

MASSACRE AT DAWN

by

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Tell me my father  
The son pondered:  
Must it be us that must die every day  
Like house rats poisoned at will to die  
Yesterday the youngest brother joined  
Today my last has been rooted  
Not too long  
My mother went the same way  
Must there be no peace in Namibia  
The land of my blood  
Must there be no peace  
When you do not want war  
War wants you  
When want peace  
Peace rejects you  
When you want war  
Your wings are punctured.

As the cold wind drives through boisterously  
Through the still night in Namibia  
The pregnant wind  
Comes in quick succession  
Delivering her hot child of terror at our homestead  
At dawn !  
The sun refusing to come from its sheath  
As darkness swallows light at dawn.

The wind comes through  
Tearing the leaves on trees  
Yet the tree  
Upon which hang bones of animals  
And Reagan folk towers unbending  
As many lying underneath in heaps  
Awaiting happily to join ancestors  
Through mass graves.

We do not know when the sleep is safest  
Whether when the sun shines most  
Or when the wind stands still  
Or when darkness has overcome us  
Or when we lie spirited to join our ancestors.

The calm harmattan wind at dawn  
A pleasure to others, pesters our generation  
As it blows it cannot blow all of us  
If it persists  
It must be made to change its course  
Today the wind preys on us at will  
In our intricate problems at dawn  
But the very near tomorrow  
The story would be different  
The trees would have grown to curb the wind.