

ANTI-APARTHEID WAR SITUATION

The I22 Howitzer boomed and machine guns chorused
Manned by my black souls
As the South African-American borrowed killers
Crashed and crushed on the hard rocks of our ancestors
As a brave voice amidst tumultuous chaos cries
Great Nujoma!
Brave Namibians!!
And thanks to independent Africa.

Sir,
At the foot of the iroko of your ancestors
Lie in waste and shame American and British hawks
With flabby giant Union Jacks and winged stars
As propellers left stranded on the little Island
In the ocean of our agony.

Sir,
Nujoma!!!
Private at arms I am
But you know no class
Your jubilant loyal fighters and conquerers
Huged each other as they knelt
Praying religiously to their guns
Embraced their proud crude knives, macks and cannons
And sang songs of War known to our ancestors
As victory embraced us.

The under twenties in arms in the rear
The middle aged in the middle poised
The black with fibrous faces
For the forefront
The middle withdrew to the rare, front and flanks
A cordon was made.

And low
The MASTER that threaten
Our land from above lie helpless like women.

Amnesty! they cried,
Innocent of their heinous acts
As their heads rolled
And your men bath in their lecherous blood
Turned into sack of fun
One spared for red eyes to consume.
I exit for a bath with blood of freedom.

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