Poetry

Lamentations of Africa

How does she that is cradle falls behind?
She weepeth sore in the night;
And loud in the day,
Among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her.

The continent is gone into captivity, why?
Greed! Self! Pride! Debauchery! Haughtiness!
Because of great servitude: she dwelleth among the third
So findeth no rest: all her patriots persecute her
Her age-mates overtook her between the straits.
Her adversaries are the leaders and chiefs,
Her enemies the patriots
Her multitude are afflicted by foreign halter.
Her name: anything grimy in sphere of influences

And from her princess are symbols of pleasure
The princes unite for tribe, religion and colonials, never a Continent
A gentle woman in public piety; roux of rogue

Divisive Blocks

You claimed Capitalism is democracy
But failed to be democratic in democracy
Everywhere and every time the spokesman
One United Nations,
One FIFA, one commentator's Caucasian accent,
One world order,
One global currency – always dollar-terrorism
Another exasperatedly advocate Socialism
But so unsociable to none communist entities
Everything everywhere belongs to everyone every time
Yet you hushed my opinion
I am a slave where we are equals
Please Capitalism or Socialism
Who cares
We should bridge not wall
Your greed is killing us

– Solomon Lang-nap*

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