

Poetry Series

George Shadrack Kamanda
- poems -

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George Shadrack Kamanda()

I was born in Sierra Leone, West Africa. I see myself as a poet and a global citizen. After finishing high school in Sierra Leone, I traveled to the United States of America in 2012 to further my education and to reunite with my lovely mother after ten years of been apart. I currently hold a Bachelors of Art from Saint Joseph's University. I'm very active and passionate about my service to others and humanity as a whole.

My passion and inspirational drive for education and service have led me into series of outstanding professional experiences as a volunteer and as a student. From 2008 to 2009, I participated, and I was one of the recipients of the Youth for Human Right International (YHRI) educational scholarship in Sierra Leone after completing the program as a student and as a mentor. During my time as a human right activist, I taught the Universal Declaration of Human Right in 15 secondary schools in Sierra Leone.

In America, I have served as a mentor for the Model United Nations program under the auspices of The World Affairs Council of Philadelphia. During my internship, I worked as a mentor for middle school students and discusses contemporary global issues and their role in changing the status quo by becoming active global citizens themselves. Also, I studied abroad and interned at the European Parliament in Brussels, Belgium. During my internship, I learned to view the world as a global village while taking lectures and seminars of European culture, politics, diplomacy and law and their relationship with other nations.

Finally, I seek to develop into a great social scientist writer and poet in years to come. For this reason, I believe my numerous opportunities and professional interests will prepare me not only to make an impact in my country, Sierra Leone but also Africa and the world as a whole. God bless and Thank you.

With Respect,
George Shadrack Kamanda

Blood D

It glitters for the privileged
It bitters for the unprivileged
To many, it is called a fine gem stone
With it shiny looks and precious goods
A thing of beauty, no handshaker can resist
Their fray of unresistant has mismanaged most societies
But it is- a mere reflection of its worth

Strenuous tears shed out for this precious gem
Painful stories have been told to honor the unprivileged working in the mines
Blissful stories shared to honor the privileged movers and shakers of humanity
It is strenuous, painful, dreadful and it is unbearable for the common man.
It joyful, plentiful and it do-able for the baby-kissers in power

A thing of beauty has now become a gateway for handshakers
A gem so precious and rare to the common populace,
That gem, so ubiquitous to the movers and shakers of societies
The ones with the real power, privileged enough to be trusted by the common
man
The common man or the mass public to the privileged
The ones that work day and night in melancholy, just a reflection of their sanity
While the movers and shakers live in laxity

That precious gem...so precious it illuminates even the rarest and finest minds to
be aliens
Aliens indeed— to their society and to the people they represent
The unprivileged cries echo from the mines in Sierra Leone
To the bloody and endangered mines in Katanga
with a history yet untold,
A future unknown,
Such a beauty-stone is far untold of realities.

Blood sparkle in mind... blood sparkle in mines
Thousands have been victims of a war they no nothing about
Tens of thousands suffer from decisions taken by handshakers
A thing of beauty, now a thing 'endangered.'
A precious and rare stone,
now a pathway to riches for the handshakers of our days
Oh! Blue-shinny beauty of gem

It touch illuminates any hands to feel the beauty of it creation
But as it turns out.... it has become the bloodiest gem stone to humanity
As it is now, the handshakers called it Blood Diamond.

George Shadrack Kamanda

How I Think About Africa

I think about our history and not our mystery
I worry about our exploitation, not our purported degeneration
I imagine the blankness of our continent scenery
I puzzled over our rules of strenuous institutions
I grapple as to what will be the solution to our socio-economic savagery
I warrant a revolution: that is called education

I hold a fact that we are in the basement of humanity
I rationalize our society outcomes to object to such!
I challenge to the fact of our present status quo is based on our negativity
I reflect daily,
I plead for a peaceful and watchful nationalism and patriotism

As Africa rise, West to East, North to South, we all shall see the power in unity
and positivity

I believe in doing this; we will fade off tribalism, nepotism, and favoritism
That have plagued our societies through senseless wars of socio-religious
negativity

As I learned in history books, Africa was the cradle of human civilizations
Oh, Africa! The fire of change burns within us.

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Mama Salone (Sierra Leone)

From the fringes of the western mountains
To the western shores of Freetown
From the clutches of colonialism
To the spirit of self-independence
From the outbreak of vicious civil wars
To constant the notion of peace.
From the holds of tribal disparity
To the toleration of every ethnicity
From the pits of poverty
To the rise of basic sustainability.
From the evils hands of kleptomania fingers
To the increasing roads of accountability
From the dark ages of socio-economic progress
To the rising evolution of productivity.
From the mindset of knowing not all wants are satisfied
To the quest of taking issues one by one
From the destructive remains of warfare
To the building of society brick by brick
From the outcry for political participation
To the revelation of active citizenry
From the wakes of instability
To the rise of social activity.
From the desperation the rainy season brings
To dry season of optimism
From the anthem of western education
To the footstool of educational opportunities.
From the fear of cultural degeneration
To the hope social integration
From vicious plague of deadly diseases
To the hopes of achievable recoveries.
From the outcry of traditional woes
To the purposeful regeneration in our traditions

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Now

Unending scandals,
growing rampant
Everyday,
With a plausible solution far away
we are tangled—and in trouble
Apparently,
Our humanity
is now in shambles
Drowning in an Uneven tide
the punctures in our souls are growing wide
Now,
lost in our man-made abode
As our reality
continue to be trampled on
Now,
Overtly now, our sanity
Is regressively moving on.
And to crown it all,
Our identity is now gamble on
In a society made for all.

George Shadrack Kamanda

'Oh Mama Africa'

Oh Mama Africa,
Just one day, you can smile again,
And someday, you can rise again.
A rise that will come as a surprise,
For those, who see you as deprive

Oh Mama Africa,
Just one day, your values will once again be the center of our identity,
Our 'Identity' lost to Western Modernity.

Oh Mama Africa,
One day, you shall be named a developed land,
Not an undeveloped land,
Underdeveloped to exploiters exploiting your land,
They mine from it, they building in it,
And they make fortunes from it.
And yet, they say you as weak and inferior!

Oh Mama Africa,
I bet no one can imagine your pain?
Yet alone, put on your shoe of despair and anguish?

Oh Mama Africa,
Your sons and daughters have failed you,
And to date, they continue to disappoint you.
The signs are breath-taking, but worth reminding:
Poverty stricken,
Inequality ridden,
Economy broken,
Politics suppressing, just when education is in disrepair.

Oh Mama Africa,
There are some that feel your pain but cannot help,
There are some with ideas but cannot express it.
There are some with talents but are unable to cultivate it,
And there are some craving to play a role in your new beginning,
But, are politically challenged.

Oh Mama Africa,

If you set us free from the clutches of colonialism,
There is no doubt; you can set free from neocolonialism.
Oh Mama Africa,
If you set us free from slavery and brutal civil wars,
There is no doubt; you can save our dwindling continent.

Oh Mama Africa,
Your children continue to fail you,
But yes, we believe in 'you.'

Oh Mama Africa,
Your days of reckoning is near
That day—just one day,
You will rise again
And your children can smile again.
Oh Mama Africa, You are one, and our all!

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George Shadrack Kamanda

They Are Homeless

Some have detached roofs over their heads
Some have broken bricks to cover their homes.
And Some are moving about in disarray,
Just like the life they live in,
And that, a masterpiece display of the lives they live

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From Sun rise to sun down,
Children rattle their parents for food
From Morning to night,
Back and feet are tied in the forest
And yet, harvest season blinks just like a beaming headlight.
And that, A symbolic view of their everyday lives

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At nights, Filthy streets they lay
In the morning, terrible conditions they stay,
All just to make a way.
And yet, they hustle in disarray,
With signs of progress far away.
And that, the reality of their humanity.

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Unknown Rivers

Rivers running dry,
As if the continent is deprive
Their goals so high,
But their actions full of lies.

These Moments in life,
Are farfetched and dry.
Are there any limits to our decline?
Better yet, would these acts give us the smoking sign?

Rivers running dry, Would things ever be fine?
My people, my people, we all live in a bloodline
The struggle we endure, not all can thrive
All In the midst were others shine!

River running dry,
The struggle-poor are given guidelines,
but the favor-few make the headlines.

Rivers running dry
Today- my people are in a punch-line
Where daily life is like standing on land mines,
Barely unable to think,
the life of their children's own life.

Rivers- once full are now dry,
As my people live below the poverty line,
What a life our present generations faces?
Would there be any for the generation next in line?
Would they be given guidelines?
Or would they be the change to end these fault-lines?

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Why Lie?

Lies at the start are dismissal
Lies at the end are denials
Lies of the present are worrying
Lies of the past are troubling
So why lie?

Lies in words are challenging
Lies in actions are repressing
Lies for wants are degrading
Lies for gains are window dressing
So why lie?

Lies of the mind are misleading
Lies of the eyes are caressing
Lies against others are transgressing
Lies for the self are distressing. So why lie?

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