Man: The Jewel of Jewels or The Topaz of Ethiopia

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Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 22(1-2)

0041-5715

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1994

Peer reviewed
I

Grim tide:
once more the returning scythe
sweeps over the land.
"And Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands
unto God."
Is this that bitter time, ultimate and divine?;
or penultimate or another and another
in the sacred tragedy?;
prologue or entre-acte
man-made/man·acted, the last act
or another and another transaction
to what god
in the unending saga
of dry bones desert dances?

"Man knoweth not the price thereof."
What great jewel
will be knit of these millions million new bones?
Who dares to think a price can be paid
to wear upon a finger this jewel,
the century's pressed graves,
geology of disaster, questionable stratigraphy,
the leavings/detritus of war & drought & war & war,
archeologists' nightmare.
Who dares embrace as boon Death's seasons
and make a buble
of the unreasoned tomb?
Whose god? Whose ransom this?
...and dares think one's self embellished/enobled/redeemed
by slaughter?
A work of darkness in darkness,
a contract the Death-angel writes,
mined by haughty man,
which some man's folly signs.
Toward what end the million unadorned & weeping hands
writhe in the Hamitic morning,
ringing in each carmine dawn
on the Horn of Mourning
starved out of joy
dried out of tears——

for teardrops, sand.

Is this the way the hymn of the first world ends?
Lamentation without smiles & dour paeon?
Egypt-Ethiopia-Sheba-Somalia-Nubia: No The Ancient——
Uaset, Net, Ha-Amon in Chnum, Tabu capital of the world,
its thousand years of splendour,
Thebes on the Nile.
"Egypt and Ethiopia were her strength
and it was infinite."

her legacy, her pride:

first master-builder of the world
first civilizer, first cities raised,
first world-famine's respite—"And
the famine was over all the face of the earth... but in all the land of Egypt there was bread
and all countries came into Egypt
... to buy corn."
No The Ancient, No-Amon.
No-Amon means "nourishing adobe,"
"nourishing pasture."

No-Amon means "nourishing,"

fecund land of maize, Horn of Plenty, gift of the Nile—
first followers of Jesus of Nazareth the Christ
first milk, first grain, first glass, first iron,
first cloth, first vessels of clay,
first writers, first numberers,
first charters of the clear cloudless starry sky,
first geometers of the bright sand-glinting day,
"And the first shall be last
and the last shall be first..."

Alpha- &-Omega
O children of No-Ah,
ten-thousand-times-great grandchildren of No-Ah,
children of the upright
"in God's sight."

Is this the way the hymn of the first world ends?
warred out peace
racked out perfection
starved out of song
for bodies, bones
for land, graves
dried out of tears—

for teardrops, sand.

II

August 12, 1992

This night
Earth's half-turn away
from the silent, shriven African day.
Magadisho's harrowing beam
the line that goes out of Africa
glances North to 118West 34 North
into the bosom,
into the heart of the Mother of Mountains
earth mother, mountain mother, Sierra Madre, the ancient height
worn down by her eon's turnings
to a ridge-bordered plain
118West / 34North
longitude/latitude of the 'Earthly Paradise',
California, City of the Angels.

In the midnight sky, a lyre.
White wisps of clouds arching
each side of the silver disk of moon;
long, slender graceful curves
like ostrich feather furls
embellish aethereal struts
of an ancient celestial harp.
The moon beams are its strings.

In this instant & place
a gentle breeze of the world wind blows
in this instant & place moonbeam strings are strung,
for you who are in this moment upwardly gazing.

Perseus meteors, comet shards, pluck the moonstrings
sounding notes of a galactic song;
streaming from Perseus, ancient hero,
dragon slayer, gorgon slayer
who saved the suffering,
vanquished danger,
pledged true love,
rescued the stranger;
flushing from Northeast,
birthplace of the dawn,
in Eden, in Africa, Memnon's mother.
'edn means the ear, to hear.

The cloud harp with moonlight strings
plays the might hero's song;
meter/tempo: six beats each hour
these three night's long.
An angel sings for the dusky, star-eyed, starving children.
"Those who have ears, let them hear"

this august music.

Marvis Hughes
1992