

HUMANITY HAILS FROM AFRICA

What is here to stay?
Terminologies come and go
Empires come and go
Kingdoms come and go
I came and I will go
You came and you will go.

But the Earth is here to stay
And its inhabitants
Both rocks and vegetation
And the water on it
In any changed form
All are here to stay

Above all man
Man is here to stay
Both Satan and God agree
That man will exist
Either in Hell or Heaven
Man will stay
Either in the sorrows of Hell
Or the happiness of Heaven
Man will stay

If Man stays
Humanity too
Will stay

Humanism
Is just a term.
Reflected in different styles
In different places

In Africa
President Kaunda of Zambia
Was Called
A Humanist in Africa

He had lit the match
What scientists would call
"Critical Mass"
Before explosion occurs

President Nyerere of Tanzania
Picked it up
And called it "Ujamaa"
With socialist connotation

In Uganda
Ex-President Milton Obote
Had called it
Common Man's Charter

In Kenya
It was called African Socialism
Enshrined in Sessional Paper No. 10

In other places
It exists
In other guises
And other forms
But all of it

Is Humanism

When the Christians meet
They call it
Loving your neighbour as yourself
All of it
Is Humanism

And WEMO just imitates them all
And calls it
Taking what you need
And Giving what you have
Of Love, Kindness, Peace, Hospitality,.....
Maybe Hate too
If you have nothing else to give

That is
Humanism
Which is possible
To exist
If you want it
To stay.

VISIONS FROM EARLY YOUTH 1973

I was small then, and smelled the burning grass of spring,
And dreamed of later days when the grass would be deeply golden
And sweetly swaying beneath the honeysuckle;
Melting into the sounds of evening - crickets;
The vibrant winds below the silent wings of night -
To feel them within an expanse of the mind, and a day
Done in a thoughtless ecstasy of now, without a care
For that which was gone. It was a hush before another tomorrow,
A tranquil gaiety long forgotten in the light of later days.

I felt a joy I could not express, wanted not expressed,
And danced and fled the static pen of time in my own mind's eye,
To fall into depths beneath the wind and gaze solidly
Into the broad expanse of a motionless blue above,
Dotted with clouds of time. And the sunlight fell in brightness,
Then in slanted pallor upon my natural haven
Where I was borne, where I would live, and where I would forever sing
In timeless rhythms of the endless fragrances and golden warmths
Of the eternal summertime, and where my heart would ache upon its
Growing border, as my wistful dreams stood waiting on its dwindling edge,
Hoping all might rise again one day, in majesty, beyond the alien fields.

P.D.P.

THE CRADLE 1967

The hush is black, the blackness warmth,
The feeling electric - total anonymity in weakness;
Not an expectation, not a self understanding,
Just a self contentment. A oneness, a newness.
Security, Animation of infinitude - its touch;
It's calling me back. But I will not go - for I do not understand.

P.D.P.

VISIONS FROM THE CRADLE 1973

The hollowness glittered in the enveloping silence,
And as this purest solitude became a part of me,
In a hush and big as the cradle sky a hand drew near,
And touched my unknown face as if it were the hand of God;
Though I knew no God, and knew no vision of the distant past.

I had not the thoughts that, now at rest upon this lowly page,
Have flown in haste from out cathartic monuments of time;
And thusly read for this first time, do now imbue with words,
Do truly indicate what once these moments meant to me,
Though then within the cradle of my life they meant no less -

The warmth of breath upon my eyes as from a shuttered wind;
The tenderness taken unafraid - by that other self
So unconcerned that future days and thoughts might see them gone,
Save for the blissful dreams of unknown realms; beyond the world
Where all that beautiful touch of love might fade in dwindled age;

A world where long and far I searched the touch the hand bestowed,
Though nowhere could I revel in its forms within the wind,
Or in the forest trees or in the creatures that were there,
Or in the shimmering sparkle of a sleeping city;
And nowhere saw it as I roved from year to dying year.

Until one night when forest darkness fell upon me; lone
Save for a dying frantic bird upon the crusty earth,
The angled moonlight saw me hold its trembling body close,
Until that scene grew large and larger still upon my mind -
As if the tiny bird were I and I the mighty Hand -
'til from that moment's thought I never was unloved or sad again.

P.D.P.

P.S.

The Spirit of African Humanism
could thrive to the Glory of God and
Human dignity if we were less anxious
to experiment on the killing capacity
of the latest weapons and the
practicability of dominant ideas. But
my Brother M'Wjaria tells me that this
is just half-time and we are waiting for
the whistle to blow for the second half
to spearhead.....

WEMO

FEBRUARY 13, 1976

UNB dumps Bloomers

The UNB Red Bloomers used winning ways on the record to an unchallengeable first place standing. League teams have now lost three games.

Friday night the Bloomers, the St. F.X. Xettes, undefeated on their home turf. The UNB squad led the during the first half but was never more than 7 points ahead. The Xettes made a drive at the first half to close the narrow 28-26 lead for Bloomers.

The Xettes returned to the second half determined to lead. They only got ahead 2 points early in the half.

UNB then settled down to a firm grip on the game with their three tall play

Born

By TOM BEST

The Black Bears, UNB wrestling team, have been crowned weekend meets as they defeated the Atlantic Universities Association (AUA) champions next weekend.

Two weekends ago, the team traveled to the Acadia wrestling meet to compete against teams mainly from other clubs. UNB finished second in the 142 pound division and took two first place points behind Dalhousie.

George Pineau captured the 142 pound crown while Dave Born said that the two well" and added that the have good chances to win categories in the AUA.

Good performances were from Dave Saunders, who placed second in the 150 class, Cuthbertson and Ian I both coming third in the 1

UNB S

By TOM BEST & DAN

The UNB Saltos wrestling team split into two sections over the weekend and reaped a first and second place in Moncton and York respectively. Four coaches travelled to York to compete against some of the top teams in Canada while the to the Universite de

Invitational. Pierre Gervais, Mike Bob Johnson, and Ken went to the York meet with coach Don Eagle to go against

Sport
DE
TUE