

Poetry Series

Kris Atta Pappoe
- poems -

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Kris Atta Pappoe()

I was born and bred by very strict parents who wanted me to succeed in whatever I chose to do in education was entirely at Roman Catholic Schools and I am one of the proud products of that strict system.

I studied Arts and languages in the i also had a curious liking for International Relations.

Later, I spent sometime meddling in Journalism and Politics but eventually settled down to more mundane things like working for a living. I am passionately Nationalistic and have spent years serving my country in various insignificant but historically important capacities.

I have a happy family to whom i look to for comfort in this desolate landscape. Since the age of twelve, I have never stopped writing. I picked up a few awards in poetry, Drama and Prose.

My main inspirations have been Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, Keats, The Romantics, Wole Soyinka, Dennis Brutus, Nyidevu Awoonor and Ama Atta Aidoo. I am an ardent student of Greek and Latin Literature counting in importance Homer, Ovid, Thucidides, Aescylus and others you may remember.

I have read also Oriental and Nordic works as well as Old English works.

I am still writing and reading though.

Addis Ababa Farewell

14.

ADDIS ABABA FAREWELL

(For Kwesi Pratt and Tai Solarin)

It was like Resurrection morning,
But it was not morn, but deep in the abyss of might
And the earth was vomiting out
Secrets it had never before
Chosen to expose to mundane eye or ears
They came from all depths and sources.
As the Earth oped its jaws and,
In one big vomit threw them out,
Onto shores long-forgotten by their souls.
The air was filled with their groans
strident voices
And the bedlam of myriad strange anthems,
Filled the air.
They had returned;
Those who gave birth to the Land had returned.
And had come to seek judgment.

Everywhere the susurrus of voices greeted them,
As the ghoulish phalanx moved inexorable
To its genesis.
Then they thronged Addis' broad ways
And steeped boulevards and its narrow streets.
And everywhere, the breath of the vengeful-departed
Breathed on the midnight air.
No longer were they the paternals
Whom we had betrayed
With false assurance and then crucified.

They had returned,
With a vengeance
Sorry at our apostasy
And seeking answers to what should have been.

Their voices shook the Great Hall of Nations

Which in their heroic dreams they had edified,
To keep the hearts of their people together,
And their cause singular.
They 'hila moyaed" until Africa's roots shook
And Terror captured the once tranquil night.

Hila moya! Hi la mo ya!

Then they look centre stage
The Living Dead
Seeking answers to the enigma of their land.
They harangued the ghostly audience
Who cheered them with skeletal cheers
And hellish adulations.
They called up the Traitor Breed
To come answer their charges.
Where are our people? They howled.
Where are our lands? They wept out.
Where have they buried our placental dreams?
So sweet at their genesis
And so pregnant with the hopes of our people?
Where are our projects For salvation?
And the wealth of our land?
They howled in painful recollection
At the loss of all that they in their time,
Had pinned their hopes on.
For the liberation and good of their people.
And then the anger arose anew
"What have you done with our people? "
The chorus arose
Dafur
Rwanda
Liberia
Sierra Leone
What have you done with our people?
And invisible tears from ghostly cheeks,
Drenched many a podium that night.
The living Dead wept
And the ghostly warriors of time past,
When the cry for Liberation arose,
Wept with them.

Then with one savage howl that stifled
The dreams of the traitors,
The ghostly throng trooped out again,
And spilled into the broadways of Addis,
Their lamentations rang throughout the night

But then Dawn opened its gates
And the faint rays of Aurora
Crept stealthily to eliminate the dark.
Then Earth convulsed
And time stood still in one pulseless moment,
They waved at the Land that had been desecrated
By their Apostate offspring.
They waved in farewell,
As Earth oped, and the sea yawned.
And took them back to destinies,
Unknown.

Kris Atta Pappoe

Anima Kristi

ANIMA KRISTI

It hurts,
This betrayal of pristine dreams,
And the endless unspoken whispers
That grave age and tested wisdom
Have whistled into the wind;
A heart true to betrayal,
Smarting like pepper
In a freshly wound.

*

And counting,
Just counting on languid fingers
Endless times of grief
With graying whispers
From dear matrons grown morbid
With packed anger.
You are like a dream hatched
One season too late
Before the Harvest.

Kris Atta Pappoe

Commuters Call

COMMUTER'S CALL

(For Justine)

I sat three days by the banks of life
And nobody ever came to tell me
Kutsiami had a vacation
And had gone to Dzelukope
To see his forgotten relatives,
Bored, I wandered back home
With my penny clutched in my hands.
One day, for sure, Kutsiami,
I shall return your penny
And you can ferry me across the placid river,
Perhaps by that time,
I shall have sung all these songs
And told the tales,
That thirst in my bosom.
Agoo! ! Agbonugla! Medo Agoo!
I did not tell you of my sudden arrival,
Perhaps that is why nobody came to meet me.
On my way back, I saw many things,
But Dzorgbese Lisa warned me
To hold my peace.
He said, someday, sometime, my son
Your lips will burst,
And you will remember them all.
Agoo! Togbuiwo, Agoo Nami!
Agoo, Agbonugla medo Agoo!
I don't have any guns to fire
I don't have any knives to grind.
I am waiting for the Elders to come home.
I, cannot go to call them
For their meeting concerns
My unexpected return from the river.
Perhaps, the Old Lady was not at home
To be consulted about my matter.
But fact is,
I cannot go to call the Elders home.
My brother,

This matter is hard.
In this life,
Understand it so...
You will be born in one place,
You may travel to some places,
Some places you may never go.
My brother,
You cannot be the judge and the complainant.
It is like a tsetse-fly landing on your broom.
How do you kill it?
My brother, I am going to Nyidevu the Sage
Perhaps he can tell me
How to call the Elders back home
Agoo! Agoo! Medo Agoo!

Kris Atta Pappoe

Easter Morning

JERUSALEM:

IT WAS BARELY MORNING
BUT THE SUN WAS RISING EARLY
AND PEOPLE WERE already abroad
Seeking their varied shores
Then the bombs went off.....
Two bombs, one after the other
One at the Gate that was called Beautiful,
And the other near the Temple.
Within moments everything happened
As if this had been long foreseen.
Series wailed and the ever-ready troops,
Rushed into positions already prepared
People took over for safety.

Of the wounded and dead
While frenzied hand quickly took charge
Then from their hidden nests
Missiles streaked towards Palestine
Where it was assumed
The bombs had come from, anyway.

Here
That morning, we sat oblivious
And watched the serried ranks march past
As with palm fronds and leaves,
They reenacted the beginning of the end
And the end that was the beginning.
There was no donkey, nor ass nor mule
And the Son was not there to be adulated
As the throngs marched through the rubbish filled streets,
Sending their bad breaths sky high in varied song.
They marched on in their Sunday best
Singing, laughing and chattering,
Completely unaware of the day that was.
They marched to the tune of the brassband,
Led by the frocked priest who deputised for the Son,
And the choirs and knights and worthies followed.

Then came the masses, made up of retired sorcerers afraid of hellfire
Seeking remission for sins unconfessed,
Young eligible damsels, painted and brightly clothed,
Gyrating their waists suggestively to the music,
Hoping someone would notice their half exposed breast and
tightly bound behinds

In the train came practicing witches
And dread warlocks,
hoping to distract opinion by their participation
And they followed the throng
As it snaked its way in this backyard
Jerusalem,

Carrying before them the Crucifix
Of Him who was yet to die for them
They sang the songs once sang for their fetishes
But which they had modified to suit
In that joyous mood,
They went, not remembering, not understanding,
That it was the beginning, not the end,
And that there was Getsemane,
And also Gabatha
And ultimately Golgatha
Where their laughter would turn into one wild howl
That would rock the Universe,
And awake them from their dream

We sighed as they disappeared
and the music faded away
Then we sipped what remained
Of the fresh palm wine
As the cooking women
brought in the cassava fufu and palmtree soup.
It's Palm Sunday.

'He entered as a King
And the Nations shouted 'Hosannah'
Oh saviour meek, pursue thy road
With scattered garments and palms littered'

(FOR LUKWENDA HOWARD)

Kris Atta Pappoe

Gabada For Christiansborg

GABADA FOR CHRISTIANSBORG

Walking the plank of self ridicule.
Crying, crying in the rain.
Jumping at the bite of flea
Thinking it's the bite of an adder.
Hola there! Chanting, the cries of Datsutagba,
Nsamankow, Adowa!
Cries unheard for centuries,
Emanating from the Braggart's stomach
Braggart! Braggart, Bragging down African Avenue.

Brag Azania, Brag Namibia, Brag Zimbabwe.
Imposing conferences dissipating Africa's bosom.
Firing empty cannons to tame the Moon
Threats, threats, threats, vibrating along Mosquito Avenue.
Every dawn crying: Christmas soon,
Then back again to their scorching savannas
And their ancestral kraals,
And over the endless banquets
In their glittering palaces,
Leaving each to fight his own battle.
Someday, there will be action.

Oh yes, will the saber-rattling ever cease, Africa?
When will the innocent blood
Rise to the Heaven of your feeling?
When will the wailing widows of Dafur, Zimbabwe, Congo,
Mean anything to you in your Prison Palaces?
And your false sense of royalty and pomp?

Will the sight of innocent orphans
Languishing in your prison – prison-refugee camps,
Never soften your hearts of stone?

When will the lining of your bottomless pockets
With the Blood Aids Funds, famine Horror Donations,
War Atrocity compensations,

Ever be filled to satiation?
When will these stop and your Sphinx gazes
Now turn to your promises?
Promises of yesterday, that raised you,
Beyond the gutters of your nightmares,
Onto these pedestals of horror.
From which you look down,
Frankenstein's of our own deluded creation-
You look down with scorn,
On us, the architects of your mistaken elevations?
Oh Africa! Africa!

When will the Bragging cease?
And the Breed emerge to save this great land,
Of Agu and Agu, of Olodumare, of Asase Yaa and Onyankopong,
Of Kitikata the Merciful...
And their doomed people?
Where are the New Healers for our ails?
We the doomed.
We await them, at the altar of our dreams.

Kris Atta Pappoe

Idiagbon

IDIAGBON

Lucent clouds
Cottonwooling into
Extravagant shapes
Suspended between the Azure and
Ultramarine depths
Where beyond, He
Scrutinises the work of Man.
And, below in the black forest,
Man, his evil genius
Hacks brother down
And hammer and anvil
In underground vaults
Scheme the paeans of destruction
But He, where no evil may blend
Looks pitiful
Sad that beneath the
Glory of His presence
And the fields of peace,
Man in his blinding ignorance
Still, sits at the gates of wrath

Kris Atta Pappoe

Illusion

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ILLUSION

We heard them shouting loudly,
They heard us lamenting over plight.
They told us there was a Saviour coming
And our heart leapt with gladness
But Time, its sweet memories have left unfulfilled.
And Tyrants have usurped our hearts and voices.

In times of grief and oppression
Our Fathers chanted wild the name of Freedom
And knocked loudly on Liberty's temple.
Mother Nature listened and sent her sons.
But they cried: Not Ghandi Not Malcolm X, not Nkrumah, Not Luther King.
There was a Peacemaker called Kennedy.
They heard he loved the Blackman
And laid him to eternal submission.
Peace is weeping in her Temple
Vainly imploring her multitude sons
cease the fray.
But they all feigned deaf.
Wallowing in the gore
Beneath the Towers of Silence.

Kris Atta Pappoe

Lanor

LANOR

.
Wipe the tears out of my eyes, Labor.
Wipe these salty tears away.
The vision of it all dulls my brain
And my heart heaves with sorrow.
Once again I see those familiar, dear ones
Turned into passive teasing shadows.
As I flirt silently through these vistas.

It is morning, Lanor.
And I hear the hustle-bustle
As silently, they file into the Great Hall.
every thing comes back to me
I hear the pleasant hymns intoned solemnly
And the commanding voices.
Setting the order of day, Lanor.

I hear the laughter and challenges
As on the games field, brawn and brain contest
And the eerie silence as they settle
to imbibe the credos.
Each classroom echoing its own creed.
Those were unforgettable days.
Days of purpose and camaraderie.
I remember them all Lanor,
Even the taste of the Red Red on Saturdays
And the harsh admonishing of the Duty Prefects.

And I see those faces that apart
From your own
Were so dear to me,
I remember them all with their peculiarities.
But the day is short and sad, Lanor
I watch these dear shadows return to the dorms.
I also see the shadows of Prefects
as they creep through the night
Securing darkness and sleep for fellow students.
Faintly I hear their snores from tired bodies.

Lanor, it is late
And I must go.
Put out the light, Lanor,
Put out the lights
And bid Dzutco farewell for me. Lanor.

Kris Atta Pappoe

New York! New York!

19

NEW YORK...NEW YORK

And i stood agape in your Citadels
as stormy waves swept avalanches past me.
And i heard your metallic voice
reverberating from beneath the Azure Main.
'Come all ye nations
and i will give you Peace.
Bow your proud knees to me
in subjugation to my creeds of blood and iron
and i will give you the Bread of Life'.
Then the thunder struggled with the gyrating lightning,
and your laughter rang loud and hollow.
But i also heard the moaning of widows
and the wailing of orphans.
the distant rumble of tanks
and the unbroken fall-fall of shells.
the shrieks of death-giving missiles,
amid the stench of innocent blood
in rage I turned away from the glimmer of your heights,
and the sinister allure of your phantom lips.
And I cried: God Help America

Kris Atta Pappoe

Revolution?

REVOLUTION

(For Kosi Ameyibor & Lee Dargbey)

I do not preach Revolution.
Yes live seen enough of it.
I do not preach Revolution,
Though the words taste so sweet on the tongue.
Sweet on the tongue, especially the tongues
Of the unknowing.

My brother, I do not preach Revolution.
Time was when I climbed
Hurried rostra and rained thunder words
On gullible ears below,
Then I smiled in triumph when
On fire with vengeance,
They marched/trotted off to do their will.
But my brothers, I do not preach
Those sermons this time.
Too many seasons and too many places.

My eyes have seen the fruits
Which our voices sowed
But which our minds disowned
Of the evil fire that we spawned
With our urgings and too many times

In Congo - Liberia
In Ghana - Nigeria

And in Zimbabwe/Kenya
Where the blood flowed and we the controllers,
Forgot where the stopcocks were.
Freely tin Rwanda – Burundi.
In Sudan and Abyssinia,
The gore inundated; and silent
Skulls once on proud shoulders,
Rolled down the streets.
My brother, I do not preach Revolution.

Neither have I asked you to bring torches,
The smoke from burning citadels
Still fills my eyes and ears,
And the knock-knock, crack-crack of illegitimate
Guns still haunt me.
I urged you on
On and on to topple the statues
Of the Saints
Who out of jealousy, we rechristened.
But the time has passed, yes,
Time has passed.
And now I call you up once more.
Not to hear my Marx ranting
Nor the new gospels from China.
I summon you, my fellow patriots
To a new revolt.

Come; let us all sing a new song,
A song that will shake our nations
A song that will put fear into the hearts
Of the Pretenders,
Come, let us shake their thrones.
Where they sit profaning the
Dreams of the Founding Fathers.
Come, Let us sing a new song.
Of Darfur, Rwanda-Congo, Ethiopia Zimbabwe.
Come, let us sing a song of revolt.

Kris Atta Pappoe

Sojourners

SOJOURNER

When the primal dust has settled
And wide-eyed in stupefied wonder,
We pick up the broken shards,
Of our invincible selves,
When we raise ourselves from
Ignoble positions of defeat the lowly dust.
And hear the jeers and boos
Of those who but yesterday,
Were part of our pomp and pageantry,
Shall we then believe
The truth of the five cowries
Face up
On the diviners mat?

Will the panic rush of the vestal Virgins
From the sacred streams,
Defiled by strangers who know nothing
Of our land and its sacred laws..
Shall their anguish cries,
And the telltale bloodlets
Between their thighs, tell us anything?
Shall we then look at the cracks
In our citadels and Edifices,
And realize their ultimate destinations?

Then, shall we realize
That our genesis has been the beginning
Of our death?
And that the long odyssey of our people
Was the tail-end of a tale begun
Long ago in frititi
When the sun was young?

Shall we then be prepared now
About things certain,
As we have been about the shadows,

Realizing that we were just part of the
Moving stream,
And that the things so sacred to us,
Were but milestones
Pointing the road to where we should end?
Shall we then respond,
When the cowries whisper
To us our true names?

Kris Atta Pappoe

Tequila

Nobody said what killed him,
Nor indeed that he had passed away.
Perhaps it was the foreknowledge or rather,
The of- course nature of the happening.
And the way it happened.

We found a small cluster of the comrades,
In the one-roomed compound house
To which he retired after long frays
of active duty.
They were silent and confused as if,
Someone had to blow a whistle
To start what must be done next.
But it was already night and Morning
must rule the Night.

Then more comrades wandered in
As the news spread of his departure.
And the songs became louder
As the bottles and the glasses
Passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth.
The Revolutionary anthems rang loud and clear
And the High Priest led the faithful
In extolling the achievements
Of the faithful Departed.

He was trenchant in the movement.
Oh yes, he was; and led the numerous charges
Against the little Bastilles of the Time.
Fear was his amour and a name dread was his.
But his friend, sworn and unflinching
Was the fire-drink
and arm in arm,
Neck to throat, they caroused from dawn till dusk.
When his voice was not hoarse in its grip
As he yodeled the mute throngs,
Then, perhaps, he was prostrate
with the fire drink,
Clutching at his entrails,

Demanding its fatal tributes.

Perhaps so it ended,
A life for non payment of a self-imposed tribute.

Sometime at dawn.
We buried him in the Common Yard.
One of his successors officiating.
A swig here and a glass there
And then it was done.
The Sexton smiled as we turned homewards
And waved us Goodbye.
We did not look back to where we had left him.
Friendless, causeless,
With the fire-drink perhaps still
Burning in his entrails.

Kris Atta Pappoe

The Returners

RETURNERS

We did not hear them sneak in,
Nor did we see them in our midst.
We only heard them when we were half-way
through the new anthem.
And we were bone-weary,
They were all smiles and beaming at us.
Wide-mouthed cosmetic smiles.
We did not care and were too
Tired to smile back.

Of course, the battles were over,
The dead were dead and forgotten.
And those who never ever fired a shot,
Received all the medals of glory;

We could recognize some of the returnees,
Who bolted when the first shots were being fired.
Now resplendent in Carnaby Street suits.
And M&S ties to match.
They were fighting over office spaces,
Name tags and seafront residences,

Of course, we stared at them,
Too tired and too confused
To even laugh,
What we knew was that,
the gutters of Nima had been cleaned
And the night streets were clear of armed robbers;
People were walking on their feet
And not on their heads, so to say,
And the air was fresh in Makola

So, we the gutter cleaners and shit carriers,
What do we have with their new arguments?
We had even forgotten how to dress up in fancy suits.
And spot designer eyeglasses.
All we knew was,

It was time to down the khaki,
And go back to our villages,
Empty handed, to tell and retell
the story of the glorious revolution
and how those who run away from the battle
received all the medals for valour
and how the self-exiled ones,
had come back to inherit the Land.

If they ask us for proof,
We will show them our empty hands,
Gnarled from digging trenches,
Desilting gutters
And doing Volu in forgotten villages,
And where we had no medals to show,
Our tattered militia uniforms
Will silence all
Oh, land of our Birth and our Death
We hail you.

Kris Atta Pappoe

Thru My Fault

10

MEA CULPA

Blank skies in unblinking red eyes,
Deep sighs of regret in humbled heart.
And these winds of sorrow
Blowing through choked cries.
When languid tears fall fast
At the thought of you
Then I will call your name,
And let the hills reverberate
In primal rage.
Uneasy sleep for guilty heart,
Shamed countenance before
Loyal dreams broken in haste.
And the rain as torrents
Pouring like Saints Tears
In the paths of unrepentant Sinners
When Hope of angels' footfalls fade fast
Then I will remember
The pain of your dagger's point.

Stark naked in those lethal words,
Fresh in Nature's birth clothes,
You tore apart the blurred veil
And the make-believe
Behind which a soul forlorn
Lost and seeking a home,
Lay cleverly hidden from purpose.
Stricken and in death throes,
Hands, hardened
Beyond redeem by Sacred Blood.
Tearing at unprotected throat
Seeking to uproot
Seeds sown in alien soils,
Preventing in their shame-anger-shame,
Future grapes of tears

Two Thousand Seasons

20

TWO THOUSAND SEASONS

Two thousand seasons of yesterday,
Two thousand seasons of whips and lies
Blindfolding the embryo future into the limbo of Time.
Oh! You who tread on the balls of the Sun.....
Listen! ! !
You who tread on the balls of the waning moon.
Beware!
St Iago of the swollen testes
Reaping where you have no right
Who told you I live where?
From the day Caramansa took your
Free gin and grinned,
And your tobacco that tasted better than my desire and freedom,
Then followed two thousand seasons of sorrow and blood
And my tears that daily fly.

I did not need to be born
To know the legacy of hatred
You were leaving me.
Nor the shame and humiliation.
That is to be my patrimony.

Grim walls of my false fate.
You grim walls that have witnessed
The shadows of time,
And the magma cries of a strangled generation,
You stand as a monumental mockery
To the treachery of my blood.

Beneath your battlements,
I see files upon files of my shadow
As they are silently swallowed into the Azure.
I hear their farewell dirges
To the land never to be seen again.
But I also hear the triumphant cries
Of the Devils Brood

As with whips and guns they drive me on.
On and on into centuries of hate,
Exploitation and servitude.
On and on, into the unknown
From which I shall emerge
Neither black nor white nor brown.
And my tears fall fast.
But I cry and cry alone
Into the Void

Waking into the alloys of my second self
Where I kiss this land of my servitude and shame
like a devotee Of death.

I sing anthems alien to my soul's desire
Forgetting that I am lost in time...

Oh! Land of my life and death,
Sanctify me.

Where shall I go but to the Lord.
In the land of strangers and lords,
I look for my soul's freedom.

Far, far, beyond the Azure,
I hear the ghostly voices
Calling out to us left behind.

Warning us beware of the new Breed.
Whose forbears desecrated us as a race
And sent our gods into perpetual exile.
Those who made our land a nameless desert
And our sacred songs a whistle in the wind.

The Ancestral called:

Warning us,
Those left behind,
The Survivors....

Beware of the new Breed.

I turn away, tears welling in my eyes.

Beyond Sorrow,

Beyond Help and Mercy.□

□ For Barrack Obama

44th President of the United States of America

On his visit to Cape Coast Castle, Ghana

Kris Atta Pappoe

Whitemail

WHITEMAIL

Before we came to their dreams,
Hatched in the Cauldrons of Hate,
We did not know
There could be such Deception,
Such Depravity in the Mind of Man.

Before we came to their visions
Born in the Nightmares of time,
We could not realize
That there could be such Hate,
Such Deformity in the Soul of Man.

But the shimmer of their Midnight
Befuddled us, bewitched us,
Bedazzled us.

And we crept into their Shrines,
Onto their altars,
Forgetting, that We Too have Shrines, and
Leaving behind us in the Limbo
Our hallelujahs of sorrow
And the magma cries of a Lost Generation

Kris Atta Pappoe

Zadokeli

15.

ZADOKELI

(For Gopi Menon & atta-Gyamfi

Britwum)

His guile was limitless, so we found to our sorrow.

When he came, seemingly blind..

With his assistant eyes,

And an iron horse that always fell on its side,

We took pity on him, Galenku

The one with the sorrowful voice

And offered him, the coolest of water

That Nana could spare.

He spoke of a land far away on the stars

And a Deity who inspired love and fellowship.

His god he said created the world.

He was father to us all.

And he sang songs, so full of sorrow and pity

And love and sweetness.

Although we did not understand a word.

We sensed them.

And then He showed us The Book

By which he swore that His God will come

To us and make our lives better.

But he did not yet speak of the Cross.

Neither did he tell us there was a Place of Skulls

Where, in spite of the love He had for them,

They rejected him and nailed Him to the Cross.

Perhaps he did not want to tell us,

That, for this, they had to atone,

And wander the whole world, confessing,

That they were wrong and that indeed,

He was what he claimed to be.

We listened to his goodness,

And gave him the best shelter.

In our little Heaven.

Then he went back and returned.

And this time, it was different.
He did not tell us any stories anymore.
And no songs came from his lips.
He asked and asked, and demanded and claimed,
And walked where the gods forbade us,
Even Princes of the Royal Houses, to walk.
And when we raised our voices in protest,
He barred his teeth and pointed
his evil sticks at us.
Then he took what was forbidden to be taken.
And danced all the dances
Which our gods and Earth forbade.

He said we did not know
And that he has come to save us from ourselves.
When we raised our voices in anger,
Our Elders looked on as if this sacrilege
This travesty was not against them also.
We bade them silence the insolent one
And bid him go back the way he had come.
Back to the land on the Stars...
But in silent language they reprimanded us,
And made overtures of peace to the stranger.
Then we hung our tongues on our necks
In stony disbelief
We did not then know,
That our Elders have profaned our sacred oaths,
And that for mere pittances,
They had compromised themselves.
We could faintly smell the evil drink on their breath,
And remember the whispers of secret gifts
Delivered as the dead of night.
But we did not know that it had gone so far,
And that Asase Yaa's children,
Have been sold by their own kith

Then our voices grew louder in anger
And we carried fire and blood to
Them and the traitors.
We cleansed the land that their
Treachery had polluted
And appeased our gods of their anger.

But scarce ten seasons passed,
When the ghost of the stranger returned.
In the middle of the night,
Before our dreams had even started,
They came in their numbers upon us.
Their sticks sang their evil songs.
And many fell, never to rise again.
When dawn broke,
Anoa was in ruins.
Her citadels burnt to the ground.
The sacred groves were on fire
And the Princes of her royalty
Were bound in chains.
The songs of sorrow rose in our throats,
Only to be stifled by shame and violence.
Then they marched us through our own lands,
Led by traitors who had sworn
Brotherhood with them
And deserted the way of our people.
They marched us,
The offspring of Asase Yaa,
The Royals of Anoa,
Far, far, far into the night,
The night of our race.

Kris Atta Pappoe