

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

They came to me rushing;
Each one begging and urging
My infant hopes to soar far, far
Beyond the boundless cliffs of childhood;

And I heard them cry fulfilment
Within a corpus too young to know
And a cerebrum too tender to understand
The treacheries of the meandering paths of youth.

I did hope and dream once
For a day of glory and salvation
When the dreams of childhood would blossom
Bearing fruits on the fields of manhood,

Dreams on my bosom did I nurture
As I turned time's slippery slopes;
At fortune's cross-road did I stand,
Taking one, I left the other for the future.

But as bright day yields to dark night,
So too must dreams surrender to reality,
For the palm wine has turned to dregs
And the juices of youth have become acidic.

Somewhere among the pale sands of time,
Somehow with the gray years of manhood
The spring of youth has become the Winter of life
And lost in the wind are the dreams of childhood.

Yaounde, 7/8/78.

ABIEDU P. Julius

(Cameroonian)



AFRICAN MOTHER

Black mother of Africa,
Woman of steel and charm,
O how I long to press thee
Close to my weary soul!

When in alien lands,
My feet have trod sad steps,

And my spirit torn asunder,
I've turned to thy soothing memory.

In my dreams I see thee
Vending thy simple wares
Through the by-ways of shanty towns,
In the laughing sun and pelting rain.

I see thee, matchet in hand,
Crouched on thy tired hoe
And my tears depart their shores
To sing a psalm to thy pains.

O mother, pardon us prodigal sons!
Who oppress thy proud spirit
Go gather all thy lost flock
Under thy bosom to do thee honour.

Watts in Los Angeles, California 1976.

ABIEDU P. Julius
(Cameroonian)



DO NOT WEEP AFRICA

Do not weep Africa
Where will you start?
Where will you end?

Do not weep Africa
The wounds are deep
The tears are many

Do not weep Africa
Who will hear?
Who will listen?

O! weep not Africa
They will not care
They will not dare
To share your grief.

Bamenda, 14/4/79.

By ABIEDU P. Julius
(Cameroonian)

BLACK TEARS

Mother Africa, I see thy tears of pain
Black tears tapped from thy worn brow,
Black tears nurtured on thy fields of shame
And harvested on thy tired farms of toil.

Africa, I watch thy black tears pour
Down the ebony temples of thy womanhood,
And from the ribs of thy famished childhood
Whose only crime is to be born poor.

Thy daily cry of pain, bears for thee,
From village to village, a flood of tears
As the souls of thy wasted infants must flee
This cruel world to rest beyond mortal years.

Behold their tears run down
Washing away their broken dreams
And their brows droop and frown
With bitter memories of by-gone years.

Oh! let that day come
When these black tears
Will dry and flow no more
And pain and misery will disappear.

All you exploited masses of noble Africa,
Shed thy black tears in lamentation!
Shed thy black tears in supplication!
Shed thy black tears for a new Africa!

TEZE, Ngie (Cameroon) December, 1977.

By ABIEDU P. Julius
(Cameroonian)

IN MEMORY OF STEVE BIKO

With heavy hearts and laboured steps
We bear thy gentle soul to eternal rest.

Abandon us not in our mortal sorrow
For our struggle must continue tomorrow.

Oh gallant and noble Biko!
Thou art cold murder's legacy to Soweto.

Lo! they've murdered the prince of love
Whose only armour was the will of God above.

Thou sought to lead us to sweet freedom
Not by war but through love and wisdom.

Hail to thee most noble and worthy son!
Thy star shines like the constant sun.

Thy sole purpose was against servitude,
Thou sought neither fame nor gratitude:

Thou wished to deliver us to the promise land,
Peace and love were thy just and only stand.

In ancestor land join their honoured fold
And let them bid thee welcome in way untold.

Let a band of heavenly angels bear thee
And set thy gentle soul and message free!

Yaounde, 12/9/77.

By ABIEDU P. Julius
(Cameroonian)

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