

Poetry Series

Alpha Sanunu Bah
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Alpha Sanunu Bah()

Alpha Sanunu Bah was born on the 16th of November, 2001, and raised in the Western Part of Freetown, Sierra Leone. He is an important asset in his country's youthful population as he has contributed immensely in academia and other sectors in society. He is a promising young Sierra Leonean and has best been regarded as one of the most influential young writers.

Over the years, Bah has played active role in youth diplomacy and has made strides in understanding the roles and operations of international organizations such as the UN. He was granted an Honorary Mentioned Award in the 2019 Sierra Leone International Model United Nations Conference, thus attaining an Ambassadorial status for the United Nations Sustainable Development Goals. He is also an advocate for Children and Young People and was once The President of The Voice of Children Advocacy Network and Youth Zone, a youth empowerment organization.

In another development, Alpha Bah is a firm advocate for Human Rights and the Rule of Law; he studies Law at the Fourah Bay College, University of Sierra Leone. He has shown great leadership qualities in various institutions and platforms and is a member of the Young African Leadership Initiative (YALI) . He holds a short course certificate in Responsible Leadership on Transparency and Good Governance and another in Understanding Human Rights and the Rule of Law; he is also certified in Management Strategies for People and Resources.

In all his endeavours, Bah has always played an active role in volunteerism as most of his

Initiatives are unpaid and his Activities are influenced not by financial gains but rather his love for Writing and his enthusiasm in promoting Human Rights and the Rule of Law and, as well, his passion for Leadership.

He has demonstrated great affluence in academia and wit in the writing trajectory, as he continues to inspire people, both young and old, through his individuality and unique write-ups. He also serves as a compass for re-navigating the mind-sets of young people towards that which is of ultimate importance for the development of his country and the wider world.

Because I Fought Too Hard

Reminiscing the sight of fallen tribesmen
when the barrel of their
guns in those times of thorns
danced to the tune of confusion and scorn.
Brigadiers in black, command the swords and shields
in blood ridden fields to
attack the innocent and the trust he wields.
So our bold protectors now in force with the rebels,
terrorizing the weak and even the disables,
My heart to my country bleed in anguish, and the
blood in my veins dangle in tears,
Trailing my zeal that I must fight,
for the lives of my people, I must protect.

Strong and Powerful sons of the soil,
in their sack cloths and African magic,
with their sacred might and melanin skin,
dark as the feet of our tambourine kin,
with you by my side this war we will win.
You shall defend this land begot by our fathers,
Stand your ground when the rebels gather,
You will fight for life and fight for peace,
You will rid their minds of every bliss.

But, you see; now I can't remember,
I cannot remember where I went wrong,
I can't see why it's wrong to be strong,
I cannot remember those orders I gave,
I can't see why you say they were orders I made,
I cannot remember my malice with home,
You say I was wrong but weren't we all?
I cannot remember what led them astray,
You may give me the fault but I know I'm innocent,
And if I'm greatly responsible, what about the President?

I never held a gun but now I just might,
cause you've broken my trust and riddled my fight,
painted my image with tainted black,
these beards in my face are becoming dark.

Those warriors you praised, yes, I made them,
but the "sobels", you see, made themselves,
from need I intended but from greed they came,
So, why do I have to carry this blame?
My name, my aim, what is this game?
That they played me off in politics,
And washed my face with "poli-tricks".

Even on death's road I inspire change,
I am a revolutionary! I bear no regrets,
But, why didn't you hear me in the first place?
Before the TRC, before my people's face,
You've refused to write my story right,
So this is the truth of my own good fight.

As I dig my grave with my last zeal,
Remember I stood when many collapsed,
Remember my fight, the good fight I fought,
And in our time of need, the defenders I brought,
So as you tell your children the stories of my bad,
Tell them, my only crime is I fought too hard.

Alpha Sanunu Bah

Cheers!

They say birthdays are special days,
so special in many ways,
So we lay hats of wishes and
make praise for riches in health—good health,
wisdom and happiness and pray for
protection from troubles and sadness.

On this day, my love, these prayers are for you,
For it's that time of the year that Kindle anew,
You're brilliant, you're smart— a state of the art,
And whenever you talk, you melt my heart,
I'm happy to see that you've hit another milestone,
To tell you in gladness that you're not alone,
You have a friend in me, whatever you may,
And if you need a dance, I'll do on this day.

You're a good person, you deserve all the best,
So I pray you triumph in all of God's test,
As you celebrate this day in gladness and laughter,
Do so with a thought of the hereafter,
And don't forget to smile every once in a while,
Even if it all goes bad, don't worry, just smile.

I'll be here for you whenever you need me,
And will celebrate with you in a joyful spree,
Live this day, just live it loud,
'cause whatever the case, you've made us proud,
So lift your chest, you have a right to boast,
To this special day, let's give a toast.

Cheers!

Alpha Sanunu Bah

On These African Sands

I have been broken, or at least they tried,
they tried to break me, tried to break my past,
put cobwebs in our minds and yellow taints in our eyes,
so as we look out for our brothers we actually looked out for him,
and as we head past our borders, our heads began to scream,
what is this pain?
what did I doo?

The truth is they're scared and they envy our power,
so they caged our minds, incarcerated each hour,
to devour the chance to our own golden age,
but this is the start to our broken page,
all the rage within, the fear and malice,
and the inferior minds that look down on our palace,
this is the root.
this is our past

But you see, that is not all
our ancestors, for true, stood very tall,
they championed the earth and embraced their kin,
and right from the start, they made the world spin.
My mother's mother with her celestial breast
fed the soil and its ancient crest,
and nurtured the earth, the good Lord can attest.
But, who is he?
and where is he?

The He in my story is my African fathers
who fought for glory when conquerors gather,
who gave our nation its pride and identity,
and nurtured the flames of our African simplicity,
they left their mark in fields and oceans,
and spread our glory as they were in motion,
songs were sang to their good old names,
but now all we hear are the good old games.
So from here...
where do we go?
and what do we do?

But you see, I tell you, there is no simple answer,
to flourish our nation and make it prosper,
there's is a gap in our thoughts, a string in our minds,
and a dazzle of fraught of many kinds,
But together we can expand our pride,
and conquer the earth like our lords that died,
we can build anew with our African hands,
and take our place as the world expands,
raising our voice on these African sands.
This is where we go,
and this is what we do.

Alpha Sanunu Bah

Tell Me A Story

She said 'tell me a story! ',
I told her I knew none,
'Oh quit your fancy folly,
We both know you can be fun.'

You know me all too well,
Your smile to me is gold,
'Well then go ahead and tell,
Your fine lines, good old.'

Okay! My darling bud,
Let me tell you a story,
Let me tell of a girl, good Lord—
that's a beacon of God's glory.

She is as pure as a dove,
Her heart is one of gold,
'Oh, wait! Wait! My dear love,
You certainly are too bold.'

Really...

Well let's see what you'd say
when I tell you how she walks,
when she muster in her heights,
blue gazes on her skin,
The glorious sun, triangulating thoughts
of fanciful beacons, and appetizing shots.

You see, this not a story— no, no!
It is a moving plot,
it is the representation of all beautiful lot,
My lady, I say, is no beauté décontracté,
This is French for gold plated massarati.

When she hits the half patched roads
in her heels made of passion,
And her African botox, with her glorious complexion.
The eyes of myself and the selves with male eyes,

stare at her thighs and her lips of blue lies.

The songbirds and their cries of sweet African rythme,
converts to rap of sugarcoated meaning,
pop songs in praises to her lemons and onions,
and clueless admirers go crazily Tyrion.

But, too bad as she walks then she talks,
then all change,
then the words from her mouth, and the dreamers in range—
Realize the real lies or must I say the real truth?
that she's dumb and she's deaf and she's blind as a bat,
blind as it may, like a rabbit in a hat.

Oh, don't worry, that is just a joke,
Her voice, you see, spread wide like smoke,
It was glorious and magical, melodious and tall,
But, truly speaking, that is not all.

Then she said again, 'do tell me a story',
I told her I knew none,
Oh, not again with this fancy folly,
we both know you can be fun.

And so the girl strolled, I said, with magical stern,
Rushing into the hands of her handsome man,
then they walked, and they talked and every eye went padlocked,
not on the man's fancy watch but on the girl's African botox,
and so my friend closed to me took his freshly bought sheltox,
Psss-Psss, I heard, what is this terrible influx?

Everywhere they walked every eye stalked,
and as they sat down to rest she laid quietly on his chest,
caressing his face and toying his beard,
twisting her knee—
such a LMT.

She raised up her head and kissed him in the cheek,
Under her voice—I really am getting moody,
so she went close to his head, whilst biting his tip,
whispering in his ear, she said 'please tell me a story.'

Alpha Sanunu Bah