

IN
MEMORY OF

AMILCAR CABRAL

born - 1924

assassinated January 20, 1973

All proceeds from sale of this collection go to the Liberation Movement, PAIGC, which Dr. Cabral founded. The Struggle Continues! "The Struggle for independence is a process that cannot be reversed." - Amilcar Cabral in Our People Are Our Mountains.

© MACSA, 1973.

For Amilcar Cabral
The Lion Cub from Bafata

-- By Daniel P. Kunene

Drum the drum-beat of warriors,
Drummer-man,
Shatter the silence of death!
Let the rattling tattoo
and the rolling phrases
Rouse the drooping heads
of sullen men

Across the palm-dotted plains
of Guiné-Bissau
A mighty voice cried "To war!
Would you rid your land of vermin?
Then TO WAR!"
And the echo to-war, to-war, to-war
filled the sunbathed land
And one by one the drooping heads
were lift up
the dreamy eyes
set ablaze
And the warriors' song
set the enemies' bellies a-trembling

Drum on,
Drummer-man,
Scatter his soul to the ends of the earth
Let each man partake
of the dauntless spirit
That proclaims FREEDOM for all mankind

Yet, for a brief moment,
Peace! Peace,
Drummer-man,
Hold your hands still.
Did you not hear but a moment ago
a mother scream "Oh God!"
At the loud report of murderers' guns?
"Oh God!"
Then silence pregnant with grief
of unsighed sighs
unsobbed sobs
Just a deluge, silent streams
of unrequitted tears,
Then sighs,
then sobs

Remember, Mother?

Remember Bafata

in the place of the rising sun?

Remember the pain and the joy?

You fondled a lion's cub

and said "My son!"

You must needs be a Lioness

to bring forth such a cub

Such a Cub!

That sun rose with a different rising,

The day the Cub arose

in Bafata

Who knew, Mother, that one day

the Lion would roar

and tear apart the genitals

Of roving brigands?

He dangled them and spat them out!

Such a Cub!

Such a Cub!

There are hollow places between the thighs

of the plundering hyenas

Woe to their wives!

Such a Cub!

Such a Cub!

Flutist!

Some soothing notes for the Mother!

Some for the Lover-Wife

Some for the Orphan-Children

Gently, flutist, softly,

Let them sleep a restful sleep;

And tomorrow when they wake

They shall see he has not died

But, wake soon, Mother,

You too, Lover-Wife

You too, Children of Love

Come to the celebration of the Living One

Now then,
 Drummer-man,
Once more let your magic hands
Drum on and scatter his soul
That it sprout like seeds
 in all the earth

Drum on! Sing on!
Come on, women of THE CONTINENT
Let your trilling notes rend the air
Who said THE GIANT ever slept?
Stamp your feet and clap your hands
Who said THE GIANT ever slept?
And you men, let shield on shield with a clatter ring

For Such a Cub!
 SUCH A CUB!

Zinyane lesilo!
 Zinyane lesilo!
Wena Silo-asithintwa!

February 2, 1973

IN MEMORY OF AMILCAR CABRAL

You bore
As few men can
The burden of existence
Yet, it, you bore
With patience,
Innocence
And strength of Will
Though you still fell
Foolishly like us all
At the hands of a one
Wheedled Innocent.
Canida was, and came
And came in the name
Of a comrade!

You chose
Like us all
And resolved like
A student always does
To struggle with Heart
and Might, and Mind
But vainly
Just like us all
You lost your soul
Yet for a Cause
(But we have lost
Both Cause and Soul!)
All is spent
In the reality of our dreams.

You dreamt
Like us all
Of Utopia when in hell
Of Bissau-Bafata when
In Conakry ---
The kraal where you returned
To Clay -
A Hero only once perhaps---
You dreamt
And dreamt - But
What can men do without
Their dreams
Of gods when unwell?
But yours were good dreams

You saw
And saw them come alive:
From back-to-back to
Side-to-side to
Face-to-face till all
Were in Arms
The master unclad the mothers
The land ripped off their roots
But now you too are gone
With your dreams?
Curse this land, Curse Afrika
If we bury your body
And turn our bodies bawdy
Sheba lives in Amerika, not Afrika!

-S. Phaniso C. Moyo.

Poem by Eugenia NETO

Weep land burnt by defoliant
Weep fertile sap become sterile
Weep desiccated leaves
Weep too the tilled soil

Weep immense savannas
Spread with moans and weariness
For your sons are dying of hunger and
desolation

Raise up for men's eyes
Burnt pulverised branches
As in tellurian hecatombs

And resuscitate the consciousness
of men who defy history

(Oh beloved earth, theatre of so much folly!)

What are the aims of men
Wanting to reach other worlds
While here on earth they kill
And hate one another?

Weep my unknown brothers
Honest men from all the continents
Brothers in the search for justice

Weep because you are divided
By philosophic concepts
And the monsters advance
And the monsters destroy!

We are the Keplers the Robespierres the Galileos
--Now as in the past---
Men reject the dialectics of the world
And NATO bullets
Fell the heroes of our century.
We know the future will be ours!

(But we are dying!)

And you, Mother Earth, lose your finest sons
In this advancing and retreating.
Time passes and crime continues.

We are dying
Victims of philosophical discord

Between those who are with us and
Want the collapse of the past

(But we are dying!)

Listen to the cries of pain
of infertile savanas
Filled with salt from the tears of its sons
Over these five centuries!

Listen in the voice of the wind
How they tell you
Of the colossal effort of the poets
Who, wanting to build lakes of love
Across the lands
Are on the battlefields!

Listen in the sound of the rivers
To the colossus of pain
Of those who learned to save the lives of others
And weave projects of death
To live and give continuity to their people

Weep for those between two worlds of incomprehension
Hated and not understood
Marching forward
Armed only
With their consciousness

(Arm yourselves with hearts of steel,
Oh my brothers!)

Weep the parting of sons and fathers
Of husbands and wives
Weep the lack of caresses
On the heads of our children

Weep the absence of tenderness
On marvellous nights
When the earth unfolds in symphonies...

Weep the perfume that leaves
The unclasped hands of lovers
For they are far away on the battlefield

Weep the lost friendship
Of a comrade fallen for ever
Who will never return, never!

Oh weep Just of the earth our drama
May the chasms echo
Our indignation
Through the molecules of matter
And may our hands weave the antidote
To oppose the cruel reality of our days.

Oh my brothers unite!
And let us say to the lords of the earth:
"YOU SHALL NOT ADVANCE!"

(The wall built by our hands
is unmoveable!)

The earth has belonged to you these thousands
of years.

Enough!

Now we shall be
The just of the earth holding the rudder!

And you will see my brothers
There will be no more war in Angola

The hands of the guerrillas will leave their
weapons
The hands of the Portuguese soldiers
Will go till the soil
And cover it with flowers

And one day
Not far from that moment
Men who once killed each other
Can build in unity
The future of mankind.

-This poem by a respectable Angolan poetess,
Eugenia Neto is reprinted from Angola's Arms, the
official information organ of the PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT
FOR THE LIBERATION OF ANGOLA (MPLA).

A Song, Not A Dirge

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

Cabral, Cabral, Cabral

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

Shall you curse the earth that covers you,
comrade?

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

No, No, No, Not the innocent earth
Here we are names
Each name with its keeper, But only names!
Yet only one name flies about

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

Cabral, Cabral, Cabral,

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua

You have disappeared from our midst
Land borne, struggle borne
Scattered over jungle

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

mountain

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua

and plain
Disappeared
Save the words you spoke
Voiceless, voiceless

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

'Our People Are Our Mountains'

A Luta!
A Luta!
A Luta La Continua!

These
Remain
Modified in our guts

For
Knowledge and Peace
Both demand a price

Azores
Azores, Caetano came and went
Richer than Rich
But what sacrifice?
Upon King Richard's coronation,
Gun salute
Boom! Boom! Boom!
As he proceeded to the dais
Down you went to the ground!
The loan had been repaid
Caetano deserved more!
Even in the name of NATO.

---S. Phaniso C. MOYO.

ORA DJA TCHIGA

Labanta bo anda fidjo d'Afrika,
labanta negro, obi gritu'l Pobo:
Afrika, Djustissa, Liberdadi

Obi gritu'l Pobo na Sistensia, na funko,
na simiteri, na lugar sem tchuba,
na bariga torsedo di fomi

Dexa bo funko, dexa bo mai, bo armun,
dexa tudo, pega na kungsiensia bo subi monti:
finka pé na tchom bo pega n'arma.

Brandi fero riba'l monti,
ko fomi o ko fartura, ko guera o ko paz,
luta pa liberdadi'l bo tera!

-Kaoberdiano DAMBARÁ.

The Hour Has Come

Get up and walk, son of Africa
Get up, black man, listen to the cry of the People
Africa, Justice, Freedom

Listen to the cry of the People for help,
in the village
in the cemetery, in the place with no rain,
in the stomach twisted with hunger

Leave your village, leave your mother,
your brother
Leave everything, take your consciousness
and climb the mountain
set your foot on the ground and take up your weapon.

Swing your weapon above the mountain
in hunger or in plenty, in war or in peace
struggle for freedom for your land!

- This translation by
W. M. Minter is from the
above which is in Criole,

the lingua franca of Guiné and Cape Verde; the poem was published in Noti, an
anthology by Kaoberdiano Dambará, of PAIGC.

Looking Through the Window
I see Three Crows on Snow

When silence overwhelms us
And we wonder where to turn
Not even heavenly stars can give us light!

Hoot, hoot no more night owl
Go, go 'n seek the eagle that broke
the olive twig, that men have turned to
plunder our land!

When he lived we refused to help
Now he's gone we say we d'not know
who to help

Yet
The Struggle Continues!
and now
more so than ever
Victory is Certain!

Rise, Rise, Rise
Take your weapon
Fly, above, above little dove
Bring us the dreams
Bring us the laurels
We'll fly the banner
Moulded in voiceless Words
Cabral is Dead and Lives on!

-S. Phaniso C. Moyo

To Mama by Eugenia NETO

Africa
Mama Africa
You bore me in your womb
Born in the colonial typhoon
I sucked your body's milk
Grew
Atrophied but I grew
Swift youth
Like the fleeting star
When the Ng'anga dies.
Now I am a woman
Young or old I no longer know
But it is to you I came
Africa
Mama Africa
You who bore me
Do not kill me
Do not curse your own offspring
Else
You have no future
Do not be matricidal
I am Angola, your Angola
Do not join the oppressor
Or your bastard son
They jeer at you
You have fallen in the trap
Deceived
Mistaking true for false
In your candid and secular vigour
Blinded
And now it is you
Africa
Mama Africa
Who give force to the bastard brother
To asphyxiate me
Stabbing me in the back
The oppressor, the oppressor's friend
Your bastard son
(You too, Mama Africa?)
Will all rejoice
To hear me breathe my last
But Africa
Mama Africa
For the sake of coherence
I want still to believe in you.

-This poem by Eugenia Neto, a prolific revolutionary poetess from Angola is reprinted from Angola in Arms, the information organ of MPLA.

Iyēēlī - Hare.

I

1. A'kó'tō dēēē
 Ọdí ya' éēēē
 Nāāgwūgbà tōlúò
 Ká, lè ā mēē ?
- Ọdí ya' éēēē
 2. Nāālikpòkwú gwólé tīiyò
 Ká ā mēē ?
- Ọdí ya' éēēē
 Nōólúò lǒhí
 3. Nāāipólúòjòkwú bá
 Lábáá kwú yílé yílé
 Dúú ā mēē ?

The Two Friends

I

- Giant Rat
 1. What is really the matter,
 That you have blocked the entrance to
 your home,
 So tight, this way?
2. What is really the matter,
 That you have built bones round yourself
 So tight, this way?
3. What is really the matter,
 That your home is beautiful
 Your children are fat
 With shiny cheeks,
 This way?

Ákótó - Giant Rat.

II

1. N, gwūgbà tōlúm ká
 Hìgbòdí ká n
 Jòcè
 Nòò géé wá
 Íkpáim ā n.
 N jòcè
 Nòò géé wá
 Ícùndlé tǎájè ā n
 N gwūgbà tōlúm mllìkpòkwú
 I hìgbáálècè
 Mllàèbè ohpáàlò.
 Imí nāayòkwèlì bá
- Lùwá màfú gām!
 Léékpó màfú gām!
2. Ìkpòkwú n báanyáà, wòlé ènè,
 Wò lé fècè
 Ègèé wòlé óó'í.
3. N n lèlā mllòòyá kíìkpòkwú
 Bìáfpólúh jè
 Nn líkpòkwú bìólúh jè
 Aókwú yìlpáàlò, àòyèèí.

II

- I have blocked my home tight
 Because I do not know
 1. Who will come
 And carry away my children
 I do not know
 Who will come
 And break down my home
 I have blocked my home with bones
 Because of earthly human beings
 And our fellow animals
 Where are real friends?
 Show them to me!
 Show me one!
- These bones here were homes yesterday
 2. Are homes today
 And will be homes tomorrow
- I use the words and the deeds of the bones
 To rear my children
 3. I use the bones
 To nurture my home
 The Dead are in us, the living.

-Samson O.O. AMALI.

(The author has translated these from his own language, Idoma.)

14

The Land Mourns
or
The Life of a Mother

I do not understand
I do not understand
So says she, my son
How can I understand
What can I understand
But that your feet are now cold?
What is my life to me now you are gone?

Amilcar, Amilcar
I will walk through the swamp
I will tell their priest
For beneath your feet I'll light a fire
And upon our Mountains
I'll lament your ways
Amilcar, Oh my Amilcar
What is my life to me now you are gone?

Son of Cabral, Son of Cabral
You lie in the deep
dry earth
Far away from the swamps, far away from the breast
That gave you teeth to love
Away from this Island, this land, Gone
In love of people, Gone
In warrior's gear
I shall follow the owl
I shall follow the owl
Is this the life of a mother?
Our neighbours have their sons to bury them
But us,
Is this the life of a mother?
Amilcar, Cabral, are you really gone?
What is my life to me now you are gone?

-S. Phaniso C. Moyo.

... the cry
which was your last cry
and which resounded
in the terror
of those
who thought
they had killed you...

-Agostinho NETO,
from Angola: Ten Years of Heroic
Struggle