

MEMORY'S CALL

By

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i.

But who are those with teeth of stolen gold
selling smiles to grandchildren of SunGoddess?
Let them ask their godfathers for
remembrances of their ancestral feasts of blood.

Forgive my song my god. Perhaps sometimes
my voice shall knock on those abandoned doors
the fingernails of thought shall pluck
the glaze from memory's eyes.

I hear the harvest songs of Moonchildren
But where are all the planters now?

There once were men in all these fields
making love to fertile soils: the caress,
the stirring rhythmic beat, frenzied
screams of machet blades slashing
through the cold embrace of earth.
And now the windfall harvest dance

And I hear the harvest gatherers come and go
But where have all the planters gone?

ii.

So we walked a thousand nights and dawns
across sunrise into noontime of our birth.
Diviners cast their chains across the bosom of our songs
but their knowledge of things they would not give to words.
A chant they wove it rose and fell and broke upon our joys.
Sometimes there was an argument, a certain urgent call
and the lonely voice gathered echoes from skies of battlefields.

Please go tell Awuno-Boko for me that
This Panther died in his sleep. But not without a leap.

Let no merchants of sorrow come with barrels on their head
seeking to gather our moans to those distilleries of pain.
The end of life is the beginning of life.
The Netos and Bikos took away our funeral songs
to house of storms, sending back
the rhythmic throb of infant hopes.
There are anthems leaping through the skies
and Panther's kids are sharpening paws for
new handshakes with grandchildren of MoonGoddess.

It is rush-hour in soul-city
And on shores of eternity
Ghosts are doing a ceremonial dance
At rebirth of new heroes.

iii.

O do not soil the splendor of our duckling
although one day she too shall cover herself
with mud and shit upon our velvet dream.

Can you not see the rainbow in her eyes?

There always shall be the slender voice of dreams
harvesting memories from the rainbow's flowered shores.
Beyond our Sunbird's festive dance
a harvest of images lie in wait
for memory's call at twilight time.

These muddied streams have known the gleam of springwaters
But our history broke the laws of time and space
We flowed upwards against the rise of mountain slopes
Volcanoes spat their dirt upon our vision's gleam.

Our children come crawling through the agony of birth
holding petals in their farewell call to death.
They shall grow in the abundance of the grain
Their seasons filled with harvest joys.
So leave them alone to flutter their wings
and gather ripples from muddied streams
sowing seeds of joy along the banks of storms.

They say some day these storms shall burst into
showers of pollen on memory's twilight zone

And our memories are the soul's rainclouds
floating through from moments in our past.
Sometimes they come with storms
Sometimes they come as spring showers
and give us back our infant hopes.

O do not soil the splendor of our duckling
although so soon she too has covered herself with mud
and shits upon our velvet dream.