and 'love' had no place in this transaction, and that I would

learn the same sooner or later ; adding that she would have me punished if I should mention again what I was going to do. Perhaps I was impudent, for I protested to the last that I did not think it was right for her to sell me to one whom I didn't remember to have seen, and whom I was not sure whether I could love; becoming warm, I swore, yes, I became vehement ; and, my child, was I not right ? " Here the woman stopped short, wiped the tears which were coursing down her cheeks, gave the baby behind a touch-up, then resumed her story: '*They act as though we are no better than the dumb brute, wholly destitute of womanly affections, and have no preference whichever. If they want a reward for their care over us, why not wait until we are of sufficient age to make our own bargain ? Why betroth us when we are so young, and that too to those brutal men who have already many women whom they abuse. I repeat it, it is unjust! " At this point she broke completely down, and gave way to a flood of tears. The two girls were naturally similarly affected, and contributed their share of water to the already copious stream.

For a few moments silence prevailed. Finally, the woman continued: '** But the worst I have yet to tell. My mother left me, and I was about to congratulate myself that I had carried my point* Of course, I regretted very much that I had had occasion to express myself so positively to my mother. My passion got control of my better judgment. I know now that my mother was so hard with me, because she had spent her whole life amidst such experiences and thought nothing else could possibly be right. These were warped and woofed in her very

life; consequently my poor mother could do no better. My views of life seemed a deliberate attempt on the order of things— a revolution on society,

"But I must hasten with my story, no doubt you are anxious to continue your journey." When Guanya Pau assured her that they had the whole day at their disposal, she went on: "The worst of it is, my friends, that night when I had

lain for a few hours on my bed, tossing from one side to the other, unable to go to sleep from thinking of Jallah and the incidents of the past day, "I heard the mat at my door rustle, then a head peeped in, soon followed by a stalwart body. I jumped from the bed, and was on the point of screaming, when a coarse voice said sternly: *Jassah, if you make any racket this time of night Zobah will punish you most severely. "What in the name of the Devil-bush do you want here this time of night?' I cried. "I have,' said he, *an order from your mother, signed by Zobah, to take you with me.' 'Who, me ?' I screamed, ' Where to, what for, who are you, who is my mother, and who is Zobah, where do they live, where did you come from, who has any right to give you commission to come and take me, who in the name of your head are you, anyhow, who ? "I had not finished my interrogations, when I felt a strong arm clasp me around the waist and a hand pressed against my mouth. I struggled and fought until exhausted, when I fell motionless at his feet.

**The next morning when I awoke, I was under a shady Kola nut tree. The sunlight was streaming through its leafy boughs. An old woman was sitting by me with a bowl of chicken-broth, and bade me drink. I asked her where I was, how I had come there,

and who she was. She promised to answer my queries if I would drink the soup. Being weak and hungry, I considered it to my interest to comply with her request. After the refreshment, I felt strengthened, and inclined to follow up my questions.

**She told me that on the previous night I had been brought there while in a swoon, that my life for a while was despaired of, (oh, would that I had died!) but that the Gregrees had been invoked, the medicine-man summoned, who performed many rites over me, and who received propitious response to his prayers. I felt something heavy around my ankle, and asked who tied it there, and for what cause. She said the medicine-man ; that he had been advised to use such precaution. Then she told me that I was in the home of the man who had bought me when I was a little girl, that she was his mother, and noticing that I became alarmed at this disclosure, she prayed me to keep still, or else I would aggravate my trouble, and fall into more serious dilemma. But her gentle words had no influence over me. Far from it for me to * keep still.' Like one in an agony of despair, I screamed with all the strength I could command. Soon a crowd was around me, and him who had the audacity to call me ' Na musu' (my woman), I recognized to be the same man who attacked me at my room. I screamed then the louder." She had to stop again to take breath, wipe the tears from her eyes, heaved a deep sigh, then continued: "My dear young women, may you never suffer the like. How I am living to-day. is more than I can tell. You said that I look jaded and worn out. Age is not the cause. No, it is not age. I have not yet reached my thirty-fifth year, and could easily pass for sixty. No, it is not age, it is not age; but

something else that has made me old." "But," interrupted Guanya Pau'', did you ever hear of Jallah again ?"

"Wait" said she, "let me tell you. When they saw that no amount of coaxing would do, I was subjected to the severest treatment, confined and fed upon rice and water for a week. After this I was somewhat cowed, and concluded to yield to my fate, thinking that perhaps someday Jallah would find me, and we would run away.

"Well, the first opportunity I got, after having been there a few weeks, I ran away; but before I had gone far, I was caught, for they suspected that I would do such a thing, and unknown to me had always watched me. I was caught, shamefully whipped, confined, and treated more cruelly than before. I was then sent along with some others of his women to work, who were instructed to lay to my share the hardest part. Suffice it for me to say that they more than obeyed the injunction; as no doubt you have observed that women can become toward their own sex even more cruel than men,

"After a few moons, that man concluded that I would never do for him, that I was more fit for a slave than for a gentleman's wife, so he sent me here to his uncle—a man than whom the Devil could not be meaner ; and so I am here, where I expect to spend my remaining days, which cannot be many more." '* But in all this time," Guanya Pau asked again, "have you not heard anything from Jallah?" "No, child," replied the woman, "I have never heard a single word from him. We shall never meet again."

*****To be continued!**

In Celebration of Bai T. Moore

The Day All Hell Broke Loose **Part 2**

Bai. T Moore

The Day All Hell Broke Loose

When the old man bat his eyes,
balls of fire jumped out of his nose, his mouth
and ears.
Good God Almighty!

What kind of man is this?
He kicked and pushed and opened our
door,
and the window too-he bust it wide open!
Good God Almighty!

God damn it now! Eh, Hell!
I want my rent now, now, now, now, now.
I'm not runnin' a missionary joint.
Suppose you don't pay my rent.
How I go live?
How I go catch my head?
I want my rent here now, now, now,
or get your nasty A-S -S-E-S out of my room.
Good God Almighty!

**The Now, the caption of "Echoes From the Ghettos" is the Hallelujah Flower. I'm using Liberian Language-Hallelujah Flower. All these churches rising up, but the one that catches my heart [is] the J. P. Flower, the Justice of the Peace Flower, yeah. The Justice of the Peace lives a simple life and thinks deep. Then I go and look for my favorite "rent" flower. That's another thing. You go into some of these ghettos tonight whether its in Harlem, whether it's in Bombay, whether it's in Calcutta, and you will hear the cries of the Ghettonians.

Black Woman in History

HOW IT FEELS TO BE COLR ME

Zora Neale Hurston

Background

Between 1865 and 1900, more than 100 independent towns were founded by African Americans trying to escape racial prejudice. Eatonville, Florida, a small town just north of Orlando, was the oldest of these self-governing black communities.

Growing up in Eatonville, Zora Neale Hurston was sheltered from the experiences of exclusion and contempt that shaped the lives of many African Americans.

As you read this essay, think about how these early experiences influenced Hurston's opinions on race.

I am colored but I offer nothing in the way of extenuating circumstances except the fact that I am the only Negro in the United States whose grandfather on the mother's side was not an Indian chief.

I remember the very day that I became colored. Up to my thirteenth year I lived in the little Negro town of Eatonville, Florida. It is exclusively a colored town. The only white people I knew passed through the town going to or coming from Orlando. The native whites rode dusty horses, the Northern tourists chugged down the sandy village road in automobiles. The town knew the Southerners and never stopped cane chewing when they passed. But the Northerners were something else again. They were peered at cautiously from behind curtains by the timid. The

more venturesome would come out on the porch to watch them go past and got just as much pleasure out of the tourists as the tourists got out of the village.

The front porch might seem a daring place for the rest of the town, but it was a gallery seat to me. My favorite place was atop the gate-post. Proscenium box for a born first-nighter.

Not only did I enjoy the show, but I didn't mind the actors knowing that I liked it. I actually spoke to them in passing. I'd wave at them and when they returned my salute, I would say something like this: "Howdy-do-well-

I-thank-you-where-you-goin'?" Usually automobile or the horse paused at this, and after a queer exchange of compliments, I would probably "go a piece of the way" with them, as we say in farthest Florida. If one of my family happened to

come to the front in time to see me, of course negotiations would be rudely broken off. But even so, it is clear that I was the first “welcome-to-our-state” Floridian, and I hope the Miami Chamber of Commerce will please take notice.

During this period, white people differed from colored to me only in that they rode through town and never lived there. They liked to hear me “speak pieces” and sing and wanted to see me dance the parse-me-la, and gave me generously of their small silver for doing these things, which seemed strange to me for I wanted to do them so much that I needed bribing to stop. Only they didn’t know it.

The colored people gave no dimes. They deplored any joyful tendencies in me, but I was their Zora nevertheless. I belonged to them, to the nearby hotels,

to the county—everybody’s Zora.

But changes came in the family when I was thirteen, and I was sent to school in Jacksonville. I left Eatonville, the town of the oleanders, as Zora. When I disembarked from the riverboat at Jacksonville, she was no more. It seemed that I had suffered a sea change. I was not Zora of Orange County any more, I was now a little colored girl. I found it out in certain ways. In my heart as well as in the mirror, I became a fast brown—warranted not to rub nor run.

But I am not tragically colored. There is no great sorrow dammed up in my soul, nor lurking behind my eyes. I do not mind at all. I do not belong to the sobbing school of Negrohood who hold that nature somehow has given them a low-down dirty deal and whose feelings are all hurt about it. Even in the helter-skelter

skirmish that is my life, I have seen that the world is to the strong regardless of a little **pigmentation** more or less. No, I do not weep at the world—I am too busy sharpening my oyster knife.

Someone is always at my elbow reminding me that I am the granddaughter of slaves. It fails to register depression with me. Slavery is sixty years in the past. The operation was successful and the patient is doing well, thank you. The terrible struggle that made me an American out of a potential slave said “On the line!” The Reconstruction said “Get set!”; and the generation before said “Go!” I am off to a flying start and I must not halt in the stretch to look behind and weep. Slavery is the price I paid for civilization, and the choice was not with me. It is a bully adventure and worth all that I have paid through my ancestors for

it. No one on earth ever had a greater chance for glory. The world to be won and nothing to be lost. It is thrilling to think—to know that for any act of mine, I shall get twice as much praise or twice as much blame.

It is quite exciting to hold the center of the national stage, with the spectators not knowing whether to laugh or to weep.

The position of my white neighbor is much more difficult. No brown specter pulls up a chair beside me when I sit down to eat. No dark ghost thrusts its leg against mine in bed. The game of keeping what one has is never so exciting as the game of getting.

I do not always feel colored. Even now I often achieve the unconscious Zora of Eatonville before the Hegira.

I feel most colored when I am thrown against a sharp white background.

For instance at Barnard. “Beside the waters of the Hudson”

I feel my race.

Among the thousand white persons, I am a dark rock surged upon, overswept by a creamy sea. I am surged upon and overswept, but through it all, I remain myself.

When covered by the waters, I am; and the ebb but reveals me again.

Sometimes it is the other way around. A white person is set down in our midst, but the contrast is just as sharp for me. For instance, when I sit in the drafty basement that is The New World Cabaret with a white person, my color comes. We enter chatting about any little nothing that we have in common and are seated by the jazz waiters. In the abrupt way that jazz orchestras have, this one plunges into a number. It loses no time in circumlocutions, but gets right down to business. It

constricts the thorax and splits the heart with its tempo and narcotic harmonies. This orchestra grows rambunctious, rears on its hind legs and attacks the tonal veil with primitive fury, rending it, clawing it until it breaks through to the jungle beyond. I follow those heathen—follow them **exultingly**. I dance wildly inside myself; I yell within, I whoop; I shake my assegai above my head, I hurl it true to the mark *yeeeeooww!* I am in the jungle and living in the jungle way. My face is painted red and yellow, and my body is painted blue. My pulse is throbbing like a war drum. I want to slaughter something—give pain, give death to what, I do not know. But the piece ends. The men of the orchestra wipe their lips and rest their fingers. I creep back slowly to the veneer we call civilization with the last tone and find

the white friend sitting motionless in his seat, smoking calmly.

“Good music they have here,” he remarks, drumming the table with his fingertips.

Music! The great blobs of purple and red emotion have not touched him. He has only heard what I felt. He is far away and I see him but dimly across the ocean and the continent that have fallen between us. He is so pale with his whiteness then and I am *so* colored.

At certain times I have no race, I am *me*. When I set my hat at a certain angle and saunter down Seventh Avenue, Harlem City, feeling as snooty as the lions in front of the Forty-Second Street Library, for instance.

So far as my feelings are concerned, Peggy Hopkins Joyce on the Boule Mich with her gorgeous **raiment**, stately carriage, knees knocking together in a most

aristocratic manner, has nothing on me. The **cosmic** Zora emerges. I belong to no race nor time, I am the eternal feminine with its string of beads.

I have no separate feeling about being an American citizen and colored. I am merely a fragment of the Great Soul that surges within the boundaries. My country, right or wrong.

Sometimes, I feel discriminated against, but it does not make me angry. It merely astonishes me. How *can* any deny themselves the pleasure of my company! It's beyond me.

But in the main, I feel like a brown bag of **miscellany** propped against a wall.

Against a wall in company with other bags, white, red, and yellow. Pour out the contents, and there is discovered a jumble of small things priceless and worthless.

A first-water diamond, an empty spool, bits of broken glass, lengths of string, a key to a door long since crumbled away, a rusty knife-blade, old shoes saved for a road that never was and never will be, a nail bent under the weight of things too heavy for any nail, a dried flower or two, still a little fragrant.

In your hand is the brown bag. On the ground before you is the jumble it held—so much like the jumble in the bags, could they be emptied, that all might be dumped in a single heap and the bags refilled without altering the content of any greatly.

A bit of colored glass more or less would not matter.

Perhaps that is how the Great Stuffer of Bags filled them in the first place—who knows?

The END

AUTHOR INTERVIEW

Spotlight Author

JUDITH SWANSON
Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with JUDITH SWANSON ☺.

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 forty-three year old Army veteran, I served about six years. For my day job I moonlight as a system analyst ☺. My spare time is spent mostly writing or reading, with a little of crocheting and channel surfing. I am also a craft brewer and baker. If I'm not doing anything of those I am spending some sort of time with my close friends. I try to keep up with what is going on within the world politics and the environment. I believe this is the responsibility of every individual upon this earth.

Why writing?

Since I was a child I have always had an active imagination. I was fascinated by the role of the storyteller. Despite the fact that I wasn't a fan of the actual act of reading. As I became older I began to see the vision and appreciate the art of these masters of . The way they used different methods to tell their stories as well as share their views.

As I have gotten writing has become my way of not just sharing my views but also an actual attempt to encourage independent thinking. In my opinion, it's the most useful tool to educate the masses.

What books have most influenced your life/career most?

This is a hard question to answer. There have been so many. I'll try to pick just a few from my extensive list.

The Hobbit by J.R.R Tolkien, **Lord of the Flies** by William Golding, **The Bluest Eye**, **Beloved**, **Song of**

Solomon by Toni Morrison. The one book that has been the most influential book in my life is '**Eye in the Sky**' by Philip K. Dick. That was the book that woke me up from my social slumber. It started me on my life purpose, and encouraged me to be more of an individual thinker. That is what I took away from the book and has been my motivation to move forward despite the opinions of others.

How do you approach your work?

For me it's quite spontaneous. The idea could come up as I walk down the street and see a person or couple caring on with their day. Then my imagination takes over. Where are they going? Where are they coming from? What is happening in their day that is putting that smile or frown on their face? From there I look and ask myself if I can actually develop this to a meaningful story that relates to the majority of my target audience. I have to

have it structured in a manner that it flows, so I make my outline and then the writing begins. I like to think that my writing does exclude the average person. My goal is to relate on a human level and not a racial or economical one.

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

Adaptability. How an individual adapt to their situation and/or environment. How they view their well and what happens when it turns out not to be what they have thought it be.

Also I like my stories to have some sort of awakening. Whether it be mentally or physically but mostly it tend to be mental. Having both of these elements causes so much chaos and disruption that the possibilities for my characters are endless.

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

This particular book is an introduction to my series as well as to my world. A world where the majority of this particular country has accepted a government mandate to face a machine with the ability to predict ones death.

We follow only one individual within this society that has come upon the age of predictability. Providing the view how the individual citizens are effected by this mandate. The main character Leon is quite lovable and carefree. He is the perfect navigator through this introduction.

I came up with this particular storyline after I participated in a writing contest requesting a short story with a machine that had some type of prediction that had to do with death.

My entry didn't make the cut obviously but I sort of fell in love with that story. I wanted to expand on it and fine tune it. It has grown into these series of novella.

I happen to be very fond of the steampunk vibe, so I added to this world. I feel that it adds an extra flavor to the storyline as well as taking my readers on more of an adventure. I love the attire and the customs that are within this particular genre.

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

I chose the title itself as a personal jab at myself. I have been a smoker since I was sixteen years old. It's a nasty habit that I have not been able to kick. The title is my own personal reminder that I need to kick this habit. That was also the motivation for this particular storyline.

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

Within this particular book outside of the series, I would hope the message that my readers take away is to never stop living.

No matter what curveball life pitches your way, don't stop! Don't bow down to fear. Don't let it cripple you. Even if you have a so-called timeline, never give up!

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

I am a fan of dropping clues here and there. This is a book that as you read the rest of the series, you will run back to here and there.

Do you have any advice for other writers?

Not that I am in the place to provide such advice. I would tell a person that loves to write is – Don't stop! Keep writing! Write what you love. Don't forget to live but keep writing. Write with love in your heart. Oh! Did I say keep writing.

What book[s] are you reading now?

I am currently reading several books but the

one that has my main focus is 'The Infinite Compilation w/ commentary of Hymn to Pan Appx.'" By Christopher Gongolski.

It's a wonderful biography of the spiritual journey of a beautiful person that I have come to know and call a friend within my life.

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

Right now I don't have a tour set up as this is my first of the series. That will not be the case for long. *****wink*****. The book is currently available on Amazon in electronic and physical form. I am currently working on my first book release party in NY.

What are your current projects?

Right now I am working on the edits for the second book of the series. I am actually working on what I hope will be the first of many novels.

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

I haven't had the pleasure of reading any of the Liberian featured authors. I do plan on doing so and hopefully featuring them on my actual blog, on my series for indie authors

Any last words?

I have to say thank you for this opportunity to be featured here. I would like to tell your readers to please always be true to what is within your heart. Let all your actions be done as an act of love.

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



Author's Bio

Judith is a forty-one year old woman, who currently is working in customer service for the local cable company. Writing has always been a passion of hers and until recently has been only been a hobby for her. Throughout the years she has shared her writings within various contest for poetry as well as short stories. A few of her poetry has won contest or two and was publish in the yearly publication of the site poetry.com.

She also maintained an online blog, which touches on various topics that are dear to my heart. At the moment it is in the process of being relocated. She still believes in the art of maintaining a journal to keep thoughts, ideas as well as her writing skills up to date. It wasn't until recently that Judith, have truly realized her

passion for writing while she was working on her novella series for actual publication. During this process a friend of hers asked her a key question- "If you didn't have to worry about paying bills or money, what you would want to do?" Without hesitation she answered them with "Write. I would write all the time if I could." Ever since that very revelation she truly realized that it was only proper for her to pursue her passion. Ever since then she has embarked on her career of becoming a copywriter and eventually an author of her own books.

Judith, has started her career as a writer by joining AWAI's Barefoot Writers and has begun to take their courses to becoming an affected and consistent writer. She has also started to join writing job sites had has started accepting a few jobs to take assist her in

perfecting her skills. She pulls in from her experience as an Army Veteran, her experience within different aspects within the IT field as well as her hobbies that include but limited to crocheting, knitting, sewing, fishing, baking cooking, writing , just to name a few.

As mentioned earlier she also finds time to blog and work on her first novella series, which happens to be Steampunk inspired. Which happens to fall under one of her hobbies as well as a guilty pleasure. Although she has not settled on an exact release date for her first installment, she does expect it to be available this year. She will announce the official date on her website.



Diaspora Poet

Wheelchair Bandita

The gray-haired woman halts traffic.
Wheelchair bound,
her fingers prod metal spokes
as she unhurriedly navigates
the zebra crossing,
stares down and curses drivers
who dare to honk.

She commands help
into and out of trams,
insists she is pushed
across the street to safety,
does not wait on kindness,
has made it our duty.

She claims our pity,
ambushes us late at night
to request a fiver
so she can get a bed
in a shelter.

She sees the world
cold-eyed,
no longer grateful
for small things.

© Althea Romeo-Mark
June 2011

Althea Romeo-Mark



Born in Antigua, West Indies, [Althea Romeo-Mark](#) is an educator and internationally published writer who grew up in St. Thomas, US Virgin Islands.

She has lived and taught in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, USA, Liberia (1976-1990), London, England (1990-1991), and in Switzerland since 1991.

She taught at the University of Liberia (1976-1990). She is a founding member of the Liberian Association of Writers (LAW) and is the poetry editor for **Seabreeze: Journal of Liberian Contemporary Literature.**

She was awarded the Marguerite Cobb

McKay Prize by **The Caribbean Writer** in June, 2009 for short story "Bitterleaf, (set in Liberia)." **If Only the Dust Would Settle** is her last poetry collection.

She has been guest poets at the International Poetry Festival of Medellin, Colombia (2010), the Kistrech International Poetry Festival, Kissi, Kenya (2014) and The Antigua and Barbuda Review of Books 10th Anniversary

Conference, Antigua and Barbuda (2015) She has been published in the US Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, the USA, Germany, Norway, the UK, India, Colombia, Kenya, Liberia and Switzerland.

More publishing history can be found at her blog site:

www.aromaproducti ons.blogspot.com

Resurrected Master

Edwin J Barclay



This series focuses on the writings of one of the literary giants of Liberia. Unfortunately, more people remember the man as the politician or the masterful lawyer.

Arguably, the Barclays [he and his uncle, both presidents of Liberia] were the sharpest legal minds of their times, rivalled only by an equally worthy opponent JJ Dossen.

What we try to do in this series is spotlight the literary giant, E. J. Barclay was. We attempt to show the little known side of the man- free from all the political dramas.

The Call

Out of the mist and the
darkness of night, -

Out of thy sorrow and pain,

—
Into the past that gleams ever
so bright, —

Come to my heart, love, again!

Out from life's turmoil and
wearisome strife,

Out from its weakness and
tears, —

Come to my heart where
contentment is rife, —

Drown in my love, sweet, thy
fears.

Far as a bird by the fowler
pursued,

Fly on love's pinions away;

Shun life's illusions, — its
blandishments rude, —

Bask in love's pleasanter ray!

Long hast thou wandered
midst scenes that were gay;

Long thine illusions have
swayed: —

Through fell experience
they've all past away; —

In purity be now arrayed!

Broken and bruised though thy
spirit may be, —

Crushed though thy hopes
may have been; —

Thou art still fairer and dearer
to me, —

Dearer in spite of thy sin.

Wilt thou not come? ah, and
wilt thou deny

Love its one darling desire?

Doubtest thou still my
devotion? that I

Have torn from my spirit its
ire?

Wander, then, love, ah, never
so far, —

Far from the arms that
caressed; —

But here only wilt thou, like a
wandering star

In the bosom of Night, find
rest!

#KOLLOQUA TAKEOVA

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

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

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

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

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

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

KOLOKWA RANTS

I say my pepo yor hado ohh.
I say yor welcon to ley koloqua segment of KWEE!
Yor na noe ha I too hat like copat seat! Dah me le drywor foh ley car, so jes call me KOLOQUA JUE. So iffy you na noe ha to tok or wreatey, you juke lae rusty nail ya...Buh fwes lae me asse yor ya, yor regestor to voo???

Becors all ley noise la gwen on if you na regestor don tin say wen October kanh you wae voo ohh. So iffy you na regestor jes lee yor own wae gor ya. We wae voo for you en anybaly we voo, la poisen wae be yor preselen or yor reprezennetay.

Ley orllor tin I wan tok arbut la ley wan son man dem gwen aran forcin leirsef on womon dem. Book pepo calley rape. La wikayness mon stap!! No la no, or jes becors you see one gaeh walkin by horsef na, kpluh,you jum on hor en slee wae her. La one la bad tin der. We callin ley gorment to say yor do sontin, yor make law dem for la kina wikey men dem nut to be culoff. Yeah ohhh, la me tok la one. Iffy ley Kahn rape youn youn chiren dem, oldma dem en sontin seh sonmor dem can die, leh ley sho dem ha wikeyness goo too.

Hokay, so I fini blasin na en I na kahn bak to myseh. So I jes wan teh yor la ha we wae be doin tins here ya. We wae laff, Buh wen serous tin

der foh us to tok,we wae tokey. Iffy anybaly vex, go sue me to Tamba court. My brabee Forte na fini buyin my red shoes.

En one tin I noe, my hea too big to go insah sonbaly muff to chew en my muff too big for foh la yor sumor hea to entor

So untay I tok to yor nes mon,yor takey easy ya. You do goo,you do foh youseh. You do bad,you do foh youseh

Dah me, yor real geh Koloqua Jue, Kpana



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

Unscripted

Cher Antoinette



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

She has published a poetic anthology MY SOUL CRIES in 2013, VIRTUALIS: A New Age Love Story in 2014 and ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY: Poetry & Prose in 2015.

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

Her timeline history to date is exemplified by ENDANGERED, ARCHITECTS OF DESTINY, UNMASKED & COLOURS OF MY FREEDOM. "The sky is but a stop-over on my journey to the Stars."

March 2017

REDEMPTIONS

She sat on splintered
board
anxiously waiting to
hear
her God's soothing
words
to relieve her despair.
For too long she suffered
and shouldered the pain,
her family's indignation
their cruelty and shame.
It needed to end
something had to give,
her life must be mended
she needed to live.

"Oh God, please help
me!"
her lips muttered
prayers,
"I am feeling so empty,
so scattered and frayed.
I left You too long,
I blasphemed and I
cursed.
I hated, be riled You
now for what it is worth,
I come seeking
forgiveness

a lost lonely child
a sheep in the wilderness
no direction, no guile."

Her tears started spilling
over ruby red rims.
Her throat was just
tightening
as she heard the first
hymn.
"There is a green hill far
away.."
she remembered the
tune,
she gathered composure
and started to croon.

She stood in the pew
holding tight to the
seats,
still trying to focus
and respond to the
beats.
The congregation sang
their voices soared high
"... He died to save us .."
so who could deny?

The lights from the
alcove
twinkled bright in the
night,
on fragrant evergreen

a most beautiful sight.
Pine trees standing tall
with tinsel and angels,
the gold leaves
enthralled,
"Oh come all ye
faithful..."

Another year will end
and a new one will start.
This time will be
different
with renewed strength of
heart.

It has taken too long
to admit to her wrongs
now standing before
Him
and singing His songs.

"You are my Father,
I am your child,
made in your image
this we are told.
Walk in your footsteps
the One to behold,
now nothing's
impossible
with You in my soul!"

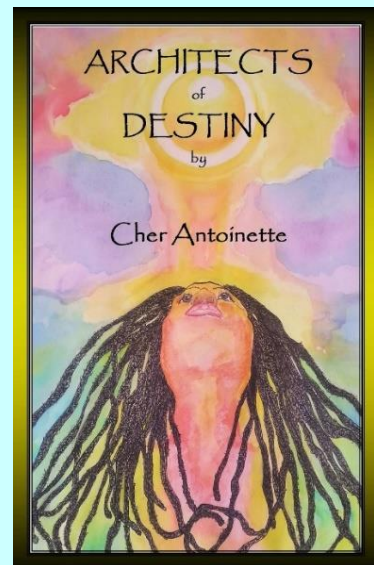
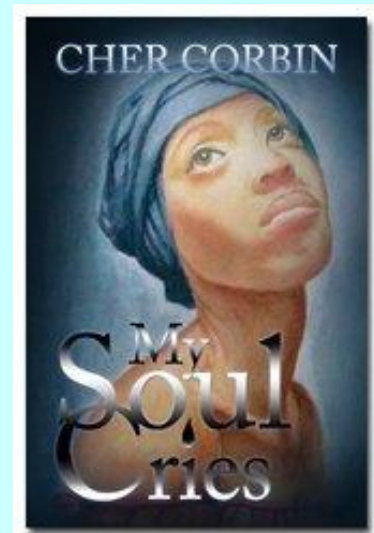
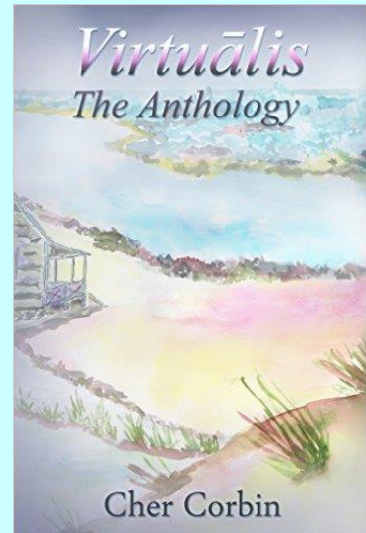
She left the pew then

with peace in her heart
to greet the cool
morning
His veil lifting the dark.
Will the cycle repeat?
She needed relief.
The uncontrollable lusts,
the episodes, the cheats.
Temporarily troubled
disoriented, unsure,
smiling timidly now
she exits the door.

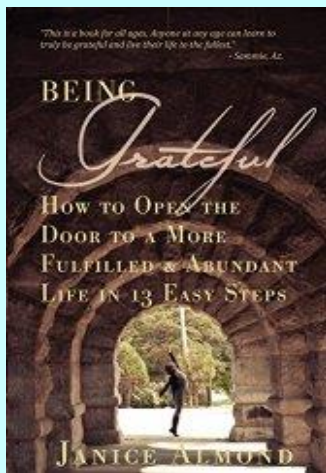
The sun peaks above
the green hill below
like the songs she was
singing
just an hour ago.
Her soul bursts with joy
no need to be bothered.
She knows that her
Father
will always be there
to give her the strength
to face the New Year.

C. A. Corbin ©2012

Cher-Antoinette ©Cher



Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

Keep Marching!

March 2017:

I read a couple of devotionals this morning. They were from *Streams in the Desert* by L B Cowman and *The One Year Walk with God* by Chris Tiegreen. The main messages from these devotionals were to have HOPE and PERSEVERE!

In other words, never think it is over! Don't allow anything or anyone to come against your hope. In February, I wrote about "forging ahead." Now have "power to stand!" Why do we have a tendency to falter? Things take time. You know it, and I know it.

POWER TO STAND is a necessity. It means you have staying power and are mature. Where does this power to stand come from? Power to stand comes from going through pain and disappointment. I know it sucks, doesn't it? But, life is not like a microwave oven. It would be nice to press a button and be done with your problems, wouldn't it?

Keep on marching! Keep on keeping on. Don't try to run away. Be steadfast. You, too, can persevere, like Corrie ten Boom. Remember her? Corrie ten Boom, author of *The Hiding Place*, her 1971

autobiography about the Nazi Holocaust, said, "God does not have problems, only plans." Also, "When a train goes through a tunnel, and it gets dark, you don't throw away your ticket and jump off. You sit still and trust the engineer."

Corrie's story is a remarkable one! During WWII, Corrie and her family turned their home into--a hiding place--as part of the Dutch underground, for Jews and others who were being hunted by the Nazis.

Miraculously, Corrie survived her horrible ordeal. Because of a "clerical error", she was released from Ravensbruck concentration camp just a week before all the other women were killed. She and her family demonstrated the "power to stand." After her release, Corrie continued to spread the hope and love of Jesus. When she was fifty-three, she began a ministry traveling to more than sixty countries over the course of the next thirty-two years.

I always tell people, "Keep hope alive!" Continue on your ordained path. Just think about it; you haven't had to experience a horror such as this! One thing you can do, and this works wonders for me. Go to a park, lie down on the grass, and simply look up at the sky. Just stare at it for a while. Thoughts of peace and tranquility will come over you.

Now, sit still and trust the engineer. It is easy to trust the One who keeps the sky in place. In the words of Corrie ten Boom, "God does not have problems, only plans." Let's remember that. Trust His plans. No matter your ordeal or how dark your circumstances,"... don't throw away your ticket..." Have endurance! Dig deep inside for some perseverance and KEEP MARCHING!

Until April,
Janice

www.janicealmondbooks.com

#1 Amazon Kindle Best Seller New Release

www.janicealmondbooks.com

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

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

Until next month-
Your attitude matters,
Janice

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

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www.facebook.com/begratefulbooks

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

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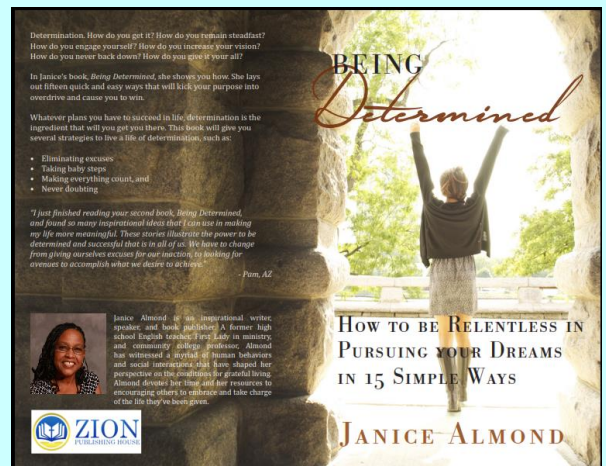
Janice Almond is the author of the *Being Grateful* book series. Her first book in the series, *Being Grateful: How to Open the Door*

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

www.janicealmondbooks.com.

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AUTHOR INTERVIEW 2

Spotlight Author

MAHILA AYAZ



Liberian Literary Magazine conducted an interview with the MAHILA AYAZ 😊

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

A: My name is Maliha Ayaz. I am currently 12 years old. I wrote my first book The Heart of Time when I was 10 years old. I am working on my second book right now, which is in the editing process.

Q: Why writing?

A: I always liked writing, and especially since my elder sisters (Huda Ayaz

and Sadaf Ayaz) and my dad wrote books, I thought, why not me? At the same time, nowadays, people don't read books as much as they used to. I thought maybe if they see such young people writing books, it would inspire them to read and write as well. Through writing, I'm able to better understand the world and myself as a person. When I write, it's not only books, but I also write poems through which I find easier to express myself whether I'm actually whispering stories and thoughts through my words or just writing for the fun of it.

Q: What books have most influenced your life/career most?

A: The Harry Potter Series has to be my absolute favorite series. After I read the series, my vocabulary boosted and so did my writing. I think this series has influenced my writing and books the most.

Q: How do you approach your work?

A: Usually, after I have my idea, I think about it and plan it out. Then I sit down on my laptop and write whatever comes in my mind. If I'm at school and I have time, then I'll sit down and write on paper, then when I get home, I write it on my laptop. For anyone who has writer's block,

what I usually do is stop working and I take a break. If I still can't think of anything, I'll leave it. Usually I sleep on it, or what helps a lot for me is reading books. It helps get your chain of thought going.

Q: What themes do you find yourself continuously exploring?

A: So far, I've been exploring positivity and negativity, and believing in yourself. Basically, unlocking who you truly are and realizing what great potential you hold within yourself. For example, the theme for my first book, The Heart of Time is your actions are based on your intentions. My second book, which is yet to come, has the theme that you're unstoppable and that the only person who can stop you is yourself.

Q: Tell us a little about your book[s]- story-line, characters, themes, inspiration etc.

A: My book The Heart of Time is about a girl named Amber who chases after a magical necklace that gets caught in the wrong hands. But if she doesn't catch it fast enough, all of the ghosts will be kept hostage in a world where the will disappear. The theme of my book is that your actions are based on your

intentions. So if you do things with a positive intention, good things will happen. But if you do things with a negative intention, bad things will happen.

Q: What inspired you to write this title or how did you come up with the story-line?

A: Actually, the way I got my title is a funny story. My dad was talking and he said the word, "depth." I didn't hear "depth," instead I heard "death." Then the first thing that came into my head was a necklace, ghosts and a graveyard. I literally got the idea for my book on the spot. I told my dad this, and he said that it would be a great story. So I started writing. Since I got the idea from my book by the word "death," the book was originally going to be named Death Valley representing the main setting of the book, the graveyard. Later we changed the name. I remember telling a friend of my dad's the title of my book and she said I should change the title since Death Valley was the name of a desert, and people would get the wrong idea. So I thought about it, and since the necklace in my book was called The Heart of Time I named it that.

Q: Is there anything else you would like readers to grasp?

A: My book has a strong message addressing the reader to keep your eyes open toward your actions, for they reveal your intentions.

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

A: My book The Heart of Time is for ages 9 and up. You can purchase it on Amazon, Barnes and Noble, or any major book store.

Q: Do you have any advice for other writers?

A: When you start, don't stop. If you get distracted, you'll never be able to finish your projects. You've got to work harder and harder, carry more and more, and race to the finish line, and by the end, I guarantee, you're going to be so happy that you kept running.

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

A: I am currently reading The Maze Runner by James Dashner. Before I read this, I read a play, The Cursed Child by J.K. Rowling, John Tiffan and Jack Thorne.

Q: Tell us your latest new, promotions, book tours, launch etc.

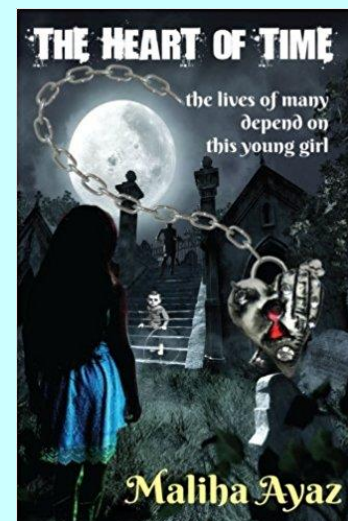
A: My sisters and I plan to do a book launch as soon as our next books are published. We haven't planned on any book tours yet, but as soon as we gain more fame, we will definitely go on one.

Q: What are your current projects?

A: Right now, I'm editing my second book. I haven't chosen the title yet, though I have many ideas for the title.

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

A: Whenever I read a book I don't usually search information on the author that much. I mean because at the end, it doesn't matter who wrote it or where they are from. It matters more about the content. I've read many books in 12 years. Who knows? Maybe I have read many books by Liberian authors.



Q: Any last words? to climb the highest mountain or reach the furthest star, you can, because you have the power to, whether you know it or not.

A: I'd like to share my favorite quote. "Don't be trapped in someone else's dream." This was said by Kim Taehyung. I think it's important that to succeed in this world, you have to stay focused on what you're doing, and you have to work hard and believe in yourself to achieve your goals.

Besides, impossible literally says, "I'm Possible." So if you want to climb the highest mountain or reach the furthest star, you can, because you have the power to, whether you know it or not.

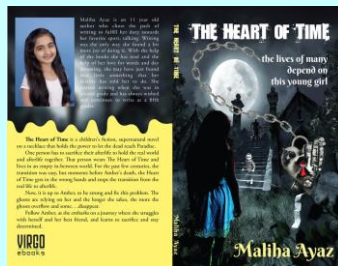


Maliha Ayaz is an 11

year old author who chose the path of writing to full fill her duty towards her favorite sport, talking. Writing was the only way she found a bit more joy of doing it.

With the help of the books she has read and the help of her love for words and day dreaming, she may have just found that little something that her destiny has told her to do.

She started writing when she was in second grade and has always wished and continues to write as a fifth grader.



The Heart of Time is a children's fiction, supernatural novel on a necklace that holds the power to let the dead reach Paradise.

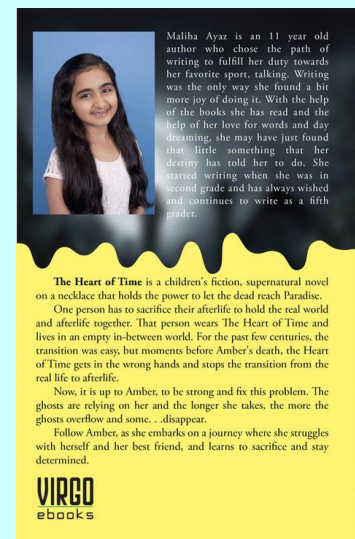
One person has to sacrifice their afterlife to hold the real world and afterlife together. That

person wears The Heart of Time and lives in an empty in-between world.

For the past few centuries, the transition was easy, but moments before Amber's death, the Heart of Time gets in the wrong hands and stops the transition from the real life to afterlife.

Now, it is up to Amber, to be strong and fix this problem. The ghosts are relying on her and the longer she takes, the more the ghosts overflow and some disappear.

Follow Amber, as she embarks on a journey where she struggles with herself and her best friend, and learns to sacrifice and stay determined.



Please follow me on social media.

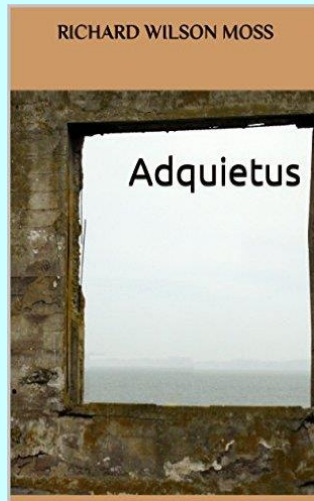


'Twas Brigg'in

Richard Wilson
Moss

My Dreams Of
Departure

In the isthmus of
panama
Just once I would like
to have been
The dark man from
Barbados
Thrilled at making a
dollar a day
Only to die of the
yellow jack
Then anarchist of
Madrid
Raging, shouting in
the streets
Suddenly shot
through the heart
By a republican
guard
Then blue whale
harpooned
Presenting crimson
flukes
To the champion of
my end.
Just once I would like
to flop
At the bottom of the
basket
Staring through the
open weave
And the spaces
between
The planks of the pier
At my home.



This Fire Lost
Within

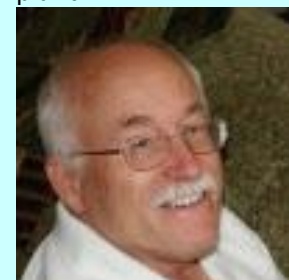
Grace of god, the
curtains
Are rotten, the rug
beneath
Has never been
walked upon
Praise almighty, the
sink of dirty dishes
Comes from no one
having a meal
The car in the garage
wont start
The battery that is its
heart
Is tired, is dying, the
body once steel
Is alloy unbecoming,
the T.V.
Stays on even though
the line is dead
The shower runs but
will not douse
The rage of this fire
lost within
O' god what is
forsaken, what is
forgiven
In this house?

State Of a Nation

Just before early spring
of all arrival
Occurred the solar
eclipse unfathomed
Nor weighted down by
speculation
That day neither portrait
of the darkness
Nor herald of its end
Simply unsettled state of
a nation.
Birds were suddenly
quiet
Stars came out, startled
Embarrassed that in
middle of day
They still leave a stain.
Even forgotten and
unseen
A rainbow from that
mornings rain
Laid down all at once
clinging
To dim shadows of the
dew.
Climbing into sudden
night
With shudder of
apprehensive wings
The eagle confused
loses Validation of its
view.

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Wilson Moss

Richard Moss is the author
of numerous full-length poetry
books. He's witty, understands
words in a most peculiar way.
His poetry is just...You can find
his books on every major
platform.



ACCORDING TO ELIOT

According to Eliot & According to Eliot Extra

Two columns in one this month as there are quite a few words here!

I hope reader, you make an effort to read this. It is a special story just for Easter.

And do have a Happy and Peaceful Easter.

Best wishes

John

When The Cock Crows

‘A true friend is a person who would never betray you.’ Grandpa Chacham stopped speaking for a few moments to let the gravity of what he was saying realise in his grandchildren’s minds. ‘Likewise, a true friend is one you would never betray.’

‘What do you mean Grandpa?’ asked Shani, the youngest of the grandchildren.

Grandpa looked questioningly at the boys, Simondes and Ehud.

‘Do you mean,’ said Simondes, ‘that you should never tell tales to a teacher or someone like that about your friend when they hadn’t done anything wrong?’

‘Something like that,’ said Grandpa. ‘Except what would happen if your friend really *had* been stealing apples?’

‘I would tell Mummy,’ said Shani.

‘Well you would,’ said Simondes, ‘but that’s because you’re such a goody goody.’

‘And, Simondes, if you saw your friend stealing money from your Mother’s purse?’ asked Grandpa Chacham.

There was silence in the little room. Ehud, the other of the grandchildren, had sat looking from face to face as they spoke. Finally he said, ‘I’d tell. How would Mummy buy food from the market?’

‘Thinking of your stomach, eh, Ehud?’

The children and Grandpa laughed.

‘No you’re right, my boy. But there is a difference between telling and betrayal. When a person is betrayed, they are often a person of truth. Listen and I’ll tell you a tale.’

The children moved a little closer as though they wanted to hear every word Grandpa spoke. Their Mother came into the room and sat with a piece of sewing to complete. Her pretence was the work she had to do. The truth was she loved her Father’s stories taking her back to when she was a little girl.

‘Jesus,’ said Grandpa, ‘wanted to spend the Passover in Jerusalem, just like every Jewish family does.’ He looked across at his daughter. ‘Perhaps one day we will eh, Levana?’

The children’s mother looked up from her sewing, smiled and nodded. ‘Next year in Jerusalem.’

Grandpa smiled then. He knew then his daughter was as intent on his words as his grandchildren were.

‘It was one the only times Jesus spoke to me directly.’ Grandpa shook his head at the memory as though still surprised. ‘I didn’t know then it would be one of the last times I would see him. You should love life as though you are living it for its last moment. Still, I’m going off the story.’

The children and their mother smiled, indulging Grandpa a little.

‘We were walking along the road,’ said Grandpa. ‘We could see Jerusalem in the distance. But we were close enough to make out the temple. So beautiful, shimmering in the sunshine, the building looked as though Yahweh had sent it down from heaven.’

‘What did Jesus say? Shani was impatient to know.

Grandpa smiled at her. ‘I was coming to that. Don’t worry.’ Grandpa shuffled a little getting himself more comfortable on his seat, creating an atmosphere in the room where all attention was focussed on

him. Even Levana was looking at him, her needle poised above the material, although she had heard the words that Jesus said many times before. 'Jesus called me over. "Chacham," he said. I didn't even know he knew my name. "Go with your brother, Meshullam..."'

'Uncle Meshullam?' asked Shani.

'Obviously,' said Simondes. 'If it's Grandpa's brother then it has to be our Uncle. You can be so stupid at times.'

Ehud sighed in despair.

'I was only asking. Why doesn't uncle Meshullam ever come to see us?' Shani wanted to know.

There was a silence. Grandpa and Shani's mother didn't want to answer the little girl's question.

'Children, listen to Grandpa,' their Mother told them.

'And you should never be afraid to ask a question if you don't understand or there's something you want to know.'

'Then why haven't you answered my question about uncle?'

'Shani...'

Grandpa paused for a moment while the family settled themselves again. 'As I was saying, Jesus said to me, "Chacham, go with your brother, Meshullam. Go quickly into the city before us. You will see a man carrying a jar of water..."'

'But there must have been lots of men carrying jars of water,' said Ehud.

'There were. You are correct, my boy. But it was like a miracle when we met the man with his water. But Jesus still had more to tell us. Jesus said, "Follow him, and whichever house he enters say to the owner of the house that Jesus had sent us. Ask where we were to eat the Passover meal." As I've said it was like a miracle, we knew just which man we were to go with. And it was all as Jesus said. Your Uncle and I went to the house. The owner took us to an upstairs room. It was a very big room. There were three tables in there, laid out for us to eat the Passover meal. I remember one table could seat

about twelve people. That was where Jesus sat with his disciples. Your Uncle and I were busy seeing that everything was ready until Jesus and the rest joined us.

'We were waiting in the courtyard. It was getting late afternoon. There were a few boys kicking an old wine skin about that one of their Mother's had stuffed full of straw. Their sisters, I think they were their sisters, who knows who they were now I think about it, looked on laughing, cheering the boys as if they were in the stadium watching gladiators.

'Meshullam and I were watching. Probably wishing we could join in, smiling and speaking to each other about the game. Quite suddenly the boys stopped and looked towards the entrance to the courtyard. Jesus and the rest had arrived. Your uncle went over to Jesus and told him where the rooms were and Peter began to guide Jesus to the entrance to the house. Jesus told him to wait and called the boys over. The lads walked to Jesus quite shyly. I held my hand to my forehead to keep the sun from my eyes. Jesus put his hand on the shoulder of one of the boys and was saying something to him. I couldn't hear what. The boy replied and both Jesus and the young lad laughed. Jesus looked very happy. He got up and called us all together. We all gathered around him expecting one of his stories.

"This lad," said Jesus, "has challenged us to a game." He looked down at the boy.

The lad nodded, a huge grin plastered on his face.

"Two teams then," said Jesus, "to make it fair some of you will have to play in the lad's team." He looked around, "Peter and Judas..."

'Whose team did you play for Grandpa?' asked Simondes.

'Jesus.'

'Who won?' Ehud wanted to know.

'Oh, Ehud, it was a long time ago.'

'And who was the person who betrayed?' said Shani. 'Did someone cheat in the game?'

'No!' said Grandpa, 'That was a bit later.'

'Well,' Shani was put out, 'this is just a story for boys. Isn't it Mummy?'

Levana, without looking up from her sewing only said, 'Just listen to your Grandpa.'

'Well, do you want to hear the rest, Shani?'

'Yes, Grandpa.' She sighed as if she meant, of course I do, but it would be a great effort.

'We played the game. There was laughing and cheering. We were all together then. We were one. It was as though the world would never end. We were so happy. We had no idea what would happen the next day.' Grandpa shook his head in sadness at the memory.

'Papa Chacham,' asked Levana, 'are you all right?'

'Yes of course I am.' He went on with a false enthusiasm. 'When the game was over Jesus called the boys over to him. And the girls of course. He gathered them close to him.'

'Peter said quite loudly and as though he was in charge. "Teacher, we have to go and get ready for the Passover. We don't have anymore time to spend with these children."

'I remember the boys and girls looked hurt at Peter's words. Jesus was angry. He put his arms about them and said quietly but with real authority, "Peter, let the children come to me. Children are as angels and they come from heaven. And," Jesus looked at us all in turn, "you will only get to heaven if you accept heaven like a child."

Jesus spoke some more to the children before he went inside. We didn't see him again until it was time to eat the Passover meal.

'The upstairs room, mmm,' Grandpa looked around him, 'was much bigger than this, where we waited for Jesus. We

were having a good time, talking, I'd had some wine...'

'Papa, don't encourage the children.'

'Well, I had. I'm telling the story. Yes? Or are you?'

'Just watch what you say.' Levana went back to her sewing with renewed vigour.

'A silence suddenly came over the room,' said Grandpa. 'We stopped everything we were doing. We were frozen in time. Jesus was amongst us. What was startling he was dressed in the most dazzling of white clothes. I don't know where he had got them from or how much work Mary had had to do to get them into that state. We moved then, as one, we stood up, as though we were in the presence of an emperor. Jesus motioned us to sit down, smiling as he did so, seeming to find our reaction to his entrance amusing.'

'Servants brought the food in and placed it on each of the tables. But we did not begin to eat until Jesus had spoken. We knew that he had something important to tell us. He looked around the room, at each of us, individually, even the servants stopped what they were doing.'

'I will never forget his words. "I say to you, this night one of you will betray me."

'Betray? We knew what betrayal meant, but we didn't understand his meaning and it took a long time for his words to sink in.'

'Jesus, then spoke again, "Judas, go about your business."

'Judas got up and left the room. I, and the rest of us, assumed that Judas had things to prepare for Jesus that couldn't wait. Jesus had more to say. I'll tell you, but I don't understand them, even now. So, don't ask me to explain.'

The children were intent on Grandpa Chacham's words as he had been on Jesus' all those years ago. Shani, Ehad and Simondes looked at him waiting for him to speak. Levana had stopped her sewing and was looking at her Papa. She had heard the words many times; she

didn't understand them though she had turned them over in heart many times.

'What did Jesus say?' asked Shani.

'Jesus held up a piece of bread,' said Grandpa, 'we all could see it and he spoke.

"Take this bread, it is my body."

'We all broke off a piece of bread and ate it. From a bowl Jesus took a sip of wine and passed it to Peter who was sitting at his right hand and said,

"Drink this wine it is my blood."

'We were all about the drink from the wine we had in front of us when Peter said, "Teacher, I will never betray you!" 'Jesus spoke sadly, "Peter, before the cock has crowed twice you will have betrayed me three times."

'We didn't understand Jesus' words. We quietly ate our meal. When we'd finished eating Jesus announced that he would go with those disciples close to him and pray in the Garden of Gethsemane. The rest of us were to wait for him. On the way out he turned and said, "You will all fall away. Because of fear you will scatter. You will all betray me."

'Are you going to tell the children what happened next?' asked Levana of her father.

'Yes, it's not something I'm proud of, but a story has to have an ending even if the ending is not a happy one.' Grandpa Chacham sighed at the memory. 'We were sleeping. So it must have been a long time after Jesus and his disciples had left. There was a noise, and torches flared into the room, a man shouted, "He has been arrested." Someone asked "Who?" "Jesus," was the reply. "The Romans have their soldiers out looking for any followers of Jesus."

'Well your Uncle Meshullam and I didn't need telling twice. We fled from that house. We weren't going to be taken by the Romans and perhaps killed. I had your Grandma waiting here for me. I wanted to marry her.'

'That was like Jesus said you would do,' said Shani.

Grandpa Chacham reached out and touched her head as though he were blessing her. 'That's right.'

'Did you see Jesus again?' Simondes wanted to know.

'I don't know.'

Simondes looked puzzled.

'What happened next?' asked Ehud.

'Well, we went to the outskirts of Jerusalem. We'd ran most of the way and we needed to stop to rest. We could blend in there with a small crowd gathered at an inn around a well. It was beginning to get light. We saw Peter and went over and asked him what had happened. He told us that Judas had betrayed Jesus to the Romans and that they had come and arrested him in the Garden of Gethsemane. We were shocked. We could not believe that Judas could do such a thing. A woman standing near to us was listening, she came over and said to Peter, "You knew this man then. This Jesus who is causing so much trouble?"

"I've never heard of him," said Peter.

The cock crowed. Its cry going over the whole of the valley as pink began to show on the skyline.

The woman went over to her husband and they both came back saying to Peter, "My wife heard you speaking to this pair about Jesus. Now you say you don't know him. I'm sure there's a few Roman soldiers about who could check your story."

'Peter answered him, "I said, if you'd listened properly the first time. I don't know him."

'We all stopped what we were doing as though waiting for the cock to crow a second time. And it did. The bird's echo sounding through the still houses.

But the man wouldn't leave it.

"Listen," he said "my wife is not a liar. And I think you are calling her one. As sure as we can all hear the cock crow, you were talking to these two about Jesus."

'Peter was close to tears now in anger, "I am not a liar. I do not know anyone called Jesus."

'We waited for the cock to crow, but it never did. The man and woman left laughing. Peter looked at us. We had nothing to say to each other. We remembered Jesus' words to Peter.

'I'm going back, Peter told us.

'We watched Peter leave before we made our way here to our homes.'



March 2017

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

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

He is married with children and grandchildren. He has two books of poetry published. '**Ssh**' and '**Don't Go**' his new one which is his latest creative effort, titled '**Don't Go**'. Both books are published by Mosaïque Press of England" and are available on Amazon.

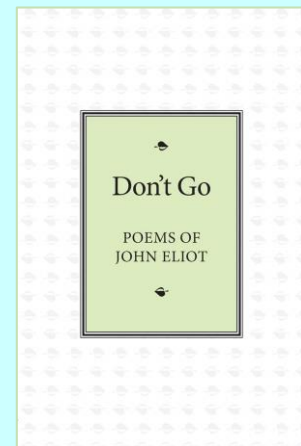
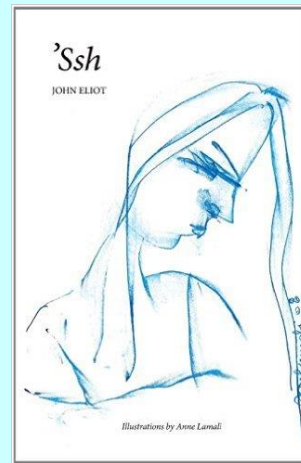
Any comments to

I will reply to all emails.

Connect here:

johneliot1953@gmail.com

John Eliot



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

ACCORDING TO ELIOT - EXTRA

Four Poems For Easter

The King Of Thorns



for the burden is heavy
burnt by fire, a barren road
where no flowers glow
he carries his cross this

brutal sacrificial lamb
as miracles die
forgive them for
this empty tomb
dull bleak dusk
against grey sky

I never knew him
a stranger walks
on this dry earth

And paths can be
a rocky skin
From heaven where
silent yellow lightning

forks the lizard eyes
mock the man
wrapped in brown

dry thunder cracks

This is

Prayer

I turn in my footsteps hearing
my protector still
keeping pace in disappearance
the depth
the chord
murmurs only
to me om
at the end of beginning
is light

I see blackness move
as a shade
across this red eternal desert
that some call heaven

John 1

From the sky
hung a man.
In my glass I saw Him
reflected, outstretched,
cruciform wood. His face
the agony of life. And light
swept down from the heavens

before darkness
before beginning was made the end
before the Word.

Crucifix



Out of wood
a Biblical carpenter
works a cross
for the congregate
in cavernous spaces
genuflecting as their murmurs
sound within the building
invocating deity's death
forgetting the forest.

Humbled before the tree
I kiss the roots,
touch the wound of the axe,
where sap flows
to outstretched limbs;
leaves reaching
with promise of eternal life
after death of Man.

All poems c. John Eliot Taken from **Ssh** and **Don't Go**. Both collections are available from online bookstores.

*Promoting safety and enhancing welfare through participation -
The Liberian Children's Case
A Speech Delivered in Kakata,
Margibi County at the year-end
Program of the Children's
Parliament of Liberia*

By Martin K. N. Kollie

**Columnist & Youth Activist,
martinkerkula1989@yahoo.com**

December 26, 2016

The Speaker of the Children's Parliament,
Hon. Satta F. Sheriff
The Deputy Speaker, Hon. Prince U. D.
Tardeh
Other Executives and Members of the
Children's Parliament
Representative of the Ministry of Gender,
Children and Social Protection
Local County Officials
Our cherished Liberian children in whose
honor we have assembled
Members of the Press
One and all:

I am glad to be a part of this historic gathering at such a time as this. I wish all of you compliments of this festive season and hope each one of us will make a child to smile even with the little we have. We must take a step further to reawaken dying hopes. With few more days to 2017, we must aspire to inspire a child in need if the true essence of this season must be fulfilled. We have nothing to live for if we cannot help a child to accomplish his/her dream.

We must reach out to rescue them (children) from the streets, orphanages, slums, ghettos, gambling

centers, gold mines, plantations, rock-crushing fields and hideouts. Some of them are experiencing serious trauma as a result of neglect, force labor, trafficking and all forms of abuse. If we fail to act now in the best interest of every child, then it means that our nation's destiny is on a sinking foundation.

Honorable Speaker, I am grateful to you and your hard working team for preferring me as the guest speaker of this very important occasion. Surely, it is an opportunity for me to share few thoughts about issues confronting Liberian children. It is an opportunity for me to make a genuine case on behalf of all Liberian children. It is because of you (Liberian Children), I have travelled from Monrovia to Kakata.

I bring you profound greetings from my family, my party (SUP) and conscious students of the University of Liberia, where I currently study Economics. Again, I am humbly honored to be in your midst. Before going any further, I want to congratulate the leadership of the Children's Parliament for advancing the ultimate interest of Liberian children during these very difficult moments in our country's history.

Even in the midst of scarce resources and increasing challenges, you have stood your ground in defense of children across Liberia, Africa and the World.

We are proud of you, and please do not give up. It is my hope that you will continue to advocate for the rights and welfare of Liberian children. There are times you will feel lonely and disappointed in your struggle and advocacy for children, but I encourage you to hold on and keep the flames ablaze.

Hon. Speaker and other Executives of the Children's Parliament, when I woke up this morning, I chose to take a walk and experience the glimpse of Christmas.

While walking, all I could see were dozens of children selling cold water, balloons, chewing gums, biscuits, plastic bags, candies, etc. Even on Christmas, they have no time to rest and smile, because they have to hustle just to survive.

The clothes of some of them were even torn up with cut-slippers on their feet selling under the hot sun. This is the harsh reality that remains prevalent across our nation. All through the year (365 days), these children are used as bread winners for their families. Even during this festive season, they have no choice, but to risk their lives between speeding vehicles just to put bread on the table.

While selling on street corners, some of them are even abused in the process. They live and grow up with such stigma and trauma. They are bruised and pierced by internal bitterness as a result of the torture they endure every day. These are the appalling realities of the day that continue to confront Liberian Children. These are the appalling realities that we must defeat together if we are serious about securing a new Liberia.

Honorable Speaker, when I was a child like most of our children selling in the street today, I had similar experience. I sold coldwater too. I sold kerosene, mosquito coil, candle and matches. Those were difficult moments for me, and narrating my story is like pointing back to a dark past that made me an adult even before reaching adulthood.

I know what it means to sell coldwater under hot sun as a child. I know what it means to sell candle and mosquito coil as a child. I know what it means to walk far distances as child to sell kerosene and matches in the dark. These are terrible experiences that hinder the proper growth and development of every child. These are appalling realities that make a child an adult before his/her time. We must break these hurdles in order to create a safer environment for every child.

Hon. Speaker and members of the Press, today I have chosen for us to look at the other side of these appalling realities. Even in the midst of these existing challenges, we can still find solution together. This is what I believe, and this is what we must work towards as an indivisible nation and a united people. Having said that, permit me to speak to you briefly on the theme **“Promoting safety and enhancing welfare through participation - The Liberian Children's Case.”**

Yes, I said ‘promoting safety and enhancing welfare through participation’. Promoting the safety and enhancing the overall welfare of Liberian children through participation is what our nation needs to prioritize now in order to prevent a bitter future. This is the best model and formula to pursue. If we must make Liberia better, then it means that we must improve the living standard of every child. If we must make Liberia better and build a prosperous nation, then it means that we must get children involved in decisions that affect their lives.

Liberia needs an aggressive pro-Child policy that would be fully implemented. We need active

children laws and not inactive laws. We need enforceable statutes, and not non-enforceable ones. As a nation and a people, we have a choice to make. Either we decide to choose a better future over a bitter future or we decide to choose a bitter future over a better future.

Choosing a better future would mean providing access to quality primary education, safe drinking water, better health care, improved housing, good sanitation and playground for Liberian Children. Choosing a better future over a bitter future would mean going beyond the literature of the 1989 Convention on the Rights of the Child, the 2011 Children's Law of Liberia, and the 1990 African Charter on the Rights and Welfare of the Child.

Choosing a better future over a bitter one would mean finding genuine solution(s) to child labor, force marriage, teenage pregnancy, rape, sexual harassment, infant mortality, child prostitution, sex trafficking, kidnapping, child pornography and neglect. It would mean dealing with the culprits of rape and putting an end to impunity, force marriage and child prostitution!!

Today, I have come to make a genuine case. I have come to make a case for our government and its partners to increase their support to programs that are intended to promote the welfare of children. I have come to make a case against rape, teenage pregnancy and all forms of violence against children. I have come to make a case for state-of-the-art Primary Schools, Safe Homes and Child Friendly Spaces (CFS) to be constructed. I have come to make a case for **'free and compulsory**

primary education' across public and private schools.

I have come to make a case for our government to shutdown gambling enterprises and ghettos across the country. I have come to make a case for these ghettos and gambling centers to be turned into public libraries and reading rooms for children. I have come to make a case for us to take our children off the streets and put them back in the classrooms. I have come to make a case for us to pursue those who are using our children on gold mines and plantations. I have come to also make a case for us to put an end to FGM and other harmful cultural practices that undermine the dignity, self-esteem and welfare of every child. This is the case that is so dear to my heart.

Distinguished ladies and gentlemen, it will interest you to know that in a period of one year, particularly in 2014, Liberia had a total of 554 rape cases. Recently, the Ministry of Gender Children and Social Protection reported that about 731 children were raped and sexually abused between January and March 2016. Aren't these figures provoking enough to command our collective action in finding rapid and lasting solution? Of course, they are!!

The rate of teenage pregnancy in Liberia is at 38% according to UNFPA. Liberian girls below the age of 17 years are found in night clubs prostituting themselves, least to mention smoking, alcohol and drug abuse. We must break the cycle of rape and teenage pregnancy. We must break the barriers of violence against children. It is possible for us to promote the safety and enhance the welfare of Liberian children in our lifetime.

Hon. Speaker, I want to recommend to our government the passage into law of a National Child Welfare and Development Program (NCWDP). Under this system, at least each Liberian child will benefit from a quarterly or monthly assistance package (cash, books for school, food, etc.). I would also like to recommend the establishment of a functional Taskforce on Child's Rights and Welfare (TCRW) at national, county and district levels. We must not settle down for anything less. Our nation stands to risk a lot if we ignore these concepts and suggestions.

The children are our future and fortune. We must invest in them now in order to harvest tomorrow. Our campaign for this coming New Year must be '**Invest to Harvest**'. There can be no harvest without investment. You can take an action to rescue a child's dream from dying. Reach out to redeem a Liberian child who is suffering from trauma as a result of neglect. The parents and families have a leading role to play. The communities, religious bodies, academic and vocational institutions must take responsibility too. The burden is upon all of us....

Hon. Speaker, it is my hope that the next generation of children will have no reason to experience what this generation of children is experiencing. Today, I stand with the Children's Parliament to demand justice for Melvin Tucker and Jackson Kordah who were brutally hit by President Sirleaf's convoy on December 2, 2016. We demand justice for little Alvin Moses and Reuben Paye who were mysteriously found dead in the vehicle of a Nigerian national in 2015. We are also demanding justice for Shakie

Kamara and Angel Togba who died in cold blood.

In my capacity as a Global Columnist of The African Exponent, I shall continue to use my pen to campaign and advocate for Liberian children and children worldwide. In my current capacity as Youth Ambassador of the International Human Rights Commission, I shall endeavor to work along with the Children's Parliament and other pro-children institutions to promote the rights and welfare of Liberian children. In my newest position as West Africa Bureau Chief / Editor of Global Afrique, I shall make the voices of children heard across Liberia, Africa and the World.

Hon. Speaker, members of the press, ladies and gentlemen, as we crossover to 2017, I admonish all of us to increase our voices and take action in order to protect Liberian children and enhance their welfare. May God bless our nation, our children and our people...I thank you.



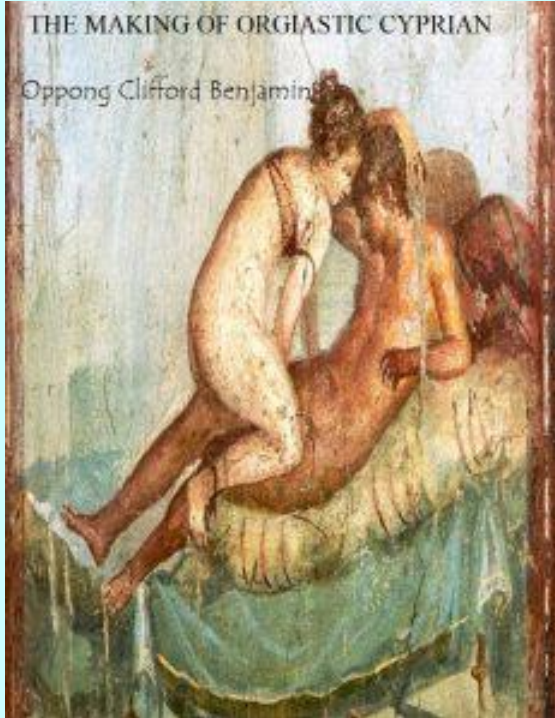
Martin K. N. Kollie in photo with Liberian children after the program in Kakata, Margibi

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 many articles.

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SHORT STORY

The Making Of Orgiastic Cyprian



Episode II

*The Making Of Orgiastic Cyprian is an episodic fiction by **Oppong Clifford Benjamin** which focuses on educating its readers on the sacredness of sex and how the pleasurable act can be a divine form of prayer between a creature and his creator.*

The story centres on a mysterious sect of young women between the ages of seventeen and thirty called

The Ancient Aphrodisiac Cult (The AAC). The cult is strictly invented out of the creativity of the writer. However, some settings in the story are real.

We hope you enjoy this episode as well as the others to come.

Hymn No. 69

Who Will Plough My Vulva by the goddess Inanna.

‘My vulva, the horn
The Boat of Heaven,
Is full of eagerness like the young
moon.

My untilled land lies fallow.
As for me, Inanna,
Who will plow my vulva?
Who will plow my high field?
Who will plow my wet ground?’
“Stop!
Stop it!
In the name of The Mother, stop!”

Miss Juan yelled. She felt the absence of the soul of the hymn. She pushed her gaze into the yellow morning sun which pussyfoot its grandeur through the concrete windows ahead of her. She quickly remembered how this particular hymn made men use their tongues to search for divinity in the vulva of glorified prostitutes in the temple and how the men blurt out feeling purified, holy and relieved of their sins in the early days. She had read about the Atonement of Sins through the art of licking the vulva too as a chapter in Linda Londart Longman’s book ‘Blue Ritual of the Sex Cult’, and wanted to return traditions and ancient usages to their rightful places in the AAC during her sovereignty as Most Perfect Chiliad.

“Our purpose here would be fruitless as it has been in the past two or so decades if we continue this languorous approach towards our sacred art.” Miss Juan cried out loud, her voice shook terribly when it hit the four walls of the sexy temple. She descended the ancient pedestal which since time immemorial stood in the east of the large hall.

She directed the attention of the qadeshes assembled to certain characters impressed into the front surface of the pedestal, *SIVDSPHIV*.

“It’s an abbreviation. Who knows the meaning?”

Still pointing to the letters, Miss Juan asked the qadeshes while she scanned her wild eyes through the assemblage for an answer.

There were whisperings among the naked ladies, their bare breast stood horizontally upright and succulent as a result of the oil of Ishtar which they had daubed into their skins. It was a tradition among the AAC members to insert the middle finger into a lithic vagina full of oil and smear over the body concentrating on the breast’s pap before entry into the temple for any ceremony. In the old days, cow milk was used instead of the oil. The milk was a symbol of fertility. But this and many other traditions of the AAC had been relaxed either to the generational gap or the laziness of the qadeshes as Miss Juan would like to think.

After few minutes of speaking softly without the vibration of vocal cord, Louiselle knelt on her left knee, erected the right in the form a square and gave a court bow – a submissive request for permission to speak to the Most Perfect Chiliad. Louiselle was barely six months old in the cult but had shown intellectual penetration into the mysteries and secret arts of sex. She was Miss Juan’s best friend in the sisterhood. Sometimes she asked too many odd questions that narks Miss Juan; Three months after Louiselle’s initiation, she was set for her sanctification ceremony whereby the rituals required her to seduce ten men and engage five in a divine sexual intercourse. On that day, Louiselle almost lost her life after the fourth man among the five selected for sex was done with her, but the ceremony thus far would have been considered invalid if she gave up. Miss Juan was the Most Wise Lady as at the time, and the ritual allowed the Most Wise to aid a candidate in a ceremony.

Miss Juan, on that day, moved in calculated erotic steps to the centre of the

circle of fire where the fifth man stood over Louiselle’s body ready to insert his rod. Miss Juan positioned her head against the black and hairy chest of the Nigerian man. The man was from a rich royal Yoruba family. It was a popular rumour among the qadeshes that Yoruba men especially their Princes had the biggest of penises and stayed in sex much longer than any man on earth. Miss Juan picked a fibril of hair on the man’s chest with her teeth; she pulled it slowly till it extirpated. She whispered softly into the man’s ears “*pains begat pleasure*” and knelt down before him, still fixed her gaze deep into the man’s eyes and she swallowed the 13 inches long dick in her mouth and gently held the head in between her teeth, delightfully hurting the man. “*Slap me*” she instructed Louiselle. “*Why?*” Angrily Miss Juan retorted “*just slap me, I am not here for your stupid questions. Slap me very hard on the face and butts*”. And when Louiselle did, Miss Juan finished the Yoruba man in five minutes in an aggressive doggie style, while Louiselle caressed Miss Juan’s G-spot with her tongue. The heavy black man groaned like a lost ghost behind the butts of Miss Juan. He carefully withdrew his dick from her juicy vagina and sprayed his semen all over the butts of Miss Juan who was passionately transferred the thermal energy of her body to Louiselle in a titillating tongue-to-tongue kiss.

“*Si Invenerit Vir Dei Secreta Pubentes Herbae In Vaginanam*”

“*And what is its English translation?*” Miss Juan asked Louiselle, climbed the footstall again and sat majestically in the east from whence she presided over all meetings of the cult. On her wooden pedestal was a book which contained sacred writings, a stony miniature of an opened vagina receiving penetration from an erected penis (logo of the AAC) and an ancient gold plated metallic staff which was presented as a gift to

Hamamat (the first Most Perfect Chiliad) by an Egyptian King after his apotheosis. It was well known among mystics that most men with solomonic lineage visited the temple of Ishtar to be transformed into gods the better to enable them rule their people with a degree of supernatural superiority.

Louiselle drew back her lips and revealed her teeth in a totally innocent grimace. She had a faint idea about what the Latin words meant in English, but she knew they had something to do with the paragon of men to gods. “errm! I pray you to forgive my ignorance, Most Perfect Chiliad,”

“Si Invenerit Vir Dei Secreta Pubentes Herbae In Vaginam

Man shall be God if he found the secrets in a juicy vagina” Miss Juan said aloud, her voice sounded harsh like an insult to the ignorance of the qadeshes.

“Yes, I knew it had something to do with apotheosis”

“Will you shut it?” Louiselle reflexively covered her mouth with her palm and felt sheepish. But she was not too much affected emotionally because it was not the first time Miss Juan had been abrasive with her.

Miss Juan explicated further *“The vagina possesses the natural ability to create man in the image of God via sex”* She paused and swallowed saliva to lubricate his dry throat and continued *“It necessarily follows that we, women, are makers of gods. Thus superior to a God by virtue of the vagina we possess. We are complex heavenly entities descended on earth to multiply gods to cover the face of earth like the sands of the shores”* There was cute silence in the hall. Miss Juan raised the gold plated staff, the symbol of her authority, in the air and

slammed it against the flat surface of her pedestal three sequential times to forcibly attract the attention of the gathering.

“Louiselle has proposed a special candidate for initiation into our sacred cult. The girl carries the name of the Great Mother, Hamamat and strangely, she hails from the same town our Mother derived her birth and infant nature-Bolgatanga in a west African country called Ghana” she addressed the qadeshes and later warned them *“It could be the Great Mother reincarnated so I want her ceremonies of invitation and initiation perfectly conducted in spirit. And to achieve this, every one of you must start seeing herself as a superior entity to a god. Tonight is the invitation ceremony.”*



Clifford Benjamin Oppong is a Ghanaian writer and poet. His works have been featured internationally and nationally. He is

AKEN-BAI'S- A FLOW OF THOUGHTS



Aken Vivian Wariebi is an avid reader and writer. She began writing since grade school. A graduate from both Rutgers and Syracuse Universities, respectively, she never behind left a book nor a pen.

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 hearts and souls. Others describe her writings as life short stories. For Ms. Wariebi, life speaks to her pen. She believes that she speaks to people's hearts and souls from hers in hopes that, in her writings, others can find a little more light along their journey of life.

She is originally from Monrovia, Liberia and currently resides in the USA.

www.facebook.com/inspirewithlove

Our Bubble

What is in the bubble we call home?
Space, air, and what else?
The beginning, the end or vice versa?

The mirror of who we are or our
make-up?

Of class, dignity, or perhaps
disgrace?

We see, we feel and make sense from
it?

Our sight...is it clear?

Are we cleansed? Our lenses crystal
or dull, cloudy with cobwebs?

Alright, okay, do our vibes make
sense now, yesterday?

Has it ever?

Does this dictate to our living space
the deals of our ways?

Oh this bubble is it, all we have for
ourselves?

Who really can escape a bubble and
not leave himself there?

We carry ourselves as we live but we
can't find us

Nor hope to retrieve all that is us, all
of us, if left outside of the bubble

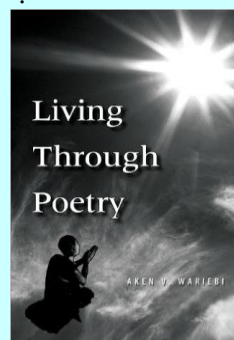
Are we still the same? Or searching
for what we didn't loose?

To find what we already have inside

Or kid ourselves that there is
something other than us

that makes for our self-worth,
identity or what we understand as
real..

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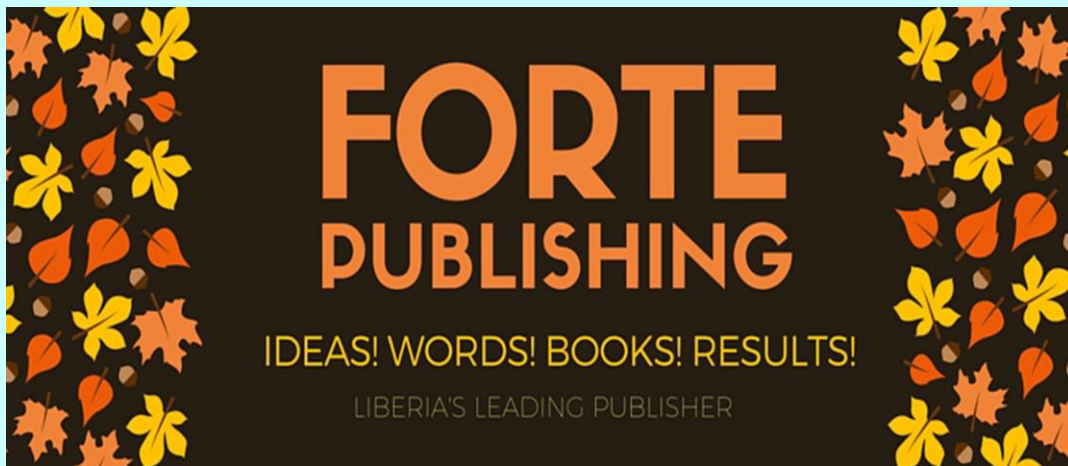
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Join our team today and enjoy countless benefits in any of our locations.

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DAkpabli Readathon

Award-winning author Joins DAKpabli Readathon Train]

The DAKpabli Readathon gathers momentum as Ghanaian author **Elizabeth-Irene Baitie**, joins the national reading campaign.



Coming on as guest author, Baitie is expected to feature along the main stars Nana Awere Damoah and Kofi Akpabli in their book reading and public engagements during the first quarter of this year.

Elizabeth-Irene Baitie is a Medical Laboratory Director as well as a writer of contemporary children's and Young Adult fiction. She lives in Accra with husband Rami and their three children.

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NANA AWERE DAMOAH
KOFI AKPABLI
PRESENT

Romancing Oseiikrom Sebitically

An Exciting Evening of Book Reading

GUEST AUTHOR: ALBA K SUMPRIM

VENUE:
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KNUST, KUMASI

24TH SEPTEMBER | TIME: 5.30PM TO 7.30PM

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Her first book, *A Saint in Brown Sandals*, was published by Macmillan in 2006 for junior readers and received the Macmillan Writer's Prize for Africa that year. Her other novels - *The*

Twelfth Heart, *The Dorm Challenge* and *Rattling in the Closet* - have all been awarded the Burt Award for African Literature.

“Getting that phone call to come on board was such a thrill. It’s a fine opportunity, joining a laudable initiative to bring reading and writing closer to our people. I just can’t wait to start working with the team.”

Baitie will be out-doored at the next Dakpabli Readathon reading event to be held in Accra on March 25. During her guest reader tenure, the team is expected to undertake at least one road show outside the Greater Accra region.



She becomes the third guest reader in the row, having taken over from Dr. Ruby Goka, a celebrated author and dentist. The first DAkpabli guest was Alba Sumprim, author and film producer.

Asked why the campaign has so far featured an all-females guest list, Nana Awere Damoah pointed out that though that seemed to be the pattern, it is not at all the plan. He assured fans that an illustrious male guest reader is

in the offing. “Just keep supporting us and we shall keep exciting you,” said Damoah.

Between them, the two Ghanaian authors have published 12 books. Nana Damoah has recently been voted ‘Author of the Month’ by KWEE, a Liberian Literary magazine, while Kofi Akpabli’s latest work ‘Made In Nima’ has won a place in an African anthology featuring writers from 14 countries which was published by the Commonwealth in London.



Besides holding public reading events within Accra, the team has also gone to Kumasi, Ho and Tema. The Readathon campaign by the two authors has received local and international press coverage with ChinAfrican magazine doing a special feature on them in their January edition for 2017.

In their readings so far, the two have received sponsorship from THREADEX, Aky3de3, MTN, Unicorn Rentals, WearGhana, Norte Sobolo, Lincar, Sasa Clothing, Fali’s Fruit Bay and AJ’s Housekeeping Services.

“We are excited by the way this movement is growing a life of its own”, said Akpabli. “Irene is going to connect wonderfully with our younger fans. We’re glad to have her.”

NANA AWERE DAMOAH

WORDS OF NIA

Mother's Day Can Be Difficult

It's hard to celebrate
Mother's day
when your child
has gone away
But your loved one isn't far
as long as they
are in your heart.

She is Still Close

Feeling joy is hard on Mother's Day
when your Mother has passed away
but love burns bright
when memories remain
and they will help to ease your pain.

In A Perfect World- people TREAT people LIKE people. They don't look at the color of your skin, the religion you practice, the place you were born, the level of your education, your sexual preference, the texture of your hair, the style of your clothes, the make-up of your family, the neighborhood where you live, the type of job you have or whether you do or don't have children. Did I get too trivial toward the end of my serious list?

Well, look how trifling hate has become! Society has become far too willing to assume anything to react to everything. We are believing lies just to have an excuse to go charging at people in and out of uniform WITHOUT KNOWING THE FACTS. People are reacting out of fear on both sides and it's all dangerous! We have become a nation of Law and Disorder but the

disorder is on BOTH sides. You can't put your trust in people who already hate you for whatever issue they harbor.

Once upon a time, we were taught that the police were "our friends". I don't know about that; but at one time, you could go to them for HELP and they didn't come on the scene, nightsticks at the ready just because it's a Black neighborhood. Based on today's climate, many of us wonder whether or not it's safe to call them. Maybe we should do like some "other" neighborhoods do and "police our own." Even though they are never spoken about, we do know that there are areas that handle of their own problems. Since we don't know who is coming when we call - neighborhood police or the militia. It's hard to know if 911 is an okay call to make.

No one wants to call them if they come in to make matters worse just because they want to "beat some head." No one wants to call the authorities if they come into the neighborhood and act like we are all animals (Their words, not mine.)

These days, if I have to call 911, I pray HARD before I pick up the phone. I want to know that when I call a human being who is supposed to serve and protect; when they arrive, they too, will see a human being.

21-3-2017 © RuNett Nia Ebo,
Poet of Purpose

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RuNett Nia

Ebo, Poet of Purpose, is a resident of NW Philadelphia and married to William Gray, Sr. She has been writing since age 10 (over 5 decades). She is published in several anthologies including *Stand our Ground* © 2013 and she collaborated with eight other senior poets on the anthology, *Seniors Rockin' the Pen* © 2014. She has self-published 8 chapbooks, 3 books of poetry, one CD and one fiction story, *All For You* © 2002. Her signature poem, **"Lord, Why Did You Make Me Black?"** © 1994, is also her contribution to *Chicken Soup for the African-American Soul* © 2004. Recently (Feb 2015) RuNett and Victoria, her Partner-In-Rhyme, released a poetry book they co-authored entitled *Truth With Purpose* © 2014.

In 1998, along with her brother, Darien and another musician, the late Keno Speller, Poet Ebo established Nia's Purpose: Poetry and Percussion @ Work. The trio used this vehicle to visit churches, schools and community

centers to share poetry, percussion and Black History with audiences of all ages.

She has guest appeared on cable, public televisions and radios shows. She acted on local stages in Philadelphia in addition to speaking and presenting at community events and local schools in Philadelphia, New York, Houston, Los Angeles, and St. Croix as well as several cities in New Jersey and Delaware.

Miss Ebo wrote the play based on her signature poem, *Lord Why Did You Make Me Black* which has been performed by the Fresh Visions Youth Theatre Group as part of their *Ebony Kaleidoscope* #9
 (end of the year) shows.

In addition to other awards received over the years, she was recently presented with The 2014 Philadelphia Black Poetry Honors for over 20 years of Poetic Excellence by Poetic Ventures and The Black Authors Tour (May). She also received the Golden Mic Award from Rick Watson and World Renowned Entertainment (July).

Ten years ago, in 2006, Poet Ebo, established POET-IFY: Poetry to Edify, a poetry venue she hosts bi-monthly from Feb. to Oct. with her co-host, Victoria "The Axiom" Peurifoy. She manages the MTM Band that has played for this venue since it started. She accepted the Lord into her life in 1980 and is a member of Germantown Church of the Brethren.

SHORT STORY

"THE DEADLY SECRET" [FULL]

It was fall of 2016 and I was the new girl in town. My family and I had recently moved to Minnesota. My family consists of, my younger sister Evelyn, my older brother Johnny, my mother Judy, my father Chris and me Savannah. We are a very close-knit, typical family that ate dinner together every night and asked how each other's day went. My brother, sister and I started attending Cooper High School. It was junior year and I didn't know a soul.

On my first day, a couple girls came up to me, at my locker, and introduced themselves. One was Cindy, Cindy was really tall I'd say about 5'9, light skinned with long, bushy, curly brown hair. She had a warm friendly smile. The other girl was Rebecca, she and Cindy were quite fond of each other. Rebecca was a little shorter than Cindy was. She had big greyish brown eyes, straight brown hair and a wide mouth full of a bunch of pearly white teeth you couldn't miss.

Rebecca and Cindy were really cool and well known in the school. I guess it's safe to say that they were "popular" which made me somewhat popular as well for hanging out with them.

A couple months along and we're still kicking it. One day after school, Cindy invited Rebecca and me to a weekend party her ex-boyfriend Dion and his buddy were throwing. Dion was fiiiiinnneeee; tall dark and handsome, 6'2 with smooth chocolate skin and well-built. One could tell that he was putting in some work at the gym faithfully. He had these beautiful light brown eyes with

juicy pink lips and a peach fuzz beard, fully waved, that connected to his clean fresh cut face.

Anyways y'all get the picture the boy was fine, but that's my girl's old boo which means he was off limits. I am just admiring the dude.

Dion's friends, Jeremiah, was damn fine too, he was my complexion light skinned, tall too with a slim muscular figure. He had long black curly hair that he held back into a pony tail. Picture a case where Quincy Brown and Halle Barry had a baby boy-Jeremiah would be him."

"The party was lit; everyone 'turnt t'f up' having a good time except for me. I was the quiet one in the bunch, Cindy was caking it up with Dion in one corner of the room and Rebecca was dancing with someone I didn't know.

Jeremiah spotted me being a lame and started walking towards me. In my head, I'm thinking "omg please don't come over here, what would I possibly say to this sexy ass guy headed my way; what if I say some dumb shit and make him leave laughing"

"Hi." Jeremiah said, "I'm Jeremiah."

"I know who you are." (Me playing it cool). He smiled the most beautiful smile I've ever seen on a human.

"I've noticed you for a while now around school but I've never gotten the courage to say anything until now." He said.

I could swear my heart tripled its rate and the room spun. "Noticing me, dam!" I thought to myself.

Part 2

"It's Monday morning, back at school Cindy and Rebecca are giving me a hard time about what went down with me and Jeremiah at the party. Even though nothing major besides talking happened, they were both in my ear nonstop about how Jeremiah

and me are so in “love” blah blah blah. I could honestly care less about him, to me he was just another teenage boy looking for a girl for a quick nut, so I played it cool with him but we did keep in touch on a friendship level. I was very cautious when it came to boys, me and my sister Evelyn had a very close relationship with our dad and older brother Johnny. They pretty much schooled us on teenage boys, after all that knowledge, I was aware of the “dangers” lol. Jeremiah was nice though, he understood clearly about boundaries, he always greeted me with sweet text messages here and there.

Let’s just say he knew how to keep a smile on my face as needed A few months went by and our friendship has gotten a bit deeper than expected, we were hanging out almost every day at school. We went out to the movies a few times and out to Issue # 28217 39 eat a couple of times with some of our friends. Saturday afternoon we were at Dave and Buster’s with some friends, I was sitting next to Jeremiah a group of girls walked by our table and recognize Jeremiah. Apparently, it was his ex-girlfriend Keisha and her friends. Keisha was a pretty girl but seemed nothing like Jeremiah’s type. She was loud and kind of bitchy (I’m not trying to be rude). She came over to our table and instantly got irritated at the sight of us sitting so close. She was completely rude and demanded that Jeremiah follow her away from our group so they could “talk”. Jeremiah wasn’t a rude guy so he politely excused himself “I’ll be right back y’all excuse me please”. “What’s up Keisha? “I miss you baby” said Keisha Jeremiah rolled his eyes in disgust. “Why are you playing games, you broke up with me for my friend and now you miss me?” You could tell Jeremiah was getting upset. Keisha leaned in to kissed him but he pushed her off. Rebecca

and I were all eyes. Keisha started yelling and cursing at Jeremiah for turning her down, at this point I could tell she was a little bit intoxicated. Keisha then walked over to our table and smacked me dead in my face trying to fight me. Mind you I’m a tiny girl who’s never gotten into any altercations before. I was shocked at what just happened. Keisha thought I was Jeremiah’s girlfriend and the reason why he turned her down. Jeremiah quickly ran over and grabbed Keisha and moved her away from me but not quickly enough before she started pulling my hair. Cindy and Rebecca were about to whop Keisha’s ass until Jeremiah yanked her drunk ass and yelled for her friends to come get her. I ran out of Dave and Busters and Jeremiah ran after me, grabbed me and gave me the warmest hug apologizing for his ex’s actions. Damn! He smelled so good, I was quickly calm and he lifted my head and kissed me... After that it was official Jeremiah was mine! We were kind of the IT couple in school. We’ve been going together for about a month and a half now, my sister and brother approved of our relationship, I was shocked with my brother because he was very protective of me and my sister, but Jeremiah never gave any reasons for my brother to disapprove. Now it was time to break the news of my new and first relationship with my parents. I told my mom first that I was interested in someone and that he was interested in me too. I never really used the words “Boyfriend or relationship” it felt awkward, but my mom took it better than I expected. She eventually told my dad and they were both eager to meet this guy that’s caught my attention.” Jeremiah’s birthday came and we had a big party, his parents let him use their house to throw the party while they both were away for business trips. By now, we have been a couple close to

3 months and things were heating up. At the party, we went upstairs to his room; my heart was pounding fast for a few minutes. When we got inside, he sat on the bed and motioned for me to come over and sit on his lap. We started kissing passionately. He laid me down on his bed got on top of me. He unzipped my pants, put his hands down there and started playing with me. He pulled down my pants got lower on the bed and started eating me so good. I thought we were already having sex, a few minutes after and I'm wet as hell and already came. He gets back on top on me, continues to kiss me. We made love. I was so tired when we finished. We both just laid there with goofy ass smiles on our faces before we went back down to the party." "Three weeks after our first time having sex I was having really bad headaches and fevers, Jeremiah was concerned so he urged me to go get myself checked out at the clinic, we both went together..."

Part 3

"My mind was racing with so many thoughts, how would I break the news to my parents? Should I even tell them? What if I didn't even want to keep the baby? My parents hadn't even officially met Jeremiah yet, would they automatically hate him? Despite me making myself crazy over all this Jeremiah was taking the news very well. He was happy and excited about having a baby."

"Thursday afternoon we were having dinner, my mom made her famous Lasagna that I LOVED! One whiff of it and I got sick to my stomach, I quickly ran upstairs to the bathroom ready to blow chunks. Evelyn creeps up from behind me as I'm hunched over the toilet throwing up today's lunch from school. "What's going on with you Savannah?" she said. I was stuck I didn't know what to say but I didn't want to lie either and keep this secret that's been eating

me up inside so I just blurted out in tears, "I'M PREGNANT!!!" Evelyn's face looked like she'd just seen a ghost! Little did we know our mother was listening from in the hallway. She instantly had tears in her eyes, I could tell she was devastated with disappointment."

"After all the drama and tears that happened Thursday night my mom, dad and I had a very long talk that felt like it was never ending, they were both mad as hell but neither of them threatened to disown my ass like I thought a million times they would. They asked to finally meet the guy responsible for impregnating their innocent 17-year-old daughter. I was scared, I knew for sure that my dad was going to grill his ass. My mother plans a special family dinner the following weekend for everyone to meet Jeremiah. We all got the biggest shock of our lives. It's about 6pm Saturday night the doorbell rings, I open the door and walk Jeremiah over to the dining room to greet the rest of the family. As we enter the room my mom's little smile wipes clear off her face and she's STUNNED as she stares her first-born son in the eyes."



My name is Miatta, I'm 22 years old and the mother of a beautiful 2 year old daughter. I came to the U.S 15 years ago from Ghana. I've never really had any interest in writing, and I was also never really good. I wanted to try something new and a bit out of my comfort

zone and did a story writing game on facebook that got me to write this short story here. I don't really have any hobbies, but I do enjoy working with food. I'm currently working as a cook. I'm attending culinary arts school and I have dreams of opening up my own bakery/restaurant in the next 5 years.

<https://www.facebook.com/miatta.brown>

SHORT STORY

Wilton Sankawulo

The Evil Forest.

[Part 1]

If you see animal tracks around a Town without traps, it does not mean that the townsmen do not know how to set traps. If you see bachelors living with beautiful, single girls without proposing marriage to them, it does not mean that these men are not interested in marriage.

Once a young, beautiful woman went to a certain Town and walked straight to a small, round house before which a fine young man sat in a rattan chair. She told the young man, "I want to marry you".

The young man looked at the woman in utter amazement. A woman making a proposal to him was something he had never expected to experience in his lifetime. How did she know I was a single man anyway? thought he.

He accepted the proposal out of curiosity rather than interest, for he wanted to study this young lady to know what sort of woman she was.

"Thank you for accepting my proposal", the young woman said, growing relaxed and cheerful. The young man brought her a stool. They sat under the starry sky. "The last request I want to make", the woman continued, "is that in our marriage I play the man and you the woman."

"What are you talking about?" the young man asked, perplexed and highly disturbed.

"Don't let that bother you, young man," the woman replied.

"My dear lady," cried the young man, "I understand your situation. Women are human beings like men. They too have feelings! So you have the right to make a proposal to me. But to expect me to play the woman in our marriage is altogether unacceptable."

"Listen" the woman said. "When I grew up I planned on marrying a man to serve him. We women always feel that men ought to make our farms, hunt for us; fish for us; and build our houses. On behalf of womanhood

I would rather do these things for a man. So don't worry. As this is the Dry-time, the first job I want to tackle is to start our farm. When I begin, cook for me each day, prepare my bath, sweep the house, make the bed,

and bring my food at noon."

The same curiosity that had led the man to accept the marriage proposal persuaded him to agree to the second one. Let me do what the woman wants and see what happens, he thought,

During the week the woman had the blacksmith of the town make a big cutlass for her. It was a heavy cutlass with a sharp edge.

Then she told her husband that she had seen some good farmland near the town for growing rice, and would not venture further. She would make a large farm; he should be prepared to work hard to plant all of it with rice, since that was a woman's share of the farm work.

For several days the woman walked through the high forest around the town. To her delight she saw that the luxuriant forest on the western outskirts was fallow; she decided to use it.

When she told her husband about her decision, he objected to it with horror.

"It's an Evil Forest" he cried, his eyes poking out in fear. Then he told her in a whisper: "Don't let anyone else hear that you wanted to make a farm in it. If you love me and yourself, listen to my advice".

"Remember I told you at the beginning that I would play the man and you the woman!" the woman said. "You are playing the woman very well. Women are by nature scared and soft-hearted. That's why they always want their husbands to be strong, brave and wise. And that is what I am. Don't worry. Leave everything to me."

"But you are a stranger in this town!"

"I said don't worry", the woman said curtly. "No more comment!"

"You know", the man said, trying to think of what to tell the woman to dissuade her from farming in the evil forest, "if you see animal tracks around a town without traps, it doesn't mean that the townsmen do not know how to set traps. The men of this town are good farmers. So don't think we naturally like to play the woman. I agreed to your proposal out of curiosity. If that forest could be made into a farm, you wouldn't have seen it fully grown. For your own sake, take my advice".

The woman still paid no attention; so he said no more.

One fine morning she took her cutlass and went into the evil forest. She saw no omen. Nothing convinced her that the

forest was evil. So she started clearing the undergrowth. At noon the young man brought her some food. To his amazement she had cleared more than an acre of undergrowth. She ate sparingly and resumed working. In one day she cleared five acres.

The next morning, when she returned to the forest, she saw that more than twenty acres of undergrowth had been cleared in her absence. She shuddered with fear. "What is the cause of this?" she wondered. But she was brave enough to resume working. At noon the man brought her food.

"Don't you think the clearing is large enough now for one farm?" he suggested. The area cleared was as large as two normal farms combined.

"I think so", the woman said quickly and returned to work, thinking all the time about the strange incident. Who had helped to cut the bush in her absence?

The next day she returned to find more than fifty acres of undergrowth cleared. She trembled and started running back to town, but remembering what she had told the young man, she stopped and went back to work. At noon the young man set out with some food for

her, but did not arrive until sundown, because the clearing had grown exceptionally wide and he had to walk almost the whole day before reaching her. The woman did not eat, but told him instead that they should go back to the town.

On reaching the town she went straight to bed in her sweat-drenched work clothes. All night she was restless in bed, thinking. The young man's advice began making sense to her, but she couldn't give up. That would make her a woman. A man must always complete any project he begins. The following day she took an axe to cut down the trees, for she realized that the clearing was large enough, in fact too large for one farm. At noon the man took some food to her and saw that she had cut down many trees. He startled with surprise at the amount of work the woman had already done; he couldn't do that much work in one day. She ate and then returned to the town. When she went back to the farm the next day she saw that all the trees had been cut in her absence. Utterly confused and sick with surprise, she returned home quietly and met the young man blowing on the fire under a rice pot.

Herbert Logerie

It's Beautiful To Be Powerful And Kind

I never told you that I
was perfect
I merely stated that I
will succeed
Even if I have to
clean the dirty deck
Of your ignorance
and your intolerance
I will be the first to
stand up to lead
And to teach you
things that you won't
find
In a book; it's
beautiful to be
powerful and kind.

Power is funny,
strange, elusive and
temporary
Avoid stepping on
people that you
don't need now
Tomorrow is
decorated with
surprises. Do no kick
the cow

Let it eat the grass
and the leaves that
you use for tea
So its meat can be
not only pretty, but
delicious and tasty
Even if you are a

vegetarian, Mother
Nature needs
The spit and the
dung to nourish the
roots and the seeds.

I never told you that I
was perfect
I simply said that you
ring will not fit my
neck

It's Beautiful to Be Powerful and Kind

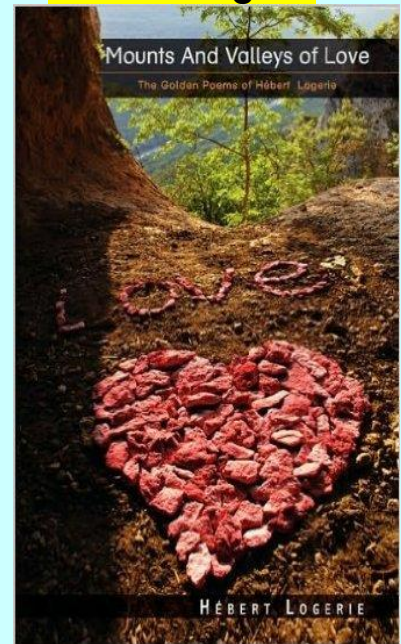
I never told you that I was
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Of your ignorance and your
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I will be the first to stand up to
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And to teach you things that
you won't find
In a book; it's beautiful to be
powerful and kind.

Power is funny, strange, elusive
and temporary
Avoid stepping on people that
you don't need now
Tomorrow is decorated with
surprises. Do no kick the cow

Let it eat the grass and the
leaves that you use for tea
So its meat can be not only
pretty, but delicious and tasty
Even if you are a vegetarian,
Mother Nature needs
The spit and the dung to nourish
the roots and the seeds.

I never told you that I was
perfect
I simply said that you ring will
not fit my neck

© Hebert Logerie



Hebert Logerie

is the author of several
collections of poems.

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

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

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

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

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

Hilal Karahan



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

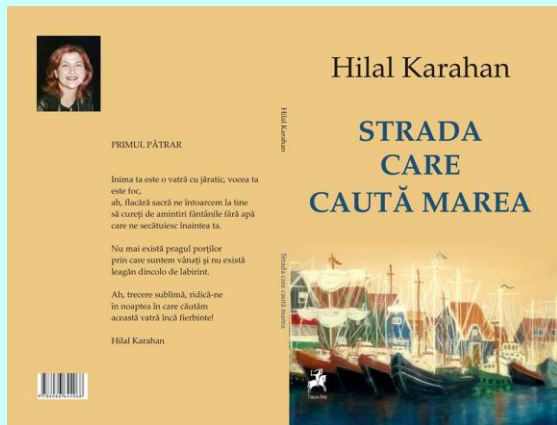
“Gece akrep gibi iniyor
duvardan”

İnsanı kentten ayıran sınır
sınır gece şaşkın
bir makas ağzı

Nerede uzaklaşır raylar
iki tren birbiri içinden
nasıl sessizce geçer?

Gece geçilen kentler
neden bu denli
birbirine benzer?

Gece
her kalbe
aynı kapıdan girer



« La nuit descend du mur comme un
scorpion »

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

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

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

La nuit pénètre
à chaque cœur
par la même porte

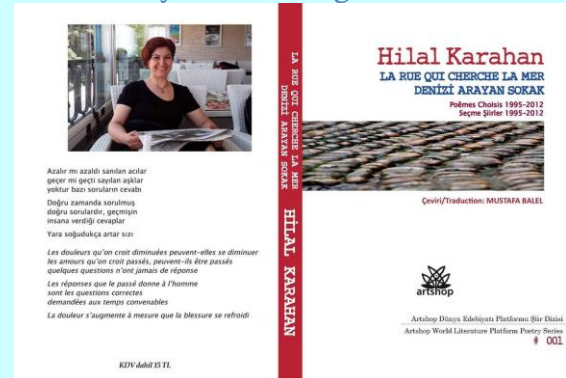
“Night descends on the wall as a
scorpion”

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

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

Why are the cities
traversed through
the night so similar?

Night
enters every heart through the same door



Alonzo "Zo" Gross

(ooh) Don't they have it all

Picture a Man,
 With a Woman,
 Whom,
 he secretly despises/
 Whom picks up "The Can"
 (Nightly)
 Ta Drink away his vices/
 But what he can't understand,
 iZ that oneZ own joy,
 iZ twice as/
 Valuable as the material thingZ,
 That still,
 render him lifeless/.
 Now,
 dig if u may--*
 His Woman,
 Whom feelZ the same way--*
 In Love,
 (Not with him)
 But in a Decadence,
 In which they both obey--*
 Trapped in pain ~
 A forced grin,
 Tis Part of her everyday--*
 Actin' sane~
 But her need,
 Ta (Truly Live)
 MakeZ her (Truly)
 Not want ta stay--*
 In a Loveless-Love,
 (A Grand Facade),
 So festered in decay--*.
 No prison barZ,
 (Their way-^)
 Just Wealth|
 That hath made them,
 Both blind{ }
 4 they can only,
 Loathe themselvez|
 Whilst doin'...

A Different Kind of Time{ }.
 iZ the Best "Pay Back".

© 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



The Drum is the Voice of the Trees

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

the drum
gives us roots music
and trunk space
and leaf scatter
and branch breaking
as a symbol
of love and a constant steady
rainfall

the drum
is the choice of the trees
with all due respect to
fiddling around
and basic intentions

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

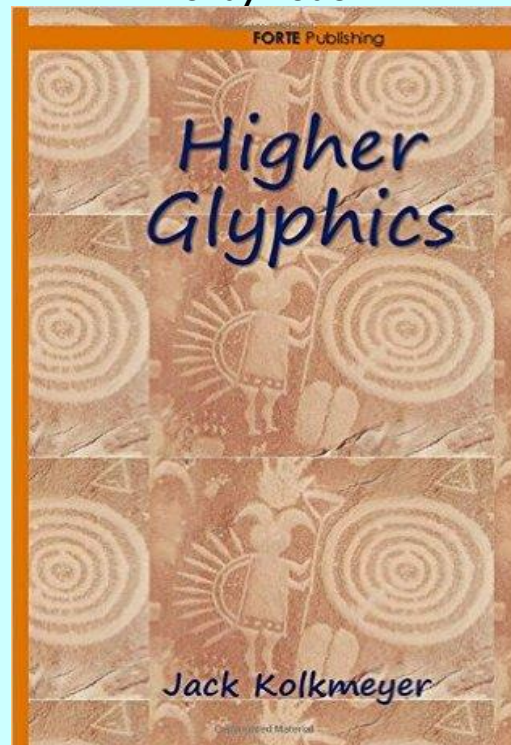
with a surety and sprightliness
of step
and not ironically
well, perhaps iconically
right on time
to watch the moonglow
melt into the morning notes
coming from the birds and
the churches

yes, you see

the drum
is the voice of the trees
because

the drum
is the choice of the trees

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

'Dawgz' in Heat

So hun~~~
What's the new girl like at work?
Ahh~~~
she's just a 'dawgz'
not very pretty
like you though!

'Workin'~~~
late night again?
Does the new girl
Have a hubby
and/or
friend?

Work picnic~~~
'an'
your family can't come?
But
the 'dawgz' there
for you
ALLLLLLLLLL
alone

Just you and her~~~
'onna'
business trip
A loooong
'wayze' from home,
for 7 'dayze'???
You fo sho
she's a 'dawgz'
and not out
for play?

Very superstitious~~~
a blind man
SEES
WRITINGS
on the wall,
yep, yep, yep

the stench
of this dung
REEKS
Ms. Jezebel's treacherous calls

'Wifee'~~~
does the unthinkable;
hires investigator,
to check out
him & her
to
'SEE'
JUST
what's up???

As she suspects~~~
'Dem' two 'dawgz'
IN HEAT~~~
have 'sum' pups

Dedicated to: Why must he chase the cat; but a good lawyer can cure ALL 'dat'?

A B.A.D. poem

As an emerging artist, trying to establish a solid reputation as an author, I am asking for your support by *SHARING THIS POST* and *ORDERING* my hardback, soft back, and e-Book(s) online and/or on my Face Book Page.

Authored: "The Power of the Pen" "SOLD: TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER" "Renee's Poems with Wings are Words in Flight-I'll Write Our Wrongs" and "Renee's Poems with Wings are Words in Flight".

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Thelma Teetee Geleplay

THE CRY OF MY MOTHERLAND

Oh my children!
When will my misery end?
I was once known as the mother of
many children
Children of whom few were mine
and many strangers'
As beautiful as pasture this land
was
From far and near many strangers
did come
A place that was once a home of
many
A place where many found love,
peace and harmony
A place that is small but great
enough for her own and others

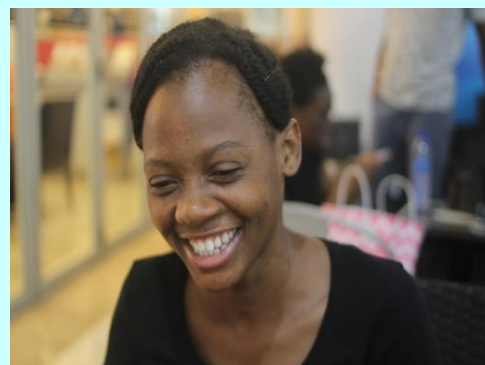
During the days of my tender age
Every fruit of mine was first on
blossom's page
My resources were enough to cater
for those in my coast land
Palm, Cotton, Timber and Rubber
filled the lands
Then came the strangers and the
wanderers
Some were wolves clothed as
sheep
Sheep that seemed harmless but
had plans of endless wickedness

Time came when strangers
became Princes
Princes that enslaved my children
They served them as Lords and
they built houses out on their lawns
I saw my young ones suffer
starvation
All these were causes of their
manipulation

Wars hit from the East, West, North
and South
My home was filled with mourning
and wailing
This home that was once filled with
joy and laughter
Because of greed and selfish pride
many did not see what was
coming after.

I felt my children's pain yet, all the
strangers got was gain
I wept and said to me "this is
insane".
Then came the deadly EBOLA
Ebola made my children refuse
their own
Strangers rejected and stigmatized
my offspring with frown
Some even felt ashamed of their
mother tongue
The blood from their wounded and
dying bodies made the depth of
my earth sodden
In deep pain I suck up my
children's blood
Because of others' rejection some
slept in the flood.

Oh my children Liberians!
When will my misery end?
I am in great pain because of your
greed, hatred, jealousy, envy
nepotism
I weep, yet I have hope for the
future.



Hasan ERKEK



DENİZ KIZI

Kaç kar-boran geçti üstümden
kaç kez dolu yedi yüreğim
ç ı ğ l ı klar ı m yank ı land ı
dağlardan
gri bir göğe as ı l ı p kald ı

Bir bir ölüyor hücrelerim
kahr ı ndan, öfkesinden
korkuyorum haramiler şehrinde
yitip gitmekten

Deniz k ı z ı Eftelya
ç ı k düşlerimin hapsinden
k ı lavuz et sesini yoluma
götür o masal ülkesine
yedi kat denizen dibindeki
buluşal ı m düşle gerçeğin eşğinde

Yumuşakl ı ğ ı nla dokun
yaralar ı ma
tuzlu sularda ruhumu y ı ka
gizini esirgeme
sağ ı lt beni, haz ı rla
çünkü yeniden başlayacak f ı rt ı na

MERMAID

Countless snowstorms have passed
over me
countless times hail has hit my heart
hills have echoed my cries
hanging on to a gray sky

My cells are dying one by one
because of grief and anger
I'm afraid of disappearing in the
town of kharamees

Dear Mermaid Ephtalia
go out of the prison of my dreams
let your voice guide me
take me to that land of tales
which is seven storeys down
beneath the sea
let's meet on the brink of dream
and reality

Touch my wounds with your
tenderness
wash my soul in salty waters
do not refrain from sharing your
secret
cure me, preparing
for the storm that is about to begin

English translation from Turkish: Tarık Günersel

Hasan ERKEK Prof. Dr. Erkek, is a poet, a playwright and a professor of drama. He has been awarded more than 20 prizes. He published 25 artistic and scientific books in 12 different countries. He is a full professor at Anadolu University, Turkey. He has written over twenty books, thirty plays for adults and children and won numerous awards. He is a highly distinguished Turkish poet.

herkek@anadolu.edu.tr

hasan_erkek@yahoo.com

Fethi Sassi

شَهْوَتِهَا

كَانَتْ تَسْرِي دَاخِلَ جُبَّةِ
الشفق
صَرَخَ خَلْفَ الغَيْمِ مِعْرَاجُ
شَهْوَتِهَا
يَسْأَلُ ... :
مَنْ خَطَفَ لَيْلَهَا المُوَمِسَ
؟

Ascent of her desire

She was travelling by night in the
twilight jubbah
Crying behind the cloud ascent of
her
desire asking....:
Who took away her harlot night?

John Eliot, DON'T GO

A selection of poems from the
new chapbook 'Don't Go'
Published by Mosaïque Press
Available from good bookshops
and online stores such as Amazon

1. Epitaph For An Artist

Twenty years since,
we sat drinking
red grape of the vine.
My health;

yours too.

French country garden,
wild, overgrown, hidden;
home of a relentless artist.
With wonder,
I breathed in paintings;
your very existence.

Last night, we sat again, *santé*.
Raised glasses,
Grandchildren, our rebirth.
Santé. One of us is dying.
Not me;
am I glad it is not to be.

*My blood is red,
yours is brown.*
Next Spring feeding flowers,
in a neat graveyard ground.

(In memory of Ahmed)

Kokoya Road

From an upcoming book *Scary Dreams*

Hey there,
I know you were there
You saw horrors of Men slain
on your paths
Dogs and maggots
gathered their debris
You saw all that
And more, now
Free your soul, for
today is a better day

Lekpele M. Nyamalon

I. Family Trees

(3)

father, an acacia, was just the same
only he herded cattle while
brother hustled steel. and he handed out
proverbs with a largess too
tardy to make anyone fluent. there was
always a tangle of thornwire
barbed under his skin.
i cannot remember the history of the
scars, except to know that it
was our own uncles who lit the fire.
the acacia, then, is a tree that survives
immolation, that screeches
with laughing children, and that cries
like a man, pregnant with
meaning.

(4)

the sister is difficult. she is dropping
frangipani blossoms on the
soil-red plot while things fall apart. her
ivory bloodlets are the

inverse of the mother's. everything is
chilled, yet somewhere within,
sun coals burnish her buds.

she is a locked bowl of bee's gold.

she is equally silent,
equally flammable.

Tsitsi Jaji

Culled from **Carnaval** © 2014

Diviner of Tea Cups

The brew is a woman lifting her skirt
for a man who's seen what's beneath.

He makes no distinction
between her and stewed carrots.

There's one woman who serves tea to
the second wife.

She varies clove and sugar but it's hard
to guess her meaning as she watches

the other woman drink,
an amber band across her front teeth
from all the good tea.

If she makes too little, it's worse
than loaning a thief the kettle

because she will never watch murky
waterfall from its spout, leave a
pebbled trail behind her.

When the tea bags sit too long or not
long enough
her mattress will be lonely before her
temples gray.

Did she want it to happen, or just
watch,

a child who no longer responds to
slaps?

Ladan Osman © 2014

Culled from Ordinary Heaven

PROVERBS FROM LIBERIA

1. A bird may be in the air but its mind is on the ground.

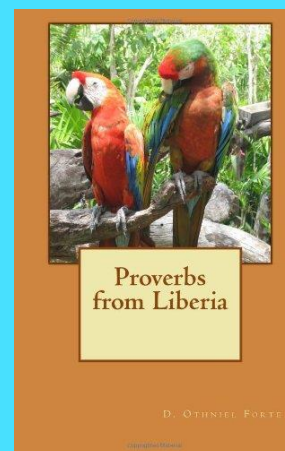
This proverb can be used when one is physically far from home but is mentally still at home (homesick). It could also apply in instances where a person is with someone but loves another person, that is not the one they are with currently.

2. A bird with fire on its tail burns its own nest. If a bird allows its tail to catch fire and it enters its nest, it can't blame anyone else for ruining its home. Some choices we make, only lead us into danger.

3. A child that they carry on the back, doesn't know that the road is long. *So many times, we take for granted the efforts of others to make our lives easier. We don't appreciate it or take it*

lightly. It is only when we have to do the same thing for ourselves or others, that we realize that it was a difficult thing to do.

4. A fool is the only one who buys his own tomatoes. A wise person will never allow himself/herself to be misled. They would know better than to fall for such a trap.
5. A little rain each day will fill the rivers to overflowing. The little effort we make on a consistent basis, can accomplish the largest of task. The key is to be consistent at whatever it is we want to achieve.



D. Othniel Forte

GIFTS OF THE MASTERS

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

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

Langston Hughes,

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older
than the
 flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids
above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe
Lincoln
 went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its
 muddy
 bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I am a Negro:

I am a Negro
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.
I've been a slave:
Caesar told me to keep his door-steps clean.
I brushed the boots of Washington.
I've been a worker:
Under my hand the pyramids arose.
I made mortar for the Woolworth Building.
I've been a singer:
All the way from Africa to Georgia
I carried my sorrow songs.
I made ragtime.
I've been a victim:
The Belgians cut off my hands in the Congo.
They lynch me still in Mississippi.
I am a Negro:
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.

Culled from *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*
RICHARD ALDINGTON

CHORICOS [P2]

And we turn from the Kuprian's
breasts
And we turn from thee,
Phoibos Apollon,
And we turn from the music of old
And the hills that we loved and the
meads,
And we turn from the fiery day,
And the lips that were over sweet;
For silently
Brushing the fields with red-shod
feet,
With purple robe
Searing the flowers as with a
sudden flame, Death,
Thou hast come upon us.

And of all the ancient songs
Passing to the swallow-blue halls
By the dark streams of
Persephone,
This only remains:
That we turn to thee,
Death,
That we turn to thee, singing
One last song.

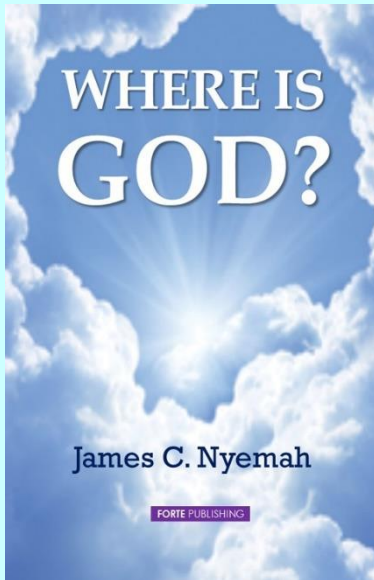
O Death,
Thou art an healing wind
That blowest over white flowers
A-tremble with dew;
Thou art a wind flowing
Over dark leagues of lonely sea;
Thou art the dusk and the
fragrance;
Thou art the lips of love
mournfully smiling;

Recommended Reads

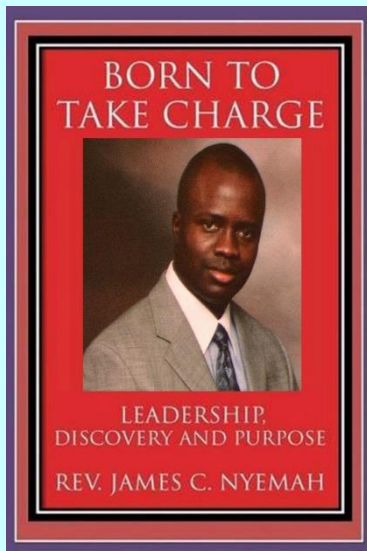
Published by **FORTE Publishing**

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.



do one thing... TAKE CHARGE.

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

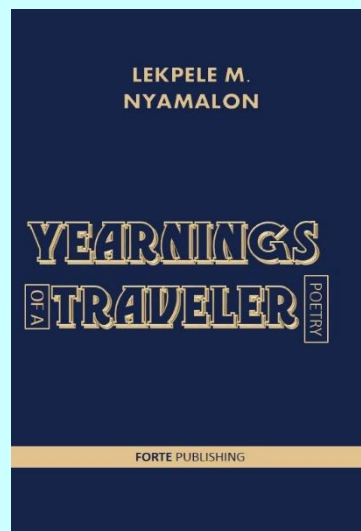
Recommended Reads

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



Yearnings of A Traveler

We all have a yearning for something. For Lekpele, his has been a message of self worth, as we see in his signature piece, My Body is Gold; one of patriotism, as in Scars of A Tired Nation; one of Pan Africanism



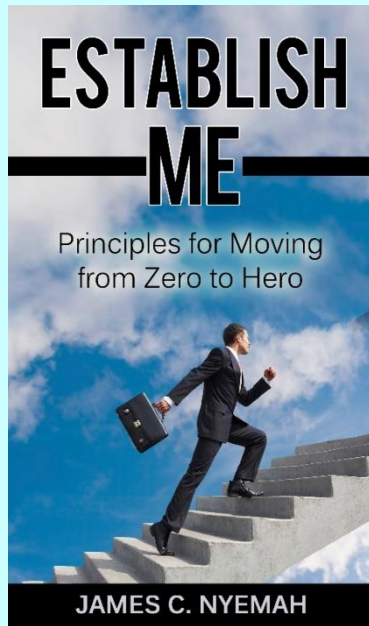
as in the piece, Dig The Graves. He also has a message of hope as seen in his award winning poem, Forgotten Future. He is an emerging voice that one can't afford to ignore. Yearning is the debut chapbook by Liberian poet, Lekpele M. Nyamalon.

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

Recommended Reads

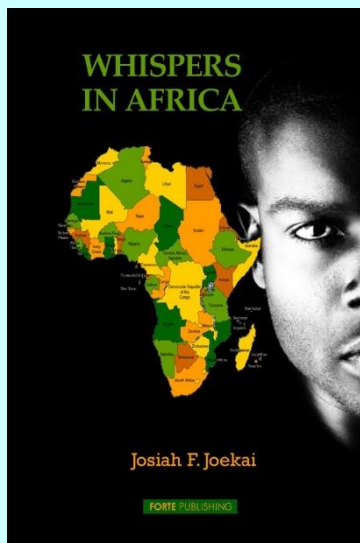
**ESTABLISH ME Principles
from Zero to Hero**

WE GET BROKEN, DAMAGED, THORN UP BY THE DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE. IT RIPS US APART, IT SQUASHES US. WE FEEL DEJECTED, REFUSED, ABUSED AND USED. WE OFTEN DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SHATTERED SOULS. WE SEEK A PLACE OF REFUGE, OF CALM, A PLACE TO MEND THOSE PIECES. WE SEARCH FOR A PLACE SET APART FROM THIS WORLD TO PULL US TOGETHER



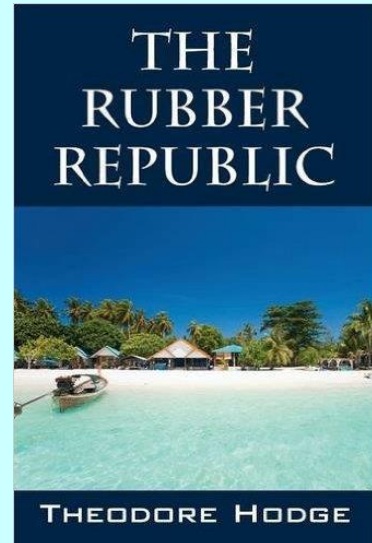
In his latest work, Ps. Nyemah lets us know that God can **Fix Us, Mold Us, Create Us** and then **Establish US**.

Available now from FORTE Publishing



The Rubber Republic

From relative stability to upheaval, military coup, violence and revenge. . . **The Rubber Republic** covers two decades, the late 1950s through the 1970s. Set mainly in West Africa, the story takes the reader to the United States and a few other stops along the way. The story is mainly about the intriguing and fantastic lives of two young men, Yaba-Dio Himmie and Yaba-Dio Kla, who leave their parents' farm in search of enlightenment and adventure. But the story is also about their country, the Republic of Seacoast, and a giant American Rubber conglomerate, The Waterstone Rubber Plantation Company.

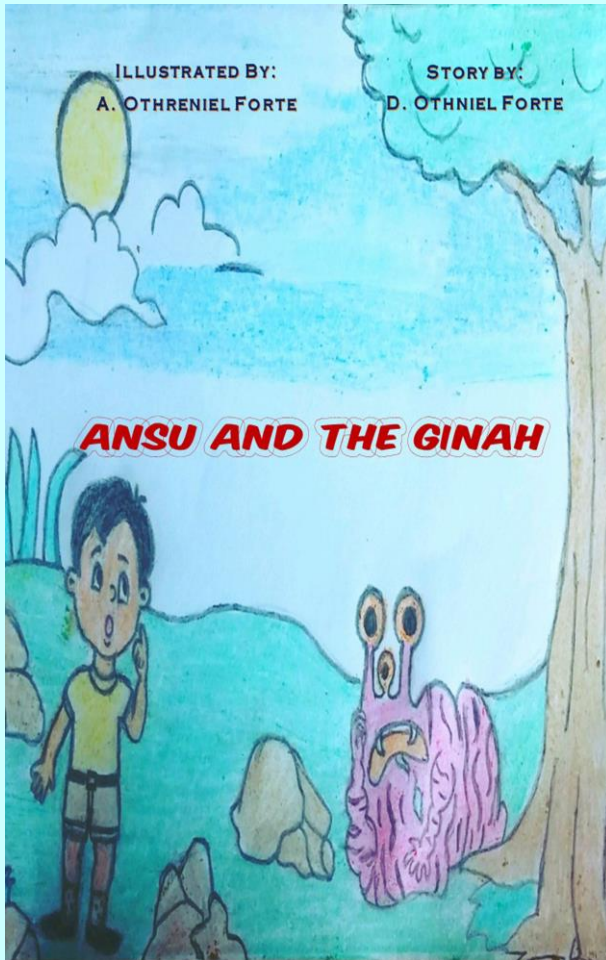


Mohammed Dolley Donzo

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



Available now from FORTE Publishing by Mohammed Dolley Donzo



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

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

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

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

FORTE Publishing Int'l



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

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

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

FORTE Publishing Int'l



**Happy
Women
Day to the
Women of
Liberia**

President Ellen Sirleaf

**Happy
Women
Day to the
Liberian
Women**

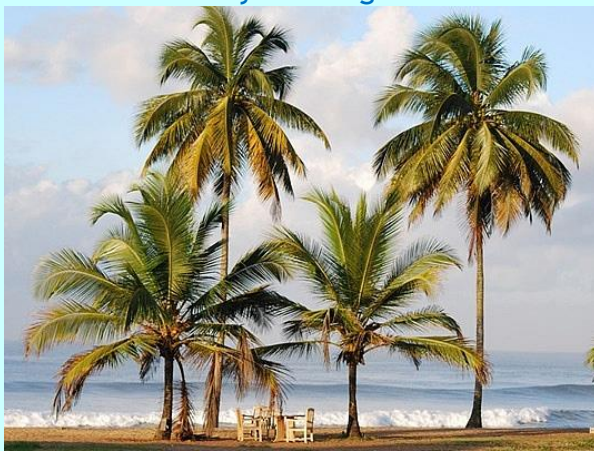


VP Joseph Boika

AROUND TOWN



Cozy Evening



Local beach



Child selling Plantain



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



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



School kids having fun



A Powerful message in support of arts/artists



Traditional Dancer from the Gio Tribe



Photo: S. Mark

City Center

KWEE Promoting Liberian Literature, Arts and Culture



Bomi County, a perfect view



Famous Liberian Piggy Hippo



Kpwete exotic waterfall is a great opportunity to expand tourism.



Down town Pehn Pehn Hustle



**The People's Monument
Centennial Pavilion**



Forget us not



Local sellers; Hustle; real life situations

Credit: Darby Cecil & Daily Pictures from around Liberia

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CONTRIBUTOR



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PHOTO BY: Melisa Chavez

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

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

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

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

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

Promoting
Liberian

Creativity
& Culture

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Liberian Literary Magazine

Mar Issue

Iss. # 0317

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WOMEN'S
MONTH!**

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AYAZ**

**Book
Reviews**

**Authors of
the Month**

**Wright Better
Liberian
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**Liberian Classics
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Aken Wariebi
Cher Antoinette
John Eliot
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