

WHEN I CONSIDERED

By

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When I considered
in lucid drunken anger
the freaks of Africa
I hollered: UHURU, a whore!
A shout shook me shuddering the shack bar:
Come back! Come back, white man! Come back to Africa!
EVERYTHING FORGIVEN!
"You out of your cotton picking head," Malcolm corrected.
"Booze-poison messing up your head, Bushman.
Whitey ain't never left Africa: he ain't even absent.
These uncle tom knee-grow African freaks fronting for him
minding the store.
Every shut eye ain't sleep,
Every good-bye ain't gone."