A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD

From the mountain high
Came a stare into the beauty
A beauty--muddled in a fountain of blood
Blood forcefully gushing into the air
Even a passionate hand couldn't feel
At the peak came the drindle
But energy, a freedom cry, let it be--another rise
To its midst, bullets of oppression rocked by
Many, many, many fall
To their utter--Africa's belly turns
As another, another victim lies
In her bitterness, the singing, the dancing
    of those left to continue
Resurrects a smile, a hope!

A continuous chain crackling sounds now haunt the land
A far--a shadow yawns--to a glitter
Echoing the freedom that once was
Gone, gone--now four centuries
Never, never forget--1652
From then on, our sweat, our blood, our sorrows
our sufferings--fueled what's to be!
But with anger, we've watched our fall--our humiliation
Our strongest silenced--Shaka Zulu, Mandela, Biko
Yet their spirits, live in the arteries
Now rising with energetic glow
Shinning sky high, but harmonizing those inhumane hearts
Holding on the eleventh hour's dawn
Is there anything to salvage came the whisper?
But cracking thunder now lay open apartheid roots
Soon to crumble in the Afrikaanerdoom belly
So freedom can be!

Assumpta Acam-Oturu