

But the rays piercing through the
clouds betray
The 'hiding' gestures of the
sky girl

Then the sluggish night slowly
engulfs the earth
In its enormous cloak of
incomprehensible mystery
And nature twitches on its
twinkling lights
And the ungrateful humans put
on their street lamps
As if nature, rather than God
created stars.

The insects begin chirping in tune
to nature's music
And the occurred humans disturb
peace and sweetness
With their booming nonsense, blaring
through the shop windows
And the wind carries the sound to
the peaceful suburbs,
Disturbing the serenity with an
anxious uneasy boom -
And twilight slowly turns to dark ...
SUSAN NKWENTIE - CLASS V,
LOURDES COLLEGE,

MANKON - BAMENDA.

OUR CITY LIFE

By GROWASU TANLA-KISHANI

Beyond her smiles
I believe
We can unearth living centuries
of culture.

A wayward smile, indeed
on her ebony black lips
beckons to a visiting sango
waylaying him body and soul
into those market-frames
within our civilisation;
dynamism, growth, progress...

No
"Urbanization"
We chorus and add the refrain
"Yes Urbanization
with its evils
"Yes Urbanization"

At all costs?
"Yes Urbanization"
At all costs?
"No I A better Urbanization"

Shingongon now answers Titi.
She has become a high-class nyango
Kimbo, Bamenda and Douala no longer sell her dresses.
In her latest the blossoms out for a pilgrim sango
She is "Lodi", "Madam", "darling", "honey"
Shingongon smiles to few and rarely too.
Around her there's always a market.

She has a boy
she has a car
Shingongon serves drinks
Shingongon sells drinks to a family of friends;
Taxi-drivers, chauffeurs, washermen, civil servants;
Shingongon is well-known
She counsels who can help you in need
There is a tacit agreement within the world around her,

"Consult Shingongon whenever in Need".
Her boy receives an extra beer wherever he is recognized
Her car cannot pass unnoticed.
Her bar is one of the few in town.

Yet her father used to tap palm-wine
She had moved to K after the events
Which ended up sadly for her because
her parents were no more -
father and mother died on the same day
the one in the mornings, the other in the evening;

Shingongon, the only child of her parents

Shingongon, the only pearl of her village.

had come to K miserable, sickly and poor,
But a few years in X soon brought her
through and through as an independent somebody.

Beyond her smiles, to-day
are the memories of fate.

By GROWASU TANLA-KISHANI

Paris 1976

GROWTH IN NATURE

In this ecstasy I gaze at the rains
rooted deep in the sky
Trees shooting out from the ground
Winds germinating from the cardinal points
grow into an equilibrium;
The moon, the stars and the sun
smile from their heavenly topography
into the dazzling eyes of nature in movement:
the streams, the rivers and the sea
merge into unison to satisfy
a scientific mind rootless, homeless, bedless
where streams and rivers deep daily on their beds
and sing in procession into a common home - the sea -
with boat looting their roots in the spring.
Out of this ecstasy I find man abandoned
straggling for a home in the trees
In the seas, nay, he even now talks with the moon.
But finds himself rootless, homeless
In a space where liberty is hit.

by GROWASU TANLA-KISHANI

Paris 1973

THE HIDDEN VOICE

Its Presence:
Its tending hand
creeps everywhere
within the rising moon and sun
within the muttering rain-drops
madden - marvels of its making.

In silence
It throbs,
each creature drumming
with heels and chords
its fathomless rhythms,
where souls now pace
senseless, rootless, thoughtlessly unmooring
into a homeless home.

And still
with olive and palm-tree branches
we grace,
this silent triumph of a godless age
where to see is to avoid the sight
and to live is to vote and vote
without ever giving the heart
time to pray and bridge the banks,
time to love and knot a healthy wedlock.

The rhythms of our age
are the creaking hinges of silent beatings
heaving beyond the world of marathon grinnaces
in which money and lovers and voters
still harness our liberty.

by GROWASU TANLA-KISHANI

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