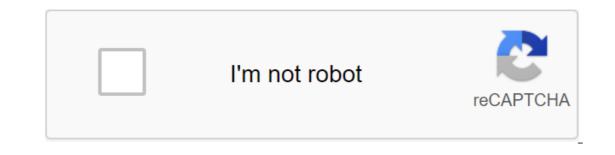
Song of lawino full text





African Writers Series - Print View Page 1 of 183 Printed from African Writers Series, Tuesday, September 21, 2010 p' Bitek, Okot, 1931- From the Song of Lawino Song Ocol (1985) Bibliographic details for the electronic file p' Bitek, Okot, 1931- Song of Loino and Ocol's Song Cambridge 2006 Pro'quest information and training of African writers of the copyright series © 2006'quest information and training company. All rights are reserved. Do not export or print from this database without checking copyright conditions to see what is allowed. Bibliographic details for Source Text p'Bitek, Okot, 1931- (1931-) Song of Loino and Song Ocol London Heinemann 1985 152 p. © Manor Okot p'Bitek 1966, 1967 Preliminary and Introduction omitted. AWS Series Number: 266 First published: London First published: London First published: 1984 Language Original Edition: Acoli First Published: Song Ocol London Heinemann 1985 152 p. © Manor Okot p'Bitek 1966, 1967 Preliminary and Introduction omitted. AWS Series Number: 266 First Published: London First Published: London First Published: Song Ocol London First Published: 1984 Language Original Edition: Acoli First Published: London First Published: Song Ocol Lo LAWINO and SONG OCOL 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 2 of the 183 Page Front issue 637 Ocol language is fierce, Like a 638 scorpion arrow... (Page 34) The main text of p' Bitek, Okot, 1931-: Song of Loino and Song of Okola - I My Husband's Tongue is Bitter 1 Husband, Now You Despise Me 2 Now you treat me with malice 3 and say I inherited the stupidity of my aunt; 4 Son of the Chief, 5 Now you compare me 6 with garbage in the garbage in the garbage in the garbage in the garbage I wasn't in School 14 And I wasn't baptized 15 You compare me to a little dog, 16 puppy. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 17 18 19 20 My friend My brother's age mate, take care of your language, be careful what your lips say. 21 22 23 24 First look deep, brother, you are now a man you are not a dead fruit! You can't act like a child! 25 26 27 28 Listen to Ocol, you are the son of the chief, Leave the stupid behavior of small children, It is not right that you should laugh in the song! Songs about you should be laudatory songs! 29 30 31 32 Stop despising people as if you were a bit of a stupid person, Stop treating me like salt-less ash 1 Become fruitless insults and stupidity; Page 3 of 183 Page 35 33 Who ever uprooted a pumpkin? 34 35 36 37 My clans, I cry Listen to my voice: Insults of my man painful outside bearing. 38 My husband insults me in English 42 And he is so arrogant. 43 He says I'm rubbish, 44 He no longer wants me! 45 In cruel jokes, he laughs at me, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 Page 4 of 183 He says that I'm primitive because I can not read, He says that my ears are blocked and can not read, He says that my ears are blocked and can not hear a single foreign word that I can not count coins. 53 He says I'm like a sheep, 54 Fool. 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 Ocol treats me as if I'm no longer human, He says I'm stupid as ojuu insects that sit on a beer pot. My husband treats me rudely. Insults! Words cut more painfully than sticks! He says that my mother is a witch, that my clans are fools because they eat rats, He says we are all Caffirs. We do not know the way of God, We sit in deep darkness and do not know the gospel, He says that my mother hides her charms in her necklace and that we are all sorcerers. 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 My husband's tongue is bitter like the roots of Lyonno lily, It is hot as a penis bee, like a sting kalang ! Okol's tongue is ferocious, like a scorpion arrow, deadly like a buffalo hornet's spear. It is ferocious as the poison of a barren woman and corrosive as pumpkin juice. 81 82 83 84 My husband pours contempt on black people, He behaves like a chicken, which should be imprisoned under a basket. Page 36 86 87 88 89 90 91 His eyes grow large deep black eyes Eye Okol resemble the eyes of Neil perch! He becomes ferocious as a lioness with cubs, he begins to behave like a crazy hyena. 92 93 94 95 He says that black people are primitive and their ways are completely harmful, Their dancing mortal sins They are ignorant, poor and sick! 96 Ocol says he is a modern man, 97 Progressive and civilized man, 98 He says he read widely and widely 99 And he can no longer live with a thing like me 100 Who can not distinguish between good and bad. 101 He says I block his progress, My head, he says as big as that of an elephant But it is only bones, there is no brain in it, He says I only waste my time. 2 woman with whom I share my husband 110 111 112 113 Ocol rejects the old type. He is in love with a modern woman, he is in love with a modern woman with whom I share my husband 110 111 112 113 Ocol rejects the old type. together, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching the touching of the beautiful is Clementine. 126 Brother, touching the touching t when you see Clementine! 127 Beautiful seeks 128 Look like a white woman; 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 Her lips are red-hot like a raw prowling It looks like an open ulcer like a field mouth! Tina dusts the powder on her face and it looks so pale; She resembles a magician, preparing for a midnight dance. 140 141 142 143 She dusts the ashes of dirt all over her face And when a little sweat starts to appear on her body she looks like a seabird! 144 Smell of Carbolic Soap 145 Makes Me Sick, 146 And Smell Powder 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 Provokes Ghosts in My Head; Then you have to bring a goat from my mother's brother. The donation over the ghost-dance drum should sound like a ghost to be laid down and my peace restored. 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 I don't like dusting myself with powder: The thing is good on pink skin because it's already pale, but when a black woman used it She looks as if she has dysentery; Tina looks hurt and she moves slowly, she's a pathetic sight. 162 163 164 165 166 Some medicines ate Tina's face; The skin of a newly born baby! 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 And she thinks it's beautiful because it resembles the face of a white woman! Her body resembles an ugly hyena coat; Her neck and arms have real human skins! She looks as if she had been struck by lightning; Page 7 of 183 176 Or burned as kongoni 177 In fire hunting. Page 38 178 179 180 181 She dusts dirt ash all over her face and when a little sweat starts to appear on her body she looks like a seabird! Page 39 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 And her lips look like bleeding, Her hair long Her head is huge like that of an an ups and a furthest, she looks like a witch, like someone who has lost his head and should be taken to a clan shrine! Her neck is rope-like, thin, long and skinny and her face painful pale. 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 Forgive me, brother, do not think I insult the woman with whom I share my husband! Don't think my tongue is sharpened with jealousy. It's the kind of Tina that evokes empathy from my heart. 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 Don't deny that I'm a little jealous. It's not a good lie, we all suffer from a little jealousy. It catches you by surprise, like ghosts that bring fever; It surprises people as the earth jolts: But when you see a beautiful woman with whom I share my husband you feel a little sorry for her! 210 211 212 213 214 215 Her breasts are completely shrivelled, they are all folded dry skins, They made nests out of cotton wool And she folds pieces of cow skin in nests and calls them breasts! Page 8 of 183 216 O! my clans 217 How to aged modern women 218 pretend to be young girls! 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 They form the tips of cotton nests so that they are sharp and with these stabbing chests of their people! And men believe they are keeping the waist of young girls who have just shot up! The modern type of sleep with their sockets are tied firmly on the chest. How many children did this woman suck? Empty bags on the chest are completely flattened, dried. 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 Perhaps she interrupted many! Maybe she threw her twins in the pit of the restroom! Is it the ghosts of revenge from the many broken eggs that have captured her head? How young is my mother's age partner? Page 9 of 183 Page 40 239 240 241 242 243 The woman with whom I share my husband Walks, as if her shadow had been captured, you can never hear her footsteps; 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 She looks as if she has been ill for a long time! In fact she starves She does not eat, She says that she is afraid to get fat, that the doctor prevented her from eating, She says a beautiful woman; 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 And when she walks you hear her bones rumbling, her waist resembles a hornet. Beautiful dead dry as a stump, it is without meat, like a sink on the dry riverbeds. 261 262 263 264 But my husband despises me, He laughs at me, He says he is not my grandfather's age mate to live with someone like me who has not been to school. 269 270 271 272 273 274 He speaks with arrogance, O's bold; He says things like that in broad daylight. He says there's no difference between me and my grandmother covering herself with animal skins. 275 276 277 278 279 280 I am not unfair to mine, I do not complain because he wants another woman whether she is young or aged! Who ever prevented men from wanting women? 281 282 283 284 285 286 Who discovered the cure for thirst? Medicines for Hunger and Anger and Hostility Who Opened Them? In the dry season. Page 10 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 Page 11 of 183 women hunted by men and men wanting females! When I have another woman with whom I share my husband, I am glad that a woman who is jealous of another, with whom she shares a man, is jealous because she is cold, weak, clumsy! A competition for a man's love is held at a cooking spot when he returns from the field or from the hunt, 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 You win it with hot tub and sour porridge. The wife who brings her food first Whose food is good to eat, Whose food is not bored like a bearish beer, Such is the woman who becomes the head-cleaner. 317 318 319 320 321 322 I do not block my husband's path from his new wife. If he likes it, let him build an iron indoor house on the hill! I'm not complaining, my grass thatched house is enough for me. 323 I'm not angry 324 With a woman with whom the 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 12 of 183 325 I share my husband, 326 I am not afraid to compete with her. 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 All I ask is that my husband must refrain from a heap of abuse on my head. He must stop being half crazy, and say horrible things about my mother Listen Ocol, my old friend, the ways of your ancestors are good, their customs are solid And not hollow They are not thin, not easily broken They cannot be blown off by the winds because their customs. Why should you despise yours? 346 347 348 349 Listen, my husband, you are the son of the leader. Pumpkin in the old manor should not be uprooted! Page 42 3 I don't know dancing white people 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 It's true, I don't know about dancing aliens and how they dress I don't know. I can't play their games, I only know the dancing of our people. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 I can't dance rumba, My mother taught me the beautiful dancing of Akoli. I don't know white people dancing. I won't lie to you, I can't dance samba! Once you saw me at the orc-dance Dance for youth dance of our people. 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 When the drums are throbbing And black young people have raised a lot of dust You dance with energy and health You dance mischievously with pride You dance with spirit, you compete, you insult, you You're challenging everyone! And the eyes of young people turn red! 375 376 377 378 379 Son of Man and Daughter of a Man Glitter Forward in the Arena. Slave boys and girls dance differently than true born. 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 You dance with confidence And you sing Provocative Songs, Offensive and Offensive Songs of broken loves Songs about the shortage of cattle. Most songs off someone. 388 389 390 391 You don't come into the arena drunk, But when another youth beats you you take the challenge As a man, Page 13 of 183 392 And when a girl knocks you 393 you strike back, Page 43 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 14 of the 183,394 man's masculinity seen in the arena, 395 No one touches the testicles of another. 396 397 398 399 Girl whose waist stiff is a clumsy girl who is a lazy girl who is a fraid of grinding kabir millet. 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 You decorate yourself in Acoli suits You tie lacucuku rattles or bells on your feet. You wear beaded skirts or a tiny piece of fabric and a ten-thousand ball around your waist; Bracelets on arms, and giraffe-tail necklaces on a high neck. 409 410 411 412 413 414 Young man wears odye and dainty, He puts beads his beloved on the neck, beautiful white feathers on his head, He blows his horns And other young people envy him. 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 It dances in broad daylight Under the open air, You can't hide anything, Bad stomachs that are swollen, skin diseases on the buttocks of the small breasts that have just appeared, and large, full of boiling milk, are clearly visible in the arena, breasts that are tired and about to fall, 425 426 427 428 429 Weak and bony chests of weak strong lion chests Large scars on the beautiful tattoos 430 All body parts 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 15 of 183 431 are shown in the arena! 432 Health and Liveliness 433 are shown in the arena! 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 When the daughter of the Bull enters the arena It is not standing here as a stale beer that does not sell, She jumps here. When you touch her, she says, Don't touch me! 442 443 444 445 446 Chest tattoos like palm fruit, tattoos on the back like stars on a black night; Her eyes sparkle like fireflies, Page 44 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 Her breasts have matured like a full moon. When her brother's age assistant sees them, when, by chance, her lover's eyes fall on her breasts Do you think a young man is asleep? Do you know what kind of fire eats him inside? 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 It's true, Ocol I can't dance ballroom dancing. Being held so tight I feel Being held so tight in public I can't do it, it looks disgraceful to me! 462 463 464 465 They come to dance dead drunks They drink white men's drinks as well as valagi . They turn a blind eye 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View Page 16 of 183 466 And they do not sing as they dance, 467 They dance silently like wizards. 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 Every man has a woman Although she is not his wife, They dance in the house And there is no light. Shamelessly, they hold each other tight, tight, they can't breasts of their men with their breasts of their men 486 487 You kiss her on the cheek like white people do, you kiss it with open sore lips As white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you kiss it with open sore lips As white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you kiss it with open sore lips As white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each other's mouths like white people do, you suck mucous saliva out of each women throw their arms around their partners' necks and put their cheeks on their men's cheeks. Men keep women's waists tight, tight... 498 And when the music stopped 501 Men put their hands in trouser pockets. 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 There is no respect for relatives: Girls keep their fathers, boys keep their sisters close, they dance even with their mothers. Modern girls are fierce as Labeja, Jock Alaro 2, Which captures even the heads of nephews, They roll around their nephews and lie on the chest of their uncles and prick the chests of their brothers. with their breasts. 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 And they dress up as white men as if they are in the country of a white men as in the country of a whit Their waterlogged drip suits are like a tearful tree kituba after a severe storm. 528 529 530 531 532 You smoke cigarettes like white men, women smoke cigarettes like white m 539 540 541 542 And women move like fish that have been poisoned, They stagger like a fish that is dead drunk with lugoro or overs; How small out of the water. 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 Smoke of Tobacco Smoke Cigars And Cigarettes And Smoke Candles used to count coins, smoke in the house like cumulus clouds. 550 551 552 553 554 Steam vapor from many drinks, Soaring Sweat Hot Wet Breaths numerous people, Page 18 of 183 Page 46 555 556 557 558 559 561 561 562 563 Cough and saliva splashed sneezing drunk sick, many brands of broken winds, wet winds broken men and women Producing various types of odors, dust and evaporating... The air is heavy like a hammer. 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 urinal stench thick! It hits the nose like a blow, like a horn of a rhino bull! You choke your throat sorely you go out quickly and scream curse! 572 You Meet a Great Woman 573 She Staggers to You 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 574 575 576 577 578 And Leans On The Wall And Before She Untied the Dress She Already Pees; She's going to stick out the urine like she's having syphilis. 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 The stench from the restroom knocks you down from afar! You entered the mouth of a lion. The smell of Jeyes And the smell of manure Climb to the roof. 587 588 589 590 591 The entire floor is covered with human manure All the tribes of human manure! Dry manure and dysentery Old manure and fresh manure 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 Young, who are still steaming, short thick manure sitting like hills, snake-like manure sitting like hills, snake-like manure sitting like hills, snake-like manure and fresh manure sitting like hills, snake-like manure sitting like hi ohra others yellow, like ripe mangoes, as inside a ripe paw. Other black soil is like soil, like the soil that we use to smear the floor. Some mixed-color manure! Page 19 of 183 608 Vomiting and urine flow 609 And on the walls of 613 Cut with knives. Page 47 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 My husband laughs at me because I can't dances; He despises the dancing of Akoli He hunts down stupid ideas that these are mortal sins. 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 I don't know about alien dancing and I don't like it. Holding each other tightly, tightly in public, I can't. I'm ashamed. Dancing without the song Dancing silently as wizards, Without respect, drunk ... 632 633 634 635 If someone tries to get me to dance I feel like hanging my feet first! 636 637 638 639 I would like to become a meteorite And I would know where to fall! 4 My Name Blew Like Horns Payira 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 640 641 642 643 644 645 I was made Head of Girls Because I Was Alive, I Wasn't Heavy and Slow. 646 647 648 649 650 I'm not grown a fool I'm not grown a fool I'm not shy My skin is smooth It still shines smoothly in the moonlight. 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 When Okol was courting me My breasts were straight. And they trembled as I walked briskly, and as I walked, I threw my long neck that way, and thus like a Flower Lily Lyonno waving in a light breeze. Page 21 of 183 660 And my brothers called me Nya-Dyang 661 For my breasts shook Page 48 662 And beckoned cattle, 663 And they sang silently: 664 Father prepare kraal, 665 Father prepare kraal, 665 Scot go. 667 668 669 670 671 672 I was the leader of the girls And my name exploded like horns among Payir. And I played the harp of the bow and praised my love. 673 Ocol, My Husband, 674 My Friend, 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 What do you say? You saw me when I was young. In my mother's house, this man was crawling on the floor! The son of the bull cried to me with tears, like a hungry child whose mother remained in the simsim field for a long time! 684 685 686 687 688 Every night he came to my father's estate, He never missed one night even after he was beaten by my brothers. Page 22 of 183 689 You loved my giraffe tail bracelets, 690 My father bought them for me 691 From the hills in the East. 692 693 694 695 696 The roof of my mother's house was beautifully riddled with elephant grass; My father built it with Akoli's skill. 697,698,699,700 You admired my sister's colorful ten thousand lion beads; My mother threaded them and organized them with care. 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 You were trembling when you saw the tattoos on my chest and the tattoos on my chest and the tattoos under the belly button; And you loved the tear in my teeth! My man, what are you talking about? My clans, I ask you: What happened to my husband? Is he suffering from boils? Is it ripe? Should they open it so that the queath can flow out? 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 Page 23 of 183 I was the Youth Chief Because of my good manners because my waist was soft. I sang sweetly when I was grinding millet or on the way to the well, no one's voice was sweeter than mine! And in the arena I sang solo Loud and clear as the bird was ogred at sunset. Page 49 726 727 728 729 730 Now, Ocol says I'm just a dog puppy, a little puppy suffering from skin diseases. 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 Ocol He doesn't like me anymore because I can't play guitar and I don't like their stupid dance because I despise the songs they play in ballroom dancing and I don't follow the steps of foreign songs on gramophone recordings. And I can't set up the radio because I can't hear Swahili or Luganda. 742 What is it? 743 744 745 746 My husband refuses to listen to me, He refuses to give me a chance. My husband completely blocked my path. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 747 748 749 750 751 752 He put the road block But did not tell me why. It just screams like a house-fly settlement on top of excrement when broken! 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 My husband says he no longer wants a woman with a tear in his teeth, He is in love with a woman whose teeth fill her mouth completely like the teeth of prisoners of war and slaves. 760 761 762 763 764 765 As beggars you take white male jewelry, As slaves or PRISONERS of war you take the way of white men. 769 770 771 772 773 774 Is lawala not a game? Is Cooro 3 not a game? Didn't your people have fun? As you turn semi-washed to white male dances, you turn to the musical instruments of aliens (Page 50 and 775 As if you don't have instruments! 777 778 779 780 And You Can't Sing One Song You Can't Sing Solo in the Arena. You Can't Beat the Rhythm on the Pumpkin Floor 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 781 782 783 784 784 1785 786 787 788 789 Or shake the pumpkin rattle in the rhythm of the orak dance! And there's not a single bwola song that you can't own a shield! 790 791 792 805 806 807 And dark glasses shield the rotting skin around the eyes of the house flies, and cover up the husks of exploded eye balls. Page 25 of 183 5 Elegant Giraffe can not become a monkey 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 My husband tells me that I have no ideas of modern beauty. He says I stuck to old-fashioned hair styles. He says I'm stupid and very back that my hairstyle 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 26 of 817 Makes it sick 818 Because I'm dirty. Page 51 819 Is True 820 I Can't Make My Hair 821 As White Women Do. 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 Listen, My father hails from Pair, My mother is a woman Koc! I am not half caste I am not a slave; My father was not brought home to Be a spear My mother was not exchanged for a basket of millet. 832 833 834 835 836 Ask me what beauty for Akoli and I will tell you; I'll show it to you if you give me a chance! 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 You once saw me, you saw my hairstyle And you admired it, and the boys loved it. In the arena, the boys surrounded me and fought for me. 844 845 846 847 848 My mother taught me acoli fashion hair; Which corresponds to Akoli's hair, and the occasion. 849 850 851 852 Listen, ostrich feathers, monkey tail 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 853 854 855 856 differs from a giraffe, crocodile skin is not like a seabird, and naked, and bald. 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 Aquili hair differs from Arab hair; The Indian hair resembles a horse's tail; It's like a sisal string and should be cut with scissors. He's black, and he's different from white women. 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 White Woman's Hair Soft as Silk; It's light and brown, like a brown monkey, and very different from mine. The black woman's hair is thick and curly; It's true the Ring-worm sometimes eats a little girl's hair, and it's horrible; But when hot porridge is put on your head And the dance is performed under the sausage-fruit tree And the youth sang Page 27 of 183 883 You, Ring-worm, Page 52 884 Who eats the hair of Dookie 885 Here is your porridge, 886 Then the girl's hair 887 begins to grow again 888 And the girl is glad. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 889 890 991 902 903 904 905 No-one, except wizards and women who poison others leaves her hair unstimatried! And men don't leave their chins to grow thick like a lion's neck, like a baby goat's chin, so they look like wild beasts. They put hot ashes on the hair under the belly button and tore it off, and they plucked the hair on the face and armpit hair. 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 When death occurs, women leave their hair without hundredths! They take off all the beads and necklaces because they are grieving because of sadness. The woman who adorns herself when others cry killer! She comes to the funeral to congratulate herself for a dance, Your string-skirt ochre-red You make your hair with ochre and you smear your body with red oil and you are beautifully red all over! If you wear a black string skirt you do your hair with akuku your body shines with oil simsim and tattoos on your chest and on the back glitter in the evening sun. Page 28 of the 183 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 29 of 183 932 And Healthy Sweat 933 On Breast 934 as Glass Fruit Okugi. 935 936 937 938 Young girls whose breasts have just emerging to smear shea butter on their bodies, a beautiful oil from Labworomor. 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 The aroma is beautiful and their white teeth sparkle as they sing and dance quickly among the dancers like a small fish in a shallow stream. Page 53 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 Cow's Milk Oil Or fat from edible rats is prepared with Or atika lacura; You smear it on your body today and the fragrance lasts until the next day. 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 And when you're balancing on your head a beautiful pot of water or a new basket or a long jar full of honey, your long neck resembles an alviri spear. 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 And as you walk along the path on both sides of the grass the charm blooms and the wild white lilies are screaming silently bees and butterflies! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 967 968 969 970 971 And as a scent of ripe wild berries hooks insects and small birds, As fishermen hook fish and pull them mercilessly, 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 Young people from the surrounding villages, and from many streams, They come from behind the hills and wide plains, They surround you and bite off your ears like jackals. 980 981 985 986 987 And when you go to the well or in the freshly burned woods to collect red oceyu, or cut oduggu shrubs, you will find them lurking in shades like leopard with cubs. 988 989 990 991 992 Ocol tells me I love dirt. He says shea oil causes skin diseases. 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 He says I soil his white shirt If I touch him, my husband treats me as if I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 1002 1003 Page 30 of 183 He says I make a sif I suffer from Don't Touch Me disease! 1000 1001 He sa his sheets dirty and his bed smelly. Ocol says I look very the 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 31 of 183 1004 When I'm fully decorated 1005 For Dance! Page 54 1006 1007 1018 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 He's snripping past my husband like a wounded ororo snake choking with revenge. He swore he would never touch my Once again. My husband is in love with Tina a woman with a big head; Ocol dies for Clementine Okol never sleeps for the beautiful with which I share my husband returns from cooking hair It resembles a chicken that fell into a pond; Her hair looks like the discarded skin of a python. 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 They cook the hair with hot iron and pull it hard so that it can grow long. They their hair into wooden handles as Billy the goat is sacrificed to fight to free himself. 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 They fry their hair in boiling oil As if it were locusts, And his hair sizzles He cries aloud from acute pain as he is pulled out and stretched out. And energetic and healthy hair 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 Curly, elastic and thick that shines in the sun remains without a list and is dead as the herb of the elephant is blacked by the fierce February sun. It lies lifeless like sad and dying banana leaves on a hot and windless day. 1052 1053 1054 1055 1056 1057 1058 1059 Beautiful woman with whom I share my husband smears black shoe varnish on her hair to denigrate it and make it shine, She washes her hair in black ink; 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 But the thick undergrowth rejects the shoe varnish AND the ink and remains intact yellowish, grayish like the hair of a gray monkey. 1066 1067 1068 1069 1070 My husband's house has plenty of cold water and hot water. You twist a cross-like handle and water gushes from page 32 of 183 Page 55 1071 Hot and Steam 1072 As Urine 1073 Elephant. 1074 1075 1076 1077 You spin another cross handle; It's cold water, clean as cooling fresh water from creeks 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 33 of 183 1078 From Lututuru Hills. 1079 1080 1081 1082 1083 1084 But the woman with whom I share my husband does not wash her head; The head of the beautiful smells like rats that have fallen into the fireplace. 1085 1086 1087 1088 1089 1090 1091 1092 And she uses powerful perfumes to overcome strange smells, How they relate to a pregnant coffin! And different smells fight each other and smell the varnish for the shoes mingles with them. 1093 1094 1095 1096 1097 Clementine has a lot of handkerchief, beautiful handkerchiefs of many colors. She ties one on his head, and he covers the rot inside; 1098 1099 1100 1101 1102 1103 1104 1105 1106 1107 1108 She ties the knot on her forehead and organizes the edges with great care, so that she covers her ears as well as a bold forehead that jumps when the splash is lightning, and the back of the sun throws more powerfully than the mirror! 1109 1110 1112 1113 1114 1115 Sometimes she wears the hair of some dead woman of some white woman who died a long time ago and she goes with him to dance! What witchcraft! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1116 1117 1118 1119 1120 1121 Shamelessly, she dances Holding my husband's shoulder, the hair of a dead woman on the head of a dead woman's body decay in the tomb! 1122 1123 1124 1125 One night the ghost of a dead woman pulled her hair from the head of The Masters 1126 1127 1128 1129 1130 1131 1132 And the beautiful fell and shook with shame She shook as if the angry ghost of a white woman Had entered her head. Page 34 of 183 Page 56 1133 1134 1135 1136 1137 1138 Ocol, my friend Look at My Skin It's smooth and black. And my boy friend who plays Nang sings praises him. 1139 1140 1141 1142 1143 1146 1147 I am proud of the hair with which I was born, I have no desire to look like a white woman. 1148 No leopard 1149 will change into a hyena, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1150 1151 1152 1153 1154 1155 Page 35 of 183 And the crested faucet would not like to be changed into a bold, dung-eating vulture, long-necked and graceful giraffe can't become a monkey. 1156 Let no one 1157 uproot the pumpkin. 6 Mother's Stone has a hollow stomach 1158 1159 1160 1161 1162 1163 1164 My husband says he rejects me because I do not appreciate the products of white men and that I do not know how to hold a spoon and fork. 1165 1166 1167 1168 1169 1170 1171 1172 He is angry with me, because I don't know how to cook like white women and I refuse to eat chicken And drink raw eggs As white women do 117 3 1174 1175 1176 1177 1178 1179 1180 1181 1182 He says he's ashamed of me, because when he opens a can of lobster I feel terribly sick, or when he tells How, when he tells and snakes My stomach rebel Page 57 1183 And throws its contents out of the 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 36 of 183 1184 Through My Mouth. 1185 1186 1187 1188 1189 1190 He complains endlessly, He says I was in school, I would learn how to cook like a white woman. 1195 1196 1197 1198 1199 1200 1201 1202 I can't use a primus oven I don't know how to the the coal stove! Your hand is always coal-dirty And all you touch is blackened; And your nails resemble the nails of a light it, and when it's blackened; And your nails resemble the nails of a light it, and when it's blackened; And your nails resemble the nails of a poisonous woman. It's so hard to start: 1216 1217 1218 1219 1220 You're waiting for the wind to blow, but whenever you're in a hurry the winds go off to visit your beetroot. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1221 1222 1223 1224 1225 1226 1227 1228 Page 37 of 183 Electrical Fire Kills People. They say it's lightning, they say a white man was trapped and caught by Rain-Cock 4 and imprisoned in a heavy steel house. 1229 Miracles of White Men 1230 Plenty! 1231 They say when Rain-Cock opens the wings of the Blinding Light And deadly fire flowing over the wires and ease the streets and homes; And the fire hits the electric stove. Page 58 1242 1243 1244 1245 1246 1247 If you touch it, it passes through you and cuts the heart string as they cut the umbilical cord, and you stand there, dead, standing corpse! 1248 1250 1251 1252 1253 1254 1255 1256 1257 1258 I'm terribly afraid of an electric oven and I don't like to use it because you stand when you cook. Who's ever cooked standing up? And the stove has a lot of eyes. I don't know what eye to prick So the stove 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1259 1260 1261 1262 1263 May vomit fire And I can't tell which eye to prick So the fire vomits in one rather than the other plate. 1264 1265 1266 1267 And I'm afraid I can touch the deadly tongue of a rain rooster. 1268 1269 1270 1271 1272 O! I don't like to use an electric oven, I can't cook anything good when you give me a rain-cock oven. 1273 1274 1275 1276 1277 1278 1279 1280 1281 1282 1283 White Man's Ovens are good for cooking white men: For cooking the tasteless bloodless meat of cows that were killed many years ago and left in ice to rot! For a frying egg, which is when finished slimy like mucus, 1284 1285 1286 1287 1288 1289 1290 1291 For boiling hairy chicken in saltless water. You think you're chewing paper! And the bones of the foot contain only rolled blood And when you bite It doesn't make a crackling sound, it tastes like earth! 1292 1293 1294 1295 White Man's ovens for boiling hairy chicken in saltless water. cabbage And for baking light is a spongy thing that they call bread. Page 38 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1296 1297 1298 1299 1300 1301 They are to warm up tinned beef, canned frogs, canned frogs, canned snakes, canned frogs, canned frogs, canned frogs, canned snakes, canned frogs, canned snakes, canned frogs, ca and the disabled. That's the way it is. Make tea or coffee! Page 39 of 183 Page 59 1306 1307 1308 1309 1310 You use a pan and other things with a flat bottom because the ovens are flat like a drum face. 1311 1312 1313 1314 1315 Earth vegetable pot Can not sit on it, there are no stones on which to place a pot for making millet bread. 1316 1317 1318 1319 1320 Come, brother, come to my mother's house! Stop a little at the door, let me show you my mother's house. 1321 1322 1323 1324 1325 1326 Look right in front of you central pole. This shiny chair at the foot of the pole is my father's revered chair. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1327 1328 1329 1330 1331 1332 1333 1334 1335

Next on rows of pots placed one on top of the other are shops and cabinets. Wheat flour, dried carcasses of various animals, beans, peas, fish, dried cucumbers... 1336 1347 1348 1349 1340 1341 1342 1343 1344 1345 1346 1347 Look at the roof, do you see the veils? String nets are called cel. The beautiful long-haired jar to your left is full of honey. This earthy dish contains a simsim paste; And this herbal pocket just above the fireplace contains dried white ants. 1348 1359 1350 1351 1352 1353 1354 1355 1356 Here, to your left, are grinding stones: Big Ash and Dusty And her daughter, sitting in her stomach, are millet destroyers mixed with cassava and sorg. 1357 1358 1359 1360 1361 1362 1363 1364 Mother Stone has a hollow stomach, the strangest woman She will never gets fatter She gets smaller and smaller until she is finished. Page 40 of 183 1365 Do you know 1366 Why knees 1367 of pros eaters 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 1368 1369 1370 1371 Page 41 of 183 are tough? Harder than the knees of people who drink bananas! Where do you think Page 60 1372 Stone Powder 1373 of grinding stone goes? 1374 1375 1376 1377 1378 1379 1380 1381 1382 On this stone they also grind dried beans and peas. Sister stone, smaller, clean and beautifully oiled as the girl is ready to dance the jock, is a simsim sanding stone. 1383 1384 1385 1386 1387 1388 1389 1390 1391 1392 1393 And when my sister grinding simsim Mixed with peanuts And I'm grinding millet in my mother's house! 1397 1398 1399 1400 1401 1402 1403 1404 1405 To your left over the grinding stone, laid directly on the roof, goes wood. If you ask me about wood I can describe them to you in detail I know their names and their leaves 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 42 of 183 1406 And Seeds and Barks. 1407 1408 1409 1410 1411 1412 Oywelo and lucoro and kituba Not used as firewood, They burn like paper They are like paw Their fires cold like fire fire. 1413 1414 1415 1416 1417 1418 1419 1422 1423 1424 Labwori is ok if it is completely dry. But if it's still green smoke it produces like a spear! It is useful to chase men out of the men's hut who sit too close to the cooking place Their eyes are fixed in the pan! Odure 5, which does not listen when others sing 1425 1426 1427 1428 Odure, get out of the kitchen . Fire from the oven will burns like oil; Poi is not used for firewood, Page 61 1434 1435 1436 1437 It's rock; Useful only as walking staff for the elderly. 1438 On the far right 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1439 1440 1441 1442 1443 1444 1445 1446 1447 Is a cooking place. The fireplace in my mother's house is dug into the ground. My mother's brother's wife has a Lango type, Three Mounds of Clay in the shape of a young breast, full of milk Stand together, like three loving sisters. 1448 1449 1450 1451 1452 1453 1454 1455 I do not know how to use foreign ovens, My mother taught me to cook on the stove Akoli And when I visited my mother's brother I was cooking on the Lango oven. 1456 1457 1458 1459 1460 1461 1462 1463 1464 1465 1466 1467 1468 In my mother's house No plates: We use half pumpkins and earthen dishes. White man's plates look beautiful, but you put millet bread in it and cover it up for a few minutes - a plate of sweating and soon the bottom of the bread is wet at the bottom; And the earthy dish keeps the sauce hot and the meat steamed; And when your husband is back from hunting or from a long day trip Give him a hot porridge Page 43 of the 183 1480 In the Pumpkin Floor. 1481 1482 1483 1484 1485 1486 1487 1488 1489 And when I was in the garden all day eating or 1503 1504 1505 1506 On one foot. My father sits alone on a chair. We all sit on skins or papyrus mats on the ground. Knives in my mother's house for harvesting or cutting Before you cook it: But not for cutting millet bread. 1507 1508 1509 1510 1511 1512 We wash our hands clean and attack the loaf from all sides. You form a spoon and dip it in the sauce and eat it. 1513 And you use the right hand 1514 Even if you are left-handed: 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1515 1520 1521 1522 1523 1524 1525 1526 I don't know how to cook like white women; I don't like white men's products; And how do they eat - How could I know? And why should I know that? 1527 1528 1529 1530 1531 1532 1533 White men's ovens for white men's products. They are not suitable for cooking Acoli and I am afraid of them. 1534 1535 1536 1537 1538 1539 1540 1541 1542 1543 Ocol says that black people's products are primitive, but what's in them back? He says black people's products are dirty; He means some clumsy and dirty black women cook food clumsily and put them in dirty containers. 1544 1545 1546 1547 1548 1549 1550 1551 He insists that I should eat raw eggs Smelly, slimy yellow material. He says it's good for me! He says it's good for me! He says there's something about the eggs, which is good for Bones Page 45 of 183 1552 But my bones are strong, 1553 I can dance all night on 1554 Listen to the song 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 46 of 183 1555 They sang about me: 1556 1557 1558 1559 1560 1561 1562 Beautiful Dancing all night long Alyeker prevents me from sleeping. I'm waiting on the way She refuses to come to me Beautiful Dancing all night long . 1563 What's good about eggs? Page 63 1564 1565 1566 1567 1568 1569 1570 1571 1572 1573 1574 Can it not be found in other foods? My husband, I'm not complaining that you're eating white men's foods. If you like them go ahead! Should we just agree to have the freedom to eat what one likes? 7 There is no fixed time for breastfeeding 1575 1576 1577 1578 1579 My husband is angry because, he says, I can not keep the time And I do not know how to count the years; 1580 1581 1582 1583 1584 1585 1586 1587 1588 He asks me how many days there are per year, and how many weeks in four moons; But I can't answer: the number of moons in nine weeks I can not say! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 47 of 183 1589 How can I say? 1590 1591 1592 1593 Ocol brought home the big clock He goes tock-tock-tock and he rings the bell. 1594 1595 1596 1597 He winds it up first And then he goes! But I never touched him. I'm afraid of winding it up! 1598 I wonder what causes the 1599 noise inside it! 1600 And what makes it go! 1601 1602 1604 1605 1606 1607 On the face of the clock there are writings And this is a great single testicle Below. It goes here and in a way like a sausage fruit in a windy storm. 1608 1609 1611 1612 1613 1614 1615 1616 I don't know how to tell the time because I can't read the numbers. For me the watch is a great source of pride It is beautiful to see, and when visitors come they are very impressed! Page 64 1617 1618 1620 1621 1622 1623 And Okol has strange ways of saying that time. In the morning, when the sun is sweet to bask in He says: It's eight o'clock! When Rooster Crows 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1624 1625 1626 1627 1628 1629 1630 1631 1632 For the first time he says: It's five! Closer to the middle of the night, when the wizards are preparing, Okol says: It's eleven! And after sunset, it's seven. 1633 1634 1645 1646 1647 1648 1649 If my husband insists, What exact time it should have morning tea and breakfast, When exactly to drink coffee and the exact time to take a family photo - lunch-time, tea time, and dinner time - I must first look at the sun, the rooster must crow to remind me. 1650 1651 1652 1653 1654 1655 1656 1657 1658 1659 1660 1661 In our village When someone is going on a long journey, When there's a hunting or communal hoe People wake up early, when the horizon in the East burns And in the Buffalo Star has matured like a yellow and sweet mango that's about to fall to the ground. Page 48 of 183 1662 No one moves at midnight 1663 Except the Masters, Ashes-covered 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 49 of 183 1664 Dancing Sharply Naked 1665 Armed Dise 1666 And Dead Lizards: 1667 1668 1669 1670 1671 1672 Or Young Thieves Looking for Other Men's Daughters, They travel fearless through villains, which are singed smallpox in rural areas; 1673 1674 1675 1676 They shared the darkness with bare chests They smell their love through the thick dew! 1677 1678 1679 1680 1681 1682 When the sun rose And the poisoned tips of his arrows painfully bite the backs of men with a hoe and women going through or harvesting Page 66 1688 You take drinking water 1689 for workers. 1690 1691 1692 1693 1694 1695 Food is unloaded on the fields when the men are exhausted. They crack the chicken bone and eat a lot of peas and beans And heaps of millet bread as big as elephant manure. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1696 1697 1698 1699 1700 Then They home Leaving behind a large field and house flies fighting for pieces of food and excrement that were thrown away. 1701 1702 1703 1704 1705 1706 1707 When the sun has cooled, men and youth visit traps and pits, They hunt edible rats, or hook fish from streams. 1708 1709 1710 1711 1712 1713 1714 1715 Other cut wooden dishes from logs Or make ropes for cows or weave chicken baskets; They repair the roofs of granaries or make patterns on the floor of pumpkins. 1716 1717 1718 1719 1720 You hear flute shepherds bringing cattle home. Flute songs are mixed with a minimum of bulls. 1721 1722 1723 1724 1725 A man listens to the roar of his own bull and shouts praise at him. But no one praises another bull, not even his brother's bull. 1726 1727 1728 1729 Young boys who care for goats take turns to make an open fire. Page 50 of the 183 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1730 1731 1732 1733 1734 1735 1736 The happy mother of a good daughter sits outside her huts, turned her back to an open fire, her legs completely stretched, and she herself is congratulated. 1737 1738 1739 1740 1741 1742 1743 1744 1745 1746 But if your daughter has no manners If she is so free, that men sleep with her even in the grass, Then even if you are sick you have to go to the well to draw water And Nanga players will sing you a song: 1747 1748 1749 1750 1751 1752 The mother of a beautiful girl dies on the way to well As if she has no daughter Her girl has no manners What to do? The girl's mother Page 51 of 183 Page 67 1753 1756 1757 1758 1759 1760 1761 1762 1763 1764 1765 1766 On the orak dance Good girl Whose mother dances blindly And looks at the sun, She returns home before sunset. The good daughter frees her mother She sits around the evening campfire and tells folk tales to her youngest. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1767 1773 1774 1775 1776 My husband says I'm useless because I'm wasting time, he guarrels because, according to him, I'm never a point. He says he doesn't have time to waste. He told me that time is money. 1777 1778 1779 1780 1781 1782 1783 Ocol does not communicate with me, He never jokes with anyone, He says he has no time to sit around the evening campfire. 1784 1785 1786 1787 1788 1789 1790 1791 1792 1793 When my husband reads a new book Or when he sits on the sofa, his face is covered completely with a big newspaper, so that he looks like a corpse, like a lonely corpse In the tomb, Page 52 of 183 1794 He so silent! 1795 His mouth begins 1796 to decay! 1797 1798 1799 1800 1801 1802 1803 1804 1805 1806 If a child cries or cough ocol storms like a buffalo, he throws Per child; The child says he doesn't want to hear the noises that childish screams and cough bother him! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1807 1808 1819 1812 1813 1814 1815 1816 1817 1818 1819 Manor, in which the cries of children are not heard, Where short little songs are not repeated indefinitely, Where brief sobs and fraternal accusations and false denials are not audible! Page 53 of 183 Page 68 1820 1821 1822 1823 Manor, where the children's exreta is not scattered throughout the swept compound and around the granaries, 1824 1825 1826 1827 1828 1829 1830 Where all pots and earth dishes are safe because there is no stupid to break them. No clumsy hands Trying to please the mother and break the floor of the pumpkin, 1831 1832 1833 1834 1835 1837 1837 1837 1838 1839 1840 Who but the witch would like to live in the manor Where all adults are so clean after the rains, Because there are not Dirty thick children fall on the chest dancing in the rain and the mud play? 1841 In the pedigree shrine 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 1842 1843 1844 1857 Time became for the birth of a child! On the dances and looks at her shadow. 1850 1851 1852 1853 1854 1855 Time became the master of My husband This is my husband's husband. My husband's face darkens, He never asks you, and for greeting He says: What can I do for you? 1862 1863 1864 1865 1866 1867 1868 1869 1870 1871 1872 1873 1874 I don't know how to save white man time. My mother taught me the way Akoli and no one should yell at me because I know the customs of our people! When the baby cries Let the milk suck from the breast. There is no fixed time for breastfeeding. Page 54 of 183 1875 When a child cries 1876 It may be he is sick; 1877 The first medicine for a child 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1878 1889 1880 1881 1882 Page 55 of 183 is breast. Give him milk and he will stop crying, and if he is sick Let him suck his chest Page 69 1883 While the medicine-man 1884 is being called 1885 From the Beer Party. 1886 1887 1888 1890 1891 1892 Children in our estate Do not sleep at a fixed to My Husband, in the wisdom of Acoli Time is not stupidly divided into seconds and minutes, It does not flow like a beer in a pot that is sucked until it is finished. 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 It does not look like a beer in a pot that is sucked until it is finished. 1910 African Writers series - Print View 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 Lazy Youth reproach, lazy girl hit, lazy wife beaten, lazy man laughing not because they spend time, but because they and do not produce. 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929 1930 And when hunger invades your villages AND women take their baskets to go and ask for food In the next village Strangers will sleep with them! They're going to have your wives and what can you say? 1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 Ocol laughs at me because, he says, I do not know the names of the moons that I do not know how many moons per year and the number of Saturdays in one moon. 1939 1940 1941 1942 Saturday is a Saturday day for Christians when Protestants and Catholics scream and suffer from headaches. 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947 1948 1949 Akoli did not highlight a special day for Jock ; When the misfortune hits the estate clans gather and make sacrifices for ancestors: Page 56 of 183 Page 70 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 When rains refuse to come Rain-Cock 6 holiday prepares. Goat spear in the desert And the elders offer the prayers of Jock . 1957 1958 1960 We all know the moon - He escapes, climbs the hill and falls; 1961 1962 1963 1964 1965 1966 He lights the night, Youth as he is, Wizards hate him, and hyenas howling when the moon shines in their eyes. 1967 1968 1969 1970 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977 1978 1979 Periodically each woman sees the moon, And when the gardener comes carrying two bags of live seeds and a nice strong hoe Rich red soil swells with a new life. 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 Turning your back to is a serious taboo, but when a child is still toothless foam, When you see the moon you turn your back to. Page 57 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1988 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 If you do not resist the big appetite Then your child becomes painful and the thin knees become soft porridge, He will become pregnant And the weight of his sore stomach will prevent him from Top. 1998 1999 2000 2001 I do not call their satellites. 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 During the period Ager Millet is sown, just before the rains And as they sow They raise a lot of dust. 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 When the rains return We say that the rains fell Period called Poto-cat then the seeds of millet germinate. Page 58 of 183 Page 71 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 Sometimes rains come early Sometimes rains come early Sometimes rains come early Sometimes rains come back late. When the millet starts to bloom and the time is approaching to harvest All the granaries are empty: 2020 2021 2022 2023 And hunger starts to bite people's tummy, This period is called Odunge, 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 Because severe hunger burns the insides of people and they drink vegetable soups to overshadow the teeth of fire. 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2037 2039 2040 2040 2042 2042 2043 2044 And as the millet starts getting ready for harvest, some women ask, is it not my own garden? They take their vintage knives and a small basket, they cut off one head here and the other there, and when someone laughs, they ask, whose garden I messed up? So the period before the harvest is called Abalo-pa-nga? Page 59 of 183 2045 Akoli know 2046 Wet season 2047 and dry season. 2048 2059 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 Wet season means hard work in the fields, sowing, sifting, harvesting. It means waking up before dawn, which means dirt and thick dew. Shepherds don't like it. Lazy people hate it. 2056 2057 2058 2059 Dry season means pleasure, This means dancing, Which means hunting in freshly burned plains. 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 You hear otole dance drums and funeral songs, you hear horns and trumpets and moonlight dance songs floating in the air. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 Youth in small groups Go to Apet Hunting Expeditions. Great hunters are left alone in the desert smoking carcass or buffalo. 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 Others go to Pajule Look bridewealth, for if you do not have a sister then kill the elephant. You sell your teeth and you marry your wife, then you call your son Okan because you're poor! Page 60 of 183 2079 Dry Season means courtship Page 72 2080 2081 2082 2083 And escape with girls, which means that mocha dance When youth and girls get stuck with each other! 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 My husband says: My head is numb and empty because, he says, I can not say when our children were born. 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 I know that Okang My first born at the beginning of the dry season AND my little girl in the middle of the rains. Okang was born in the middle of a famine called 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 They say that one night a man was so hungry He got up and felt his wife's eyes to see if she was asleep so he could check out the cooking pots. 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 And Atoo was born after smallpox villains had just left the estate. The monsters found a lot of people died. I lost my father, too, so the girl's name was Asa. 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 Age a person is seen looking at him or her. The girl grows up when her breasts come; The young man's voice breaks and his hair appears on his face and under his belly button. 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 When a girl sees the moon, she has matured, After she has matured, After she has matured, After she has three children, she begins to wither and soon she becomes a mother-in-law. Then she is deeply respected. 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 Age a person shows what he or she is, and on what he or she is, and on what kind of person he or she is, and on what kind of person he or she is. Page 61 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 Page 62 of 183 You Can Be a Giant Man, You can start growing gray hair You can be bold and toothless with age, but if you are not married you are not married you are nothing. Page 73 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 Ocol tells me what I can't understand, He's talking about a certain man, Jesus. He says the man was born a long time ago in the country of white men. 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 He says when Jesus was born White people began to count the years: From one, then he became ten. Then a hundred then a thousand and now it's a th hundred Then ten, 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View Page 63 of 183 2173 And when he became one 2174 Then Jesus was born. 2175 I can't understand it at all! 8 I don't know a good word in the net book 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 My husband looks at me with a view; He says I'm just a pagan, I don't know God's way. He says I don't know a good word in a clean book, and I like to visit a divine priest like my mother! 2195 He says 2196 He is ashamed of me 2197 Because when Jock Page 74 2198 2199 2200 2201 In my head was provoked It throws me down as if I have seizures. 2202 Ocol laughs at me Because I can't 2204 2204 myself correctly 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 64 of 183 2205 In the name of father 2206 and son 2207 And pure ghost 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 And I do not understand and I'm afraid of a thick-faced, fat-gouly padr' before which people kneel when they pray. 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 I refused to join the Protestant class catechist because I didn't want to be a slave to a woman with whom I can share a man. 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2235 2236 2237 Oh, how young Labour girls buy the name! You break your back Drawing water for the wives of teachers, skin your that d simsim. You hoe their fields, split the wood, you cut the grass for thatching And to start fires, you smear their floors with cow dung and black soil and harvest their crops. 2238 2239 2240 2241 And when they eat they send you to play games to play tincture under a mango tree! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2242 2243 2246 2247 2248 And the girls collect wild sweet potatoes and eat them raw as if there is hunger, and they look so thin they look like cattle that have dysentery! 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 You work as if you were a recently snatched girl! The spouses of Protestant church teachers and priests are happy. They sit with their legs outstretched and bask in the morning sun. All they know is hatching a lot of kids. Page 65 of 183 2258 My older sister 2259 was christened Erina, 2260 She was Protestant Page 75 2261 2262 2263 2264 But she suffered bitterness in order to buy the name and her loin beads no longer set her! 2265 2266 2267 2278 One Sunday I followed her to a Protestant church: a big man stood before the people. His hand was raised, my sister said he blesses people. The man had no rosary, he was dressed in a long black dress and a wide white robe He held a small shiny plate: He had small pieces of something. Man's name 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 Was Elia And he encouraged people to come and eat human flesh! He put the little pieces in their hands and they ate it! 2286 2287 2288 2289 2280 2291 2292 Then he took the cup, He said there was human blood in the cup and he gave it to people to drink! 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 I ran out of the Church, I was very ill! O! Protestants eat people! They're all wizards, they're exhuming corpses for dinner! 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 I once joined Catholic evening speakers, but I don't long I ran away, I ran away, I ran away from screaming pointless in the evenings like parrots like crow birds 2307 2308 2310 2311 Maria Pure Woman Mother Hunchback 7 Pray for us who spoils things Full graciya . 2312 2313 2314 2315 What they shout I don't understand, They scream like crazy people. Page 66 of the 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 Page 67 of the 183 Padre words shouts, shouts You can't understand, and he doesn't seem to care last but not whether his hearers understand it or not; The strange language they speak these Christian divine priests, And white nuns think that girls understand Page 76 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 What they say and get annoyed when the girls laugh. One night the moon was very bright And in the distance stuck dance drums pulsating vigorously, 2334 2335 2336 2337 Teacher was very drunk His eyes were like rotting tomatoes. We guessed he was teaching something about pure ghost. 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 He shouted words at us and we shouted angrily as if he had uttered insults, We repeated the same words Shouting at him as when you shout Insults at someone's mother! 2350 We repeated the meaningless phrases 2351 Like yellow birds 2352 In the grass lajanawara. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 Page 68 of 183 Teacher was Acoli But he spoke the same language as white priests. His nose was blocked and he tried to force his words through his blocked nose. 2360 It sounded the ease were drum. 2362 2363 2364 2365 The teacher's name was Bicenycio Lagucu. He was very drunk, and he was smiling, stunned. 2366 2367 2368 2369 Drums stuck dance thundered in the distance And the songs came floating in the air. 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 Milk In our ripe chest boiled, And little drops of sweat appeared in the distance And the songs came floating in the air. 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 Milk In our ripe chest boiled, And little drops of sweat appeared on our foreheads, you think of the pleasures of girls Dancing in front of their lovers, 2377 Then you look at the teacher 2378 Barking pointless 2379 Like a yellow monkey. 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 In the arena They started singing my song, We could hear it faintly passing through the air like thin smoke from the old man's chimney: O! Lovino! Come let me see you Lenga's Daughter-my 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 69 of 183 Page 77 2389 2390 2391 2393 2394 You think about the pleasures of girls Dancing in front of their lovers, then you look at the teachers Barking Like a yellow monkey. Page 78 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 Who just shot the young woman, come home! Oh Lovino! Chief Girls My love come that I can run away with you Daughter Bull Come that I can touch you . 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 Teacher drummed his meaningless phrases through his blocked nose; He got drunk. Thick white foam is formed around the mouth as if it had just fallen with seizures. 2411 Pray for us 2412 Who spoils things 2413 Full graciya 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 221 2422 2423 And when he shouted the word graciya (Whatever the word means) saliva splashed from his mouth and foam flew like white ants from his mouth, smelly drops landed on our faces, how heavily loaded houseflies are fresh from a fresh pile of excrement! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 And when he belching the smell of rotting beer hit you like a brick, and when he belching this mouth filled with hot beer from his stomach, noisily and he swallowed it back. 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 The collar of the teacher's white shirt was black with dirt, he sweated profusely and his cheeks were rough as the tongue of the bull. 2436 2437 2438 2439 The comb never touched his head, his hair resembled an elephant's grass, the tall and cunning Teacher looked like a witch. 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 And he endlessly drummed his meaningless words through his blocked nose, nose nose, nose nose, nose nose, nose and the drums of the moonlight dance thundered in the distance. And the songs came floating from behind his hills. My comrades are dancing in the moonlight dance thundered in the distance. And the songs came floating from behind his hills. My comrades are dancing in the moonlight dance thundered in the distance. of 183 2456 Girls Dance 2457 In Front of Their Lovers, 2458 Shaking Their Waist Page 79 2459 In the Rhythm of drums; 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 71 of 183 2460 And I 2461 Sitting like stale bread 2462 on a garbage heap; 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 My gay companions They dance and sing meaningful songs, In the arena They sing My song; 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 And the boys whisper sweet words into the ears of the girls and our teacher is drunk! 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 Anger well inside me chest burns like bile, I got up and two other girls stood up, We came out of this stone hall with floor. We ran fast, away from the ugly man away from the senseless screams like parrots like yellow birds in the grass lajanawara. 2487 2488 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 We crossed the creek and climbed a gentle climb straight to the arena. We joined a line of friends and danced our age comrades and sang songs, which we understood, Relevant and meaningful songs, Songs of myself: 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 O father collect bridewealth that I can bring a woman home, O woman of my breasts Beautiful 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print Page View 72 of 183 2500 Prevents Me from sleep . 2501 woman of my breasts. 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 If someone bothers my lover, I will shed tears of blood; the woman of my breasts prevents me from sleeping. Oh father, if I die, I will avenge the ghost, the woman of my breasts prevents me from sleeping. 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2513 2514 2515 We danced with energy and sweat from healthy bodies. cattle from salt licking? 2520 Time, When youths are due to meet the youth of 2521 wasted in shouting things Page 80 2522 2523 2524 2525 No one understands is wasting on singing Meaningless Songs That No One Believes in. 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 Milk in Boiling Breast. Your breasts should be touched, rubbed on your loved one's cool breasts so that tingling pain can be relieved. The heads of young people 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View Page 73 of 183 2533 Reject Pillows 2534 And prefer 2535 Hands of their lovers. 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 But they lock you in a cold room as if you were a sheep, and they lock all the girls in one cold room and the boys in another cold room. 2544 2545 2546 2547 And young people sleep alone cold as knives without pens. 2563 And spears of lone hunters, trusted right-wing copies of young Rust bulls in a dewy cold night. 2554 But look! 2555 Who comes with 2556 Big Headed Club? 2557 2558 2569 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2560 2561 2562 2563 2566 2567 2568 2567 2568 Teacher, still drunk. He too goes on the hunt for girls to get stuck dancing! He joined the line of young men, but they pushed him away! He danced on the edge of Singing properly, his big owl-head moving that way, and thus to the rhythm of the drums. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 Page 74 of 183 Shameless Ugly Man Whispered Something On My Ear! And touched my chest with the rough palm of his bony hand cutting it, as if with an old rusty knife. 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 He said he would fire me from the evening speakers class, and if I'm so stupid, I'll never get anything out of my purse in my pants pocket. 2585 Don't touch me 2586 You're a rough-skinned aged thing! Page 81 2587 2588 2599 2590 2591 2592 takes care of your stupid screams in the evening? Let go of my hand syphilis man! Who can you buy to spread your death! 2593 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 And all the teachers are similar, they have sharp eyes for full-breasted girls; Even the padres, who are forbidden to marry, are worried about health, even fat stomach Who can not see his navel 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 Page 75 of 183 Feels Better, when he touches the girl's breasts, and those who listen to confessions look into the port hole and prick their breasts with their eyes. 2612 My husband rejects me 2613 Because, he says 2614 I have no Christian name. 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 He says Loino is not enough. He says 2614 I have no Christian name. 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 He says Loino is not enough. wanted me to be baptized by Benedet, He christened one daughter Martha. Another took the name of Gorbun's mother! 2628 Maria Pure Woman 2629 Mother Gorbun 2630 2631 2632 2633 His first born son Jekcon And the second he calls Paraciko. One of his illegitimate sons is Tomkon and the other is Guglielmo Irico. 8 2634 2635 2636 2637 My husband rejects the names of Akoli, Significant Names, Names I Can Pronounce. He says 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 76 of 183 2648 He says he has left behind all the sinful things and all the superstitions and fears. He says he no longer wants to be associated with the devil. 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 Pagan names, he says, belong to sinners who will burn in eternal fires: Ocol insists that He should be called by his Christian name! 2656 2657 2658 2659 But my husband's name is so hard to pronounce; It sounds like Medicojedeki Gilirygoloyo. 9 2660 It sounds to me like 2661 Give people more vegetables, 2662 foxes make holes in the way, 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 It sounds like praise name Uttered stutter! What does Martha mean? Guglielmo, Irico, Ekkon, are those ancestral names? 2668 My Bull name Elia Alyeker, 2669 I ate the name 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 77 of 183 2670 From Chief Pair, 2671 Elia Ador, 2672 Son of Awic. 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 Bull names are given to the chiefs of the girls Because, as bulls they lead their age mates, like a full moon at night They dominate the stars. 2679 They are the name of the bull? 2683 Is Maria Bull the name In the country of a white man? 2685 2686 2687 2688 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 Apiyo and Acen Are Jok names Twins, Ajok and Ajara to grow extra fingers or toes, Adoc comes out of the belly of the foot first. 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 All this Jock And they are feared and respected. When the girl was called Adong, her father died shortly before she was born. Page 83, 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 Akot does not mean Born in the Rain but after birth there are water bubbles and this is a sign of rain. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2705 2706 2707 2708 The daughter of a woman with a black heart who kills people with poisons called Akwir or Anek. 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714 Some names are the names of sadness. Abobo, Abur, Aiiko, Voko, that fate threw a large basket to be filled with dead children 2715 2716 2717 2718 2719 2720 Destiny brought trouble My Mother Destiny's Son threw me a basket , It all started as a joke Suffering hurt It began before I was born . 2721 2722 2723 2724 2725 2726 2727 2728 2729 My father's name Otu Leng-moi, He ate the title of Leng-moi with a spear or a gun or a sword. 2730 2731 2732 2733 2734 2735 2736 Is Tomcon the name Jock? Paracico, is it a military honor? 'Bicenycio' and 'Iriko' Are these names the praise that white men shout when they dance their get-together dance? Or are they mourning names? 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 First born May has a name But it is always called Okang, He is the first to listen to songs Page 78 of the 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 2742 2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 birds; It is proof that a woman is not infertile; He is the owner of a shrine to be built in honor of his father, He is revered. 2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759 2760 2761 The one who follows Okang is called Obi. He is always jealous, he fights with his brother and fights for his brother. The third son is called Oday And the last son of Kogo. If you hit him on the head with your finger, his mother will throw something at you; Because this is the child the mother loves most. Page 79 of 183 2762 Who understands the 2763 meaning of Christian names? 2764 Names they read for Page 84 2765 2766 2767 2768 Names of white men they give to children When they give water to their heads, What do they mean? 2769 2770 2771 2772 2773 2774 For me they all sound like empty cans, old rusty jars dumped from the roof. 9 From the mouth of which river? 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 2775 2776 2777 2778 2779 Page 80 183 When was in the class of evening speakers We read the Faith of the Messengers and Our Father, which is in Skyland, We sang The Greeting of Mary We Learned: 2780 Glory Shine on the Body of The Father 2781 And on the body of the Son 2782 And on the body of the Son 2782 And on the body of the Son 2783 2788 2788 2788 2789 We recited prayer for what said Yes and Prayer for Trust, Greetings of beautiful men with wings of birds, And Decalogu, Ten Instructions Of the Humpback. 2790 2791 2792 2793 2794 But our teachers hated the questions. 2795 2796 2797 2798 2799 2800 2801 2802 2803 When they mount a podium to preach they are screaming and screaming AND most of what they say I don't follow. But once they stop screaming They run away quickly, they never stop for a while to answer even one question, 2804 2805 2806 2807 Immediately they start collecting gifts. You hear: Page 85 2808 Who is singing a little 9/21/2010 African Series Writers - Print View 2809 2810 2811 2812 2813 2814 2815 2816 2817 2818 2819 will reap a little Who is reaping a lot will reap a lot Is not the strength of the Hunchback thanks to those who give with soft hearts They buy seats in Skyland with money? Chairs On the Right Hand of the Hunchback, Are These Reserved for Cash Fellows, 2820 2821 2822 2823 2824 Fat Belly Men's Backs Whose Neck Buttocks Resemble Hippo, and Green Oil Ooze From Lined Neck? 2825 2826 2827 2828 2839 2830 2831 2832 2833 Those who will surround the Hunchback, will they have three chins those who are not used to the place below, because it is not appropriate for them And it is too warm for them? 2834 2835 2836 2837 2838 2839 2840 2841 2842 2843 2844 2845 2846 2847 2848 2849 Teachers evening speakers class hate questions. If you go to the Padres you provoke a fight. You take the road and walk to the nun, a young woman is ferocious as a wounded buffalo girl, she screams as if someone stabbed her at the scene of death. And black teachers are angry They say Page 81 of the 183 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 2850 2851 2852 2853 2854 2855 2856 2857 2858 asking too many questions, like only Martin Luther and stupid stubborn Protestants. They say, asking a lot of stupid questions, land his goatee shakes furiously. 2859 2860 2861 2862 2863 2864 2865 2866 2867 2868 2869 2870 2871 We sang Faith Messengers like parrots, I didn't understand it at all! I thought about it in my head, but I couldn't get anywhere, and there was no one to turn to. Page 82 of 183 Page 86 2873 2874 2875 2876 2877 2878 2879 2880 2881 2882 2883 2884 For them good children are the ones who do not ask questions, Who takes everything as a grave, which does not reject even the dead lepers! Who takes everything as a garbage pit, like a pit-latrin that does not reject even dysentery. 2885 And those good kids 2889 2890 2891 2892 They get oranges and guava and bananas They ride in the car Padre. The nun strokes them on the back and says my son, you're good! 2894 2895 2896 2897 We read faith of the Messengers, like yellow birds In the grass lajanawara Page 83 of 183 2898 Teacher shouted back: 2901 2902 2903 2904 I accept the Hunchback Padre, which is a very strong Moulder Skyland and Earth ... 2905 2906 2907 2908 2909 2910 2911 2912 2913 2914 2915 2916 2917 My mother was a famous potter, she was molding large pots, vegetable dishes. And large earthen vessels for bathing. She dug clay out of the mouth of the Oytino River. The place was well known among the potters. 2918 2919 2920 2921 2922 I heard about it when I was a little girl, and when my breasts appeared, I went with my mother and helped her carry clay. 2928 2929 29292930 2931 2932 2933 2934 2935 2936 2937 Page 84 of 183 Where did he dig clay for casting things? Where is the pot He dug the clay for the sculpting of Skyland, and the clay for sculpting the Earth? For the mouth of what river? When my mother brought clay from the river she leaves it in season for the night. The next day she beats it with a wooden hammer and then she forms Page 87 2938 Pots and utensils 2939 And none of her works 2940 Crack when shooting! 2941 2942 2943 2944 2945 2946 When Skyland was not yet and the Earth had not yet formed No stars, no moon, When there was nothing, Where did the Hunchback live? 2947 2948 2950 2951 2952 2953 2954 2955 Where is the hunchback live? 2947 2948 2949 2950 2951 2952 2953 2954 2955 Where is the hunchback live? cast moon clay for the casting of stars? Where is the place where it was dug, at the mouth of what river? 2956 2957 2958 2959 2960 2961 2962 2963 And when he brought home clay for casting things Where did he put the clay season overnight? And when he beat his 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 85 of 183 2964 With a wooden hammer 2965 On Rock 2966 Lee Hunchback put clay? 2973 2974 2975 2970 2971 2972 2973 2974 2975 2976 2977 My husband read at Makerere University. He read deeply and extensively, but if you ask him a guestion, he says you insult him; It opens with a guarrel He starts to look down on you saying that you are asking questions that are a waste of time! 2978 2980 2981 2982 He says my questions, typical questio have a small brain, and he is not trained, I can't see things reasonably, I can't see things dramatically. He says that even if he tried to answer my questions, I wouldn't understand what he was saying, because the language he speaks is different from mine, so even if he spoke to me in Akoli, I still need an interpreter. 2998 2999 3000 3001 3002 My husband says that some of the answers cannot be given in Acoli Which is a primitive language and is not rich enough 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 88 3006 It is not like the language of a white man 3007 which is rich and very beautiful 3008 Language, adapted to discuss deep thoughts. 3009 3010 3011 3012 3013 3014 3015 3016 3017 3018 3019 3020 Ocol says he doesn't have time to spend things talking to a thing like me that wasn't at school. He says a university man can only have a useful conversation with another university man or woman. And what's funny is that he has to lean so low even listening to my questions. 3021 3022 3023 3024 3025 3026 And when he tells me these things, he doesn't look in my face, he turns his back and speaks casually, doing some other work. 3027 3028 3029 3030 3031 3032 3034 And when The Padre hears these questions, he threatens you with his beard! When a nun hears the questions she is saying, you must repeat the prayers for the faith. 3035 I think about these questions 3036 In my head 3037 And my neck is starting to hurt, 3039 But who can I ask? 3040 Where can I go? 3041 3042 3043 3044 3045 3046 3047 3048 3049 3050 I'm not a shy woman, I'm not afraid of anyone and I'm not easy to brow. I know that the person who asks has done nothing wrong, I will not be afraid of those who say ask questions, They burn inside me like a bee that went into my ear; And mine blushed with disappointment, and I trembled with anger. 3059 When the Hunchback was not yet 3067 Before he molded himself 3061 What was not yet moulded And there was no Earth, no stars no moon (Page 89) 3066 When Chief Hunchback was not yet 3067 Before he molded himself, 3068 Where did he get clay 3069 For casting things? 3070 Clay for casting yourself 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3071 3072 3073 3074 3075 30753076 3077 3078 3079 3080 3081 3082 3083 3084 Where did it come from, from the mouth of what river? When the Hunchback was not yet there And his head was not yet molded And eyes and hands and feet When his heart was not yet, How did he find the clay to cast things before he had any eyes? Clay for sculpting the Hunchback Where was he dug out? From the mouth of what river? 3085 3086 3087 3088 3090 3091 3092 3093 3094 3095 How did the Hunchback Dig Clay for casting things before his hands were molded? Wooden stick for digging clay, wooden hammer for beating clay To cast himself, How does he hold a wooden hammer and dig a stick? Whose hands did he borrow? 3096 3097 3098 3099 And when he was digging clay to sculpt himself whose feet did he use to stand up? 3100 3101 3102 3103 3104 3105 3106 Where does the Chief Hunchback For Thinking About Sculpting Yourself, To Start Thinking About Sculpting Yourself And What Shape and Size Should It Be? 3107 3108 3109 3110 3111 3112 Where the Hunchback found his hands, hands for sculpting himself Where did he find them? How did he shape his hands for sculpting Himself Where did he find them? 3114 3115 3116 3117 3118 3119 3120 3121 3 122 312 3 3124 3125 3126 3127 Page 89 of 183 On the way to the well To draw water In the bushes Gathering dry firewood I think about these issues when I'm grinding milled or on the rocks drying cassava puree, On the way to the garden early in the morning through thick dew, I can't sleep at night, But my head just stops like a broken car! Page 90 3128 3129 3130 3131 3132 3133 3134 3135 3136 3137 3138 3139 And the questions are numerous like a red fire at the altar! You want there to be no other work, so you can sit as long as you like; 3140 3141 3142 3143 3144 3145 3146 3147 And you want to be lucky enough to find someone to help you; Someone who really read deeply and widely, not someone like my husband, whose concern is to brag in the market 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 90 of 183 3148 Demonstrating People! 3149 3150 3151 3152 3153 3155 3156 3157 3158 3159 3160 3161 You want to be lucky enough to find someone to help you who doesn't scream like a house-fly when disturbed from an excrement heap! Who doesn't scream pointlessly like Padre; Who listens and doesn't scream like a house-fly when disturbed from an excrement heap! Who doesn't scream like a house-fly when disturbed from an excrement heap! Who doesn't scream pointlessly like Padre; Who listens and doesn't scream like a house-fly when disturbed from an excrement heap! Christ: They say his mother did not know the man. They also say bridewealth had already been paid, 3167 3168 3169 3170 3171 3172 3173 Among our people when a girl accepted the man's offer She gives a sign and then she visits him in a bachelor's hut to try her masculinity. 3174 3175 3176 3177 3178 Before a bridewealth is paid a man puts his cheeks on a girl's chest And if a girl is lucky she gets a belly! 3179 3180 3181 3182 And when they teach that the Mother of Christ did not know man, I cannot understand it. 3183 But Religion Teachers 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 3184 3185 3186 3187 3188 3189 3190 3191 3192 Page 91 of 183 hate questions; Young tree that bends They care of the sick. He says I don't know the use of quinine and I'm not taught how to prevent disease. My man is ashamed of me because my father was a famous divine priest; He says he's tired of my superstitions and fears. 3208 3209 3210 3211 3212 3213 3214 3215 3216 3217 And he fears what the neighbors say because my mother has brought some powerful anti-poison medicines to resist the deadly poisons of a childless woman on our estate. Some brought aguga Others brought aduga Others Brought aduga Others brought aduga Others brought aduga Others 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 92 of 183 3220 Who Should Not Come to Your Home, 3222 Because They Bring Dirt and House flies! 3223 3224 3225 3226 3227 3228 3229 3230 3231 3232 3233 3234 3235 He says my old relatives smell awful. And they have terrible diseases will be passed on to children. He warned me that my father's sister has lice in her hair and jiggers in her legs. She shouldn't be visiting me! 3236 My husband says these things 3237 in broad daylight. 3238 He says aloud, Page 92 3239 3240 3241 3242 3243 3244 3245 3246 He does not care if my relatives hear it or not. And when the storm threatens, he says there are no beds in his For the villagers! 3247 3248 3249 3250 3251 3252 My husband says that the villagers soil his chairs and sheets, He says they destroy his beautifully polished floor with dirt in his feet. 3253 3254 3255 3256 3257 He cares little about his relatives either. Of his own mother, Ocol says she smokes some sickening tobacco the 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 3258 3259 3260 3261 3262 3263 3264 3265 3266 and spits all over the place and she keeps the bed bugs in her belt. And when his mother comes to visit him, Okol locks the doors and says that he has an important meeting in the city! 3267 3273 3274 My husband complains about food. You'd think he was making sand! He told his mother's brother there was no food because he didn't write the letter 3275 3276 3277 3278 3279 3280 3281 3282 Son of the Bull does not allow children to visit my mother, He says he does not like feeding grandmothers because children eat all the time. 3283 3284 3285 3286 3287 3288 3289 3290 Ocol says that the way his mother raises children only leads to ignorance, poverty and disease. He swears he's not sure of Akoli's wisdom. 3291 3292 3293 3294 My husband despises me because I fear kite with flames in the anus. Page 93 of the 183 9/21/210 African Writers Series - Print View 3295 3296 3297 3298 3299 3300 3302 3303 3304 Page 94 of 183 He says there are no such things. It's my eyes that are sick, and only stupid superstitions make me see these things. But my husband believes that some people see beautiful men with vulture wings (Page 93 and 3305 Flying through the air! 3306 3307 3308 3309 3310 3311 3312 My husband threatened to beat me if I again insed the divine priest. He says they are all liars who deceive fools and rob chickens, goats, sheep, cattle and money. 3320 3321 3322 3322 3323 33324 Their so-called medicines are dirty mixtures of all kinds of things collected from the bush and mixed in beer. 3325 3326 3327 3328 He says that pumpkin medicines are dirty, and herbs are drunk from unhygienic cups. 3329 My husband agrees 3330 What sometimes accidentally 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 3331 3332 3333 3334 3335 3336 3337 3338 3339 3340 Some herbs are effective. that not everyone who enters the hospital is a white man walking home on their feet, but getting carried away in comfortable beds painlessly, without trouble, no longer bothered by hunger or anger or complaints of wives! 3341 3342 3343 3344 3345 3346 3347 3348 3350 When the villains that brings Visit the estate, Okol does not go to the shrine of ancestors. He says it's stupid to do, we should have our hands scratched and some corrosive poisons put in the wounds. Page 95 of 183 3351 He says 3352 When we suffer misfortune 3353 We must say: 3354 Look Mary 3355 Mother Gorbun ... 3356 3357 3358 3359 3360 3361 3362 3363 3364 3365 We must pray to Joseph and Petro, and Luke and other ancestors of white people! He says it is a foolish superstition to pray to the Gorbuni messengers to intercede for us. 3366 My Husband Wears 3367 Small Crucifixion 3368 Around the Neck, Page 94 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 96 of 183 3369 And all his daughters 3370 Wear Clear. 3371 3372 3373 3374 3375 3376 But he forbids me to wear an elephant tail necklace, He once beat me for wearing a no foot of an edible rat and rhino horn and the jaw bone of an alligator. 3377 3378 3379 3380 3381 3382 3383 3384 3385 3386 Big Snake Once fell from the roof of a cold hall! The nun who taught the Evening Speakers Class grabbed her large crucifix and pressed it to her chest, closed her eyes, and said something we couldn't understand. 3389 3390 3391 My husband says that shells, colobus-monkey hair, dog horn charms and all the useless things. 3392 3393 3394 3395 3396 He says only stupid backward people Uneducated ordinary guys who live in the shadow of fear Wearing these dirty things! 3397 3398 3399 3400 3401 When a bull's disease knocked me down or when a ghost in my head provoked and threatened to cause ill health, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3402 3403 3404 3405 When a child was cursed by his uncle or when an evil eye attacked my daughter, 3406 3407 3408 3409 3410 My husband does not allow me to visit a divine priest, The goat cannot be sacrificed, and no Jock dances can be danced. 3411 3412 3413 3414 3415 3416 3417 3418 3419 3420 3421 3422 And when it is Jock Omar, what caused the madness, or Odude or Iveya, which brought trouble when Jock Rubanga 11 broke someone's back or Jock Odude tied the womb of a woman, and the husband cries over his lost fiance, saying: what is a marriage without childbirth? 3423 3424 3425 3426 Ocol laughs, Ocol says, the ways of fools are dark And they are stupid beyond any comparison! Page 97 of 183 Page 95 3427 3428 3429 3430 3431 3432 3433 3434 3435 3436 My husband once broke a pumpkin rattle, cut a drum, and chased a divine priest out of his late father's estate. The old man is gone, his headgear waving ankle bells jangling rhythmically and a large monkey skin bag dangling around his neck. 3437 People whistled in amazement, 3438 They 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 98 of 183 3439 What ghost captured 3440 Ocol Head? 3441 3442 3443 3444 3445 3446 3447 My husband took the axe and threatened to cut TheKango, which grew up on his father's sanctuary. His mother fell under a tree, she said cut me and then cut the sacred tree! 3448 3449 3450 3451 3452 3453 He dropped the axe and went to church. Heknelt up to Joseph's stone painting and muttered things I couldn't understand. 3453 3456 3457 3458 3459 3460 3461 3462 I don't know the name of their medications, I can't measure the body heat with the white man's glass rod because my hand is shaking and I can't read it. 3463 3464 3465 3466 3466 3466 3467 3468 When my child is unwell, I see it from his nose watering, his body hair gets up and his lips are dry, I see that he is not bright, I do not read the names of diseases from the books. 3469 3470 3471 3472 I hear him crying And his eyes water, I hear a noise from his stomach worms complaining; 3473 He pale 3474 As if he were playing in the ashes, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3475 3476 3477 3478 3479 3480 3480 3480 3481 Page 99 of 183 You hear his chest crackling, He has no appetite, And he is aggressive but tired and weak; He's troublesome, he wants this thing, and that thing, then he doesn't want this thing and doesn't want that thing. Page 96 3482 His body feels hot like fire, 3483 And he sits by the fire 3484 in the middle of a hot day. 3485 3486 3487 3488 When my child is sick I try various herbs aquiole, I try medication My mother showed me: 3493 3494 3495 3496 3497 3498 3499 3500 3501 3502 3503 3504 Roots omwombye chewed for bad throat, drop in the eye kills pain and removes the sting of the Evil Eye. When your eyes are torn in pain put some akeyo in the pan. Cook it for some time, then expose your eyes to the steam from the pot; It burns the spears that were in the eye. 3505 3506 3507 3508 3509 3510 3511 Runs of paws For cough and sore throat - you put a little salt in it and chew it! The shoots of the paws and olima chew when the blockage in the throat is removed. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3512 3513 3514 3515 3516 3517 Fresh wounds handled with ogali or pobo, sticky gum juices up broken skins and bitter veed keeps house flies at bay. 3518 3519 3520 3521 3522 3523 3524 3525 3526 3527 3528 3529 3530 3531 My mother showed me many medications for leprosy and prowl, for difficult labor and infertility for men whose spears refuse get up, lazy spears that sleep on their bellies like earthworms! Medications for snake bites, medications for breasts that dry out too early Big nameless breasts Full of fiber like the fruit of the palm of the barus! 3532 3533 3534 3535 3536 3537 3538 3539 If my child is ill, I try various medications that my mother has shown me, if all this fails, I go to a female medic, and when the child has improved, I take the chicken to the herbalist, or goat or ram. Page 100 of 183 3540 When fever bother my child often, 3541 When all diseases 3542 fell in love with him, Page 97 3543 3544 3545 3546 3547 And all the youth illnesses run after him as if he were a beautiful girl, So he has cough and dysentery and problems with throat and eye disease, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3548 3550 3551 3552 And his ears are ingestey And his feet are sores and he's bony, skinny and his loin-free string, I know it's for nothing! 3553 3554 3555 3556 3557 3558 3559 3560 3561 I know someone is behind it. I know someone hid a child's excrement in a fork of a tree, or buried his hair or nail parrying in the riverbeds I know that some jealous woman Maybe even a close relative visited the shadow of the hunter who captured the shadow of the child. 3562 3563 3564 3565 3566 3567 When your child is weak and does not mean when his energy lets him down, When he leaves the struggle for life, and gives up quickly, Which means that his head has been captured, And he is only a creeping corpse: 3568 3570 3571 Divine priest must be called. He will be divine and tell the killer, the jealous one will be found! 3572 3573 3574 3575 3576 3577 3578 3579 3580 Ten beautiful girls go in one file, Along the way, They carry axes to the bush to divide, in the grass by, then the fourth and fifth, and all nine girls pass, And your daughter Page 101 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 102 of 183 3585 Who is at the tail end of line 3586 is hit! 3587 3588 3599 3591 3592 3593 3594 She stands there, the reptile refuses to unhook the fangs, She drinks a whole cup of death, She gives a brief cry and mutters goodbye to her loving mother! Then she falls dead! 3595 3596 3597 3598 3599 She lies there as if to feign death; Her ripe breasts raise her hands and yell out loud, saying: Page 98 3600 No mouths will suck us! 3601 Our tips won't tickle! 3602 Our milk will rot on the ground! 3603 3604 3605 3606 3607 3617 3617 In battle The hottest young men fighting at the front, Aspiring, angry, proud, youth think about their love and say it's the old ones who die in bed! Teh of the enemies And their arrows Rain like hail, your son struck in a small back, and the spear cuts through the liver and heart. 3618 3620 3621 Boys of other people get bruised Others get cuts, many earn combat honors, They return home 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View Page 103 of 183 3622 Blows horns, loud and clear! 3623 3624 3625 3626 And while the other eclebrate and sing war songs, you sing songs of praise, Farewell songs for the dead! 3627 3628 3629 3630 3631 3632 3633 Why should lightning seek your husband from his bedroom? The husbands of other women are walking in the rain! What's so nice about your husband? What is so bitter about other people's sons? 3634 3635 3636 3637 3638 3639 3640 3641 3642 3643 Why on the hunt a wounded buffalo bull charges your father and a blunt horn opens your stomach, throwing intestines over grass? Why shouldn't you be an orphan? 3644 3645 3646 3647 3648 3649 3650 3651 3652 3653 3654 3657 All misfortunes have root, snake bite, enemy spear, lightning and blunt buffalo horn, This bitter fruit grown on a tree of fate. They don't fall anyway, they don't 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 104 of 183 Page 99 3659 3660 3661 3662 3663 And asks you, do you suck it? If your father raises his penis to you! Know that you are in deep trouble. 3664 3665 3666 3667 3668 3669 3670 No one fights with their father, no one looks down at your mother, you can't abuse your mother! Because it was the woman who pulled you out of the rock and fashioned your mother! Think of the fire that burned her finger many times when she cooked for you. 3677 3678 3679 3680 3681 Think of the jealousy of others, sorcerers and shadow hunters, poisoners and evil eyes, Think of the battles They put up for you! 3682 You sucked these wrinkled breasts, 3683 And that's what made you 3684 Big Man you! 3685 3686 3687 3688 3699 3691 3692 3693 3694 And even if your father is completely blind, even if his ears are dead, even if his world is boxed by him, even if his feet are dry as firewood, If he is with you you say: Thank you and never answer because he stands before you, like a giant tree. You're just a plant climber. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - View 3695 3696 3697 3698 3699 3700 3701 3702 3703 Mother's Anger Bitter, It's fierce as lightning and boils like thunder. If you make her angry She will hit below the navel, If you annoy the girl She will hit the ashes then you will get exactly what you ask! 3705 3706 3707 3708 3709 Your life will go, you will behave as if you were semi-mind, your masculinity will disappear AND as neutered bull women will be perfectly safe with you! 3710 3711 3712 3713 3714 3715 3716 And to recover, the goat must be slaughtered, your mother

and her brother must spit the blessing in your hand. And then you'll be a man again. There is no cure in the hospital For the Curse of The Uncle! And when your father's anger boiled over the white man's medicine, it doesn't matter and is as useless as freak rains in the middle of a dry season. 3724 3725 3726 3727 3728 3729 When a woman brought death into a beam, With which to kill people, and death felt inside the victims and found them clean, He bounces back 9/21/2010 African series writers - Print View 3730 3731 3732 3733 3734 3735 3736 3737 And Destroys bring! He refuses to be returned, He refuses all victims. He says: I was not brought to eat a goat, I do not want a ram, not a bull. 3738 3749 3740 3741 3742 3743 3744 3745 3746 3747 Death in a bundle kills children to bring, her husband, her other relatives, and then she eats the dust herself. What kind of medicine can a white man stop the hand of Death in a bundle? Which of them can dull the sharp edges of the sword of Death? 3748 3749 3750 3751 3752 3753 If in hunting spear people Strike tree trunks and land And they return home Silent, No horn blowing, 3754 3755 3756 3757 3758 3759 3760 3761 3762 3763 If the manor young wives remain young, their breasts refuse to fall And their bellies are forever good back, because they are tough as rocks lela, As dry barrel poi, And men soft in the knees and weak in loin, Page 106 of 183 3764 When rains do not 3765 And hunger threatens a fierce invasion, 3766 Fiercer than the spear Lango, 3767 If crops moved down on Okwil 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 107 of 183 3768 Or hail stones rain 3769 And destroyed all millet, 3770 3771 3772 3773 3774 3775 3776 3777 3778 If locusts are swarming, that blackens the sky Stay overnight in the manor and refuse to move the next day, When there are many problems in the estate, It is not for nothing, It is because Page 101 3779 3780 3781 3782 Ancestors are angry because they are hungry, thirsty, forgotten. 3783 3784 3785 3786 3787 3788 3789 3790 3791 3792 So the Elders Gather on shrine, blood, meat and beer are offered to ancestors. Greetings are exchanged And live Pray to the dead to clear the manor, And they pray, Talking, 3793 Troubles in Manor 3794 Let the setting sun 3795 Go down with them! 3796 And people repeat 3797 Let them go down 3798 Let them go down 3799 With going down in the sun! 3800 And the old woman 3801 bless the young men 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3802 3803 3804 3805 3806 3807 3808 3809 3811 3811 3812 She will spit the blessing in their hands, spit in the sun! 3800 And the old woman 3801 bless the young men 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3802 3803 3804 3805 3806 3807 3808 3809 3810 3811 3812 She will spit the blessing in their hands, spit in the sun! blessing of their hands, spit in the blessing of hands, spit in the blessing of their hands, spit hands, spit in the blessing of their hands, spit in the blessing of their hands, spit the blessing in their hands, spit the blessing in their hands, spit the blessing in their hands, spit the blessing of their spears can be sharp, sharp and hard, so their spears should not sleep outside in a dewy cold, but must hit the place of death deeply and hurt! Then the young cobs will scream and shed tears of sweet pain! 3813 3814 3815 3816 3817 3818 3819 3820 3821 My husband rejects me because he says I am a simple pagan and I believe in the devil. He says I don't know the rules of health, and he heaps insults on me as well as my relatives. 3826 3827 3828 3829 3830 3831 3832 But most of his words are meaningless, they are similar to the songs of children's plays. And he treats his clans as if they were enemies. Okol acts like he's a witch! 3833 3834 3835 3836 It is true, the white man's medications are strong, but Akoli medications are also strong. Page 108 of 183 3837 Sick Gets Cure 3838 Because Its Time Hasn't Come: 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Pages 109 of 183 Page 102 3839 3840 3841 3842 3843 3844 3845 3846 3847 3848 But when the day came to travel to Pagak No one can stop you, the medicine of the White Man Acoli medicine, The crucifixion, rosary, Leg of edible rats, rhino horn None of them can block the path that goes to Pagak! 3849 3850 3851 3852 3853 3853 3853 3853 3854 3855 3857 3858 3859 3859 3860 3861 3862 When death comes to blow the birds continue to sing and hang the flowers. Agoga bird silent Agoga comes then, He sings to say that death was so! 3863 3864 3865 3866 3867 3868 3869 3870 3871 When Mother Death comes, She whispers Come, And you stand up and follow you to stand up immediately and you start walking without brushing the dust on your buttocks. 3872 3873 3874 3875 3876 You can be behind the new buffalo shield-hide, And on mock-boy or in combat you can be without a match; 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3877 3878 3879 3880 3881 3882 You can hide in a hole of the smallest black insects, or in the darkest place, their puppies, or beyond the hills of Agoro, 3883 3889 You may be the fastest runner, long distance runner, but when death comes to bring you you do not resist, you must not resist. You can't resist! Page 110 of 183 3890 Mother Death 3891 She tells her toddlers, 3892 Come! 3893 3894 3895 3896 3897 3898 3899 3900 3901 3902 3903 3904 3905 3906 3907 Obedient, faithful, And when Mother Death calls her toddlers to jump, They jump with pleasure For she calls and offers simsim paste Mixed with honey! She says my only child is coming, come and let us go. Let's go and eat the white-ant paste Page 103 3908 Mixed with shea butter! 3909 And who can resist it? 3910 3911 3912 3913 3914 White Priests, Acoli Herbalists, All Men's Medicine Women Are Good, are brilliant When the day has not yet come 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print Page 111 of 183 3915 For the Great Journey 3916 Pa Last Safari 3917 in the 3917. 11 Buffalo of poverty knock the people Down 3918 3919 3920 3921 With the arrival of new political parties, my husband wanders through the countryside like a wild goat; 3922 3923 3924 3925 3926 3927 3928 3929 3930 3931 It's before dawn: You think he's going to mothball a new cotton field or sow a sieve or collect a simsim all day He's far away, He doesn't eat at home, as if I'm not ready! 3932 3933 3934 3935 3936 3937 3938 3939 3940 3941 When it comes He is not left for a minute, He says that there is another meeting in the manor of the chief of the hoe. He's been away all night, and when he gets back so late, he says their car is stuck in the mud. 3942 3943 3944 3945 3946 3947 3948 3949 He says they are fighting for Chukuru He says they want independence and peace and when they meet they shout Uhururu! Uhururu! Uhururu! Uhururu! But what's the point of Wuuru? 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 3950 3951 3952 3953 Page 112 of 183 He says they want to unite Akoli and Lango and Madi and Lugbara must live together in peace! Page 104 3954 3955 3956 3957 3958 3959 3960 He says that Anur and Iteso and Baganda and Banyancole and Banyancole and Banyancole and Banyancole and Baganda and Banyancole and Banya homes because they brought slave conditions to the country. He says that white people lie, that they are good at telling lies, as are men caring for women. Ocol says they reject hunger relief for granaries and forced labor systems. 3974 3975 3976 3977 3978 3979 3980 I do not understand the new political parties. They dress differently, they dress in robes as divine priests, But Ocol treats his brother as if they are not relatives, 3981 Ocol puts puts Green-and-White Robe, 3982 Large flowing robe 3983 And it struts 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 3984 3985 3986 3987 3988 Like a baboon bull, it blows the whistle and rings the bell of people to gather in the market. 3989 3990 3991 3992 3993 3994 3995 His brother wears a red-and-black robe, He looks like a judge who dooms people to death He looks like a male aribe bird and screams like a train. He walks majestically like a bull elephant. 3996 3997 3998 3999 My husband is the leader of the Democratic Party. When they greet each other, they shake their fists. 4000 4001 4002 4003 4004 4005 4006 4007 4008 Ocol is not included in his brother's house. You'd think there was a murder between them that wasn't settled, you'd think that the edict-drinking ceremony of peace has not yet taken place, and they are afraid of the deadly taboo ojebu! 4009 4010 4011 4012 4013 Ocol dislikes his brother's house. You'd think that the edict-drinking ceremony of peace has not yet taken place, and they are afraid of the deadly taboo ojebu! 4009 4010 4011 4012 4013 Ocol dislikes his brother's house. parties have divided the estate as the battle axe splits the skull! Page 113 of 183 Page 105 4014 4015 4016 4017 4018 4019 4020 My husband sternly warned me never to joke with my husband-in-law: Not that that joke can lead to pregnancy, not that I'm a free woman, but that a strong gum joke will restore the snapped line 9/21/2010 African Writers series -Print View Page 114 of the 183 4021 Brotherhood 4022 Between him and his brother! 4023 Is this the unity of Uhururu? 4024 Is this world 4035 4036 4037 4038 4039 4040 4041 4042 4043 When my husband opens a quarrel with his brother I'm scared! You'd think they weren't sleeping in the same womb, you'd think they didn't share the same breasts! And they say that when they were by looking after goats, they were like twins, and they shared everything, even one white ant. 4044 4045 4046 4048 4049 4050 Okol says his brother is a liar and a big fool. He says there's something wrong with his brother's head, no one should trust such a beast. 4051 4052 4053 4054 4055 4056 4057 4058 4059 He says his brother is dangerously jealous of him and smuggled a gun, and raised money and hired a man to hit him! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 4060 4061 4062 4063 When Okol says these things His eyes bulge in his head like ripe papayas and threaten to fall! 4064 4065 4066 4067 He shouts that His brother will bring communism! I don't know what kind of animal it is! 4068 4069 4070 4071 4072 4073 4074 4075 He says The Congress Party will remove all Catholics from their jobs and they will take away all the land and schools and will accept the wives of people and goats and chickens and bicycles, Page 115 of 183 Page 106 4077 of the people of Congress. 4078 4079 4080 4081 4082 4083 4084 4085 4086 4087 How scary that would be if it were true! But I know that if Okol dies as the son of his mother, whom he hates so much now, he will inherit all the properties of Okola, goats, chickens and bicycles, and I will become his wife and my children will be his children! 4088 4090 4091 4092 4093 4094 Where will it take land and schools? And if they take all Catholics out of their jobs, who's going to do the job? Where will they get people to do these jobs? 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4095 4096 4097 4098 4099 4100 4101 4102 4103 4104 When Brother Okola responds, It sounds like late evening drums. He says that Catholics are numb their heads They hear everything from Italian fathers! 4105 4106 4107 4108 4109 4110 4111 4112 He says the Democratic Party will sell land to poor white male refugees who have come to this country Saying they have come to this country Saying they have come to the religion of a white man when they do not have certificates. 4113 4114 4115 4116 4117 4118 He says Okol and other fools allow their heads to be numb stupid prayers AND kneeling in front of white men! 4119 4120 4121 4122 4123 4124 4125 4126 4127 4128 I have never seen a white padre in the Democratic Party! At market meetings there are many Catholics, but I didn't hear the Italian cry of D---P! Uhururu! Do they teach leaders in the night at the bishop's house? Page 116 of 183 4129 And if white people are poor 4130 Where will they get the money 4131 With which to buy land? 4132 I've seen 4133 Many D.P. leaders 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 4134 4135 4136 4137 Page 107 4138 4139 4140 4141 But others have heads like lightning Fast and Powerful, some are real men not women dressed in dark suits. 4142 4143 4144 4145 4146 4147 4148 4149 4150 I met many congressional leaders They go to Brother Oko's house, they eat and drink there. Some have heads like the sun bright, burning and shiny, others carry pieces of stone around their necks and call them heads! 4151 4152 4153 4154 4155 4156 4157 4158 Where is the world of Uhouru? Where is the unity of Independence? Shouldn't this start at home? And all the tribes of Uganda How can they become one? 4159 4160 4161 4163 4164 4165 4166 4167 4168 I don't understand the meaning of Akhuru! I do not understand why all the bitterness and cruelty and cowardice, fear, deadly fear that eats the hearts of political leaders! 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 118 of 183 4169 Is It Money? 4170 Is it a competition for position? 4171 4172 4173 4174 4175 4176 4177 4178 4179 4180 4181 4182 4183 Someone said Independence falls like a bull of buffalo and hunters rush to him with knives drawn, sharp shiny knives for carving. And if your breasts are small, bony and weak they push you away, and if your knife is blunt you get manure on your elbow, you come home empty-handed and the dogs bark at you! 4184 4185 4186 4187 4188 4189 4190 4191 4192 If you're not a man, they scare you with noise But you come home, you go like a chicken beaten by rain And women have it on you and your kids are running away from you! You're silent like the woman who broke the taboo! 4193 And other men 4194 Wear large chunks of greasy beef, 4195 You hear their horns loud and proud! 4196 And you eat green vegetables Page 108 4197 4198 4199 4200 4201 4202 4203 4204 4205 4206 No simsim paste And your thin children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children have other fat, fat, and your thin children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children have other fat, fat and your thin children collect oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat their and children collect oir and ocenne eat their fry oir and ocenne eat them and children have other fat, fat and your thin children collect oir and ocenne insects And they fry oir and ocenne eat them and children have other fat, fat, Fat And their wives grow more buttocks, They eat meat from the chest of bulls and the skin of their feet 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 119 of 183 4207 Shines with Health! 4208 4209 4210 4211 4212 4213 4214 4215 4216 stomach seems to be a powerful force for joining political parties, especially when the purse in your pants pocket carries only coins with holes in the middle, and no purple notes have ever been folded into it; 4217 4218 4219 4220 4221 And especially for those who have never tasted honey since childhood, and those who grew up without a father or without a father or without a mother! And those who have never tasted honey since childhood, and those who don't have a confident job! 4222 4223 4224 4225 4226 4227 4228 4229 4230 4231 4232 Men with soft hearts, Men with soft blunt eyes, who hesitate to tell the biggest lie, who are afraid to repeat them in the presence of their mothers and children, repeat empty lies in front of their wives and in front of their wives and in front of their mothers, such soft-necked men should stay at home! 4233 4236 And when party leaders come from Kampala, My husband jumps, He's like a recently escaped girl, 4237 4238 4239 4240 4241 4242 4243 He's all over the place He's quick to win a good name, and when he says he explodes like a dry pod! He's like the woman who just buried another woman the 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 120 of 183 4244, with whom she shares 4245 4246 4247 4248 4249 He says to bosses: Oh chief you kill me with a laugh! His petty laughter and put up the smiles of Drown frowns the chiefs! They probably think he's wonderful! 4250 4251 4252 4253 My husband blames other party leaders. All others are useless, He is the hardest-working, Page 109 4254 4255 4256 4257 4258 4259 4260 4261 4262 The most faithful, the person with the most reliable information. All that others say is a lie, a lie is only to win favors! Buy a position To buy work and places at conferences in Kampala and abroad! 4263 4264 4265 4266 4267 4278 4279 My husband says that the masses of people in the villages are listening only to him. He says other party leaders have formed a new party, a new party for fools, that they are rebels and should be expelled! He says the rebels are a minority of mass people firmly behind him and party leaders, and they talk about him at all the beer parties. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 4280 4281 4282 4283 4284 4285 4286 4287 4288 When my husband rises to the platform, you hear the bell you hear the drums! There is a large crowd, some people are standing on the hills! The crowd reminiscent of Palaro gathered to celebrate Lapul, their chief Jock. 4289 4290 4291 4292 4293 4296 4297 4298 4299 4300 4301 4302 4303 4304 They are iodel and do ululations Because they understand they yodel so that their voices can be heard so that their secret lovers can be heard so their secret lovers can be heard so that their secret lovers can be heard so that their secret lovers can be heard so theard so theard so their sec because they understand, but because they do not understand many foreign words. Uhururu! Congress! Freedom! Democratic! Independence! Minister! ... 4312 4313 4314 4315 4316 women do ululations because they are annoyed because they are happy because they are annoyed because they are happy because t African Writers Series - Print View 4317 4318 4319 4320 4321 4322 So They Can Dance. And when it is on the market, it speaks endlessly like the mother-in-law of a bird. His words itch like scabies, itching like an immature boil. 4327 4328 4329 4330 4331 He screams and screams and loses his voice. He says that we must all unite and fight for independence and peace and friendship, they fight And quarrels! 4337 4338 4339 4340 4341 4342 4343 And if you don't know about my husband's manor death, the death of the estate caused by parties do you think my husband was the best leader. 4344 4345 4346 4347 4348 4349 4350 4351 And while those inside Eat thick honey and ghee, those in the countryside die with the smell, they once again eat the bones that were thrown away for the dogs. Page 122 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4352 4353 4354 4355 4356 4357 4358 4359 4360 4361 4362 And those who fell into things throw themselves into soft beds, But the hip bones of the voters grow painful Sleeping on the same ground They slept up to Wuura! And they cover the sores on their feet with animal skins. 4363 4364 4365 4366 4367 4368 4369 4370 And when they fall into things, they become as rare as a python with a bull water buck in their stomach, they hibernate and stay away and eat! 4371 4372 4373 4374 4375 They return to the countryside for the next election as a kite that returns during the dry season Page 123 of 183 4376 When the kites returned 4377 Dry season came! Page 111 4378 Democratic Party 4379 How does it differ 4380 from Congress? 4381 4382 4383 4384 4385 Ocol says they want Uhuru, His brother says they want Uhuru and peace, both of them speak 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print Page 124 of 183 4386 They fight ignorance and disease! 4387 4388 4389 4390 4391 4392 4393 4394 Then why don't they unite, why do they divide the army into two hostile groups? Spears of young people and their shields, why are guns and men and women scattered so useless? 4395 4396 4397 4398 4399 4400 And while pythons disease swallow children AND the buffalo of poverty Knock people down and ignorance stands there, Like an Elephant, 4401 4402 4403 4404 4405 4406 4407 4408 4409 4410 4411 4412 4413 4414 4415 Military Leaders locked tightly in bloody strife, feeding each other's livers as if the D.P. was leprosy AND Congress prowling; If only the parties were to fight poverty with the rage with which Okol attacks his mother's son, the enemies would have been greatly reduced by now. 4416 4417 4418 4429 4421 4422 I am concerned about the welfare of our estate! Women there wearing mourning manor clothes are definitely dead feud, blackness, guarrels, jealousy ... 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4423 4424 4425 4426 4427 4428 4429 Page 125 of 183 When the villains who sing smallpox pass through our estate that people will be finished, People's insides are bad! It will be a gift that brought political parties! Page 112 4430 4431 4432 4433 4435 4436 4437 And while the pythons of Swallow's Disease Children and the Buffaloes of Poverty knock people down and ignorance stands there like an elephant, / Warleaders are locked tightly into bloody feuds, there is each other's liver... Page 113 12 My Husband's House is the Dark Forest of Books. 4443 4445 4446 4447 4448 When my husband was still looking after me His eyes were still alive, His ears were still unlocked, Ocol had not yet become a fool My friend was a man then! 4449 He has not yet become a woman, 4451 His bess. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 4452 4453 4454 4455 4456 4457 My husband was still a black man Son of the Bull Son of Agika woman from Okola was still a man, Acoli. 4458 4469 4461 My husband read a lot, He read widely and deeply, He read among white men, and he is smart as white men, and he is smart as white men 4462 4463 4464 4465 4466 And reading killed my man, In the way of his people He became a stump. 4467 4468 4469 4470 4471 4472 4473 4476 4477 He abuses all things Akoli, He says that ways black people because his eyeballs have exploded and he wears dark glasses my husband's house - the dark forest of books. Some stand there tall and huge as the tido tree 4478 4482 4483 4484 4485 Spins of some books are solid, As a rocky stem poi, some are green Others red as blood 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 4486 4487 4488 4489 Some books are black and oily, their backs shine like a dangerous ororo snake spiraled on top of a tree. 4490 4491 4492 4493 4494 4495 Some of them are pictures on the back, dead faces of witchlooking men and women, unshaven, bold, fat-stomach Bonnie cheeks, angry vengeful-looking people, pictures of men and women who died long ago. 4496 4497 4498 4499 4500 4501 4502 4503 4504 4505 4506 4507 4508 4509 4510 Papers on my husband's table coil menacingly, like a giant forest climber, like kituba, which with other trees to death; Some stand up, others lie on their backs, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of youth On an oracle dance, Like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of youth On an oracle dance, Like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, They are tightly interconnected, like the feet of a plank of goggo fence, th very The steam rising from the ground is hot thick and poisonous Mixed with corrosive dew and raindrops that are collected in the leaves. 4519 4520 4521 4522 4523 4524 They suffocate you if you stay there long, They destroy your nose and tongue so you can no longer enjoy the fresh smell of simsim oil or the taste of malakwang ; Page 127 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4525 4526 4527 4529 4530 4531 4532 4533 4534 4535 4536 4537 And Boiling Dark Eye Blast Balls. And sticky juices that fall from the gum block holes of your ears, and when ten girls standing on the hill in the moonlight sing the song oyele, throwing stones of abuse at the rough skin of ugly old men chosen for them as husbands of their money-loving fathers, 4538 4539 4540 4541 Or when your daughter sings a lovely lullaby of her baby Strapp brother, Page 128 of 183 Page 115 4542 And she swings back and forth 4543 As she sings 4544 4545 4546 4547 4548 4549 O baby Why do you cry? Are you sick? O baby stop crying your mother fried birds aluru in ghee! 4550 4551 4552 4553 4554 4555 When girls sing cycling songs And the nurse sings her lullaby you hear only noises, noises that bother you like a brick thrown on the roof of iron. 4556 If you stay in my husband's house for a long time, 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4558 4559 4560 4561 4562 4563 4566 4567 4568 Ghost Dead, that people of this dark forest, the ghosts of many white men and white women who scream whenever you touch any book, the deadly ghosts of revenge writers will take your head, and like my husband, you will become a walking corpse. 4569 4570 4571 4572 4573 4574 4575 4576 4577 My husband's ears are numb, He hears the crackling of gums in the ears and thinks it is the music of his people; He can't hear the insults of foreigners who say that the songs of black men are rubbish! 4578 4589 4580 4581 4582 4583 4589 4590 Listen, my husband, listen to my cry! You may not know this You may not feel like that, but you are behaving like a white man's dog! A good dog pleases its owner, she barks at night and hunts in salt lick He chases wild cats that come to steal chicken! And when the master calls it folds the tail between the legs. Page 129 of 183 4591 Dogs of White Men 4592 Well Trained 4593 And They Understand English! 4594 When the Master Eats African Writers series - Print View Page 130 of 183 4597 Waiting for the Left. 4598 But oh! Ocol 4599 You are my master and my husband, 4600 you are the father of these children 116 and 4601 You're a man, 4602 You're you! 4603 Are you not ashamed 4604 Behave like another man's dog 4605 in front of your wife and children? 4606 4607 4608 4609 4610 4611 4612 4613 4614 4615 4616 My husband, Ocol You are the prince of the ancient chief, See, There in the middle of the manor stands the sanctuary of your grandfather, your grandfather was a bull among men And although he died a long time ago His name is still blowing like horns, His name is still heard all over the earth. 4617 4618 4619 4620 4621 4622 When he died your father proudly built him this temple! He was the true son of his father, fulfilling all the duties of the firstborn. 4623 4624 4625 4626 4627 4628 4629 4630 4631 He himself was a great leader, beloved by his people. On the otole dance he was right in the middle completely surrounded by the host like a termite queen mother, but you could spot him by his huge head gear swinging like a sugar cane flowering field. 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 4632 4633 4634 4635 In battle he fought on the front fierce as a wounded buffalo-girl, When his men struck the enemy of heaven trembling from his base; 4636 4637 4638 4639 4640 4641 4642 4643 4645 4646 Did the fire produce ashes? The bull died without a head? Aaa! A certain person does not have a millet field, he lives on borrowed products. He borrows the clothes he wears and the ideas in his head, and his actions and behavior should please someone else. Like a woman trying to please her husband! My husband became a woman! 4647 4648 4649 4650 4651 4652 Then why are you wearing a shirt? Why don't you tie a leaf around your waist like other women? Strung a string skirt and a little beads on the loins! 4653 4654 4655 4656 4657 4658 O, my clans, let's all cry together! Come, let's mourn the death of my husband, the death of Prince Ash, which was produced by Page 131 of 183 Page 117 4659 4660 4661 4662 4663 4664 4665 4666 Great Fire! Oh, this manor is completely dead, close the gate with lacaric spikes, for Prince Heir Stul is lost! And all the young people died in the desert! 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 4667 4668 4669 4670 4671 And the glory of this manor that once broke out like a wild fire in a moonless night now, like the last breaths of a dying old man! 4672 4673 4674 4675 4676 4677 4678 4679 There is not one true son left, the whole village has fallen into the hands of prisoners of war and slaves! Maybe one of our boys ran away with his life! Maybe he's hiding in the bushes waiting for the sun to go down! Page 132 of 183 4680 But will it come 4681 until the next mourning? 4682 Will he arrive on time? 4683 Bile burns my inner! 4684 I feel like vomiting! 4685 4686 4697 4698 4699 4699 4699 4700 4701 4702 But them cook Malakwang Dish 4692 4693 4694 4695 4696 4697 4698 4699 4699 4700 4701 4702 But Okol, my husband, If you are not yet completely lost, If some blood is still flowing however weakly, Take a small amount of millet porridge, 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 4703 4704 4705 4706 Page 133 of 183 Let them support you, drink fish soup slowly, slowly you will recover. Page 118 4707 Chu Roots omwombye . 4708 It's a very bitter 4709 but it will clear your throat. 4710 4711 4712 4713 4716 Let them cook a dish malakwang Eat roots lurono and the roots of your tongue will be weakened. When they have prepared lukut, Eat it, It will strengthen your knee! 4717 4718 4719 4720 4721 4722 4724 4725 4726 4727 4728 4729 4730 4731 4732 Let them drop simsim oil into the holes of your ears, Let them scoop out the gum that has filled your ears for so long, the thick dust you have gathered from the altar and the chaff of books and useless things from magazines and newspapers, and radio and television! Here's some water. It's warm, It won't burn you, let me pour it for you, so you can wash your face! 4733 4734 4735 4736 4737 4738 4739 4740 But first remove these dark glasses, throw them away, then remove the scales that formed before your eyes in the daytime when you closed your eyes in prayer. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4741 4742 4743 4744 4745 4746 4747 4748 Page 134 of 183 Bring ripe labikka seeds and scratch Ocol eyeballs and remove blood, bl removed by the divine! 4751 4752 4753 4754 4755 4756 4757 4758 4759 4760 Tumor that blocked the throat will be treated with shoots lapena chu shoots and swallow bitter green juice! You must vomit the shyness you ate at church. Drink raw eggs mixed with millet; and if that doesn't make you feel sick put one finger deep in your throat! 4761 4762 4763 4764 Clean your teeth with sand, I will cook sand for you white like sand, vomiting frogs! Page 119 4765 4766 4767 4773 4774 4775 Brush tongue so thickly bitter insults; Here is warm water There is a little salt in it, Gargle it, clean your mouth, spit out insults with water! Abuse you learned from your white masters and stupid Spit them with water. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4776 4777 4778 4779 4780 and, Son of the Bull When you have got all your strength to go to the shrine of your fathers, prepare the feast, give blood to their ancestors, give them beer, meat and millet bread, Let the elders spit the blessing on you Let them intercede for you and pray for the ancestors who sleep in their graves Face up. 4798 4799 Run forgiveness from them and ask them to give you a new spear new spear with a sharp and hard moment. A spear that cracks a stone. Ask the spear that you will trust one that doesn't bend easily like a ground-worm. Ask them to restore your masculinity! For I am sick of sharing a bed with a woman! 4800 4801 4802 4803 4804 Ask them to forgive your past nonsense, Pray that the setting sun can pick up all your shyness of deception, childish pride, and sharp tongue! 4805 4806 4807 4806 4807 4808 4809 4810 4812 4813 4814 4815 4816 4817 For when you insulted me by saying I was just a village girl, poured out your grandfathers and grandmothers, your father and mother! When you compare me to stupid ohuu insects sitting on a beer pot, you make fun of all your people. You said that the customs of your people were like useless things left in an old manor house. Page 135 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4818 4819 4820 4821 Page 136 183 When you took the axe and threatened Page 120 4822 4823 4824 4825 4826 4827 To cut yourself freely, To be thrown by the winds thus, and thus like dead dry tree leaves of olam in the dry season. 4828 4839 4830 4831 4832 4833 4834 When you have recovered properly, go to your old mother and ask her for forgiveness; Let it spit the blessing in your hands; And rub the saliva on your chest and forehead! 4835 4836 4837 4838 4839 4840 4842 4843 4844 4845 4846 4847 And I, as your first wife, mother of your firstborn, mother of your son and daughter, I have only one request. I'm not asking for money Although I need it, I'm not asking for meat, I can live on green vegetables for her, and perfume; And shoes, and necklaces, and earrings! 4848 4849 4850 4851 4852 When you have gained full force I have only one request and all I ask is that you remove the road block from my path. 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 4853 4854 4855 4856 4857 Here's my onion harp Let me sing greetings for you, Let me play for you one song only Play and sing the song of my youth: 4858 4859 4860 4861 4862 4863 4864 4865 She took her way to Nimul She will return tomorrow His eyes are fixed on the road Talking, Bring Alyeka to me that I can see her Daughter Bull stayed away too long His eyes are fixed on the road 4866 4867 4874 4874 4874 4874 4874 4875 All I ask is that you give me one chance, Let me praise you Son Chief! Tie ankle bells on your feet Bring lacucuku rattles and tie them on their feet, Call nanga players and let them play and let them sing, 4876 4877 4878 4880 4881 4882 Let me dance before you, My love, let me show you the richness in your house, Ocol my husband, son bull, no one to feed the pumpkin. Page 137 of 183 Page 121 p' Bitek, Okot, 1931-: Ocol 'Song from p' Bitek, Okot, 1931-: Song of Lawino and Song Ocol No 1 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1 2 3 4 Page 138 of 183 women, shut up! Pack your go things! 5 Take all the clothes 6 I bought you 7 beads, necklaces 8 And leftovers 9 of the dishes, 10 I do not need second-hand things. 11 12 13 14 15 16 There is a big bag in the trunk of the car, take it to put all your stuff in it and go! 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 Woman's Song Is a confused noise made by a sheep after a butcher's knife sank past a wind pipe, red paint sprayed on grasses; It is a song single-handedly solo fragment without a chorus unaccompanied, a strange melody impossible to organize; 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 As if in an echo of a woman's cry At yesterday's funeral, the song of the dead from the old tomb, Hidden cracks of dry bones, falling into the skull under the weight of the earth; 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 Page 139 of 183 It's a blunt thud of a wooden arrow as it hits a concrete wall and falls to the ground, extinguished without life as a bird hits a stone from a boy's catapult. 51 Have you heard the 52th Sigh of the Monarch 53 In Exile? 54 He squats on the beam Page 122 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 In the shade of an abandoned hut, the cold sharp wind knives through his torn pants licking his bruised knee with the rough tongue of fenile, 63 Yesternight! 64 Dathernite ah! 65 66 67 68 69 The smallest foot on the left foot slowly cries blood, thick house-flying drones away; 70 71 72 73 Under the Arm It's sticky, Remnants of shirt sticky, red slippers ... 78 79 80 81 82 His dry lips taste salty, a ball of thirst rises up the throat He forces down Some saliva, 83 84 85 86 87 88 88 99 1 91 93 94 The waiter on his knees, the woman whispers: My Lord, my husband, Red Wine Soft Lights, smile of a woman inviting a man to sleep, hot lips her little sister firma breasts hug ... Page 140 of 183 95 He looks at his hands 96 On black nails, 97 Cold Sweat ... 98 He gasps, 99 He keeps asking himself, But why? Why? 101 102 103 104 105 106 Woman's Song Is the senseless defiance of 108 of the convicted, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 109 110 111 112 He blindfolded, rough hand loops around the neck. 113 114 115 116 117 118 woman Your song rotting buffalo left to flee poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 123 119 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 141 of 183 Page 141 01 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 of 183 Page 141 01 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 01 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 01 120 121 122 123 Woman Your Song Is rotting buffalo Left behind by Fleeing poachers, His nose blocked Page 141 01 120 120 120 120 120 120 120 milk in the smelly Maasai pumpkin. 146 147 148 149 I see the Old Manor In the Valley below the hut, granary ... All in ruins; 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 I see a large pumpkin rotting a thousand beetles in it; We will plow the entire valley, make compost from pumpkins and other local vegetables, fence separating family holdings will be demolished, We will uproot treets demarcation of the land of the clan, 164 165 166 167 We will destroy the tribal borders and throttle native language to blunt death. 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 Houseboy, Listen Call Ayah Help a Woman Pack Her Things, Then Sweep the House Clean and Wash the Floor, I went to town to bring the artist. Page 142 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 143 of 183 Page 125 No 2 177 What is Africa, idle giant Basking in the sun, Sleep, snoring, Twitching in sleep; 187 188 189 190 Patients with chronic disease, choking with black ignorance, chained to the rock of poverty, 191 192 193 194 And yet laughing, always laughing and dancing, chains on Jangling's feet; 195 196 197 198 199 Displaying his white teeth, can't bite, bite, giggle, dance ... 200 201 202 203 204 205 Stuck in stagnant mud of superstition, frightened by the spirits of the bush, the stream, the rock, the frightened corpses ... 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 He hears eerie sounds from the shore of Lake And from the shore of Lake And from the top of the mountain, sees snakes in a vortex AND at both ends of the rainbow; 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 221 222 Caves house his gods Or he carries them on his head or on his shoulder as he wanders through the desert, led by his cattle, or after the spoor of an elephant that he speared but could not kill; 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 Child, Toy Lover, Look at his toy weapons, his utensils, his hut... Toy garden, toy chickens, toy cattle, toy children ... Page 144 of 183 230 Thyid, 231 Unenced, 232 Scared unbeatable track, Page 126 233 234 235 236 237 Untapped, Clinging to the dairyless breasts of a mother clinging to her brother, to her uncle, to the clan, to the tribe 238 K Black, 239 to Africa, 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 240 241 242 243 Africa This rich repository of granaries taboos, customs, traditions ... 244 245 246 247 Mother, mother, Why, Why I was born black? Page 145 of 183 3 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 To hell with pumpkins and old estates, To hell with the husk of old traditions and meaningless customs, 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 We will smash taboos one by one, blow up the basis of every superstition, We will uproot every sacred tree and demolish all ancestral shrines. 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 We will not just break through the wall of your mud hut to let air in, do you think we are planning to just break pois and pans of backwardness; 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 274 275 276 277 278 279 We will uproot granaries to break pois and pans of water, We will grind grinding stones into powder; 280 281 282 283 This outdated toy, with which you scratch the soil And other rusty toys In the hut, Page 146 of 183 Page 127 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 Dried fish riddled with cockroaches, a piece of carcass hung over the place of Black cooking with soot ... We're going to make a big pile of garbage out of the hut, and we're going to get a bunch of it. 294 Look at this woman 295 Shaking rattle pumpkin 296 And talk to yourself, 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 Mad creature, Her eyes a pair of rockets Shooting from the head, Snake tongue yad lashing crocodile tail; 306 Do You See 307 Fools 9/21/2010 African Writers series - View 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 Sitting around it? Terror-infested face eyes closed Gummed with tears, lips cracked, bleeding, throat parched desert drought; 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 This child lying on the ground Numb bombs explode in his head, Blood Boiling Heavy with Malaria Parasites Raging Through His Veins, 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 Crazy Woman Spits on His Feet, injects beer on his face to cool it, spills chicken blood on her chest, gift to death! 332 333 334 335 The mother of the child smiles, divine pleads with the horror of malaria, 336 337 338 339 340 341 I give you blood, Let this child live; Here's your beer Take a beer, leave us this baby; Take your food. ... 342 343 344 345 346 347 We will prepare all these priests and priestesses of darkness, All Rain and Herbalists, Men and Women Page 148 of 183 348 Who donates in chiefdom 349 Or clan shrines, 350 We will arrest all witches, Page 128 351 Snake Tongue 352 Spitting Poisons 353 Lashing Crocodile Tails Page 129 354 355 356 357 358 359 Wizards, Evil Eyes, Sellers fetish spills, bones and claws, dealers in poisons from snakes; 360 361 362 363 364 We will put all these Pillars of Fear in the steamer of the lake, we will take them to the deepest part and throw them into the void; 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 We will arrest all village poets-musicians and tribal dancers, put in custody folklore thinkers and myth-makers, maintain village morality; 373 374 375 376 We disband the nest of court historians Glorifiers of the past, We ban 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 149 of 183 377 Stupid Anthem Village 378 Back Ever 379 Forward Ever. 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 On the gallows with all anthropology professors and teachers of African literature and close all schools of African studies. 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 Where is Ayme Sezer? Where's Leopold Senghor? Arrest of Janheinz Yang and father Placide temples, put into custody all preachers Negrotaa; 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 The Balloon of African Personality exploded long ago, Dubois is dead We will not erect a monument for it; Why should I care Who built the citadel of zimbabwe? What relevance is black people the Architect of the Pyramid? 410 Smash all these mirrors 411 that I do not see 412 Black past 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 130 4 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 Noises come from a dark hut, the bad smell seeps raw valagi and stale kwete beer, chickens struggling for fresh baby manure; 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 This Adoc Too blind poet from Lamogi Playing Nanga And singing praises the newlyweds of the bride; The steps of men and women stamping the ground, clouds of dust mingled with smoke, smell of burnt meat; 432 433 434 435 436 woman makes ululations Man blowing a long wooden horn, It sounds like a sneezing hippo, Adok Too sings quietly ... 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 Ten stacks of grass for thatching new hut, 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 151 of 183 445 Honeymooners: 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 Know You Know You Are a Slave? Show me the tractor they used to cut down the grass and the cart that brought the wood and grass home; 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 I see a young woman, returning home from a well teetering on her head, some water spilling over her face, losing weight with wet beads of water on her bare chest, long yellow and red rays from the setting sun, rushing over her young breasts like a dragon flying; 465 466 467 468 Her Bare Feet Dig Way, Gnawing from the ground, Her soles thick Page 131 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 Cracks like earth In the dry season, the skin of her hands rough as a concrete wall, there are stones embedded in the skin, her palms worn out like the soles of an old shoe; 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 478 489 480 481 482 The Voice of a Blind Poet Pierces Thatch, Arrow Of His Song Strikes a Woman like Lightning: 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 O! Daughter of Bull Wild Lily Hills You Are Fit for The Son of a Superior, O! my brother Son deceived me, What an envious dream? When I woke up, I was wet ... 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 Sister woman Acoliland Throw down that pot of water, Let it break into pieces Let the water cool the thirst of the earth; 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 It is taboo to throw pots of water in them, But taboos must be broken, taboo chains around the neck, Chains of slavery; Page 152 of 183 505 Shatter that pot, 506 Shatter taboos, customs, 507 Tradition ... 508 509 510 511 512 513 Listen not the song the poet Blind Musician plays for his bread, Bread owners your slavers; 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 514 515 516 517 Listen not praise Adok Too, They spurs for tired horses, For donkeys; 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 You are a woman from Kitoyuland Let this burden slide, Falling from the back You are not just a donkey basket; Cut that mukwa cord Cutting Valley in your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise your head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 528 Raise you head, Burn kyondo bags that bow you down to see only my dusty boots, Page 153 of 183 blind poet pierces this one, the arrow of his song Strikes a Woman like Lightning Page 133 536 537 538 539 540 Let me see your beautiful eyes, let me kiss your dimples... 541 542 543 544 Shut You Bush Poet from Kiambu And you from Nyeri, Stop insulting my wife 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View Page 154 of 183 545 With your silly song 546 My girl is not 547 camel; 548 549 550 551 Listen to My Sister from Ankola And you are from Rwanda and Burundi, 552 553 556 Here's a hammer, Smash these pots of rotten milk Blast open the door To Get Out in the daytime, 557 Beat Up that old woman 558 Who pumps you are full of milk, 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 you caterpillar for wasps to lay eggs in? Who told you that your fertility would be enhanced by excessive fatness? 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 Who says you're beautiful when you can't even walk? You stagger into the sunlight melting, dripping, wet, pregnant hippo; Soft, flabby, weak, explosive buttocks, your breasts two reels, can you see the belly button? I hear the lowland of the cattle Forest of long white horns coming home. 578 I hear the wild song 579 from Shepherd 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 155 of 183 580 He sings praises 581 To your ugliness! 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 African woman Sweeping floors and walls with cow dung and black soil, Cook, aya, baby tied on the back, vomit, washer dishes, planting, snoothing, harvesting, shop-keeper, builder, errand runner, basket, truck, donkey. ... 594 Woman africa 595 What are you not? 596 597 598 599 In buibui Your face is covered with black cloth like a leather bat wing, Page 134 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 Harem Private collection of delicious flesh, do you hear the bell of the leading cow? The dust you see is not caused by a hurricane, it's The Joe Lango Herd; 609 610 611 612 613 We will destroy all these shenzi cattle rooting their savagery, the cause of their suffering and death; 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 156 of 183 614 I see you husband 615 He drank a little 616 Mouth drool: 617 Asha to lunch 618 Chausiku after lunch 619 Young Akelo after midnight ... 620 621 622 623 624 625 In Buganda They Buy You two pots of beer, Luo trade you for seven cows, 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 And what is Madi hoe acoli men give to your father? He can't even use it to dig! They buy you renta purchases even like bikes, 633 634 635 636 637 You furniture, mattress for a man your hand pillow for his head! 638 639 640 641 642 African Writers series - Print View Page 157 of 183,643 wives! Page 135 5 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 You Karamojong Senior Etching with Spear Scars, You young raiders skimming across the plains ostrich feathers dancing on the blown heads back as papi beams Neil, I see blood on the shafts of your spears; 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 You Maasai warrior Honing a spear And polishing it with a gherable chi, You are a naked Jie Study of a sick cow, you turkana scout sat on the termite mound of ljakait of Topos, You Dodos General Presiding over the military council; 665 666 667 668 669 You youth I hear you sing Praise to your black bull, your hands raised in imitation of his horn; 670 671 672 673 674 You men in the hills of Nandy Trend cattle in rocky pastures Always suspecting the impending raid, you Pokot hordes driving home stolen cattle; 675 Kipsigis Men 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 676 677 678 69 I see colorful shields surrounding a thick bush in which I see a lion tufted tail... 680 681 682 683 You are proud of Kalenjin Chiefless, the free, every man chief of his hut. 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 When your spears appeared on the horizon for Bahr el Ghazal Nilotes scattered, Like flying wreckage from a bombed-out house, Luo ran a thousand miles to be stopped by a large lake, if you had given chase They might have died in the water like the Egyptians in the Red Sea; Page 158 of 183 Page 136 698 699 700 701 702 When you swept south to Rift Valley Other men fled like antelopes chased by a leopard, 703 As grass-hoppers 704 escaping the fire wild; 705 706 707 708 You taught Kikuyus Circumcision, The spread of aimless democracy age-sets system ... 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 709 710 711 712 713 714 Kalenjin, You Joe Lango - Spirit Haunted, Review Your Prey, Explore Your Empire, Your achievements: 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 724 725 726 727 728 729 Large arc of half-empty land, dotted with human skeletons, barely covered with hostile prickly bushes and flowering ass, a monument to five-year-old hornlifting cattle! Lying in the mud of poverty and ignorance you poems about the beauty of your beasts, singing songs about Can out your copies and your thieving exploits; 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 Believing that you were the richest of the earth, drunk with the illusion of real power You continued to jump up and down as you dance, holding firm on the spear, a symbol of your backwardness; 740 741 742 743 746 747 748 You barren empire remained closed for progress, Huge Nature Reserve of Animals, in which wild people and wild beasts roamed, Students of primitive man The Big Game hunters and tourists flocked from all over the world, Page 159 of 183 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View Page 160 of 183,749 White Woman came to discover, 750 To see with her naked 751 What masculinity can be! 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 You mountain housing Sebei Do you hear me? You Kumam Dig Light Fish Out of the Swamp, You Iteso Fighting at a Beer Party, You Lutuko... 760 Listen, Page 137 761 762 763 764 765 766 We will not just put the Maasai in trousers to put an end to twenty-five thousand years of human nudity, Dynamiting quarries ohra only starting pistol, 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 775 776 777 778 778 779 780 781 We arrest all elders mentors young During circumcision, Youth gathering in the desert for initiations will be banned, the Council of Elders will be banned, the Council of Elders will be banned, the Council of Elders mentors young During circumcision, Youth gathering in the desert for initiations will be banned, the Council of Elders will be banned with twelve miki ointments for each explosion; 782 All men with moi names 783 And those with killer marks 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 161 of 183 784 On the back 785 And at the hands of 786 will be hanged for murder; 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 You will be disarmed, If necessary, by force, all your spears and colorful shields, all your bows and poisoned arrows will be destroyed, none will remain even for museums, 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 Spearmen and blacksmiths will be imprisoned; Yes! What a colorful pile We'll make of ostrich feathers and all the other head gears, we'll shoot a bunch to the ashes; 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 We rip off smelly goat skin skirts from women and burn them, Cut all the giraffe hair necklaces and elephant hair bracelets, break the amulets of ivory cutting deep in the flesh of the shoulders, remove all the chains, ear rings, nose rings, lip-stopping... 816 Each head will be shaved ... 817 Spearing Black Billy the Goat 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 Page 162 of 183 In the dry riverbed, sacrifices to cool the blood of the murdered man, All superstitious activities will be eradicated, They will not even be allowed on the stage; Page 138 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 833 Tell me that you are a young man from Maasailand, They call you Moran, I see your brother's spear planted at the door of your hut, You know that he is inside Sleeping with your wife! 834 835 836 837 Do you allow a man to borrow your wife Yet kill him for being your nik? 838 839 840 841 842 We burn manyattas, Destroy each of them along with all the stupid customs that are observed in them. 843 844 845 846 847 848 Ijakait, Come brother, you are tall and sporty you are beautiful, Walk into your city with your head up; 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 849 850 851 852 853 Page 163 of 183 Do You See Girls Eyes Glued on You? Here you don't have to kill a man or a lion in the first place. 854 Take this girl 855 She wants you. 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 You are a sister from Pocot who grew up outdoors, you are fresh... yes! Come, Walk with me in the city gardens, hold my hand ... My woman is a pink bud, hold it, guard it, don't lose it, hear? 6 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 Do I hear you whisper Who is this man? What's his name? You don't know me and my brothers in power? All this time I've been reading Ekon. The Makerere, and my resident resident resident resident Magistrate's Page 139 No. 880 was sweating and cramming for the bar, 881 You were busy 882 Performing a stuck dance, 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 Page 164 of 183 Weeks of Funeral Expenses, Funeral Expenses Or in the bushes chasing wild animals or collecting wild honey, thoughtless and carefree as children dance around the hut after eating; We spent years in detention suffering without bitterness and planning for the revolution; 894 Tell me 895 My friend and comrade, 896 Answer me simply and frankly, 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 Apart from two shillings fee for party membership, And dancing you were speaking when party chiefs visited your village, And the slogans you shouted that you didn't understand, 904 What was your contribution 905 In the fight for the backlash? 906 907 908 909 Comrade, do you disagree that without your current leaders Akhuru would never have come? 910 911 912 913 914 And of course you don't mean to offend them with some symbolic rewards, right? 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 915 916 917 918 919 I have a nice house in town, my spacious garden explodes with jacaranda and roses, I have lilies, bougainvillea, Cannes ... 920 921 922 923 924 Do you appreciate the beauty of my roses? Or would you rather turn my flower garden into a corn shambolic? Page 165 of 183 925 What do you reap 926 When the Earour has matured 927 and has been collected? 928 929 930 931 It's my fault that you sleep in a leak hut 932 You blame me 933 Because your painful children (Page 140) 934 935 936 937 938 Do you appreciate the beauty of my roses? Or would you rather turn my flower garden into a corn shambolic? Page 141 939 940 941 942 943 Sleep on Earth Sharing dirty floor with sheep and goats? Who says responsible for the 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 166 of 183,944 For peasant poverty? 945 I cause unemployment 946 And without land? 947 948 949 950 Have you ever seen me touring the countryside recruiting daughters of people into prostitution? 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 How did I make men ignorant? Didn't I ask the minister to build a school in your village? And did I stop children from other villages from going to school? 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 I have other properties in town but, come, beat the dust off my feet and jump into my Merc., let me take you for a walk and show you around my farm... 967 968 969 970 971 972 When the tractor first snorted On these hunting grounds the natives flooded into the ground like squirrels, like edible rats chased by a dog hunter, 973 974 975 976 Here, Africa's wildest bush is now garden green with wheat, barley, coffee... 977 Look at this prize bull, 978 Black, hornless and humpless ... 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 167 of 183 979 Don't Touch the Thum Of My Cow 980 With Unsterilized Hands, 981 Don't Touch the Doeware... 982 983 984 985 986 Do you see that golden carpet covering the hillside? These are my sheep ... Wool, lamb; 987 988 989 990 991 992 O! How refreshing it is to watch plants sprout, grow, bloom and mature, and young healthy animals play! 993 994 995 996 997 I come to my farm Every weekday, It's wonderful to get out of the country, 999 I enjoy the smell of 1000 Out of the Earth, 1001 Aroma of coffee flowers 1002 Intoxicates me! 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 Tell me, my friend and comrade, do you remember the night of the ear when the celebration drums pulsated and men and women cried with joy as they danced, hands raised in a salute to the national flag? 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 Someone told you that morning uchuru dew on the grass Along the village path will turn into gold, 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 To be collected by women Going to the well To bring water, or early morning hunters laying traps for duikers on water holes? 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 And the leaves of the olam tree that falls at the beginning of the drought, you dreamed that Will the banknotes become scattered by the wind among the villagers? Page 168 of 183 1032 We have property 1033 And Wealth, 1034 We are in power; 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 Violators must be detained without trial... 1041 Are Lions 1042 Runner Eat Grass, 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1043 1044 1045 1046 Page 169 of 183 To lie down with lambs and play games with antelopes? Can a leopard suck a pig? Page 143 7 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 What are you muttering there idiot? I heard you whimper like a sick puppy, your penis shrivelled with fear; 1053 Listen to the Beggar, 1054 Song crippled 1055 At sunset: 1056 1057 1058 1059 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 1066 1067 We sowed, We watered acres of cynicism, planted the woods Laughter Bitter laughter Corrosive poison, men shed tears as they shook spent their hand laughing, Streams of tears redness; 1068 1069 1070 1071 1072 We manured Earth Disappointment Sprouted Soil Explosion as Young Banana Trees, Fat Disappointments 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 170 of 183 1073 Flourished Fast 1074 Harvest Fruit 1075 As Green Bile; 1076 1077 1078 1079 1080 1081 1082 1083 1084 On the slopes We planted Fear, It's blood-red flowers Covered hills like February fires, prickly leaves of hard and yellow spiky male skins Causing festering wounds; 1085 1086 1087 1088 1089 1090 1091 1092 1093 1094 In the Valley trickle seeped, its water sluggish, slimy, next to the stream of Lamb Uhuru Dead like a stone, shimmering flies Giving a false life to their open eyes! 1095 1096 1097 1098 1099 1100 1101 1102 Shepherd Sat on the shore above, threw small stones hit the carcasses, flies rose like white ants, the boy sobbed his eyes smarting with pepper; Page 144 1103 1104 1105 1106 1107 1108 Lamb Uhuru Dead like a stone, twinkling flies giving false life to their open eyes? Page 145 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1109 1110 1111 1112 1113 1114 1115 1116 1117 1118 Two people stood on the other side of the roar, like thunder, the Peals of laughter dipped into the poison of Pierce the boy like daggers of steel, blood gushing from his heart anointing the earth! We reaped the cynicism of 1119 1120 1121 1122 1123 1124 1125 1126 1127 1128 11129 1130 1131 1132 1133 1134 1135 1136 1137 Stored in a concrete Shire granary, deeper, than Mwitanzige 12, We distilled the anger of laughter Ten thousand tons of poison; Kept it in a reservoir underground, caustic steam rose As lazy smoke, trees and grass perished; The smouldering mound we made of disappointment and fear higher than Kirinyaga 13 His fiery lips licked clouds, Heaven 1138 1139 1140 1141 1142 1143 1144 1145 Hunter sat in the shadow of the cliff, rubbed two flash sticks, Thunder roared, Flame cleared the earth! Page 171 of 183 1146 Out of My Way 1147 You are a cowardly fool 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1148 1149 1150 1151 1152 1153 Creep back and hide in the womb; Vex me no longer with hollow weeping and crocodile tears over the ear! 1154 1155 1156 1157 1158 1159 1160 1161 You Pigmy men skinning an elephant with rusty knives, I see your children happy, dancing, swinging from branch to br water for your host's wife, You squatter ... Page 172 of 183 Page 146 1172 What is a 1uru for you? 1173 1174 1175 1176 1177 1178 1179 You Indian dukawallah cough drooling on the floor, your citizenship card nailed on the wall, you prostitute sowing syphilis in nightclubs you are unemployed ... 1180 You are loyal muganda 1181 Dressed in white kanza 1182 I see you on your knees 9/21/2010 African writers series - Print View 1183 1184 1185 1186 1187 1188 Before another man, Treying your cans in the mud, as the priest No priest is a man 1189 1190 1191 1192 1193 1194 You are a man from Bunyoro And you are from Toro What happened to the knees that you lie on the bellies of Food Dust? Are you earthworms? 1195 1196 1197 1198 1199 1200 1201 1203 1204 1205 1206 1207 1208 1209 1210 1211 1212 1213 When naked Luo, Through deception, established your rule over you, and stole your cattle, your women, your land and made you serfs, For five hundred years you continued to show your loyalty by performing acts of slavery; What's a sah for you? You Bairu of Ankole You are slaves in Rwanda and Burundi, I see you holding a beer pot while your tall host sucks beer through a sucking tube? 1214 1215 1216 1217 Let this pot drop beer and all shatter and splash over the head of the chief; 1218 1219 1220 1221 We will uproot every tree from the Ituri Forest and blow up Page 173 of 183 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1 22 2 1223 1224 1225 1226 1227 1228 1229 Page 174 183 Mount Kilimanjaro, Ruvenzori wreckage will fill fault Valley, We will redirect the mighty waters of the Nile into the Indian Ocean. Page 147 8 1230 1231 1232 1233 1234 1235 1236 The

woman I see as cups of tears flow down your cheeks, your body trembling with anger and despair, like a mother sitting next to her dead son; 1237 1238 1249 1250 1251 1252 1253 1254 1255 1256 1257 1258 1259 1260 Anxiety, The Sound of War drums and the blow of war horns, Let women make ululations, Call all tribesmen and all tribesmen, Let them get together one last time; Let them put ashes on their beats with stones, Let them rush to the ground and roll in the dust and tear their hair in mourning! Let the men polish their weapons and arm themselves with spears, shields, bows, arrows and battle axes, Let them wear ostrich feathers 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 175 of 183 1261 On their heads 1262 And whistles 1263 On hands, 1264 1265 1266 1267 1268 1269 1270 1271 Let them blow their heads of their men and their clans and the clans of their husbands; 1272 1273 1274 1275 1276 1277 Let the drummers play the rhythms of the funeral dance, And let people sing and dance and celebrate the demise of the Old Manor! 1278 1279 1280 1281 1282 1283 1284 1285 Cry long, For the village world that you know and love so well, gone, swept away by fierce fires of progress and civilization! Page 148 1286 1287 1288 1289 1290 This walk to the well before sunrise, a cool bath in the stream, gathering family around the evening fire ... 1291 1292 1293 1294 This shady evergreen byeyo tree, under which I first met you and told you that I wanted you, 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1295 1296 1297 1298 1299 Do you remember the song of a ogil bird and a chorus of gray monkeys in the trees nearby? 1300 1301 1302 1303 1304 1305 1306 Let people drink Kwete beer and vallagi, let them suck the lacoic beer with sucking pipes as they mourn the death of the Old Manor! 1307 1308 1309 1310 1311 1312 1313 1314 You are the village chief Sitting on a chair and leaning on the central pole of your hut, Mountain Tribune On the Drum Pillar, Let the People Approach and Remain, 1315 1316 1317 1328 1329 Deliver farewell, your friends and your age mates, to your sons and daughters and your grandchildren, Let them say goodbye to you and each other, For tomorrow morning, like a rooster crow for the first time, people will disperse, each following his or her own itinerary: Pilgrims to the New Town, And as soon as they leave They will never meet again! 1330 1331 1332 1333 Say Goodbye For You Will Never Hunt Together Again, Neither Dance War Page 176 183 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 177 of 183 1334 or Dance bwola. ... 1335 1336 1337 1338 1339 1340 1341 1342 1343 1344 1345 1346 1349 1350 Say goodbye to your ancestors of spirits fleeing the demolished manor, Back to you They can no longer hear your prayers, Do not spend more chicken, goat or sheep As sacrifices for them, They have gone with the wind, blown away by the smoke of the burnt manor! Stop crying You, woman, do you think these tears can guench the flames of civilization? 1351 Wash your face with cold water, Page 149 1352 Here's the soap and towel ... 1353 Take aspirin 1354 It will clear your headache... 1355 1356 1357 1358 I see the big gates of the city swung open, I see men and women going in ... 1359 1360 1361 1362 1363 1364 1365 1366 And what are you doing there under the tree Why don't you enter with others? Do you feel homesick for an abandoned manor house? Or are you afraid of a new city? 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View 1367 1368 1369 1370 1371 1372 Page 178 of 183 You have only two alternatives to My Sister, Either you come through the city gates, or take the rope and hang yourself! 9 1373 1374 1375 1376 1377 1378 1379 1380 1381 Your Excellency President Bwan I salute you and you, the honourable ministers, discussing the White Paper; Mr Speaker, sir, you are backbenchers and opposition chiefs, hello to you! 1382 1383 1384 1385 1386 1387 1388 1389 1390 1391 1392 1393 1394 1395 1396 1397 I am a giver for your Lord, Robed, bespectacled, I see learned the lawyer addressing the jury, and his brother's attorney advising the Volume Of The House Of Lord's Decision Reports; Amen! The Black Bishop at the altar blesses people in Latin, do you see his golden crown and scarlet robe? 1398 1399 1400 1401 1402 1403 1404 Tell me that you worshipped mayors, Aldermans, councillors, you fat black capitalist 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 179 of 183 1405 In a dark suit, 1406 You're sipping whiskey, Page 150 1407 1408 1409 1410 1411 1412 1413 Bank Manager computerization overdrafts, you surgeons and doctors at Mulago and Kenyatta Hospital, surveyors, architects, engineers, accountants, broadcasters ... You are artists, writers, playwrights, poets, 1414 1415 1416 1417 1418 Military and you police chiefs, I see you are studying the situation and plotting the next step; 1419 1420 1421 1422 1423 You Permanent Secretary Making a Minister's Speech, You Party Leader Standing on top of Land-Rover Addressing the Market Crowd, 1424 1425 1426 1427 You are the African Ambassador to the United Nations, Your Excellency speak, 1428 1429 1430 1431 1432 1433 1434 Tell the world in English or French, Talk about the African foundation on which we are building the new nations of Africa. 1435 1436 1437 1438 1439 1440 You scientist looking for the truth I see at the top Bald Head Between mountains books Brilliant from Sweat, Can you explain the 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View Page 180 of 183 1441 African Philosophy 1442, on which we reconstruct 1443 Our New Societies? 1444 1445 1446 1447 1448 1449 1450 1451 I hear a faint flute playing in the moonlight, This is the melody of Leopold Sengor of African socialism, Do you hear that distant drum? Isn't that Ujamaa Mwalimu Nyerere? 1452 1453 1454 1455 1456 1457 1458 1459 1460 1461 1462 1463 1464 1465 1466 1465 1466 Osagyefo is silent, the anthem of United Africa sank by the sound of a weapon! Tell me you're a student of communism, and you're a history professor, Senegalese blood flowing in Karl Marx's veins? And Lenin, was he born in Arusha? 1467 We will build 1468 New Town on Hill Page 151 1469 1470 1471 1472 1473 1474 Overlooking the Lake, Concrete, Steel, Stone ... Termit queen-mother will starve to death ... Wide avenues, spacious gardens, parks, swimming pools... 9/21/2010 Africa: Leopold 11 Belgium, Bismarck ... 1480 1481 1482 1483 1484 1485 Streets will be named after the great explorers, David Livingston, Henry Stanley, Speke... We won't forget Carl Peters ... 1486 1487 1488 1489 1490 1491 'Hannington Park' In memory of the bishop killed by the Mwangi people, if we can track them down, we will hang them for a crime. 1492 1493 1494 1495 1496 1497 1498 1499 1500 1502 1503 1504 You are a young soldier guarding a border post, do you know when this sacred border was drawn? Which of your ancestors founded the area of your beloved country? No street will be named after Mansa Suleiman of Ancient Mali, 1505 1506 1507 1508 1509 It just does not matter as the Greek goddess Artemmis, the stingy king He gave us nothing; Page 181 of 183 1510 Mohammed Askia 1511 The Great Monarch of Songhai, 9/21/2010 African Writers Series - Print View 1512 1513 1514 1515 1516 1517 1518 1519 What's the Hollow Name? Nilotic Chiefs Labongo and Gipir were known for their quarrels over the spear and for splitting open the baby's belly to get the ball! 1520 1521 1522 1523 Let the kings of Ghana Roth in the land, We will forget the rulers of Monomatapa ... 1524 1525 1526 1527 1528 As for Shaka zulu General, How can we praise him when he was completely defeated and killed by his brothers? Page 182 of 183 1529 What proud poem 1530 Can we write 1531 For the vanquished? © Okoth p'Bitek Manor 1966, 1967 NOTE - Footnote 1 Salt is extracted from the ash of some plants, as well as from the ash of pet manure. The ash is placed in a container with small holes on the bottom, then pour on the ashes, and the salt water is collected in another container placed below. Useless salt-free ash is then thrown in the way and people step on it. Footnote 2 Divinity of The Chiefs. Other deities of leaders possess only people in the leader. But Labeya even has outsiders, such as her mother's brother. Footnote 3 Lawala is a hunting game. Cooro is an infusion game. Footnote 4 is believed to be caused by a giant reddish-brown bird that is almost identical to poultry. When he opens his wings lightning flashes and thunder is called 9/21/2010 African Writers series - Print View Page 183 of 183 when his blows with his powerful bolt. Footnote 5 Odure is a nickname for little boys who like to sit in the house when their mother cooks. It was received from a little boy with the same name, whose penis was burned by fire from the furnace. tuberculosis of the spine, hence the Hunchback. Footnote 8 Jackson Parasico : Francis Tomcon : Thompson Guglielmo : William Irico : Eric Footnote 9 Medikijedeki : Milchizedek Gilirigoloyo : Gregory Footnote 10 Pagak is a place without return, the estate of death. It is also the name of the ghost that causes tuberculosis of the spine, hence the Hunchback. Note 12 'Killer of locusts', Lake Albert in Uganda - Footnote 13 Mount Kenya Copyright © 1996-2010 Proquest Ltd. All rights are reserved. 9/21/2010 song of lawino full text pdf free download. text pdf

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