

AFRICANISM

MAOC - What do you have to say, My son?

WEMO - Good News!

MAOC - No News is Good News!

WEMO - This one is different. Just listen. A cat has just jumped out of My head. It entered a basket and jumped out because it did not want to kick the basket. It took refuge in CHSR. They didn't allow it to talk because they have another one. So it went next door to 'The Brunswickan'.

MAOC - Jargon! As Usual. No good. Just a tale.

WEMO - Old age is affecting your imagination Father! What I am simply saying is that The Brunswickan is the refuge for my ideas. This one is on AFRICANISM.

MAOC - What does Africanism mean?

WEMO - Africanism is a philosophy based on multiplicity of both indignant and foreign ideologies considered relevant to solving continental problems and meeting the needs and challenges of a continent with diversified but integral nations of the African Continent.

MAOC - Why do you incorporate foreign ideologies into your originality of a new term?

WEMO - First Africa can't live in isolation. Secondly whatever originality there was there before has been long suffocated during the scramble for Africa. Thirdly we are emerging as a product of foreign influence. Finally skeletal ideas have failed and we therefore wish to try a hybrid!

MAOC - I am starting to be proud of you! Take a copyright for this.

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The Brunswickan March First, 1976
By WEMO [Year of our Lord] A.D.

Life and Death some say...
Playing cards were they
The stakes were high
And all gathered by.

Life's hand was betrayed,
When Death's glaze...
Over Life's cards strayed.

- In destroying Life, Death too would fall
- This is why, the bluff he dared not call.

To Life... the reverse, no truth did hold.
The empty secrecy in Death's hand,
In time, will be read by man.

- Alas Death's hand will fold.

--Basil

GODSPEED

From the earthdown easy
the gaze will carry the gazer
the elbows will follow the eyes
To take the home with
into the night burning ashless and cold
flow
from the earthdown easy

For the dognight darkly
pants
exhausted empty breaths
scar

the spacious day
But the mindful
recall the night and
star the day

To leave behind your home
turning
into the space relaxed
full and listless
as the healthy spring
debts of gold
gold in the autumn
fall leaves
leaves behind your home

This godspeed unspelled
lends your journey
to the gentler pages of well-fed histories
and imagines you home
wherever you will be

- John Dempsey

FREEDOM 1967

Let me sit in a quiet shady glen;
Untrammelled by the minds of other men.
To rest against a tree and think of things -
Ideas, flown to me as if on eagle's wings.

To let the creations of the mind burst forth,
Impeded not by enemies and friends;
Shining in the heart with new-found worth;
Faded not by written means and ends.

To fall deep into my own greatest dream,
And rest my soul in far-off fairylands.
And paint, alone, a self-made vision of a stream
That flows with lines of hope from unchained hands.
P.D.P.

A TWISTED DESTINY

When the fair moon moans I will see you rise,
My distant brother is the other half of me -
In solitude and silence my heart has cried,
To awaken the just and the saints who died.

"He was brave she cried, he was strange,
His spiritual power had a hold over me -
Above me is my love, beneath me is my pain,
O confess my mortal flesh, who is vain?"

Is there not a garden that has no lies?
Where flowers do blossom like mortal cries -
With the gift of the wind and the morning dew
I will find the sunrise of a gardener I knew.

Woman and her inheritance is the cause of man,
Where death is only a beginning to create a plan -
The altar of life demands a symbol to love,
Where a struggle is free in its winding fate.

In the cotton fields of life 'the man' heard me say:
Tania is my destiny, Tania is my way -
Set her free from wealth, set her free from shame,
Because now I know, the robber of my name.

J. D. Quigley

Dedicated to: Patricia Hearst & Donald DeFreeze

WRITING

I don't know the words to write
But my mind says:
Put them down in such and such an order
Then my body gets restless and
My attention focuses on the paper and pen
And I write

WAS

A JOB WELL DONE

Wenceslaus A. Batanyita
Thank you
For a Job Well Done
In UNB
As SRC comptroller
On your match
Our of office
After a Job Well Done

Home is far
And so are
Home friends
But In UNB
A Friend of All
And friendly to All.
A Lasting friendship
You have established
Thank you
My Friend
For a Job Well Done

You entered small
For the cause
Of fellow students.
You Leave Great
After a Job Well Done
To a greater service
To Humanity at Large.
Thank you again
For a Job Well Done.

Home awaits you
But here
You have bridged a gap
Towards Human Brotherhood
In a world so small
Yet so different
In Culture, Values, lifestyles...
But
Your Patience and Understanding
Has bridged the gap
By a Job Well Done.

Mother Africa beckons you
To make haste
And add a segment
In Tanzania
For the whole of
African Restoration.
While in Africa
Please remember
To Wave back
In the name of
Friendship and Co-operation
Respect from Accomplishment
In a Job Well Done.

SRC will miss you
UNB will miss you
And WEMO too
Among the rest
Who thank you
For A Job Well Done.

P.S.: A Good and Faithful servant will have
the idle penny added to him in gratitude. At
home it is Africanism!

WEMO