

TWO POEMS

by

LOURDES SISON PAMMIT

*A DAY OF RECKONING*

(Written after seeing the documentary "The Last Grave at Dimbaza")

The Tigers are hungry:  
The tiger riders dare not dismount  
While fattening their asses  
From the sinews of the land,  
Salting away gold dug out of the flattened belly  
Of a prone Africa whose black hands are shackled  
To the dark graves of a nightmare where the drums of despair are  
heard  
Allowing the continental mind to continue weaving romance  
of lust  
and mystical splendor of danger.

The tigers are hungry:  
The tiger riders dare not dismount  
Spreading their chaff of glory and freedom  
To ears tired by groans of hunger and slow-dying  
death;

They fatten their asses  
On diplomatic ties, appropriations of mines and oil wells.  
From their tiger mounts they ride over  
a prone Africa, tightening the shackles of its black hands  
To the dark caves of unending nightmares,  
Drowning the drums of despair with frenzied shouts of

"Gold!  
Gold!  
Gold!"

Translated into seat power.  
The tigers' bellies rumble from hunger, heavy with their burden;  
Only when the tiger riders dismount, tired out of the chase,  
Will the tigers have their feast.

Stand up, Africa! Face the tigers!  
Make them throw off their riders.  
Break off your shackles and use them as whips,  
Signal the drums of challenge, of war;  
Let the tigers smell blood, the blood of liberation  
and sacrifice;

Let them who were trained from a land of hunting and beating  
ground  
Turn upon their mounts to spread the fat upon  
the starving land.

TO A SURVIVOR OF BIAFRA

(Written after reading I.N.C. Aniebo's *Anonymity of Sacrifice*)

After preventing other people's war to take place  
You went home to fight your people's war  
Knowing it is hopeless to engage in a battle  
Where nobody wins, and losses are on both sides  
Of blindly opposing peoples  
Who once called themselves brothers  
With a single mind, steadied hands, and a freezing heart  
You mustered straggling defences from the carnage  
Of blood-emboldened arms which soaked the serene brown earth  
With the vibrant crimson flood of ebbing life.  
You survived the war where the victor is death  
To find there is no graveyard for memories  
Of soundless screams waking you in the night;  
The sudden flash of a beatific smile  
On a young woman's mutilated face;  
The sure aim of your gun upon a scampering recruit  
Trying to escape death's formidable kiss.

You arranged your features into a mask  
Never asking why you lived and the others died;  
The war is over. The strewn limbs  
Had found their burial grounds.

Still, deep in the night of California  
When fermented, sun-kissed grapes  
Can not warm the coldness in your heart  
The midday African sun scorches through  
The percolating smoke of semi-consciousness  
Gathering in its fiery embrace the now-innocent bodies  
Married to the bleached earth upon which they used to stand.  
The screams are deadened in your dreams,  
The steel glint of pain hidden behind your resolute eyes;  
But your lips never give a smile,  
Only a raucous laugh that mocks  
The reprieve on a graveless life.

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