

REQUIEM FOR RODNEY

by

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*The afternoon is frightened
because the night is coming
after the long day*

*The dawn is glad
because the day is coming
after the bad night*

*Drizzles are crying their hearts out
into showers
mourning the death
of the young
and floods
are beating the fastnesses of tyranny*

*Men and women
in the powerful places
are afraid of the howling winds
threatening
the unsure citadels
and the tired pedestals
and the mini-kingdoms
are shaking
with the tremblings
of the haunted Nebuchadnezzars*

*Doomsday is an unfolding horizon
and the midwife
of destiny
is pulling the foetus of fulfilment
out of the womb
of promise*

Freedom cannot be crushed
like a nascent rose
emerging out of the chrysalis
of creation
or the flesh and blood
of man born of a woman
or the contorted steel of a gadget

A river dried up
will not diminish
the volume of the ocean

A fallen star
does not destroy
the astronomy
of the Heavens

Nor the pin-pricks of sawdust-Caesars
spoil the blood count
of the revolution

Only the thunder of Emancipation
rocks the empires
of the fiddling fools
and the cemeteries
of the patriots!