FOUND IN A CATACOMB

by

Methode Alain Butoyi

The milk suddenly turned to blood
when they came when they came
the morning dew stared away, dumbfounded
and the crickets shied away
as though choking on their sweetest medley
when they came when they came
the manes on their shrines
briskly shook their heads in alert
of that one of a kind encounter.
The hippo shoved off home
not without shedding a tear of solidarity
for the deeper-tanned mankind ashore.
They came by ten they came by thousands
bringing along nothing obliging
but boring phlegm and historic dilemma. uprooting syndrome.
In the land of plenty they settled down
down on the edge of a mother's dream of Africa!
They killed the birds, the moths, mother
you killed the fear of everything but you.
Once there were the cows of Monomotapa
and milk inside the cow and flesh around the milk
look around and see nothing but
the flatness of now
nothing but the nightmarish seething waters.
He came from the freedom land
and cleared his voice
spoke of Nkrumah - Nkrumah was dead had died or had he?
Windhoek, listen to the golden sound of silence
o hark the manes of your ancestors:
"Don't stir the shadows,
boring kingdom of molasses
white shade of milk turned to sour
nothing but circumstantial."
I hear the drums of the warriors
strolling through green hills
delight of the morning dew
the milk has turned to red red hopes
of a belated sun
shining over Mau Mau shepherds
their shukas blown by the afternoon wind of plebiscite
Roll me easy dada
beware the midsummer's fever mingi
brother sleep tight no fight
Ian's talk fight-fight
Chaka avenge the martyrdom, Kariuki, Biko
behold! Messiah dreaming in Monomotapa ruins
blossoming tears of tomorrow's Luanda
diamond pregnancies stranger midwives
k-k breed beware
newborn baby's water colder than the coldness
of the spear
coyote choke me not in the middle of my dream
in the middle of my birth
o Mother Africa, kneel down and give me birth
again.