

The African Cusp: 21st Century

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Scene I: Peroration

Mother Africa, we, your African children nourished

And cuddled in your invigorating cloying navel

To chart our paths in the 20th Century.

We reached out for your dignity and regality, Africa,

And spiritualized by your awe-inspiring rays,

We walked merrily on your Saharan golden dunes.

Brains mechanized, eyes neonized in

the 20th Century,

We touched your majestic soil in the cradle of our birth,

The keys to our pristine ontology and worldview,

And we gorgeously massaged your inner resources.

Ah, refreshing like the morning dew on the golden dunes,

And as warm as the rising sun on your
entrancing dunes,

We balméd our Westernized limbs, healed our
neonized eyes

From the fertile crevices below your fecund dunes.

Ah! Touching your inner resources
was invigorating

Ah! Like the rising sun on your morning dunes.

The immaculate and regal Sahara offered
us solace,

Clad in the sanctuary of your motherly navel

And amply cuddled in the sarcophagus of
your clay,

We eclipsed the Western neon signposts of morbidity.

Scene 2: Departure

The waves that anchored slave ships are still foaming

And the embers of colonialism are still burning,

The aberrant flag of neocolonialism has been hoisted,

All casting grotesque images of pain over the Sahara.

Hunted, hounded, and trapped in the 20th Century,
Western guns dressed in military coups,
IMF & SAPS sapping our water from the Sahara,
Acidic, addictive transnational toffees,
And Hollywood bearing the gleam of the Atlantic,
We departed your golden footpaths of dunes, Africa
Of the Sahara, the Kalahari, and the Serengeti
And plunged into the plastic Atlantic
To taste the addictive toffees,
To see their world of Hollywood,
To see their neonized environments,
All packaged in cargo cults.

Scene 3: Stillborn

We deserted you, Mother Africa, searching and looking
For their solace potion to worship their cargo cults.

At Western shores and immigration dens,
They subjected us to probing, invasive searchlights.
And invading our bodies and minds to find our blackness,
They subjected us to actuarial immigration policies.

Hounded by passports of plastic visceral attachment,
Western immigration rubber stamps raped our navels.

Forced orgasm from mechanic copulation
Offsprings of mundane fertility and aridity of our progeny,
Besmeared with foreign inks of filial piety,
Then quarantined in clinics of misplaced identity,
And dissected with official surgical miscarriage.

Ah metallic cotton-wool on our dissected alienized navels!

We lingered on the new paths of stillborn identity.
We danced to their senseless deluge of the
cargo-cult.

We searched for the 20th Century cargo and
solace potion.

We ate transnational cakes and addictive
Western toffees.

Confined to rustic life in mega-cities of the West.

And taunted by images of
immemorial Africa,

We bled innermost daily and we yelled at us for
All the plunging into the Atlantic...

All the wounds of dressed guns ...
All the acidity of toffees ...
All the weight of the cargo-cult ...
All the toxic media images of Africa ...
Of the new paths and old crossroads of Atlantic servitude.

Scene 4: Regeneration

To you Fertile Africa, Fertile Sahara Desert
We salute, celebrate, and pay you homage:
We found in the gracious clouds of the West
Saintly beckoning whispers of miragic truths,
Of shriveled seeds of vaunted decorum.
Oh, Africa, we know now, our Fertile Sahara,
And we clamor for you, our Fertile Sahara,
Even in your aridity, there is fecundity.
Soulful in Africa, caressed by the sun.
Soulless in the West, confined by the snow.
Our Fecund Africa, our Fertile Sahara,
Mother, we have learnt not to wear their,

To wear their prostheses of vaunted
20th Century glory,
Of happiness, of 20th Century divisive
anchored smiles,
And thronging neon-lit sanguinary streets
in the West,
We mourned in us daily against a thousand
morbid snow.

Scene 5: The Cusp: Our Return Home

Africa, from our wanderings in the Western vault
Mother, on our return home from the 20th Century,
Haunted by their prostheses of simulated smiles;
Hunted by their constant reference to our blackness;
Hounded by their allusions to immemorial Africa,
The Sahara and Kalahari have blossomed into forests.
And in the dry season the Volta and Niger flood!
And the Congo has overpowered the Atlantic!
And the Zambezi has become the fountain of gold!
And we have sent lions of the Serengeti to the moon!

Happily, Mother Africa, we announce to the world
To the drying-up but still foaming Atlantic that
We have returned to the precincts of Mother's earth,
Where the cloying clay is clamoring for a new dawn.
We visit your sarcophagus at the onset of sunset,
Your magnificent fertile soil of global rebirth,
Where your wombed children, Mother, are budding,
There, Mother, the cusp of rebirth is flowering;
We hear echoes of African rebirth fill the dawn.
And we are listening to your new call of hope,
And we are listening to the beat of rain-drops
On the eaves of the magnificent sarcophagus,
Filling the fecund crevices in the golden dunes.
Mother, your healing herbs in the sarcophagus,
Are healing the splurge of the Western Century
And Africa is at the center of the cusp of acme.
Mother, your goddess hand is stretched forth,
We see in your hands the Bronze of Ile-Ife.
Mother, the Asante Kente illuminates your face
And your back is rested on the Zimbabwe Ruins,

Weaving and humanizing the 21st Century.
The Sahara and the Kalahari are in full bloom.
The once emaciated bodies of your children
And the obsequious of your children are no more.
Your children today beckon the sun to stand still.
And mother our arrogant siblings, your other offsprings,
Have claimed the 20th Century to be their creation.
That it is their glorious century of achievements!
That it was their century of warring peace!
And days of doom for your dark, ebony children
But, Mother Africa, at the dawn of the 21st Century,
Your dark, ebony children have taken the first steps

Mother Africa

Your dark

Ebony children

Are bearing the cusp

of rebirth,

Your

Dark, resilient

Ebony children

Are hoisting the African flag,

The flag of rebirth:

Your African children have taken the first steps on Mars

There, there, the cusp of rebirth belongs to Africans.

REVIEWS