

Liberian Literary Magazine

KWEE

Dec Issue

Iss. #1120

Happy
New Year

Book
Reviews

LEYE
ADENLE

Author
of the
month

Short
Stories

West African
Poet

LIBERIAN
CLASSICS

RIGHT CENTER
Liberian
Proverbs

Poetry Series

Maya Angelo
Thomas Hardy
Emily Dickinson
Renee Brown
Janetta Konah
Jack Kolkmeyer
Mohamed Sy
S. K. Dworkoo
Hilal Karahan
Kerry Kennedy

Poetry Series

Gwendolyn Brooks
Langston Hughes
Althea Romeo-Mark
John Eliot
RuNette Ebo
Cher Antoinette
Richard Moss
Renee Drummond-Brown
Lovette Tucker
Wilton Sankawulo

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

#KolloquaTakeOver

Being true to our Liberian origin, the contributors to this segment make use of something uniquely Liberia to communicate their messages. Kolokwa [not 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



IMPORTANT

This is our **FIRST** issue of the **year** and **decade**. Wow! This has to be exciting! **TEN** freaking years! **GONE!** Vaporized like a comet. To think that we just began another circle, that can be scary for some, but not us. We are anxious to get on with it.

For most of 2019, we were under subscription. This was a tough decision considering that a major goal of ours is to provide free access.

We agreed with our partners to undertake this venture for a year. In a highly competitive market, a great business plan isn't sufficient. One must try avenues to get a working business model. For as important as they are, plans are just... plans.

Well, we can gladly say that for this year, we are back with our free issues. For this we remain grateful to our partners and all of you, our readers/subscribers for wanting more of KWEE. When most didn't believe, you all did. For that, we are forever in your debt.

This thing is boring, but I am told we have to do it so... there it went. Hhg. What else can I say? Hahaha!

Now for the juicier stuffs. I don't even know where to start. Our segments re vastly improved and most of our hosts are quirkier, funnier, weirder and more 'er' or 'ier' than before.

You know how we don't impose themes on folks? Well, that remains. Our faith in the creative process remains paramount. Creativity should be allowed to run wild, bold, weird but not necessarily unguided. We don't have anything against themes. In fact, we appreciate their value and importance. However, we just prefer to allow our contributors greater freedom in their creative process.

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'll take anything different, as long as it meets the standards we seek.

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

However, what fun is there if everyone did the same thing? We love and prize **difference** and **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 celebrates 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 mothers- the special species that carried and or molded us. In 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, with the *Nobel* Issue.

November - We are thankful for things in our, *THANKSGIVING* ISSUE. There is no killing of turkeys, absolutely none. ☺

December- The Holidays Issue comes your way.

We will bring you a better KWEE every single issue. We'll tear the boxes; go on the fringes to find what it is you would love.... **the best of Creative Difference**.

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!

Liberian Classic



GUANYA PAU: A Story of an African Princess I

By: JOSEPH J. WALTERS

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

RECAP From PART VI

KAI KUNDU'S VISIT

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 J;is 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.

PRINCE MARANNAH.

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 friend ship 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? "

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

Bai's Blog

Bai. T Moore

In this speck of ebony dust
Blown over east and western climes
Forever burns the yearning
To tap the springs of ancient bards
Whose tales of African heroes
Lie buried in the ruins
Of the kingdoms that are hidden
Beneath the waste of centuries;
Empires like Bornu, Songhay and Malinke
Or the domains of the Bantu.
Fabulous tales of elegant courts
Trimmed in royal splendor
At Jene and Timbuktu,
Where kings and comely queens
Surrounded by their courtiers
Kept aflame ambition
And millions on the march.
Tales of brilliant warriors,
On galloping steeds and camels
Who wielded the sword and left
Behind in blood and flames,
Achievements of the scholars
Who gave the world the rudiments
Of medicine, math and arts,
And the secrets of stars.
To catch the sounds of mocking bird
Whose lives and love enrich
The boat songs of the Congo,
The Niger and the Nile.
Or the new "High Life" of Ghana.
To carve with pen like masters
Whose delicate hands create
A ritual dancing mask
Or a silent god in ebony.

Wilton's Wall

The Evil Forest.

Wilton Sankawulo

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.

To Be Continued

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.

Song of the Harmattan

We are coming, we are coming
From the vast Sahara plain,

With the icyness of winter,
And the biting kiss of pain!

We are coming, we are coming!

Hark! the shrieking echoes rise
Over hills, from hidden caverns,

As we race 'neath tropic skies!

We are coming, we are coming
With our scourging blasts of pain:

But the fields o'er which we revel
Soon shall blossom fair again!

We are coming! — not a terror!

Tho men reck not our desire,

Tho they shun our wild caresses,
Tho they curse the wild "high-flyer"

We are coming but in earnest

Of the purer atmosphere
Man shall breathe when foul Miasma

Shall have yielded us his sphere!

We are coming! Greet us kindly:
We seek out the haunts of pain,

And we carry death for weakness,
From the vast Sahara plain!

But the strong man is made stronger

By our penetrating blast;
And the earth is purer, healthier

When Harmattan's host is past!

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, Kisi, Kenya (2014) and The Antigua and Barbuda Review of Books 10th Anniversary Conference, Antigua and Barbuda (2015).

She has been published in the US Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, the USA, Germany, Norway, the UK, India, Colombia, Kenya, Liberia and Switzerland.

More publishing history can be found at her blog site:

www.aromaproductions.blogspot.com

Diaspora Poet

Crossing Frontiers

The faces, within bullet proof
cubicles,
wear emotionless masks.
Greetings are brisk.
Bureaucrats are robotic-ready
with drilling questions:
Name? Country? Reason for
visit?

They will listen to the stories
of the nobodies on slow-
moving lines,
from a land without rain;
and a country where the rich
own everything except some
souls;
and a family from a place
where clan is killing clan
to assert domination;
and people born into the
wrong religion,
butchered and burned;
and mothers, daughters and
sisters
living low down in human
hierarchy,
mere beasts to many, forced
into servitude;
islanders from places where
the sea has reclaimed the
land;
the helpless fleeing volcanoes

awake after years of sleep;
the homeless escaping
the destructive marriage
of deadly wind and rain.

The well-secured listen. Duty
demands it.
They have been anointed to
lord over others,
decide the fate of brothers
and sisters
of different shades of skin,
different nationalities and
cultures.

Do the stories fall on deaf
ears?
Are the nobodies voices
just a droning sound,
the white noise of routine?

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, "Crossing Frontiers," and
"Crossing the Road," published in
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https://www.kabulpress.org/article240550.html?fbclid=IwAR1Am0dUcVb_qdoMbI2JWlyGUbzYDsdP_HVfR--JyzdHdYjv51He8KHthgA

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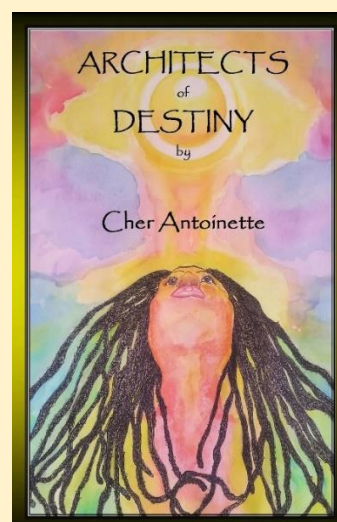
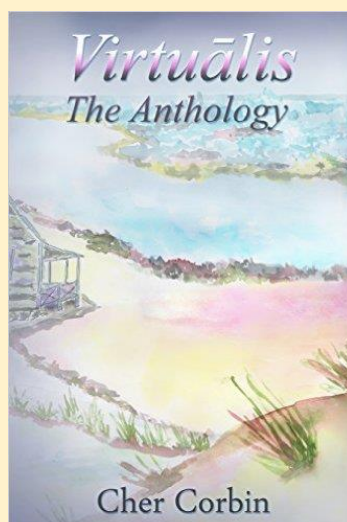
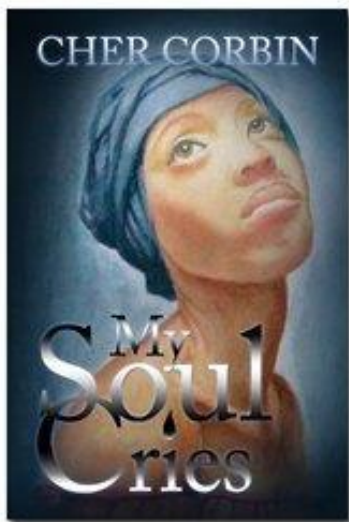
Unscripted



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.”

Jan 2020

**UNWRAPPED
FROM THE
DARKNESS**

awakening
darkness
no longer
envelops me
shed the
unwanted skin
peak through the
haze
the anger
gone
the blackness
gone

only warmth I
feel
closing around
me
suspending me
six inches off the
ground
my feet
my head
light

his voice
smooth and silky
mellifluous
like the creamiest
chocolate
addictive

I have to hear it
constantly
I have to drink
I am thirsty
quench me
love me

is this too fast
what am I doing
I am scared
questioning this
over analyzing

the darkness
is here
again
I scream
I shiver
I am burning
all over
my being

I am blind
pull me out
of this darkness
let me see

finally

unwrap
unwrapped
from the
darkness
my love
he has found me

we are here
together
for as long
as we breathe

.....
.....

Taken from
My Soul Cries

Cher-Antoinette ©Cher

African Poet

Baobab

A Tribute to Africa's Tree of Life

At the heart of the African plain

Stands a tree both old and sage:

A survivor of sunshine and rain

Silent witness to many an age

But this is no ordinary tree

For her trunk is hollow inside

And faithfully she keeps unseen

The secret of her native tribe

For her cave's a place of birth

A haven safe from danger

This womb of Mother Earth

Is Africa's child manger

The Baobab stands proud and strong

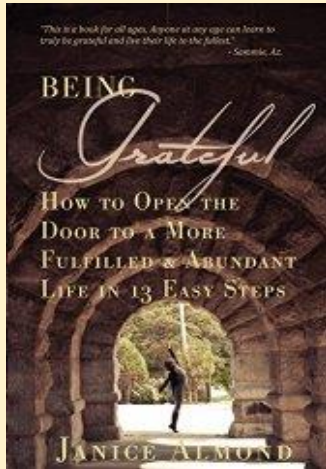
She serves her people as midwife

It's been thus generations long

She's Africa's great Tree of Life

Wayne Visser © 2017

Finding Meaning in Everyday Living



Janice Almond

Almond Joy Newsletter

Isn't It Wonderful?

Do you remember the song, "Up, Up, and Away?" written by Jimmy Webb and made popular by The 5th Dimension? Here's some of the lyrics, *The world's a nicer place in my beautiful balloon. It wears a nicer face in my beautiful balloon.* The song goes on to say...*We can fly!* You can listen [here](#).

I am convinced that if we are to have a great year, full of *gratitude, determination,* and *happiness,* we will need to see the world as this song depicts.

In my latest book release, *BEING HAPPY, 10 Keys to Unlock Overflowing Joy in Everyday Living,* my tenth key is "Yearn for the Best!" Read this excerpt:

Tell yourself, "I live my best life!" I had to tell myself that. I tell myself this daily. Regardless of how my flesh feels or what I think, if negative, I choose to

*live above what I may "feel". I am in charge of what I think. I can choose what I think. For me, as a Christian, I live by the Holy Scripture, which is the Word of God. If God tells me I can, then I can. He tells me in **Philippians 4:13, I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.** New King James Version. I believe that. You can believe that.*

Really, you have a wonderful life. Believe that! In the movie, "It's a Wonderful Life," starring James Stewart, he played a character named George Bailey who was down on his luck and was about to give up on his life. An angel came and saved him, and by the end of the movie convinced him of his value to his family and town of Bedford Falls. This is a great depiction for us all to grasp this year.

Although, you may have it bad, it is NOT OVER! Someone needs you. SOMEONE needs you! Someone NEEDS you! Someone needs YOU! George Bailey learned that "no man is a failure who has friends."

So, do that this year in 2019. Find a few good friends. You can reach out to me. You've got a friend in me. Sounds like another song! It is a song.... (smile)

For more encouragement, *check out* my trio of inspirational books by [clicking here](#).

Learn to fly up, up, and away.....

It IS a wonderful life!

Until February,
Janice

#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

Like me on Facebook:

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!

Go to:

www.begrateful.subscribemenow.com

I choose to never back down by ...

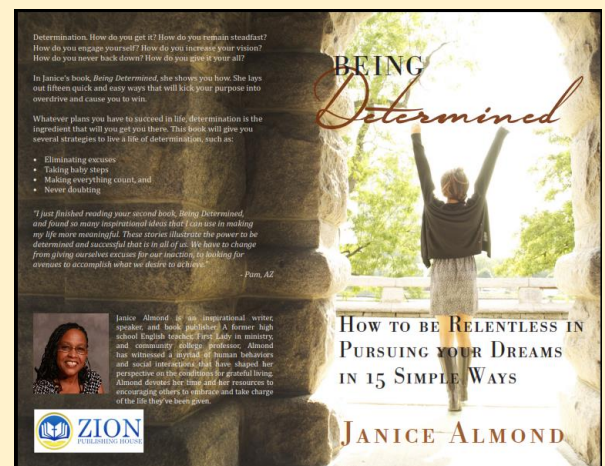
Join my email list & get my first book free. Go to

www.janicealmondbooks.com/contact



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

@JalmondjoyRenee



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— AUTHOR OF THE —

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African Poet

A new poem on the theme of survival, by Ghanaian poet Kwame Brenya, translated from Twi into English by Adjei Agyei-Baah. The poet incorporates traditional Ghanaian proverbs on confronting hardship and overcoming adversity, to celebrate the jubilation that accompanies achievement through struggle.

(Hook)

Struggle to gain (8×)

Struggle to gain (2×)

I know, I need to struggle to drop sweat, in the end I will shine

Struggle to gain (2×)

I wander, hunger is bitter, night bed me on the streets
Extravagant living keep you happy today, but tomorrow comes your misery
Frugal living, the wise approach, Kwame, that's my choice

Harmattan dries my lips, and sweeps my pocket

I will eat, but be mindful to save some in my cheeks

The next day, I'll feed on to survive

To last me till sunset

I've struggled, felt poverty juggle

The mighty pusher can no longer push

Oh! parentless child, I have no helper

Life a cross, and I win no toss

When will I find my rightful place?

My hunger is severe than the waif's

Will sleep without food but never give up

Brighter days are ahead, I'll not give up

The killer of porcupine,

Killing a crab is never a challenge

Won't let anyone's dance set my pace

The forest monster does not dance **agbadja** ⁽¹⁾

As we walk, talk and preach, but find no ear

Sometimes I sleep without cloths

Kwame...

Listen, no hustle no gain, so struggle to gain

Work hard till your sweat comes out bloody!

Wrestle with life to overcome

Fear not losing, the end comes when the pot shatters;

try again

No cross no crown

The log must lie in splinters before the axe is praised

Jubilate! Jubilate! When you reach the junction of hard

work

Jubilate! It's there that comfort lives

Kofi Amaanɔ I salute you, you once said, "Kwame Wusu

you'll be fruitful but before then struggle on!"

Here is the original in Twi.

Poem by Kwame Brenya,

(Hook)

Brenya (8x)

Menim, mεbrε, mεte mfifire,
εbεwie aseε mεyε yie

Brenya (2x)

Menam menam, εkɔm yεya,
adeε sa nsoso a menni dan
Sɔɔsɔɔ-kyeeyee; wo bεgye
woani εnnε, ɔkyena wo bεbrε
Kyeekyee-sɔɔsɔɔ: awieε pa,
Kwame, εno na mepε
ɔpε afa m’ano, afa me bɔtɔmu
Me didi gya bi, de bi hyε me
dɔdɔmu,
adeε kye a m’ayi abobɔm,
εtumi de me kɔ ara kɔsi awia.
M’adi amia, m’ahunu ohia
Opia Mensa me pia a mpia
Oh! Awisia, menni obiaa
“mia woani” me mia a mmia.
Dabεn na me nso mεso aba?
Meyam kɔm sene aboaba
Mεbua ada nso moboa da
Dabi εbεyε yie, m’abamu
mmu da
ɔbɔfoɔ a merekum kɔtɔkɔ,
mehunu kɔtɔ a m’akum bi da.
Me nhwε obi asa nsa m’asa;
Sasabonsam nsa agbadja.
Yεrekɔ a yεreba a yεreka a mo
nte yi
εtɔ da koraa a meda adagya,
Kwame...
Tie ha, sε ɔbrε nni hɔ a nka
ɔnya nni hɔ enti brε nya
Bere wo mogya ani
εne ɔbra no mfa nsi ani; di
nnim

Sε nkoguo ba a, kukuo no bɔ
a na awieε aba; pem bio
ɔko nni hɔ a nka abɔtire nni
hɔ
Ansana abɔsobaa bεgye
n’abasobɔ no na egya apae
Pae! Pae! Sε woduru
Adwumadene nkwanta a,
pae, na εhɔ na Ahotɔ te
Mese Kofi Amaanɔ meda
woase, ɔse “Kwame Wusu
wobεfiri yie na emom brε
nya”.

Translated by Adjei Agyei-
Baah

Footnotes

1. *The forest monster does not dance agbadja*: The monster refers to Asanbosam, Asasabonsam or more commonly Sasabonsam, a mythical, forest-dwelling beast of Akan folklore, who sits on the high branches of trees and attacks unwary hunters. *Agbadja* is a style of Ewe music and dance that was originally associated with warrior societies, that has evolved into a recreational dance performed at weddings and other celebrations.

From [New-Generation African Poets: A Chapbook Box Set \(Tano\)](#), edited by Kwame Dawes and Chris Aban. Used with permission. Copyright © 2018 Omotara James, Rasaq Malik, and Alexis Teyie.

'Twas Brigglin

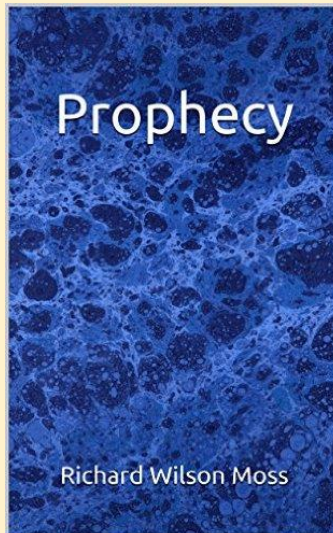
The Traveler

Looking out the
train window
I saw fields of
cabbage and
strawberries
Those working on
them
Men and women,
some children
They wore wide
hats, the
sweatbands
Almost black
Distracted I
laughed at the
heavy man
Attempting to get
in the narrow booth
There in the lounge
car
Giving up he sat in
an open seat
Bored again, to the
window
I was drawn back.

Walking Dirt Roads

Barefoot, I walk on
the sawdust
Of my nature, the
wood
Of my world rotten
The hours of my
days

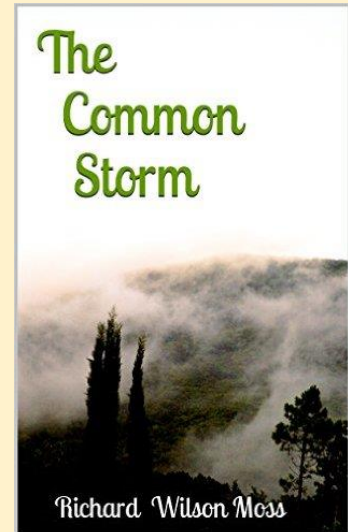
Passing, like
dreams of
mansions
While asleep in the
shacks
Of all virtue.
Barefoot, I till the
soil
Of my intentions to
plant gardens
Of disdain, roses
black and white
Scented with sin.



Equinox

I am waiting for
spring.
Snow is falling still
Canadian geese
remain
Riding the river
Their noise is like
the laughter
Of a toddler
stumbling

Through new
flowers.
I wait for spring
Though I know the
winter
Of its hours.



© **Richard 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

John Eliot Autobiography [P1]

They fuck you up, your mum and dad, so wrote Philip Larkin in his poem, *Be This The Verse*. Yes, in broad strokes, Larkin had it right. To be Fair there are minor and faults with my parent's parenthood. I think forcing education on their children and then expecting them to get a great job like teaching. If they were around, I think they would deny this, but I think most parents behave this way. Call it caring, if you like. But they can fuck you up good and proper. I hold my father responsible for my alcoholism. Drinking alcohol was acceptable from quite a young age, a bottle of hock at birthdays, I was bought a miniature bottle of Grand Marnier as part of a coffee set in my early teens. So much was the drinking that I thought it was the norm. I believed everyone's family behaved this way.

But on the positive side, I'm intelligent, well read (reading was

the pastime in my house from us all) I own two houses in Wales and France, I'm comfortably off, very happily married for a second time, four lovely grandchildren and six grandchildren.

So, did they fuck me up, my parents? Possibly, but then I fucked my children up.

There was a photograph of a baby, smiling smugly out from the frame in the living room of a house. It must have been taken by a professional photographer in the year 1956 or thereabouts. Colour photography wasn't at its best yet, so the colours looked bright and garish and false. There wasn't a lot of money in this family that paid for a photograph to be taken, so why were no colour photographs taken of anyone else in the family? Guilt? Why did the photograph sit for so many years on the wall, until it became an embarrassment? Where did it disappear to?

I don't know. I didn't go to my Mother's funeral so didn't attend the fight for possessions that

often takes place after the formality of the cremation and falsity of the wake. Certainly, there were no photographs of my younger siblings. My mother 'lost' them; they were aborted long before abortion was legal. And if I had been aborted? I would consider that murder now.

We lived in a council house. Recently I saw a photograph of the street I lived in from when it was built around 1950, a few years before I was born. It looked dreadful. The house I would soon live in was built; my parents and brother and sister may have already been living there. The other side of the road was still a building site. The road a mud bath. I could see where the bus used to terminate before they changed it. I was born in that house. I could take you to the room and show you, reader, where I was born. From all accounts it was a difficult birth and my mother was rushed off to hospital. The story goes that I was given into my brother's care, temporarily I imagine. That may

have been true. He would have been five years old and perfectly capable. Sometimes we underestimate the ability of the young. I watched a short video yesterday of my granddaughter aged two and a half change the nappy of her six-week-old sister.

But back to my mother. My mother meantime was very ill. So much so that a priest was brought into give the last rites. My Father was livid and threw him out of the ward. Later I joined Mother at the hospital. I know this because she told me I was breast fed. Anyway, mother and baby survived.

The last time I was in my birth room was when my mother was a few months from death, aged 89.

(I've been writing my autobiography for some years. I doubt it will ever be published so I will share it with you here.

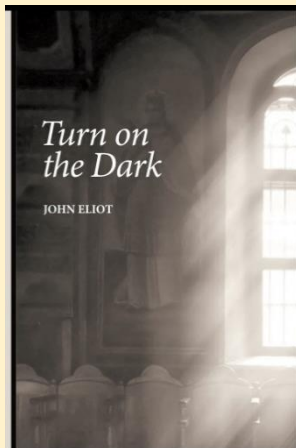
Parts 2 to... will follow. Any comments let me know.)

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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.

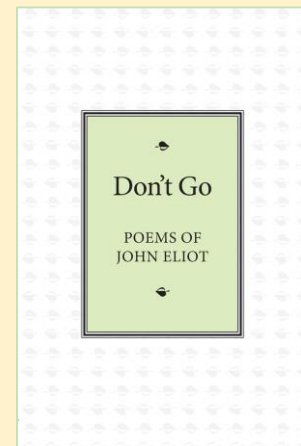
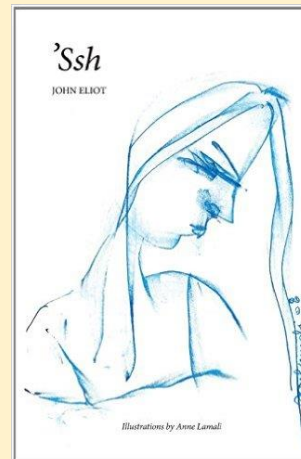


Any comments to
I will reply to all emails.

Connect here:

johneliot1953@gmail.com

Book by 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."

A VEIL OF SILK

Part 1

by Jared Angel

"Have fun," Yumi said, refusing to make eye contact. "If you miss the last train and aren't up for an all-nighter, stay at a business hotel."

"Yeah, okay. Listen, are you sure this is okay? I mean, I know you're not thrilled with me going."

She groaned. "We've been through this a thousand times, Justin. Of course I'm not happy that you're going, but it's for Kenji. Please stop offering not to go."

"Okay, okay. I'll definitely make it home tonight. I don't think I could do an all-nighter any more even if I wanted to." I kissed her on the cheek, bent down and said to her watermelon-sized stomach, "Sleep well in there. Keep Mommy company." Without kissing me back, she shut the door in my face and clicked the lock into place.

I glared through the brown chipped door and said too quietly for her to hear, "No wonder why men cheat."

We hadn't had sex for seven months. Even though the doctor had said it was safe, Yumi kept imagining that I was thrusting up against the baby. Since she couldn't enjoy it, I couldn't pressure her. She didn't even have the decency to help me release my frustration and fully expected me to take care of myself.

For the entire two weeks since I told her I was going to a strip club with three friends for Kenji's bachelor's party, she had a perpetual dark glint in her eye. She wasn't upset that I was going to a strip club. She had hired a male stripper for her best friend's bachelorette party, and had even suggested that we go together some time. She was worried that with my current level of frustration, watching a bunch of naked women without her there would tempt me to stray. When I had tried to convince her that going to a normal bar was more dangerous since strippers didn't sleep with customers, whereas drunk women at bars did, she had refused to talk to me for two days.

I boarded the 6:56 train heading towards Osaka. It was Sunday, which meant women and girls of all ages heading home from a long day of shopping filled all of the seats leaving me no room to sit. I stared out the window at the dark round mountaintops in the distance. After transferring trains twice, I was the first one to arrive at the OCAT building in Namba.

Genki came strolling up a couple minutes later, his thin eyebrows and pointy hair making him look like a new-age elf. He smiled from ear to ear. "Hey, Justin, long time no see."

"How's it going?"

"Did you tell Thom to come at 8:00 so we won't have to wait for him?"

"I thought about it, but didn't," I said. "Besides, we're not in a hurry."

"True." He shrugged his shoulders. "How's Yumi?"

"Big. She's not too thrilled about where we're going tonight."

"You told her? I told Keiko we were going to an izakaya."

"Would she have been upset?"

"Don't know." He shrugged again. "Didn't want to deal with her whining, though."

"How could you not tell her? That's totally not cool."

Before Genki could respond, Kenji came up behind me. "Hey, what's up? Where's Thom? Did you tell him to meet us at 8:00?"

"Nah," I said. "Anne knows this is your bachelor's party, right?"

"Yeah, she was there when we planned it. Remember?"

"Yeah, that's right." Of course I remembered. I was using the Japanese method of indirectly telling Genki I disapproved of his not telling Keiko. "She doesn't care, does she?"

"Not at all," Kenji replied. "Why? Is Yumi upset? I thought she wanted to go with you someday."

"She's a little upset, but Genki didn't even..."

Genki shouted directly through my ear at Thom who was coming out of the underground tunnel. "You're only ten minutes late!"

Thom's long beard had more gray in it than brown making him look ten years older than he really was. He rolled his eyes and made no attempt to hide his irritation. "I am

definitely living in the wrong country. Back home ten minutes late is early."

I led the way up the escalator onto Midosuji Street and said, "Has anyone ever been to a strip club in Japan? I have no idea what to expect."

Kenji and Thom answered at the same time, "No."

"I have," Genki said. "A friend of mine really likes them. The places he took me to a long time ago were really cheap so the girls weren't that cute."

"Cute?" Thom smirked. "Japanese men's priorities are not in the right places –literally. I don't care about cute faces. I want to see hot chicks with big tits."

"But what's the point if you can't look at their faces?" Genki countered. "Besides, big tits are nothing but fat."

We turned left at the next corner and a squat six-story building with blacked-out windows loomed before us. "That's it," I said in a rush of words, cutting off Genki and Thom's argument before it became heated.

We all stared at it, the flashing green and pink neon lights pulling us mindlessly forward like giant stadium lights luring insects to their deaths.

"Is it the whole building?" Thom said in awe.

"Kind of," I answered. "Each floor has a different club. We're going to the one on the first floor."

"Are you sure it's a strip club?" Kenji asked. The first floor didn't have any windows, marquees or neon lights. The only indication of it

not being deserted was a light blue door with the words *Passion Blue* written across it in bold white letters. "It feels like the entrance to a yakuza den, not a strip club."

"I wouldn't be surprised if the yakuza own it." I took a deep breath and reached for the worn-out brass knob, my hands trembling like a prepubescent boy turning his first *Playboy* page. I looked back ready to make a joke about my hands to find none of them following me. "Afraid of seeing a bunch of naked girls?"

They laughed nervously and crowded after me as I stepped inside. We squeezed into a tiny entranceway that had another blue door leading into the club. I was about to open the second door when it swung open to reveal a Japanese man the same height as me in his mid-twenties in a black shirt and black jeans.

He looked me in the eyes, shook his head and said in Japanese, "No foreigners."

At the same time that he noticed Kenji and Genki behind me, I replied in Japanese, "We're with two Japanese guys, besides both of us foreign guys can speak Japanese."

He sighed in relief. "Come on in."

Two young women in g-string red lingerie with seductive smiles were waiting inside the door. One was very skinny with firm muscles and shoulder length dark brown hair. Her sheer bra revealed small round tits

with light brown nipples. The other one had cascading light brown hair with blond highlights. While her bra was not see-through, it fit snugly around her peach-sized perky tits.

The club itself was bright, lit up like an ordinary living room that was perfect for reading or playing games with the family. Tattered and stained blue curtains covered old cold concrete walls. Immediately to our right was the bathroom and to the left a small room with another blue curtain hanging halfway down its entrance. On the other side of the room was a small bar and an even smaller DJ booth with another young man sitting behind it. The middle-aged mamasan stood in front of a wooden door on the other side of the DJ. She wore a tight black dress wrapped around three layers of fat. She smiled at us and swung her hand towards the sitting area.

The room was about fifty feet long by thirty feet wide. The stage filled half the space with stools all the way around it. Behind the stools and along the walls were small tables and chairs. Four Japanese men sat at the tables. One, in his forties, had huge muscles bulging out of tight green T-shirt. Another, with a greasy gray comb-over, wore a white collared shirt with bursting buttons from the girth of his stomach. The other two, quite young, sat together smoking and laughing over a couple of beers.

The young man in black seated us on stools right in front of the stage

and explained the prices. "The entrance fee is 9,000 yen and includes soft drinks. Alcohol is an additional 1,000 yen for all you can drink. Extended lap dances are done in the side room that we passed on our way in. It's 3,000 yen for three minutes, 5,000 yen for five minutes and 10,000 yen for ten minutes."

The moment we had handed over the cash, the girls brought us a basket for our coats and introduced themselves. The one in the see-through top clasped both my hands. Her bright pink fingernails were decorated with dozens of shiny beads. "I'm Ahmei. It's nice to meet you." She winked and turned to Genki.

The other girl had started with Thom and graced her way to Kenji, Genki and finally me. She ran her hand along my cheek with pale purple fingernails and said in a voice that dripped honey, "I'm Silk." Her face hid behind a veil of caked-on mascara, foundation and purple eye shadow that matched her fingernails. I looked deeply into her dark brown eyes in search of a sparkle of the true woman behind the makeup. She uncomfortably lowered her head and whispered in my ear, "You're cute."

My pulse quickened and I forced a laugh. "You have to say that; it's your job. I bet you said that to my friends, too."

"You're right, it is my job." Her voice suddenly dropped three

octaves. "But, I really mean it this time and I didn't say it to your friends."

Lifting her head back up, she smiled tenderly and the veil covering her face disappeared from her penetrating brown eyes. I sat stunned, unable to speak at Silk's sudden transformation from a sex object into a real woman. She responded to my silence by gently rubbing my cheek with her delicate fingers again. The veil reappeared and she said in her honey voice, "I have to greet our other guests, but I'll be back soon." She turned away from me and headed to the old balding man sitting at a table behind us. I watched in awe as her beautifully round ass swayed from side to side.

At the same time that I reluctantly forced my eyes away from her, three more strippers came out of the wooden door. The first one had a lime colored see-through top with a frilly thong. Her tits were enormous and her pink nipples, twice as large as silver dollars, playfully poked through the thin cloth. She sauntered up to me, placed her hand on my shoulder and rubbed her left tit against my cheek. "Hi, my name's Pudding."

"I'm sure it is."

To be continued.....

KLM Korner

PAY IN FULL!

Kuluba Mucorlor

Sunday Musings...

HAPPY NEW MONTH! 😊

The **FIRST MONDAY IN 2020!**
Well... before ANY “YEAR OF RETURN,” let’s straighten out a few things.

“2020 has a new sound”
~VBK

It sounds like this: “Ca-Ching!!!” 💰💰¹⁰⁰ I like this PSA by VBK.

Liberians.... let’s not break people down by breaking down, businesses!

FRIENDS WILL PAY FULL PRICE AND MORE!

STOP ASKING FOR YOUR “SPECIAL PRICE!”

There is no price **JUST** for YOU! **RESPECT THE PRICES SET BY A BUSINESS OWNER!**

We’ve **GOT** to get off the “FREEBIES TRAIL!”

I’m not against **HAGGLING**...frankly, I’m the **WORST** haggler... but there **ARE** markets for that!

It can’t be done **EVERYWHERE!!!**

RESPECT PEOPLE’S TIME, EXPERTISE and EFFORT THEY

PUT INTO THEIR BUSINESSES and CRAFTS! Liberia...

I’ll say it again...

Let’s **RE-DEFINE** what a **JOB** is! Our **SERVICE INDUSTRY** is **SUFFERING**, to name one!

If you’re only about the new 2020 SUV, whisking through the streets on horrible roads, an office, the tie, the suit in 95° weather, the desk... **YOU ARE A PART OF THE PROBLEM!**

Yes, I said it!

NOTWITHSTANDING... I am **NOT** supporting Liberian businesses (just because you’re Liberian) where we do not put in any **REAL** effort/investment into quality customer service, products, and care!

We can see **INITIATIVE**... I didn’t say “**PERFECTION!**”

While I understand perfectly well that the financial playing field is not equal, businesses thrive because people invest in them and there’s a viable economy to support said businesses.

We’re short on capital and we’re short on purchasing power. How could ANY business survive? It’s not an ideal environment and that’s putting it mildly!

The odds are sadly against both entities... but buying that gold bracelet to flick your wrist at the first \$1000.00 to impress whoever, is not going to help you!

Nobody cares!

“There’s no money in the country!” Well...we’ve kinda set ourselves up for that one AND we all know, whatever little IS there, is for whoever has access to it... not that it’s appropriated the way it should be anyway... but, moving on... 🙄👉

One more thing...

YOU MUST and YOU HAVE TO “SELL” YOUR BUSINESS!

No one is going to do it for you... but you want to call shots! Pfft! 🙄🙄

If you think someone else will care MORE than you do, pack it up and GO HOME!

Make space for serious people who don’t BS around all day!

Eight hours work day but we’re putting in three, effectively, if even...

“Boss man, I came late, car biz hard!”

True!

“Boss man, I going nah Ooo...car biz hard!”

True!

CHAY!!! 🙄

We’re SNOOZING!

There’s NO country, looking to improve, that will ever survive on this type of dysfunction!

I’m not here to sit in the comfort of my home in the diaspora, behind a laptop and fix Liberia’s problems...

I’ll say it AGAIN:

MY REVERENCE GOES TO THOSE LIVING IN LIBERIA, DOING IT EVERYDAY!

100👏👏👏🙄

In 2020 tho... **RESPECT YOUR FREN DEM PRICE! 100**

FRIENDS... Rome wasn’t built in a day. Stop trying to make 300% profit off of \$0.15

I know... ley plane ticket, dey hotel, ley fuel for dey generator, Aye LEC!!! 🙄 gas money, dey A/C 🚪, dey duty, dey tax, dah “ollor” tax and lah ollor tax. CHAY! 🙄 LR🙄👎

Last, but not least.... we need **PROFESSIONALISM!**

Lines **MUST** be drawn!

You **WANT** respect...**GIVE** respect!

You **GIVE** respect... you’ll **GET** respect!

Just “K”

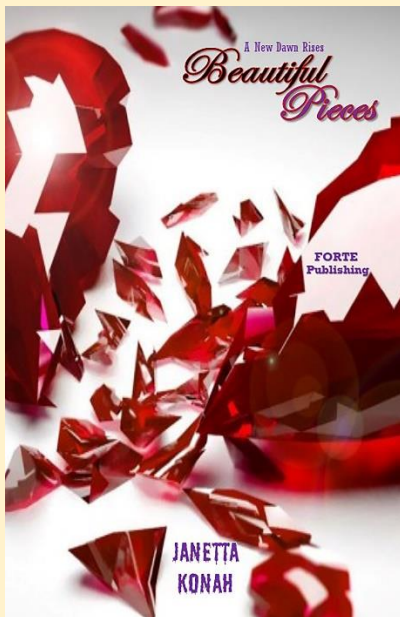
Beautiful Pieces

Innocence



Janetta Konah is an emerging Liberian writer.

She loves dogs almost as much as she loves writing. She is currently on her second book.



**I held him close as
He snuggled even closer
Grabbing me for warmth**

**Oh how soft he felt
And sweet he smelled**

**He was so small in my arms
Tiny watery eyes of
innocence**

**Beheld my face,
And melted my heart**

**I knew at that moment
I love him-**

That Innocent little baby

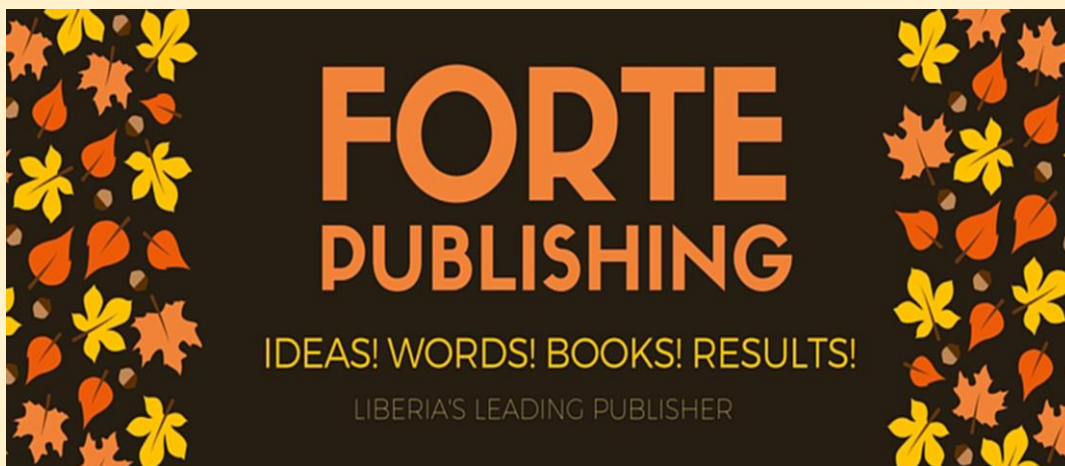
©2019 from her UPCOMING
chapbook.

Her debut chapbook is *Beautiful
Pieces*



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A Purpose-Filled Moment

Keeping It Real

...

A TIME TO BE GRATEFUL

I count my blessings when I think about the time when I was seven years old and molested by a man who could have really hurt me. Not only was I able to run away but I didn't carry that experience into adulthood and cause me to hate men for life. God blessed me with a wonderful husband, five sons and a good life.

I appreciate every day I breathe when I think about the time, I had a serious asthma attack had me afraid when I was struggling to breathe. I was alone at the end of the platform of a train station and I was panicking. I felt like my lungs were closing. The minister I was meeting said she was "led" to go down the last set of stairs and that's when she found me. That was 17 years ago.

I am grateful that the day I was the scam victim of a

robbery; I was able to walk away. Later that day, I broke down when I realized that the situation could have been a lot worse but the two men did not harm me because all they wanted was money. I was once in a serious car accident on the Turnpike in a rainstorm but the driver, my sons and I did not have any injuries.

In my lifetime, I've had two serious hospital stays and both times, the doctors discovered that the initial reason I was admitted was not the cause of my problem. Once they found what was really wrong, I got the proper treatment and went home.

I know the saying is, *what doesn't kill you makes you stronger* and, in my case; I'd like to think it made me wiser and more cautious but also thankful for all the best days I get. I'm far more willing to make more of my days good ones and when I get them, I'll be sure to thank God for every single one.

RuNett Nia Ebo,

© 2020



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.

runett.ebo101@gmail.com
www.poetebo.com

Short Story

WHY THE GIO DEVIL DANCES IN TOWN!

Bill Ivans Gbafore

Ever wondered why Gio Devil is often seen dancing around the city?

In 1970, somewhere around July former President Tubman in an attempt to establish harmony between the indigenous people and foreign investors led series of conferences and consultative meetings from local to national levels.

His Open Door Policy met staunch resistance from the locals, as the figures only reflected in GDPs and balance of payments among other economic indicators but had no direct effect on the lives of the ordinary people in terms of human development.

President Tubman in his wisdom converged a particular meeting to level the grounds and enable concession companies have direct and easy access to mineral sites and

exploration centers. This, though not reported in our history is popularly known among indigenous as 'The Consultation with devils.' For the first and seemingly last time, all the devils from our 16 local tribes assembled through an honorary invitation from former President Tubman in conference room 2, 2nd floor east of the executive mansion.

It was at that consultation the facial recognition of the devils was captured before later being used as carvings and arts work in many homes.

The outcome? 'The treaty of expansion, interior modification and exploration' was signed bearing the seal of the Republic of Liberia and BONG MINES as official representative of foreign investors and the left small toe print of all the devils.

Following the climax of the colorful event that witnessed an extravagant ball and dinner night at the Centennial Pavilion, the devils were

each given a token of a beautiful virgin and 10 pieces of blue-green diamond to return with which they all did besides one, the Gio devil.

He had seen enough of the then beautiful Monrovia; it's former glittering streets and acclaimed fantastic Rivoli Cinema and Montecarlo. He walked on paved streets for the first time and though he made some lasting potholes, particularly near the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but he felt good as opposed to the thorns or thistles he treaded upon in Sagliepea or Butuo.

Folks, Gio devil further defiled the virgin that should've been used as appeasement to the gods and traded his 10 pieces of diamond for two plates of GB, for his beloveth and him.

Due to bankruptcy, Mano devil and others forsook Gio devil and journeyed to their places of origin.

Gio devil decide to put into use his one talent for survival during the festive seasons (remember it was in

July this conference was held), the art of dancing!

So the next time you see a Gio devil down town, don't wonder why you haven't seen a Lorma devil or a Kru devil, they all returned...

Just remember that Gio devil is still here, in town, hustling for money...

Dancing

Happy Weekend!

[#LiberianStoriesTheyDontTellYou](#)
[#StoryTeller](#)

Bill Ivans Gbafore is an emerging Liberian writer. He loves to tell stories through poems, spoken word and prose.

His works has been featured in WHYKE Anthology, African literary online magazine.

He is a member of Liberia Poets Society. Bill lives at Matadi, Monrovia, Liberia and attends the University of Liberia, where he majors in Economics.





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POETRY BONANZA!

Because it is the NEW YEAR and we CAN, we offer this bonanza of poems from some of the MASTERS!

Bright Star –

JOHN KEATS

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No--yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever--or else swoon to death.

"No Loss No Gain"

The candle melts itself,
And the wick burns itself,
Just to give us away its light.

The incense stick ashes itself,
And turns to smoke itself,
Just to give us its aroma.

The sandalwood grinds itself,
And a paste, it becomes itself,
Just to give us away its scent.

The rose crushes itself,
And in water sinks itself,
Just to give us its flavor-drink.

The sugar cane crushes itself,
And becomes crystal itself,
Just to sweeten our food.

The field takes the seeds itself,
And turns them into plants itself,
Just to give us rich corn.

The tree labors itself,
And grows tall itself,
Just to give us its juicy fruits.

The cocoon spins itself,
And then unwinds itself,
Just to give us its silk.

The milk curdles itself,
And again churns itself,
Just to give us its butter.

The mother suffers pain herself,
But still smiles herself,
Just to feed the baby with her milk.

The camphor fumes itself,
And turns black smoke itself,
Just to illuminate the Lord.

One can gain something,
Only by losing something,
That's the law of nature.

Yes, the sacrifice's the mother,
Of what, in our life, we gather,
As the fruit of our labor.

So, grieve not over your loss,
A stepping stone to your success,
If you want to remain happy always.

-RAJARAM RAMACHANDRAN

India

Pause

for all the Madibas

TSITSI JAJI

There is a breath before the
pendulum rends its center,
a breath before what leapt
comes back to its ground.

There, men and women in
chains

broke rock, forcing it to
deliver

silence.

Hours on end, for year after year
of gravel's grating
humiliation,

men and women, clay-footed,
sat with Shakespeare.

They were never shamed.

May their memories be ever

blessed.

A Dream Within A Dream

Take this kiss upon the brow!

And, in parting from you now,

Thus much let me avow-

You are not wrong, who
deem

That my days have been a
dream;

Yet if hope has flown away

In a night, or in a day,

In a vision, or in none,

Is it therefore the less gone?

All that we see or seem

Is but a dream within a
dream.

I stand amid the roar

Of a surf-tormented shore,

And I hold within my hand

Grains of the golden sand-

How few! yet how they creep

Through my fingers to the
deep,
While I weep- while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Long Yearning

Li Bai

Long yearning
To be in chang'an.
The grasshopper weave their
autumn song
by the golden railing of the
well;
frost coalesces on my
bamboo mat, changing
its colour with cold.

My lonely map is not bright,
id lie to end
These thoughts;
I roll back the hanging, gaze
at the moon, and
Long sigh in vain.
The beautiful person's like a
flower beyond the
edge of the clouds.
Above is the black night of
heavens height;
Below is the green water
billowing on.
The sky is long, the road is
far, bitter flies my
Spirit;
The spirit I dream cant
through, the
Mountain pass is hard.
Long yearning,
Breaks my heart.

Li Bai (701-762) known as the "Immortal Poet" is often considered the greatest Chinese poet of all time. His poetries were famous during the Tang Dynasty classic poetry. His poems are known to have the same effect now as it did during his time. Many of his poems are preserved and can be found in Chinese anthologies.

Lighting one candle

YOSA BUSON

Lighting one candle
with another candle- -
spring evening.

bio: Yosa Buson was a Japanese haiku poet and painter. He was ranked second only to Matsuo Basho, Japanese master of haiku, among the poets of the Edo or Tokugawa period (1600-1868).

Heartache

KIM NAM JO

"I am sick" my heart said, but
Silence had not yet matured,
so that
voice was faint.
Later,
When my heart said,
"I am sick, gravely sick."
Because silence had matured
I knew what it had said.

My heart said,
"I have melted
From the pierced pains of
the arrow

That each became their own
scales and
tones

As if notes is a symphony
From a melody of solemn
song

But the concert is an abyss
That can only be heard in
silence."

My heart also said,

"Longings, regrets,
destitution, pain

The everyday life of a man
These breaks down into water
And until it becomes
distilled,

In pain, sufferings are

Devoted

As a gift upon the altar of life

And life is truly

Of this value."

Kim Nam Jo is a Korean poet who made her debut in 1950 while still in college, publishing the poetry collection "Constellations." Her poetry features dynamic use of sensual language and vibrant imagery to portray the subtlety of human emotions. Kim's works follows in the tradition of Mo Yunsuk and Noh Cheonmyeong

Author Interview

Our Spotlight author is a Nigerian award winning writer and wine lover.

LEYE ADENLE



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

Let's talk about you? The person behind the pen...

1. Do you mentor? What do you look for in a mentee?

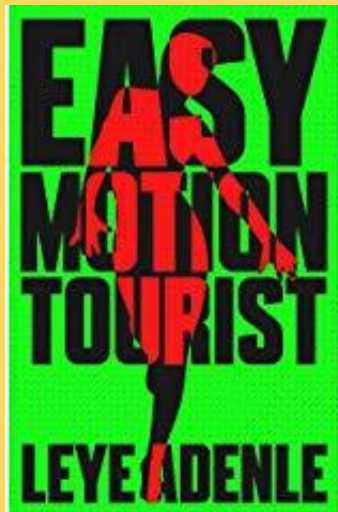
Nah. Not formally. No one has ever asked me to be their writing mentor. What do you have to do to become a mentor? Do you get paid for it? ☐

How active are you on social media (links)? And how do you think it affects the way you write?

I'm on Instagram, Facebook, and Twitter. I'm my full name concatenated **LeyeAdenle** on all of them. I try to avoid saying stupid stuff on there, and I try to resist the incredible urge to respond to stupid stuff on there. Does it affect my writing? Not sure.

2. How did you celebrate the publishing of your first book?

I went to a bar with a bunch of friends. There was live Latin music played by two of my friends. These days I celebrate with a whoop whoop, then I get on with the current book I'm working on.



3. How often do you attend literary festivals? Which festivals can we expect to see you at this year?

All the time, so long as I can make it. I'm saving up to be at **AKE** and **Abantu** this year.

4. If you were given the opportunity to form a book club with your favorite authors of all time, which legends or contemporary writers would you want to become a part of the club? No less than FIVE!

Sorry, I avoid listing favorite authors, just like I avoid listing favorite books. If I had to form a book club with writers, I'll post an invitation on social media and accept all writers who apply.

5. Tell us about an interesting or memorable encounter you had with a fan?

The most interesting encounter I've ever had with a fan was when a lady came to have her book signed in Lyon and she burst into tears. Apparently, my main character, Amaka, had moved her that much. It was such a humbling experience and it taught me to be mindful of what I write.

6. Your writer friends, which of them do you discuss your projects with? How does that play out?

Zukiswa Wanner. We bounce ideas off each other.

7. What is your view on co-authoring books; have you done any?

Never done it, but would give it a go.

8. Which is hardest for you – the writing, the publication, and the sales?

The writing as this is the only part I have major control over.

9. What does 'retirement' mean to you? Do writers ever retire?

Retirement? What is that word?

10. How do you incorporate the noise around you into the story you are writing at the moment? Can you tell us about your current projects?

I do not like writing in silence, hence I'm often at a coffee surrounded by background music and the conversations of strangers while writing. I'm not conscious of it, but I won't be surprised if some of that music and some of that eavesdropping has ended up in my writing.

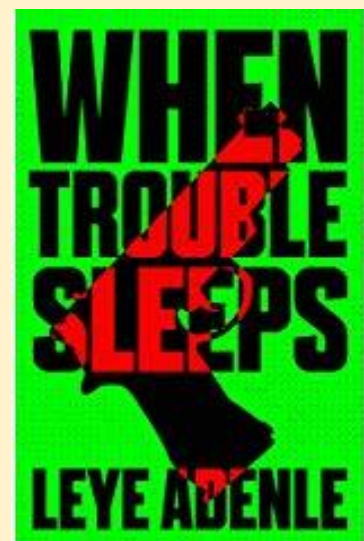
I'm currently editing the third book in my

Amaka Thriller series. It's titled Unfinished Business, and fingers crossed, it's going to be published this year.

Plus Two

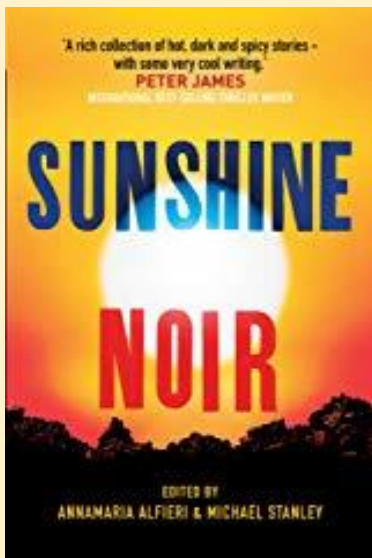
11. Is today's generation more aware of the literary art or less?

I think it's hard to tell. We didn't have smart phones and instant messaging and the worldwide web and social media when I was growing up. Books were the technology we bent our heads to. Today, the world is different and tastes are different.



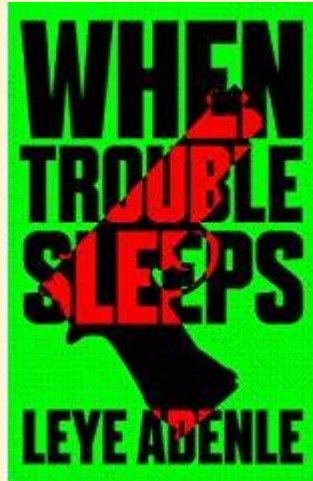
Heck, even slangs are different. iPhones, Netflix, Amazon. It's a different world and everything is different.

Is today's generation more aware of the literary art of less? Hard to tell. Their world is different and they are different and that's beautiful.



12. You don't have to be a writer in order to be an author – what is your take?

Well, I think you don't have to be published to be a writer, so, semantics aside, I agree and I disagree.



Author Bio



Leye Adenle is a Nigerian writer living in London. His debut novel,

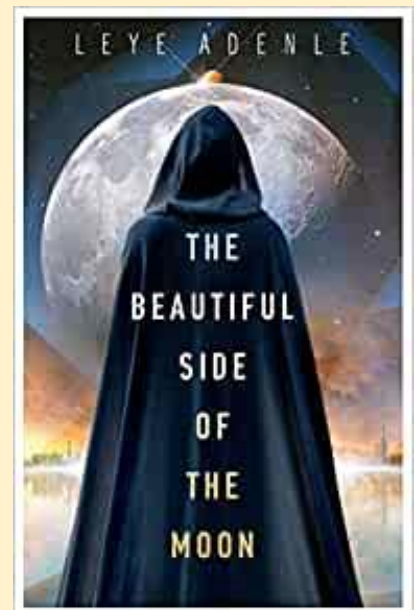
Easy Motion Tourist, described by James Elroy as 'A vaulting jackal of a book,' won the 2016 Prix Marianne.

In 2017 he was a finalist for the CWA short story dagger award for his story, *The Assassination*, in the anthology, **Sunshine Noir**, and the second book in his Amaka crime thriller series, *When Trouble Sleeps*, was a finalist for the 2019 **CrimeFest eDunnit Award**.



His novella, *Chronicles of a Run Girl*, originally published anonymously on the satire website he founded, wazobiareport.com, has been studied at the University of Birmingham.

His latest book, *The Beautiful Side of the Moon*, is speculative fiction novel in which a Nigerian saves the world.



BS Truths We Don't Want To Admit

**"No One Is Ugly. We Are
All God's Creation."**

Delusion is a most powerful
thing. It can have the best of us

#Story#

Once, a lizard prepared a nest. She needed to lay her eggs and rest, but she also had to sort her food business out.

Eventually, she went in search for food. Upon return, she saw a strange egg in the nest. She assumed another lizard was pressed with labor and made use of her comfort space. After a while, she thought nothing much of it. She needed to lay, so she did her *do*. With time, she hatched her eggs but hesitated to hatch the strange egg. She wondered what became of the mother all this time.

Seeing how the egg could wait no longer, she hatched it. Out came a different baby, more like a deformed, albino baby.

She grew to love the child, but everyone else advised against keeping it. She insisted they kept it because it had no mother and was deformed. Seeing a mother's resolve, the elders agreed.

The child development was fast. It soon outpaced everyone else. What it lacked in legs, it compensated for in the belly. It crawled, as the lizards do, only without legs. It ate twice as much and grew twice as fast.

This earned it the enviable status of being bullied. All the kids teased the child every time. It was alone and had no friends except for Mama. It played alone and scouted alone.

One day, it came across another animal that resembled it. They hung out. Soon, it learned new tricks and adopted ways it never knew it had.

On the day of the feast, it brought its new friends home to celebrate.

To the amazement of everyone gathered, amidst their fun and merriment, they were surrounded. They

scrambled about but to no avail. At every turn, a poisonous viper awaited. The outcast had found its kin.

It had learned its nature.
Its ugly face had shown.
It came home to feast.

**You see, the viper was
ugly by nature.**

**The harsh truth is that
there are ugly people. And
there are even uglier
people. They're spiteful,
hateful, mean, outright evil
and dam right wicked.**

**One must stay far away
from these. Ain't no 'keep
your enemies close' with
deadly vipers.**

**Personally, I bash, smite
or smash their heads, when
they near me. There are no
77x7 with these beings.**

**Trust me, you won't live
long enough to turn the
cheeks a mere 7 times.**

**DONT BELIEVE ME? Ask
the biblical ABEL, he can
relate.**

**#Wake #the #fnck #Up
#I AM TOO OLD FOR BS
OR ASSTRAY**

**#KOLOKWA#SPEAKS
#HARSH#TRUTHS#**

D. OTHNIEL FORTE

ARTIST IN PERSPECTIVE

Baba and Mama Shabu



Baba and Mama Shabu @home

Lodge in the heart of Liberia's Bong County, on an acreage that is as natural as it gets, lives a quiet couple, the Shabus. Baba and Mama have the enviable status of being in a select class of senior creative artists. They are amongst the oldest artists alive in Liberia. Baba just celebrated his 91st birthday. Don't be fooled by the Methuselan lifespan. Last year, when Baba turned 90 years young, he hosted an art exhibition [**Shabu @ 90**] that none rivalled. The attention to detail required to conclude a single paint is enormous, so imagine at that tender age, Baba possesses, still, the faculty, sight, strength and patience to keep working. Baba is

one of those icons you are most likely to depart and leave behind—those that just exist and reinvent themselves.

Mama Shabu on the other hand, well, she's a bundle of joy. She is the sweetest person there is. Her tender voice melts the hardest of hearts. Each time she speaks, I hear my granny's voice but in a different body [minus the heavy southern drawl]. Mama is that steady glow lighting the way along this journey.



The Shabus

The Shabus move around whenever they can, even making the arduous over two hours thirty minutes' drive to Monrovia just to share their knowledge and work. This pair is indestructible.

They focus on training children between the ages of 6-15. They run a center in Gbarnga where children can come and create in

multiple media- painting, drawing, textile designs etc. and all this they do free of charge but at their own expanse.

The #Shabu@90 featured exhibition with a children’s art display. Expressing the rationale for this, the Shabus wrote that, “The whole idea is that we need to increase our creativity and our trust in our creativity.” They continue by noting that, “...we have to be creative to figure out what works best for us. It’s got to start with the children.”

They “want people to see that creativity starts from the youngest and, if we start them off now (allowing and nurturing creativity), then when they are capable of contributing to society, they will be able to use that creativity to move Liberia forward.”



Cloth with assorted symbols

However, despite all this, what I find most fascinating is the cultural symbols the Shabus have managed to develop. For years in my travels, I longed to see symbols from my native land impressed, embossed or engraved on just about anything. That dream lingered until a group of artist approached me wanting the same. We began the process but it never really did take off as we had wanted.

So, imagine my amazement when I found out that my dream a reality- that someone had actually taken the time, pain and creative genius to pour over the Liberian scripts and cultural symbols and give some meaning to it. Mind-blowing!



Baba and Ian Yhap

The extend of the work is encouraging. It is better than a good start. What needs to be done now is an aggressive

approach to furthering it. This calls for all hands on deck; not the usual name calling and blaming. It is not just government. Yes, those geezlers need to show up, but artists bear as much, if not a heavier burden to popularize these symbols.



For the next few months, we will run a series displaying the cultural symbols the Shabus have created, adopted and defined.



Baba Shabu with KWEE's editor

D. Othniel Forte

Symbols: Visual Connections Strengthening Our Culture

By Baba & Mama Shabu



The image of a saasaa brings to most Liberians' minds the thought of women, of cultural dance, song and music – of rhythm! The saasaa is a symbol that unifies our national and cultural consciousness. As we all work toward rebuilding our nation, unity – the ability to think and work together as one is of utmost value and importance. To paraphrase the words of author, Marimba Ani, when a symbol becomes a forceful presentation of the national/cultural idea, it is a powerful image that causes you to feel and internalize your culture. The art/design is seen by individuals and has the special ability to create a unity between the collective group. We, the cultural artists, have an important role to play here. Our own symbols tap into the energy of our African ancestral memory and

a national consciousness is created.

Wholesome symbols with character-strengthening meanings can be adopted into the culture from many sources. Some of our symbols are found in our history. Several historians and scholars have traced Liberian history back to Ancient Egypt – Kemet. The Ankh is one of the beautiful symbols from that era. Its meaning is “life”.



From our more recent history we have the beautiful Liberian language symbols like the “ku” symbol from the Kpelle Language. The “ku” symbol has been adapted to represent “trust”.



Liberia is rich in glorious natural resources and important symbols can be found there. The cork wood tree is a good example. It has a beautiful stem and has been adapted to represent “inspiration”.



It is now the job of Liberian Cultural Artists to bring these symbols to our people. It is the job of the media to promote them and it is the job of us all to use them daily in our lives so that WE define who we are. After all, WE know best who we really are.



Baba, Mama, & kids with symbols



Some of the kids with symbol cloth

Hilal Karahan
Purgatory Poems

1/

Time is over... movement
hastily collected the streets
to bring at home;

Scattered with the Gaze,
images... figures... those curses
dancing in the mirror of attention
have revived

Being tired of confrontation
to rancor and insolvency,
the civilisation, this carrion bazaar,
comminuted the cities
and made their dust fly to sky!

Universe blenched from this fury,
kneled down on its dark prayer rug,
faithfully turning prayer beads of objects
to beginning:

—Let's wait... wait...
: waiting is safe.

2/

Time is over... the cloth of presence
wrinkled, perceptions and
judgements mixed together;
Were the skys metal, what was
melting
and flooding in doomsday, through
fire balls and pouring in front of
guards of earth like colorful wools?

Fearful because of its wings,
as if a silly bird,
human, waiting inside ego cage,
how can be a remembered thing?

Suspecions, the bone migs
rolling inside the skull,
spoiled both rights and faiths

3/

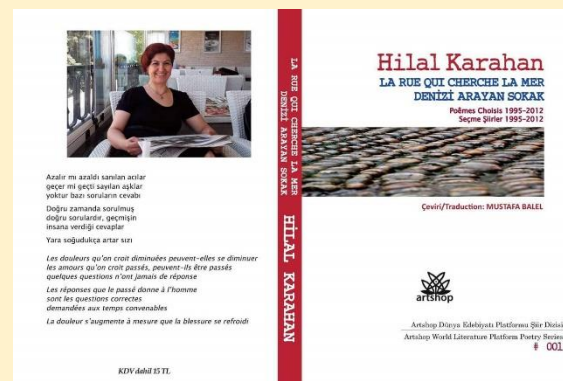
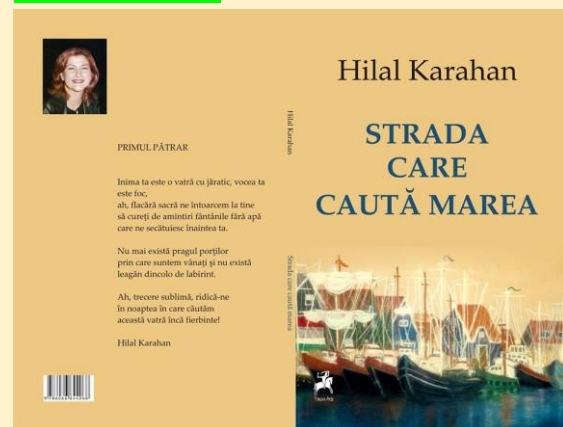
Time is over... you were a hidden
treasure, you wish to be seen,
neither known nor seen

There was so much secret
so many you we would see
if we waited with patience

We shook your delicacy
you are really made of
instead we loved your shell

4/

Time is over...



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.

Poem Books:

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

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

Secret and Mist (Kül Publications, Ankara, November 2004): Found as “remarkable” in 2004 Yaşar Nabi Nayır Poem Election

Delayed Mummy (Mühür Library, İstanbul, June 2010): Found as “successful” in 2010 Cemal Süreya Poem Election

The Night Sundering Passion (Mühür Library, İstanbul, June 2012): Given Burhan Günel Private Award in 2013 M. Sunullah Arısoy Poem Election
Strada Care Caută Marea (Selected Poems, Translated to Romanian by Niculina Oprea, Tracus Arte Publishing, Bucharest, November 2014)

La Rue Qui Cherche La Mer (Selected Poems, Translated to French by Mustafa Baleb, Artshop publications, İstanbul, October 2016)

Prose Books:

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

Nook and Cranny Poem Notes (Yasakmeyve Komşu Publications, İstanbul, September 2014)

Garland Book:

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

Participated in:

5th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2010)

Karadeniz Ereğli 1st Poetry Festival (2010)

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

Karadeniz Ereğli 2nd Poetry Festival (2011)

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

Akköy Poet Meeting (2011)

3rd Datça Literature Days (2011)

2nd International Ordu Festival of Literature (2011)

Karadeniz Ereğli 3rd Poetry Festival (2012)

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

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

Bartın 1st National Poetry Days (2012)

8th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2013)

9th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2014)

10th International Poetry Festival (Poetistanbul 2016)

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

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

Communication:

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hilalkarahan108@gmail.com

hilalkarahan@yahoo.com

www.hilalkarahan.com

follow the glint

when you search for secret treasures in life
follow the glint

that momentary burst of light
from a sliver of quartz
or a flake of flint
poking out its angular head

perhaps an obsidian rasp
or an ossified bone
 taken for a hint of granite
 by its patina and its tone

the momentary spark is a hint
that mysteries more than meet the eye
might lay hidden there
 partly obscured
 for who knows how long
and for what secrets it might hold
in its shimmer

or perhaps it's just a smoky green shard
from a hastily discarded bottle
 of fine pale ale
 shattered on the jagged rocks
 and left to be gleaned
for its shine and glimmer

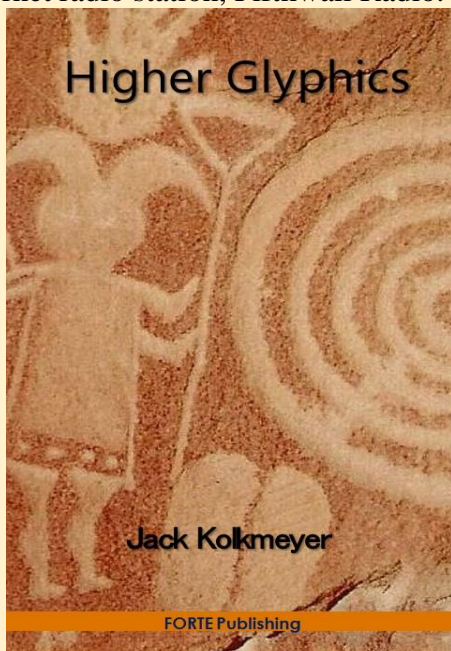
by a hunter
from another time

Jack Koklmeyer

JACK KOLKMEYER

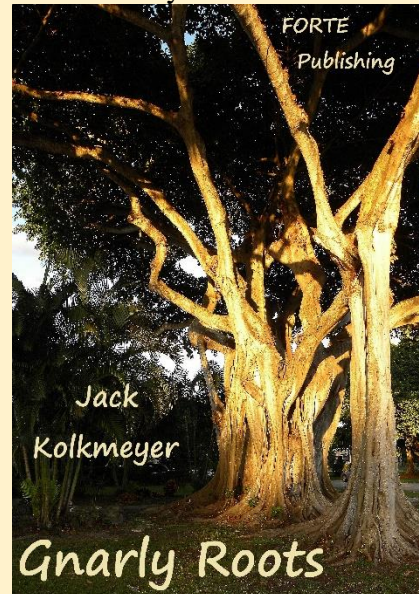


Jack Kolkmeier studied English Literature/Creative Writing at Ohio University in the 1960's where he developed a special interest in the Romantic, Imagist and Beat poets. He was the Editor of *Sphere*, the Ohio University literary magazine, from 1967-68. His writings have appeared in numerous publications including *The Writers Place* and *The Liberian Literary Magazine* and have been broadcast on his popular Santa Fe radio programs, *The International House of Wax* and *Brave New World*, and presented with his performance group, The Word Quartet. Jack currently reads his works on Brave New World and The Tone Age, two programs on his internet radio station, Fifthwall Radio.

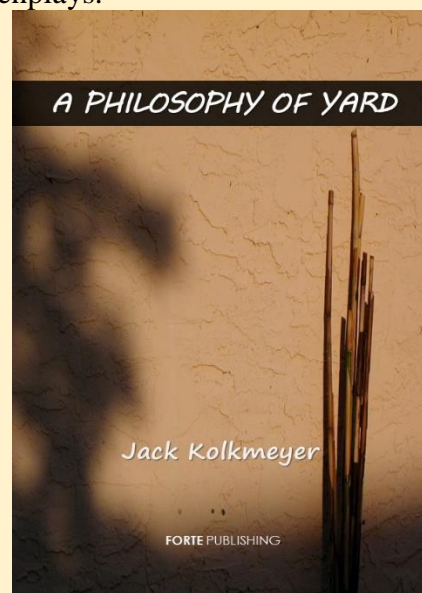


He was a Peace Corps Volunteer in Liberia, West Africa from 1969-72 and was greatly

influenced then by the emerging African writers of that time, especially Leopold Senghor, Chinua Achebe and Amos Tutuola. Jack received an MPA in Public Policy/Urban and Regional Planning from Indiana University in 1974.



Jack moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1975 to study filmmaking at The Anthropology Film Center and worked there professionally in city planning, education, broadcasting and the performing arts, and journalism. Jack currently resides and writes in Delray Beach, Florida where his current writing projects include poetry, music and city planning topics, and screenplays.



Renee' B. Drummond-Brown

Play That Funky Music White 'Boyz!

I wonder, wonder, wonder, wonder who
sangs to the sad, sad truth that dirty
lowdown...

Oh my bad! Its you Boz Scaggs...

Just you Boz Scaggs...

Yes indeedy, that be you.

Play that funky music white boy.

Ur'yday, Average White Band. Faithfully,
quarter til 4:00.

I waited till 'urybody 'wuz long gone,
and me and my boombox

was 'justa spinnin like a helter-skelter
while I belted out your soulful-singin-
songs.

'Justa school-gal-crush (I'm 'guessin)

inna-playground,

hoping get to know each other if we can
(that's all).

STRUNG OUT!

Play that funky music white 'boyz.

Bobby Caldwell,

We're still wondering where you came
from

with your soulful musicality (and all)

and I guess your wondering were we've
been

as we search to find your soul within.

Just came back to let you know

we gotta thang fo your music, that we'll
never let go...

Play that funky music white boy.

Daryl Hall & John Oates, you sang to us
"Baby hair with a woman's eyes."

You said, you felt me 'watchin in the
night...

Well my name wasn't-hardly Sarah (who
smiled)

but one on one, you sure did make me cry.
Play that funky music white 'boyz.

Paul Wall, I'm no rapper (you see),
but I've certainly

eavesdropped on 'summa your-
conversation

tween you, Nelly, Kyjuan, Ali, and Murphy
Lee...

Remember dat Air Force One ft.,

Oh, my bad, Ice man,

wrong video. Y'all robbed dat jewelry stow,
and told 'em

"Make me a grill."

I heard, 20 karats, 30 stacks letting us know
you'z fo-real (killed it)!

Rap that funky music white boy.

Holdin back the years;

thinkin of the fears. Nothin had the chance
to be good

Simply Red. Cept, your soulful voice.

So, we'll keep holdin on...waistin all our
tears.

Play that funky music white boy.

We ain't forgot bout your "Fame," David
Bowie.

Making us all think things ov'r

putting us right there where things were
hollow.

Fame, fame, fame, faaaame.

Please don't reject us first cause what "we
get," is no tomorrow.

And were still left thinkin things ov'r

So, while on your new journey Bowie...

Play that funky music white boy.

Teena Marie and Rickie Lee Jones

I ain't hardly forgot bout your sAngs

I'll get to you, soul-singin-sistahs

in another poem on another day.

Play that funky music white 'galz!

I remember all these funky SANGERS.
And just when they hit us *on the one*,
(like Bootsy, and Parliament-
Funkadelics...EverythAngs on the one...)
Wild Cherry had us all turnin-round
shoutin:
“Play That Funky Music White ‘Boyz,”
lay down that boogie and “SANG” that
soulful music to us
til you die!

Dedicated to:

“Our” white soul “SANGERS” whom we
love, and embrace. I wonder, wonder,
wonder, wonder who?

Note* An unfinished poem that artist will
be added to.

A RocDeeRay Production

Drummond-Brown books:

~A Bridge Over Troubled Water
~Tried, Tested and True Poets from
Across the Globe
~A B.A.D. Poem
~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
~e-Book: Renee’s Poems with Wings
are Words in Flight

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Other books by Renee’ Drummond-Brown:

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across the Globe
~A B.A.D. Poem
~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
~e-Book: Renee’s Poems with Wings
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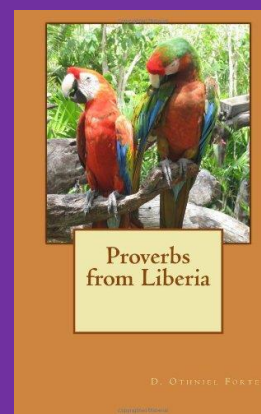
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Renee’ Drummond-Brown, is an
accomplished poetess with experience in
creative writing. She is a graduate of
Geneva College of Western Pennsylvania.
Renee’ is still in pursuit of excellence
towards her mark for higher education. She
is working on her sixth book and has
numerous works published globally which
can be seen in cubm.org/news, KWEE
Magazine, Leaves of Ink, Raven Cage Poetry
and Prose Ezine, Realistic Poetry
International, Scarlet Leaf Publishing
House, SickLit Magazine,

Liberian Proverbs

- 1. An egg never sits on a hen.** *Respecting nature or the natural order of things is important. The egg will never hatch itself. It is unable to. However, the hen is capable of hatching the egg.*
- 2. An elephant does not die of one broken rib.** *One should not give up just because one faces an obstacle. No matter how big it seems. We face many hindrances in life yet we should not allow them to break us.*
- 3. An elephant never fails to carry its tusk.** *Regardless of the size of the elephant, it is still able to carry its tusk. We may have issues, but they are not bigger than us we have what it takes to solve them.*
- 4. An elephant's tusks are never too heavy for it.** *Regardless of what we think, our problems are not bigger than we are. If we look hard enough or be patient enough to see the alternatives, we often find solutions to them.*
- 5. An empty bag cannot stand.** *We need contents in life to move on. In the Liberian style, this is used in reference to food. A hungry person can't work or be expected to do anything substantial.*
- 6. An empty can/tin makes a lot of noise.** *Those who are unable to perform, often overrate themselves. The less knowledgeable a person is about something, the more they tend to claim.*
- 7. An eye deceives its possessor.** *Our eyes easily mislead us. They see things in a manner than encourages us to lust after things that. The outward appearance can be deceptive at times.*
- 8. As one beats the drums, so does one dances.** *We will get what we invest. If one works hard, the chances of success are high, but if one does not, one can expect failure.*
- 9. Axes carried in the same bag cannot avoid rattling.** *If we mingle wrongly, we have to accept the consequences. We can't be amongst the axe and be treated like a king. The treatment that fits one is the same we will receive.*



D. Othniel Forte

GIFTS OF THE MASTERS

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

Langston Hughes,

New Moon

There's a new young moon
Riding the hills tonight.

There's a sprightly young
moon
Exploring the clouds.

There's a half-shy young
moon
Veiling her face like a virgin
Waiting for a lover.

My Loves

I love to see the big white
moon,
 A-shining in the sky;
I love to see the little stars,
 When the shadow clouds
go by.

I love the rain drops falling
 On my roof-top in the
night;
I love the soft wind's sighing,
 Before the dawn's gray
light.

I love the deepness of the
blue,

 In my Lord's heaven
above;
But better than all these
things I think,
 I love my lady love.

To a Dead Friend

The moon still sends its mellow
light
 Through the purple
blackness of the night;
The morning star is palely
bright
 Before the dawn.

The sun still shines just as
before;
The rose still grows beside
my door,
 But you have gone.

The sky is blue and the robin
sings;
The butterflies dance on
rainbow wings
 Though I am sad.

In all the earth no joy can be;
Happiness comes no more
to me,
 For you are dead.

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“The Rock Cries Out to Us Today

MAYA ANGELOU

A Rock, A River, A Tree
Hosts to species long since
departed,
Mark the mastodon.
The dinosaur, who left dry tokens
Of their sojourn here
On our planet floor,
Any broad alarm of their of their
hastening doom
Is lost in the gloom of dust and
ages.
But today, the Rock cries out to us,
clearly, forcefully,
Come, you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant
destiny,
But seek no haven in my shadow.
I will give you no hiding place
down here.
You, created only a little lower
than
The angels, have crouched too
long in
The bruising darkness,
Have lain too long
Face down in ignorance.
Your mouths spelling words
Armed for slaughter.
The rock cries out today, you may

stand on me,
But do not hide your face.
Across the wall of the world,
A river sings a beautiful song,
Come rest here by my side.
Each of you a bordered country,
Delicate and strangely made
proud,
Yet thrusting perpetually under
siege.
Your armed struggles for profit
Have left collars of waste upon
My shore, currents of debris upon
my breast.
Yet, today I call you to my
riverside,
If you will study war no more.
Come, clad in peace and I will sing
the songs
The Creator gave to me when I
And the tree and stone were one.
Before cynicism was a bloody sear
across your brow
And when you yet knew you still
knew nothing.
The river sings and sings on.
There is a true yearning to
respond to
The singing river and the wise
rock.
So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the
Jew,

The African and Native American,
the Sioux,
The Catholic, the Muslim, the
French, the Greek,
The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the
Sheikh,
The Gay, the Straight, the
Preacher,
The privileged, the homeless, the
teacher.
They hear. They all hear
The speaking of the tree.
Today, the first and last of every
tree
Speaks to humankind. Come to
me, here beside the river.
Plant yourself beside me, here
beside the river.
Each of you, descendant of some
passed on
Traveller, has been paid for.
You, who gave me my first name,
You Pawnee, Apache and Seneca,
You Cherokee Nation, who rested
with me,
Then forced on bloody feet,
Left me to the employment of
other seekers-
Desperate for gain, starving for
gold.
You, the Turk, the Swede, the
German, the Scot...

You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the
Kru,
Bought, sold, stolen, arriving on a
nightmare
Praying for a dream.
Here, root yourselves beside me.
I am the tree planted by the river,
Which will not be moved.
I, the rock, I the river, I the tree
I am yours- your passages have
been paid.
Lift up your faces, you have a
piercing need
For this bright morning dawning
for you.
History, despite its wrenching
pain,
Cannot be unlived, and if faced
with courage,
Need not be lived again.
Lift up your eyes upon
The day breaking for you.
Give birth again
To the dream.
Women, children, men,
Take it into the palms of your
hands.
Mold it into the shape of your
most
Private need. Sculpt it into
The image of your most public
self.

Lift up your hearts.
Each new hour holds new
chances
For new beginnings.
Do not be wedded forever
To fear, yoked eternally
To brutishness.
The horizon leans forward,
Offering you space to place
new steps of change.
Here, on the pulse of this fine
day

You may have the courage
To look up and out upon me,
The rock, the river, the tree,
your country.
No less to Midas than the
mendicant.
No less to you now than the
mastodon then.
Here on the pulse of this new
day
You may have the grace to
look up and out
And into your sister's eyes,
Into your brother's face, your
country
And say simply
Very simply
With hope
Good morning.

Harlem Hopscotch

Maya Angelo

One foot down, then hop! It's
hot.

Good things for the ones
that's got.

Another jump, now to the left.
Everybody for hisself.

In the air, now both feet
down.

Since you black, don't stick
around.

Food is gone, the rent is due,
Curse and cry and then jump
two.

All the people out of work,
Hold for three, then twist and
jerk.

Cross the line, they count you
out.

That's what hopping's all
about.

Both feet flat, the game is
done.

They think I lost. I think I won.

If ever the lid gets off my head

EMILY DICKINSON

If ever the lid gets off my head
And lets the brain away
The fellow will go where he
belonged
Without a hint from me,
And the world - if the world be
looking on –
Will see how far from home
It is possible for sense to live
The soul there - all the time.

The Crocodile –

ROALD DAHL

'No animal is half as vile
As Crocky-Wock, the
crocodile.
On Saturdays he likes to
crunch
Six juicy children for his lunch
And he especially enjoys
Just three of each, three girls,
three boys.
He smears the boys (to make
them hot)

With mustard from the mustard
pot.
But mustard doesn't go with
girls,
It tastes all wrong with plaits
and curls.
With them, what goes
extremely well
Is butterscotch and caramel.
It's such a super marvelous
treat
When boys are hot and girls
are sweet.
At least that's Crocky's point of
view
He ought to know. He's had a
few.
That's all for now. It's time for
bed.
Lie down and rest your sleepy
head.
Ssh. Listen. What is that I hear,
Galumphing softly up the stair?

Go lock the door and fetch my
gun!
Go on child, hurry! Quickly run!
No stop! Stand back! He's
coming in!
Oh, look, that greasy greenish
skin!
The shining teeth, the greedy
smile!
It's Crocky-Wock, the
Crocodile!

LESBIA

Use no more speech
now;
Let the silence spread
gold hair above us
Fold on delicate fold;
You had the ivory of
my life to carve.
Use no more speech.

o o o o

And Picus of
Mirandola is dead;
And all the gods they
dreamed and fabled
of,
Hermes, and Thoth,
and Christ, are rotten
now,
Rotten and dank.

o o o o

And through it all I see
your pale Greek face;
Tenderness makes me
as eager as a little child
To love you

You morsel left half
cold on Caesar's plate.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE BITTER PURPLE WILLOWS

Meditating on the
glory of illustrious
lineage I lifted
up my eyes and
beheld the bitter
purple willows grow-
ing round the tombs of
the exalted Mings.

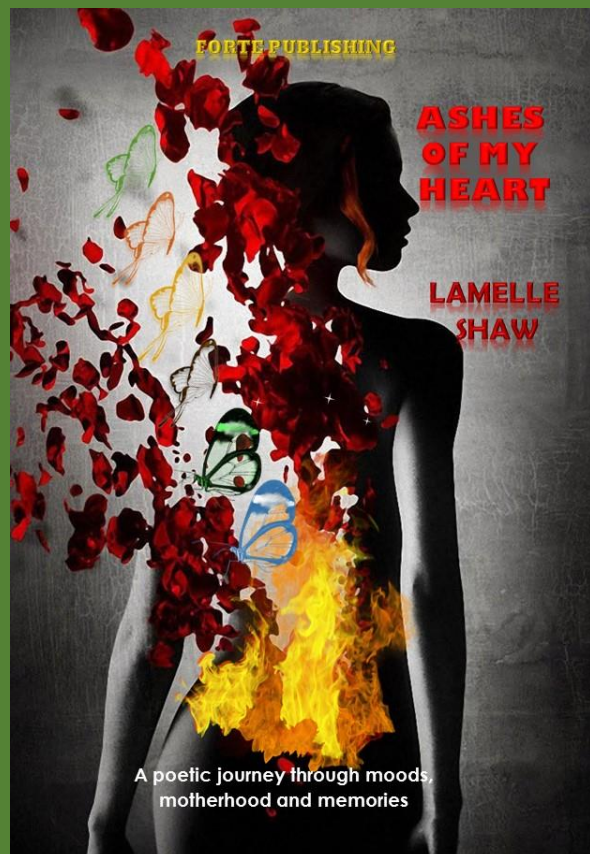
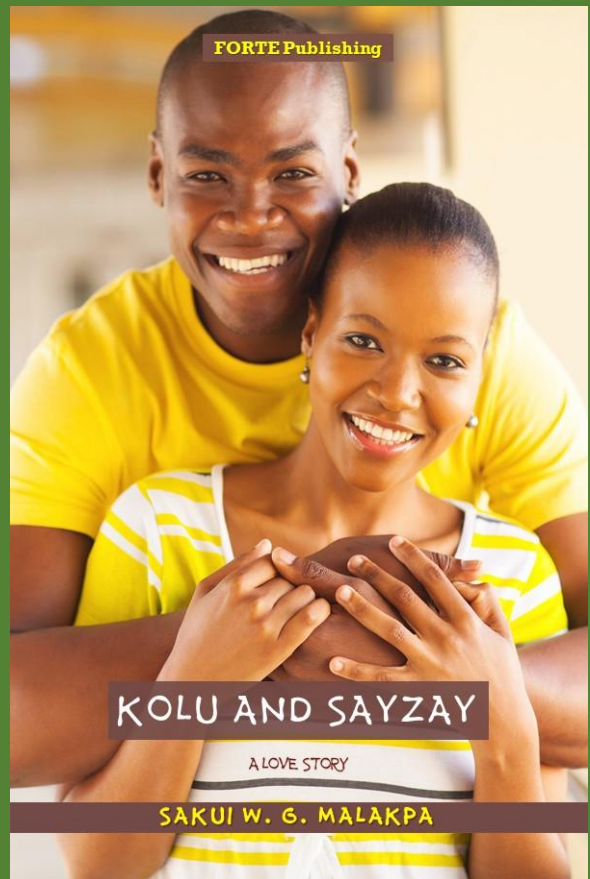
ALLEN UPWARD

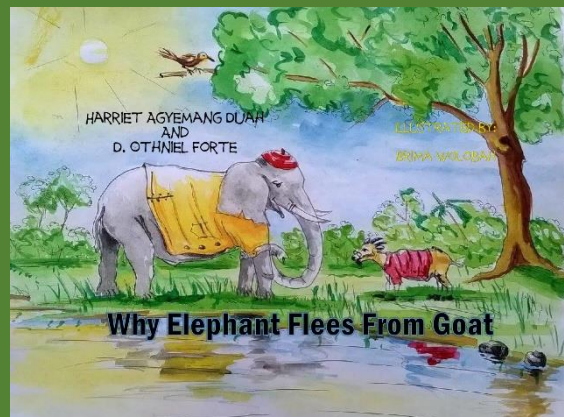
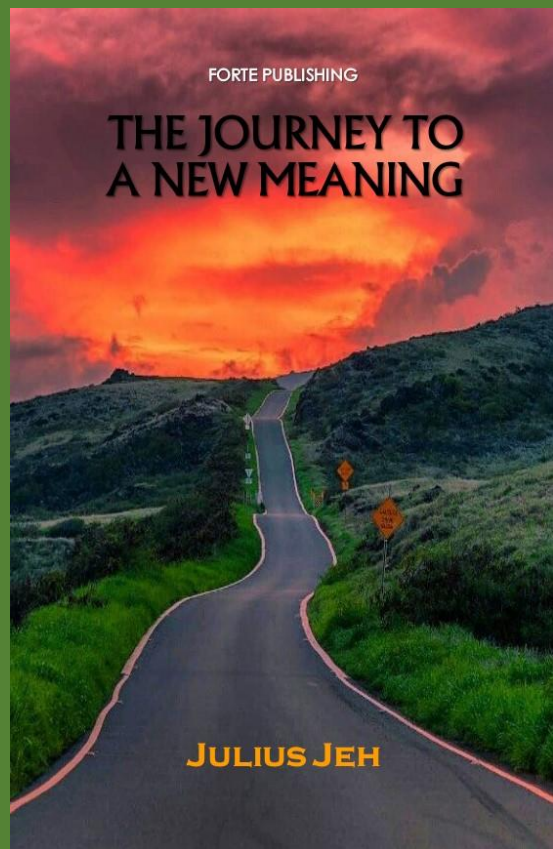
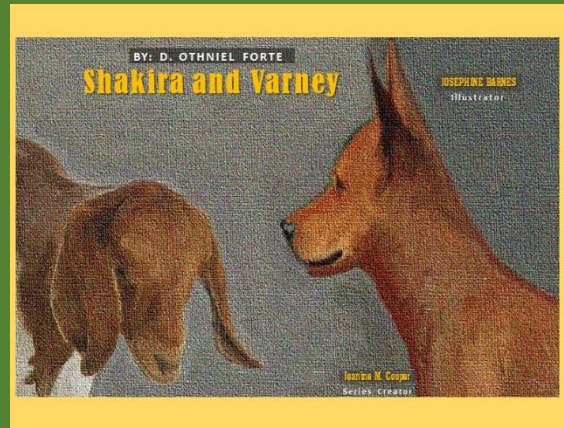
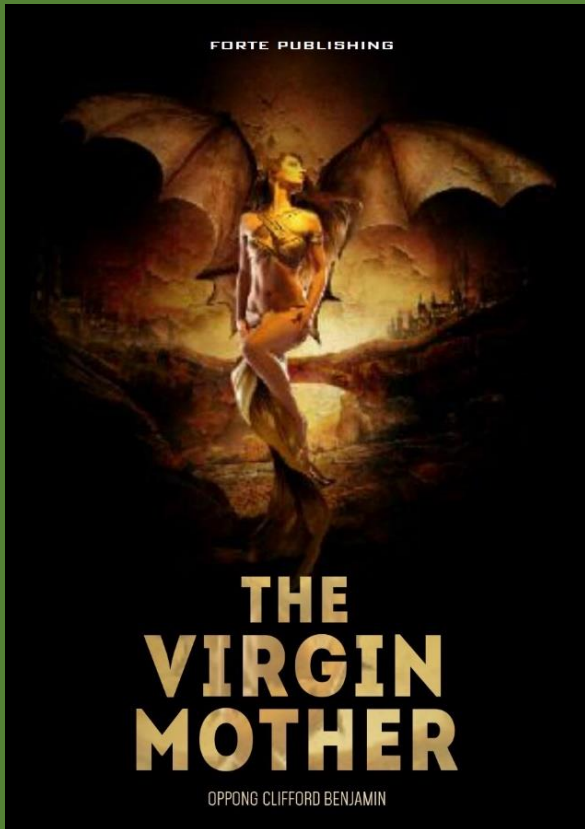
**FAN-PIECE FOR HER
IMPERIAL LORD**

O fan of white silk,
clear as frost on the
grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

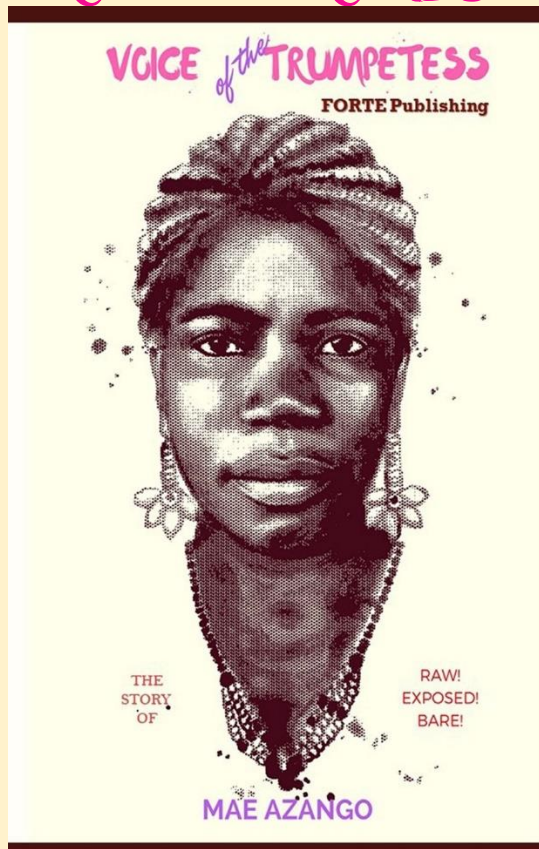
EZRA POUND

Special Recommendations





Recommended READS



Blurb

Whilst navigating the minefield of rights advocacy, Mae Azango has been skipping a few mines of her own.

In her explosive new book, *Voice of the Trumpetess*, she shows us why her passion burns for those whose stories she tells-she can empathize with them.

In a shocking revelation, her brush with rape, her physical, psychological and even sexual abuse. In her fearless signature, she unclosets her demons, in a raw, provocative yet reflective narrative.

She trumpets the horrors of her own past.

Excerpt

“Confess!”

“Ooooooh,” I moan on the cold floor.

“You belleh say ley truth eh!”

“Ay God.” I whispered, unable to speak.

My voice gone from screams. My body riddled with pain. I feel the life draining out of my body.

“Tor nah! Jeh call ley name. Call ley person name. If you nah stop lying you way die!” The Zoe intensely lashing me with a rattan as she yells. I no longer feel the lashes for I am in even greater pain. A few paces away, sits an elderly man, chanting, humming some strange ancient tone.

The pain is unbearable. The traditional midwife is resolute. The baby bridged. The male diviner lost in the spirit realm. I am dying.

The little cottage that houses this commotion begins to spin slowly. It is a shabby mud house littered with dead animal bones, old utensils as rustic as hell. Even the clay pots were all broken.

“La who ley man? John? Garyou? Who?”

“No,” I tried. I can no longer take the pain.

“Dah nah dem, den dah who?”

“Ee-e.” a bout of pain jostled through my spine. I’d do anything to stop it. Rolling over the wet muddy floor. Suddenly, a warmth engulfed me. The Zoe looked alarmed. The oldman stopped chanting.

“Liar. If you nah stop lying, de baby die!”

Da Youjay?”

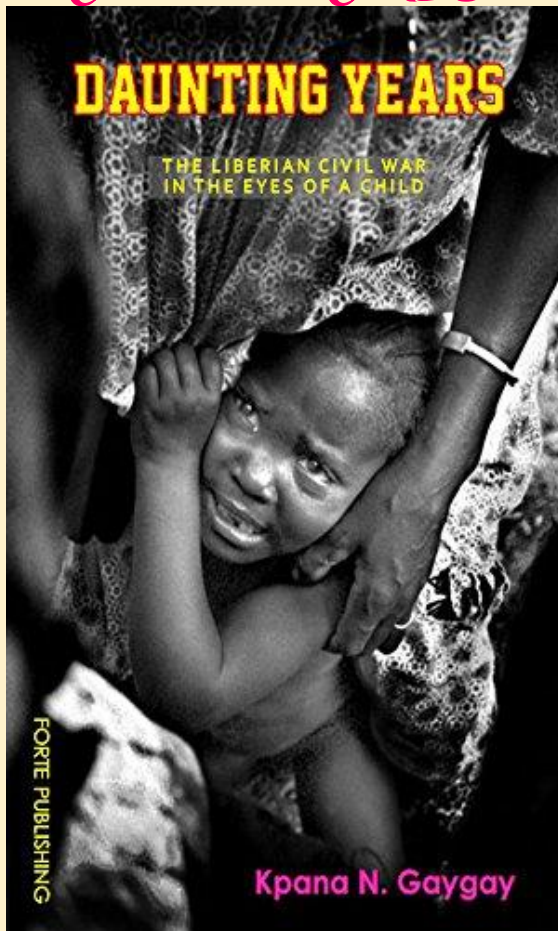
I nodded vigorously. At this point, I didn’t care. I had to stop the pain.

“Thank Gor” She exclaimed jumping to action. For once she stopped beating me.

By now, I was taking slow, measured breathes. My lower abdomen was numb. For some reason, my placenta won’t come out, trapping the baby and risking both our lives. The traditional belief suggested that I must have been unfaithful during my pregnancy thus angering the Gods, hence the complication. They had to beat out that confession if we had any chance of surviving. Naïve to the danger I was in and desperate to keep my piety, I maintained my innocence. That was over two hours ago when the ritual began.

She hurriedly lifted me. They must have been working at lightning speed but it all seemed like slow motion to me. She kept yelling at the frantic old man who rushed to her with some object in hand. She tilted my head as he pried my jaws apart. My lifeless form didn’t even resist. The taste of kerosene assaulted me before I realized it. Just as the lights went out, I breathed my last breath!

Recommended READS



Blurb

A little child wakes up starving. Her mother can't feed her because she's dying from hunger. Her village can't protect her because they are engulfed in the midst of a bloody civil war.

They have the misfortune to live in a village that is a strategic spot on the map of warlords and government forces; both groups determined to take and or keep that little town at all cost. Their men have fled; left them unprotected. Their sons have been taken or killed.

But a small group of women must ensure the lives of their children, their elders and themselves.

What they do, how they do it and when they do it, will determine their fates.

Who survives, who doesn't? Who turns on the other, who doesn't? Who holds the group together or who falls apart?

Kpana tells her story as a child trying to make sense of it all.

Excerpt

Boom!

Brrrr, brrrr.

Boom! Boom!

Brrrrrr, brrrrrrrrrr, brrrrrr

The sound of gunshots and heavy artillery raged outside of our home in Voinjama city, Lofa County. I ran inside to my mother and jumped on her laps. I was the only child with Mama at then.

"Pack small clothes and a lappa, let's go!" Mama ordered. She left no room to argue. She was firm.

I knew better than to argue with that tone. It is not as if I even wished to argue. "What is happening Mama?" I inquired.

"Look you, I don't have time for your plenty questions. Just hurry let's get out of here!"

"Yes Mama," was all I could manage. In the process, I forgot to take the lappa.

Then we heard, "Yor mon kill ley dirty dog them!" barked one of the fighters!

"We will roast them to eat," another echoed.

Just outside our house, a man was pleading for his life.

"The man dah enemy," shouted one person.

"I nah enemay oh," a heavily accented response came. It was most certainly one of the residents with Guinean heritage.

"Weh yor wasting time with this dog for? Finish him!"

This order came from a female. It was cold, crisp and left no room for argument. Seconds later, several short rounds were fired. Just like that, I experienced my first death in a long, bloody, senseless war.

The silence was short lived for immediately after that, we heard banging on our door. "Open the damn door!"

Mama covered my mouth as she scurried to unlatch the back door. She had no sooner freed the latch and gotten out when bullets riddled the house, most missing us by inches. We maneuvered in between a few houses and ran towards the outskirts which leads further into the forest. Just as we cleared our neighborhood and turned towards the main road, we saw ourselves facing a group of people, all well-armed and guns pointed at us.

Something immediately died in Mama's expression as the voice from the one ahead of the group shouted

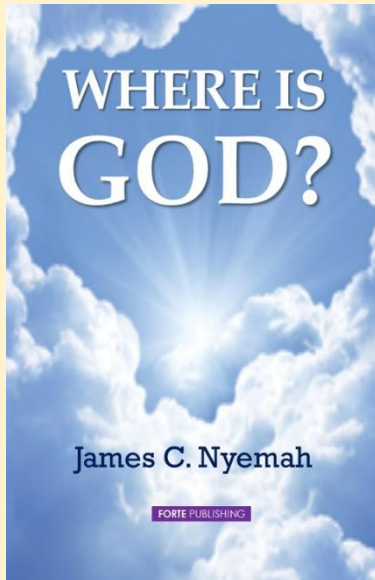
"Open fire!"

Recommended Reads

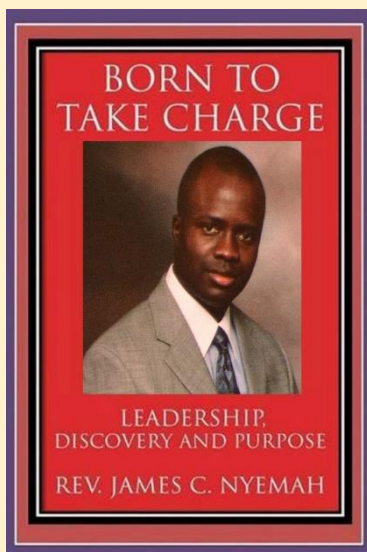
Published by **FORTE Publishing**

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.

Pastor James Nyemah writes a powerful motivational book that spurs one to

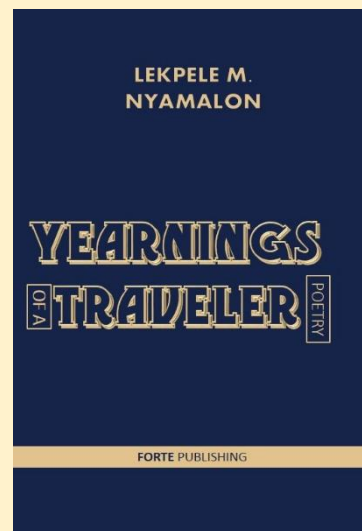
Recommended Reads

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

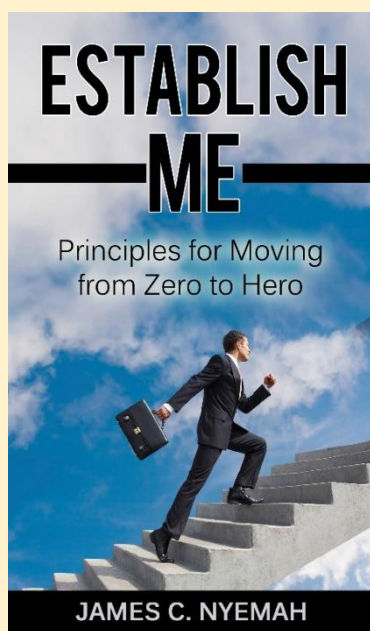
We all have a yearning for something. For Lekpele, his has been a message of self worth, as we see in his signature piece, My Body is Gold; one of patriotism, as in Scars of A Tired Nation; one of Pan Africanism as in the piece, Dig The Graves. He also has a message of hope as seen in his award winning 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.



Recommended Reads

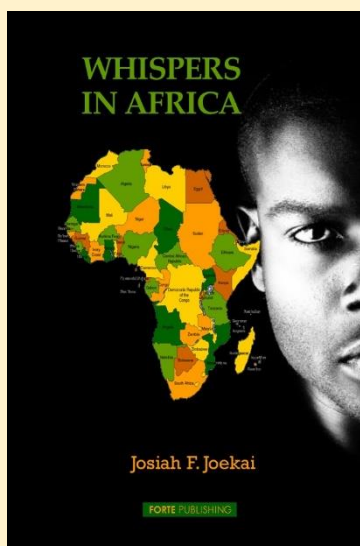
ESTABLISH ME Principles from Zero to Hero

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



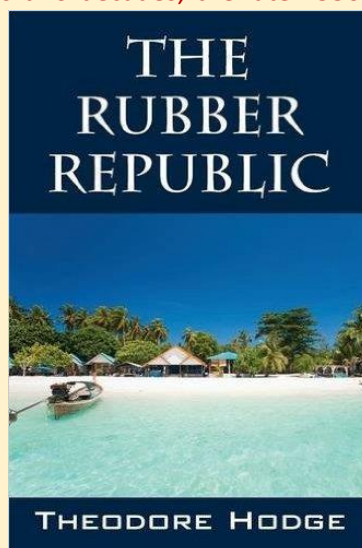
In his latest work, Ps. Nyemah lets us know that God can **Fix Us, Mold Us, Create Us** and then **Establish US**.

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



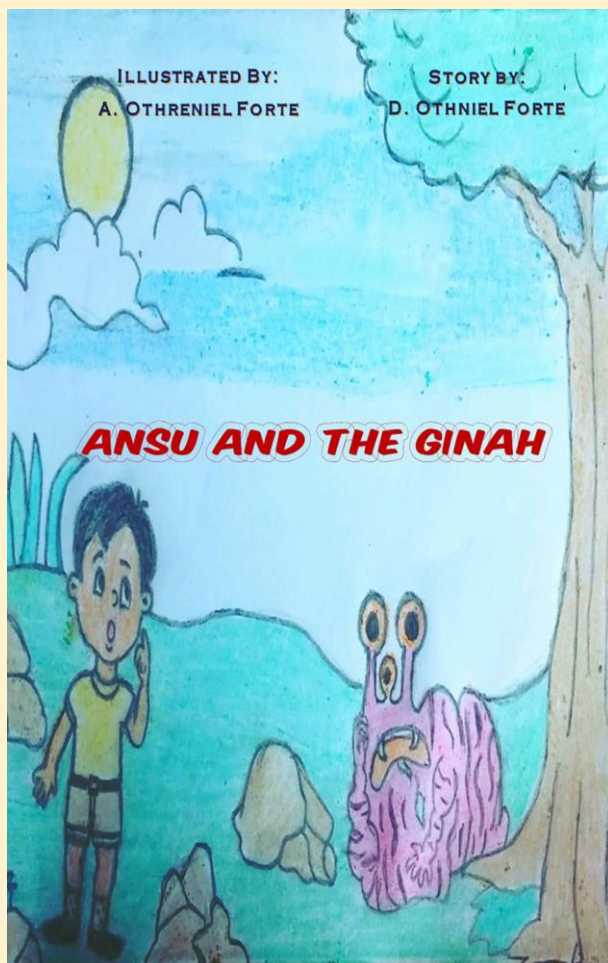
the intriguing and fantastic lives of two young men, Yaba-Dio Himmie and Yaba-Dio Kla, who leave their parents' farm in search of enlightenment and adventure. But the story is also about their country, the Republic of Seacoast, and a giant American Rubber conglomerate, The Waterstone Rubber Plantation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

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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.

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**HAPPY NEW
YEAR** to the
People of
Liberia

President
George Weah



**HAPPY NEW
YEAR** to the
Liberian
People

Jewel Howard Taylor
Vice President

Around Town
NEW YEAR IN GLIMPSES



Kids playing tabela



Making the best of a long walk



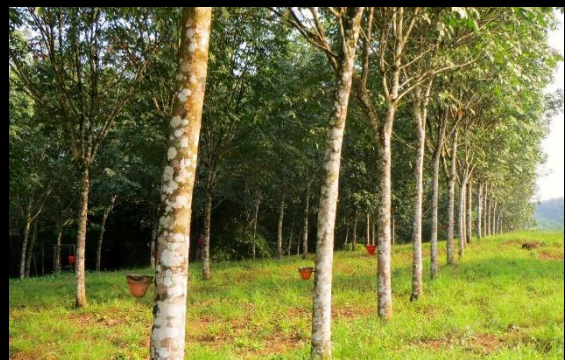
An elderly couple enjoying the year



Street barber hustle



Petty traders hustling- selling used sneakers



Array of rubber trees



Fruits in the Market



Local food: Fried fish, chicken, sausage, plantain, potatoes and other tuber food



Grains and beans





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

Liberian Literary Magazine

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MEET OUR TEAM



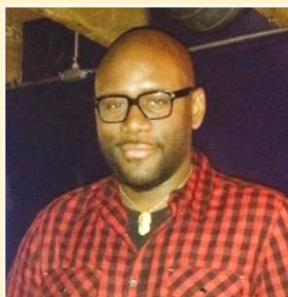
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Promoting
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Here at Liberian Literary Magazine, we strive to bring you the best coverage of Liberian literary news. We are a subsidiary of [Liberian Literature Review](#).

For some time, 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 is rising to the challenge. They are determined to change the brief silence in our literary space. In order to do this, we realized the need to create a *culture of reading* amongst our people.

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

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

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Liberian Literary Magazine

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Jan 2020

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Happy
New Year

LEYE
ADENLE

Author
of the
Month

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