

OF LITERARY MELODIES AND LEARNING

Weavers of words
Carvers of images
Composers of songs
Sharpeners of figures
Owners of rhyming lines
Creators of rhythmic metaphors
I come to you
Like a gazelle to a river
To quench my thirst
In your cool pool of creativity

Lovers of double meaning
Worshippers of form
Handlers of idiom
Singers of repute
Mirrors of Society
Movers of hearts
I come to you
Like an inquisitive novice
To learn from the reverberations
Of your vibrant music

Keepers of verbal venom
Carpenters of pricking verse
Architects of slapping alliteration
Visionaries of today
Entertainers of the heart
Torturers of the mind
I come to you
Like a lost traveller
Ready to be guided
To the joys of literary vibes

Come son come
Amidst us indeed dwell
Drink freely from this calabash
Handed over to us by Homer of old
See us compose
This ode on Zomba
Hear our music ooze from circumcised lips
Drink our sense fenced with caution
For tomorrow is your day
To dish out melody in seasoned parody

Walk with us son walk
To Alexander Pope
We shall take you
Follow us son follow
For we know
Where Chaucer sang
Join us join
To sing "Song of Lawino"
At Okigbo's "Heaven's Gate"
Where lyrical verse flows

When you met Nwoga
and chatted with Miru
We shall call you lucky
when you have charmed Soyinka
and convinced Chimombo
Mpina will bless you
Remember son that those who walk with Elliot
Do not hate the stanzas of Yeats
and those who love Blake never regret
That they knew Dennis Brutus.

Benedicto Wokomaatani Malunga