

## THE AGONY: A RESURRECTION

*The seven hills, hills standing in silence  
But in agony, pain ,anguish  
As the sounds of the guns thunder  
A gun-sound that rocked these hills  
But interrupted nothing, nothing  
For it was a familiar sound  
A living reality of this land  
A sound that has redirected, this country's course  
Once prosperous, once the pearl of Africa  
Once a pride of its people  
Now torn apart, now filled with grief  
Now longing for revenge on itself.  
For twenty years, blood has written  
The history of this country  
Yet from her gentle heart, comes the waters  
Flowing in patience, pride  
As forever transforms the deserts afar  
A water - the Nile, that swallowed the corpses  
Corpses time couldn't bury.  
On the seven hills stood beauty in admiration  
From it one could see, what they wanted to see  
Ignore that, they didn't want to see  
But it was there, right before their eyes*

*Anarchy, conflict, confusion, corruption, ideology*  
*Slogans, that only feed this land with corpses*  
*The skulls of Luwero, the monuments of Luwero*  
*Now only tell, and inscribe in blood*  
*Patience this country hasn't lost, hope neither*  
*As the sun seemed not to have set, in those twenty years*  
*The dawns of those years were - a pray, a rise with hope*  
*As her arteries became streams - flowing to waste*  
*A voice from the stream could only yell, never, never again*  
*Was it too early, or was the voice*  
*Now drowning into the sunset*  
*A transition, that may one day draw*  
*From its unknown, a resurrection, a new spirit.\**

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\* by Assumpta Acam-Oturu, Ugandan journalist residing in Los Angeles.