

Society of Young Nigerian Writers

Moonlight songs

for

Pa Nelson Mandela

**An Anthology of Poems in commemoration
and
celebration of Pa Nelson Mandela day
(18th of July, 2013).**



Edited by:

Wole Adedoyin

MOONLIGHT SONGS FOR PA NELSON MANDELA



**A Publication of the Society of Young Nigerian
Writers**

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Wole Adedoyin

Dedication

Dedicated to all the Contributors.

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For The Literary And Creative Development Of Nigerian Young Writers

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BRIEF HISTORY OF PA NELSON MANDELA



Nelson Mandela, born in 1918, South African activist, winner of the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize, and the first black president of South Africa (1994-1999). Born in Umtata, South Africa, in what is now Eastern Cape Province, Mandela was the son of a Xhosa-speaking Thembu chief. He attended the University of Fort Hare in Alice where he became involved in the political struggle against the racial discrimination practiced in South Africa. He was expelled in 1940 for participating in a

student demonstration. After moving to Johannesburg, he completed his course work by correspondence through the University of South Africa and received a bachelor's degree in 1942. Mandela then studied law at the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. He became increasingly involved with the African National Congress (ANC), a multiracial nationalist movement which sought to bring about democratic political change in South Africa. Mandela helped establish the ANC Youth League in 1944 and became its president in 1951.

The National Party (NP) came to power in South Africa in 1948 on a political platform of white supremacy. The official policy of apartheid, or forced segregation of the races, began to be implemented under NP rule. In 1952 the ANC staged a campaign known as the Defiance Campaign, when protesters across the country refused to obey apartheid laws. That same year Mandela became one of the ANC's four deputy presidents. In 1952 he and his friend Oliver Tambo were the first blacks to open a law practice in South Africa. In the face of government harassment and with the prospect of the ANC being

officially banned, Mandela and others devised a plan. Called the “M” plan after Mandela, it organized the ANC into small units of people who could then encourage grassroots participation in antiapartheid struggles.

By the late 1950s Mandela, with Oliver Tambo and others, moved the ANC in a more militant direction against the increasingly discriminatory policies of the government. He was charged with treason in 1956 because of the ANC’s increased activity, particularly in the Defiance Campaign, but he was acquitted after a five-year trial. In 1957 Mandela divorced his first wife, Evelyn Mase; in 1958 he married Nomzamo Madikizela, a social worker, who became known as Winnie Mandela.

In March 1960 the ANC and its rival, the Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC), called for a nationwide demonstration against South Africa’s pass laws, which controlled the movement and employment of blacks and forced them to carry identity papers. After police massacred 69 blacks demonstrating in Sharpeville (*see* Sharpeville Massacre),

both the ANC and the PAC were banned. After Sharpeville the ANC abandoned the strategy of nonviolence, which until that time had been an important part of its philosophy. Mandela helped to establish the ANC's military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation), in December 1961. He was named its commander-in-chief and went to Algeria for military training. Back in South Africa, he was arrested in August 1962 and sentenced to five years in prison for incitement and for leaving the country illegally.

While Mandela was in prison, ANC colleagues who had been operating in hiding were arrested at Rivonia, outside of Johannesburg. Mandela was put on trial with them for sabotage, treason, and violent conspiracy. He was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment in June 1964. For the next 18 years he was imprisoned on Robben Island and held under harsh conditions with other political prisoners. Despite the maximum security of the Robben Island prison, Mandela and other leaders were able to keep in contact with the antiapartheid movement covertly. Mandela wrote much of his

autobiography secretly in prison. The manuscript was smuggled out and was eventually completed and published in 1994 as *Long Walk to Freedom*. Later, Mandela was moved to the maximum-security Pollsmoor Prison near Cape Town. Mandela became an international symbol of resistance to apartheid during his long years of imprisonment, and world leaders continued to demand his release.

In response to both international and domestic pressure, the South African government, under the leadership of President F. W. de Klerk, lifted the ban against the ANC and released Mandela in February 1990. Soon after his release from prison he became estranged from Winnie Mandela, who had played a key leadership role in the antiapartheid movement during his incarceration. Although Winnie had won international recognition for her defiance of the government, immediately before Mandela's release she had come into conflict with the ANC over a controversial kidnapping and murder trial that involved her young bodyguards. The Mandelas were divorced in 1996.

Mandela, who enjoyed enormous popularity, assumed the leadership of the ANC and led negotiations with the government for an end to apartheid. While white South Africans considered sharing power a big step, black South Africans wanted nothing less than a complete transfer of power. Mandela played a crucial role in resolving differences. For their efforts, he and de Klerk were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1993. The following year South Africa held its first multiracial elections, and Mandela became president.

Mandela sought to calm the fears of white South Africans and of potential international investors by trying to balance plans for reconstruction and development with financial caution. His Reconstruction and Development Plan allotted large amounts of money to the creation of jobs and housing and to the development of basic health care. In December 1996 Mandela signed into law a new South African constitution. The constitution established a federal system with a strong central government based on majority rule, and it contained guarantees of the rights of

minorities and of freedom of expression. Mandela, who had announced that he would not run for reelection in 1999, stepped down as party leader of the ANC in late 1997 and was succeeded by South African deputy president Thabo Mbeki. Mandela's presidency came to an end in June 1999, when the ANC won legislative elections and selected Mbeki as South Africa's next president.

“SALUTE TO A VETERAN.”

Firstly, it is an honour
To paste my black ink on white paper,
All because of Pa Nelson, the veteran
Who fought for liberation...
In the gruesome days,
Of apartheid regime and racial discrimination
Here is a man of humble stature
An elder, so highly resilient
Who spent years inside prison, for my greener pasture...
Twenty seven years of retribution
Oh what calamity, Oh what retribution

A few reach the peak of such greatness
When obstacles arise in the land of mixed cultures
He stood on trial without denial
Among valiant comrades of the Rivonia trial
Wearing curly brown Lion's skin
Royalty of the Thembu tribe at heart
An active activist of humanity

Isolated by captivation on Robben Island,
Showcasing exceptional longevity

Yes indeed, it is an honour
To fuse poetry, in celebration of his legacy
A man who led, Umkhonto We Sizwe
The Renaissance of the African National Congress
Oh hail Madiba, Oh hail Rholihlala,
God was ecstatic, in creation of thee,
Never held rifles, to find a solution
Non-violent soldier, a man of peace
Who negotiated peaceful talks...
And because of his wisdom, his courage, his strength
I can live in a peaceful country,

Achieving livelihood goals, of such greater length
How can a man-repay such a great man
Thinking of all these privileges
As Pa Nelson lies, in a private Pretoria hospital
Polluted by all kinds of paparazzi
My heart aches in pain, salty tears run down my cheeks

His condition may be critical
His condition may be unstable
But long live Pa Nelson
I salute you my veteran!

Lazola Pambo

Note: *My poem titled, "Salute to a Veteran," is in commemoration of the life and history of the elderly statesman, Mr Nelson Mandela.*

The poem is about the trials and tribulations which Pa Nelson faced during the Rivonia trial, his imprisonment in Robben Island and his fight against racial discrimination.

ROLIHLAHLA:

Bare footed,
he traversed the horrible forest of enslavement.
Thorn pricked,
his vision as strong as a bolt cutter
to the chains binding the African,

he soldiered on Rolihklahla
carrying the spear that carries the fate of the nation,
a nation bleeding of slavery....
I owe you more than words to your bravery.

Rooted in the depths of Ubuntu,
your clairvoyance saw a glowing
nation ahead of Robbin Island.
You taught us to spell freedom
with our actions,
break free from the colonial cage
and indelibly proclaim freedom on an independent
freedom page.

For so long you spent a life in prison,
still you shouted 'Power to the people!'
Rolihlahla.....

We owe more than words to your magnanimity.

Born a warrior out of indignation,
frustrated and incarcerated
in a quest to macerate his ethos,
Girded with no sword in prison,

he fought an unwavering war
using the word to persuade and liberate.
Succumbed the gruesome wounds of apartheid,
driven by the whims of the natives,
the innocent cries of children
traumatised for being the black selves they are...
He soldiered on Rolihlahla
and his efforts were not in vain.

For so long you spent a life in prison...
You shouted, 'Power to the people',
for so long you lived a horrible life
in a quest to bring down the curtains of apartheid,
still you shouted 'Equity and democracy'.
For so long you fought a war against racism,
we cherish the fruits of the seeds you sown with
determination,
We owe you more than words Rolihlahla.
For this rainbow that shines across Afrika...
Long live Mandela.

Edward Dzonze

Note: *The poem captures the life and history of Nelson Mandela in his quest to liberate the people of Africa from colonialism and apartheid. The poem talks both to the reader and Mandela. Its an epitaph to Nelson Mandela and a narrative poem to the reader where the personae takes the reader through paces on the contributions made by Mandela*

FREEDOM AT LAST

As every other soul I seek to live
Not just without a soul to believe
I see things that hamper man's fate
In all, it pierces the very essence of faith

The hunters are awake before dawn
How do I look at the small white vultures?
That devours our land with impunity
How do I learn with much pressure?
Is there more to existence than this?

The eagle cannot fly with ease
Arrows are been shot in lies
Freedom is far yet near
How does one feed in a year?
The more you look the more you sink

Chains of frustration hangs like a cloak
No one watches the clock
Black is now a curse
I have to fight this course

My pen is my voice in action
Let our right be return now
White is only but a colour not supremacy
Coals of fire can not deter my mission

The gods has smiled on us
Nature cannot even question us
Patiently I have waited for it
Even my blood was on the line
It cannot be questioned

Our leaves are turning green
The soil is ready for fertilization
I can hear the jingling sound of the bell
Years of struggles are finally over

Black is now beautiful to behold
Determination is what I have seen
This shall be a song to my generation
Mandiba brought us this far
Freedom at last!

As the flower smiles to heavens
It bring succour to those who believe in your dreams
Patriots that lie still beneath the earth
All can feel the peace of your achievement
I see abundance of rain in Africa
The seed of your pain is the smile of all

Ruth Ifunanya Afoka

Note: *This is a contemporary poem which entails the state of despondency of the people of South Africa during the apartheid era. Their struggles could be felt through the poet's voice. Therefore, the poem depicts the agony Mandela and his co patriots were able to overcome in order to regain freedom.*

IT WAS YOU I SAW

Like the shrewd gaze of a ravenous child at
A pulpy avocado beneath its tree
Stood I watching the spectacular sunset
With a strange shadow clinging to its tail
I wondered what it was and where went they (both)

It was yet the early night plays
With tattered peers from the suburban 'hoods
When the sun left the sky;
Darkness loosened and the earth grew dim and cold
Sprouting in me a torturing fear
I closed my eyes while tears sneaked down my cheeks
I clenched my teeth and my body trembled

The moonlit night played its flute
Tempo rose and tempo fell
But the sweet seasoned songs
Could not play our weary feet

Was I dreaming? I asked myself
Pondering again and again the setting of the sun
Hours, days and weeks rolled passed me
Waking me into a fierce reality
Claws of hatred began to scratch my dry skin
The chariots of war at the fulcrum of my thoughts
Oh, the man in man!

“We’re in trouble,” I cried, as did every kid
Before it dawned on me that *trouble* was even our best.
I sat watching the dawning of every morning
My curiosity in my bare palms;
Anger beclouding my vision
For eons I waited ‘till dark clouds motioned
My disbelief into discontentment
“Why was the sun taken from the sky?
Why was it held this long? Often I asked

‘Till black Noemia de Sousa spoke:

“Joao was stolen from us...

But Joao lives in us...

And because Joao lives in us

Joao was not stolen from us...”

Then at one fell swoop, dimples bubbled

Upon my gleeful cheeks

Watching the sunrise, hand in hand

With some man brighter

His bruised face was for his larder of wisdom

With which the earth *is* ruled

Now upon the thatched roof of Africa lives the sun

And in us too. Shoulders swung left and right,

Hands clasped religiously

Hatred giving way to forgiveness

Anger melting into peace

Every kid was glad that the sun rose again

I was and I am glad that it was you I saw return

And now the earth shall forever bow at thy bruises

Kwarsen Hoi

***Note:** The poem is a young boy's expression of immense fear and disillusionment on the day Pa Nelson Mandela was taken to jail. He equates the sun to his hero, whose absence from Africa leaves the entire universe dark, dim and cold. The subsequent return of the sun turns hatred into love, vengeance into forgiveness and crisis into peace. The bruises of his hero symbolize character and virtue which the world will forever celebrate.*

THE FALL OF PRISON WALL

All I see is confusion in the air,
One cannot blink without fear,
Children sleep with tears in their eyes,
Not even mother can save the situation,
Even the rain has ceased its showers,
Nature seems to have deaf ears,
The more I clock the more I tremble.
Who will come to our rescue?

Bang Bang is sound that wakes me.
The havens has refused to smile on us,
The mud smears our faces like power,
Endless pain feels the air.
It's the one blunt domination
From the colonial, the white opportunist.
With all who'd been henpecked. And I
Determine "Don't Barricade Me In."

I can feel the warmth of this coming breeze,
The old women now lift up their head in pride,
The children can now play with smiles,
One's heart dances at the sight of peace,
Even the waves sing praises of him,
Bless is the womb that bore thee.
The mind is the hardest thing to change,
But in this case, millions mind were change.
The change that was not only visible amongst us,
It came and spread the entire terrestrial ball.
The mountains skip and move,
One man squad that made a difference,
Millions of lives were touched and transformed

Answers to our age's prayer.

On this contend the prison walls crumbled.

Something exemplary is taking shape

The resolves hunt and unearth.

A nation's pantheons of Bona fide Worth restore

Now, echoes of joy surround the air, "A better place"

Loving hymns howling, seemliness of robustness,

Redemption song filled the air,

Evidences stood faultless and impeccable.

I promenade into the fame hall like an angel,

Plunging into unforeseen grace; all the seals of affliction

Turn into refine diamond, its light beaming aim aft into
flight.

Nobility, fortitude and fave suddenly visited,

Everyone calling him by different names,

Mandiba, Hero, African King, World Peace maker,

one who's revere, one who's cherish, one who became
an idol.

Yet, humility a trademark, justice and equity a hallmark,

Those close to me, are astound, each time,

By my wisdom tantrums, respire when they melt away.

Victor Izuchukwu UZOMA

Note: *The poem exposes the throe Mandela overcame to establish freedom. It's à la mode poem that encompasses state of disconsolateness of South Africa during the era of the apartheid. The struggles they experienced are meant to be felt through the poet's voice.*

NELSON MANDELA AND THE APARTHEID

The underlying motives of the so called policies
Were driven by perceived superiority by some
And rejection of the same by others
Some lacked understanding that man was not to
dominate another fellow man
But still there was one...
This one refused to accept the 'norm'
For the norm was not normal!
Barbarism had eaten at the heart of humanity
And men were too blind to see

That strife and wars should not be because you look
different from me

The history books would have revealed a different
motive

If not for one...

This one...who was prepared to live for his beliefs,

This one...who was prepared to die for his beliefs...

This one...the 'chosen one' was the one who chose!

Locked up and caged like a bird for twenty seven years

But the real prisoners were those on the outside,

Whose minds were bound by the wrong ideologies

Nelson Mandela, you are the one

Your path was not chosen for you, you chose your path

Indeed, you are a beacon of light

And though your flesh will give in some time

Your legacy continues on the earth

I do not call you a hero; neither do I call you an idol

I do not call you a political giant- the term used loosely
is now nearly abysmal

A father, a friend, a mentor, a kinsman

A brother, an uncle, a grandpa, a fellow

A fighter, a rebel, a terrorist, an enemy
A king, a loyalist, defender of the causes...
Many will write and perhaps rightly so
But I say what you said, for a man of true conviction is
nearly always right
You, Sir, are quite simply, an ordinary man!
'An ordinary man who had become a leader because of
extra ordinary circumstances'
Today, we still live in extra ordinary circumstances...
The terrorism, the corruption
The intolerance, the economic depression
The crime, the violence...
Rumours of wars, child soldiers and all other madness
The earth now awaits more 'ordinary men'
Madiba has done his part
A fitting tribute is to take our place
But as always, it starts with one...

Nonyem Odili

Note: *A fitting tribute to Nelson Mandela with a dramatic twist as to what his tribute really means. Whilst*

it praises his accomplishments, it gives an unbiased, balanced view of his legacy. Some perceive him to be a hero, and others a criminal but there was an undeniable fact highlighted.

MANDELA

Mandela,
Colony of thousand hyenas
Crude oil that have flesh and breath
Aroma of fresh *Okazi* soup
Mandela, Pure gold in the belly of South Africa
Black Sun, black moon
Whose rays are hybrid love and strive
Whose beams illumine my black sky
Black Whale that swallows the net meant to catch it
Mandela, my African hero my warrior.
Yesterday, you lead ANC
Against scourge of apartheid
Apartheid which weaved fetters upon black necks,
Against strong lords
Who crushed black voice under the heat of oppression,

Yesterday, she rendered songs of sorrow
For fetters which refused to be broken
For dreams quenched before ripe time
For the incessant wailing of crushed children.
But now, now in our post-colonial era
Yours sing songs of freedom.
Mandela, who walked bear-footed on molten magma,
I celebrate you
My pen too salute you
O! Mandela, let me join Africa to play your drums:
To play you *Ikitiko, Ekere, Ngu*
And the tom-toms of gratitude with my pen
Let earth hear the rolling beats of risen Africa.

Mandela
Who the stars stare at and smiles so deep,
Tell me, can a toxic-rain darken the rainbow?
For when you smoke a fish in the rack
It last longer in the basket,
What cannot kill a man only make him stronger:
Africa have become the super head gold
That withstands the goldsmith's hammer.

But Africa,
Let us never forget those travails in a haste
Nor steamy sweat sacrificed at the altar of freedom
Let us never swallow the song of heroes,
Heroes who for love dare lions in the face.

Now to you all who bear the staffs,
Africa waits to celebrate you
While breath still dance in between your nostrils
Africa waits to chant you songs
Like the songs of Mandela,
But let corruption be thrown to the dogs
Let tyranny quench at the feet of democracy
Let resource embezzlement go to hell
Let no one give deaf ears to the street Man.

Africa! Africa!
I sing the emulation of Mandela
I sing the song of love
Join me

Benstowe, Fubara Anari

Note: *The poem begins with an encomium to Pa Nelson Mandela for his struggle against Apartheid and to Africa at large, the poem also encourages all African leaders to emulate Him by saying no to corruption, quench tyranny, rebuke resources embezzlement and listen to the needs of the street man.*

explicate: *Okazi* soup is a delicious soup known for its richness in Bonny Kingdom Rivers State Nigeria, it is generally thick and expensive to prepare.

Okitiko is a kind of a carved wooden musical instrument that produces different tones when struck at different parts, it is played in Bonny Kingdom Rivers State Nigeria and other parts of Nigeria like the Igboland and other parts of Ijaw ethnic group in Nigeria.

Ekere is a small hollow-shaped wooden musical instrument that produces high pitch when struck and is usually used by town criers and drummers in many parts of Nigeria.

The Ngu is a eight or seven set of waterpot-shaped musical instrument that produces different sounds respectively used in most part of the Ijaw ethnic group in Nigeria.

ANC: African National Congress, a multiracial nationalist movement which is established to bring about democratic change in South Africa.

BLACK AFRICA

The voice of black Africa
Is calling
Can be heard on the plains
Its howling
Crooning for Her son
Her father
He has been taken
The winds whisper
He is barricaded behind
Some high rise walls

We can see him

No longer

I am here Black Africa

I am here for

The redemption of my own

They have chained me

In Pollsmoor

They have put in me

A dying disease

Yet I am here

I am alive

And my voice still

Rings out

From the docks

No, No, mother Africa weeps

For her son

Yet her father

Oh tender child of Madiba

The pride of my black loins

Oh beautiful, beautiful one

Rolihlahla!
I look for you
Yet cannot find
Your potent voice
But I see the ideal
For which you would die

I am here, Mother Africa
I am alive
I am no more
Behind bars
Rivonia could not catch me
Verster could not keep me
Not even Pollsmoor
I carried Black Africa
In me
They could not bear that
They could never win Black Africa
We prevailed at last

Adebayo Caleb

Note: *The poem is a celebration of the life of Nelson Mandela, mentioning specific places that formed his life and human existence, from the days of struggle for freedom to the day of his eventual freedom. There are two voices; that of Mother Africa and that of Nelson Mandela.*

SINGING FOR TATA MANDELA

Take not the sound of our wailing for sorrow.
Know that our tears are not of sadness.
If possible, more voices we will borrow,
So the lyrics of our songs will not be taken for madness.
Africa will sing along with us aloud.
From Dakar to Kumasi, our voices will echo.
Bring your cymbals, azonto is allowed.
Let our chests crawl along the walls like gecko.
Tell Zambia to rise and sing.
Ban Chang'aa in the streets of Kenya today.
Mount the gongs and put on the ring.

Make singing and dancing the job of the day.
Let us sing for Tata Mandela,
Raise your voices and shout Madiba.

We gather today to honour a father,
The sunbow testifies to his glorious life.
The clouds o'erhead which gather,
Are there to pay homage to his hive.
The rain will fall to bring back the time,
When waves of selfless struggles and strives,
Washed away apartheid kingdom with mime,
And ensured that justice and equity thrive.
We remember the orchestrator and dance,
Dance with vigour to the singing of his name.
We prick and shake the earth with lance,
To drive to the earth the seeds of his fame.
For they are too holy to fade.
Their books must grow for our children to wade.

Tata, we humbly sing your praises,
Wave us on, so our sweats will flow.
Rolihlahla, we are here to present our phrases,

Smile to us, so our wrappers can blow.
Nelson, we have brought you yams,
Let your tender voice give the order,
So we can slaughter the white rams,
And celebrate with songs beyond our border.
Madiba, we raise our hands in salute,
The spirits of Soweto's children are with us.
Take from us and blow gently into the flute,
Lead us in the procession and sacrifice the ox.
Dalibunga, it is you we have come for,
Mandela, it is you we want at the fore.

Babatunde Idowu Ebenezer

Note: *The poem is a triple sonnet singing for and eulogising Nelson Mandela commonly refer to as Tata (father) among his people.*

MANDIBA'S VOICE

Voyage of Time in Africa

bore and bears
the legacy of 'Mandiba'
Forest owls know
the nights of his presence
in search of Liberty
like a torch in the dark

When the river of incarceration
increased in flux
his eyes said
'it will soon dry
like the rain of a yester-night'

In day
at night
his heartbeat
never went low
in tone

South-African soil
saw Hope
in a clearer robe

like eyes before a Telescope
when Mandiba's voice
rebuked sugar canes of oppression
to be granted by white hands
to 'black' throats

' 'black' mouths
can blow the trumpet of life too'
were the words
he launched
where missiles of insane spirits
ruined huts
like a flood in the city

Apartheid was a sun
that scorched only ' blacks'
Mandiba,
you are the Sun
replacing it
shining for all to appreciate

Today,

Men raise the flag
of existence
where the soil is water-logged

Olomo Alexander Babatunde

***Note:** The poem, 'Mandiba's voice' recounts Nelson Mandela's stand for a liberal society. Stanzas 1-6 is of his non-relenting efforts towards his belief even in prison. The last, says men are now made strong and proud of their existence by him.*

LET ALL AFRICA HEAR

Pray, let all Africa lend me her ear
I, the least of them who this lyre should bear
For millions are there that have sung his name
But I too must not rest till I've done same.
He indeed is Africa's very son,
There be not many who have like him done;
Who have so much lain on struggle's altar
In the fight for freedom and similar

Rights. Some join the fight today, tomorrow
They lose strength the boat of struggle to row.
But he of whom I speak ever has been
True , constant in conditions fair or mean,
Imprisoned or free, under a ban or
Out of it, on trial or hard at labour.
And who has not heard of those Nile-long years
Of “apartheid” from family and peers?
The low-class inmate of Robben Island,
The daily breaking of rocks; a sore, sore hand
For a reward and gravel for making
Roads; roads of apartness? And each passing
Day, he had the dust of lime packed fast
In his eyeballs, thick ad thicker it cast
Day by day. Though the White wardens unfriendly
Being, they did not deter him his visionary
Dream to spread; the sight of a South Africa
In want of discrimination on racial
Grounds. Little by little did all catch this fire,
Dragging the gov’ment into the mire.
And the freedom fighters on the outside
Did take up harmless arms on Madiba’s side,

Arms of voice and paper, the vocal pen
These being stronger than ten million armed men
Did the damage by focusing the world's
Flashlight on this battlefield; the Cold War's
Poles uniting as well over one true
Cause. Man whatever he be does not eschew
Truth if it be glaring as the noon sun
Or better put, daring as Africa's Son.
Both the cold and the warm world came overbearing
Till the wall of apartness fell with a bang.
"Thus did Madiba win boundless freedom
For every race in th' African Kingdom."
These will the words which will conclude
The tale of South Africa's racial struggle
When it is been retold under moonlight
To generations of Africans to alight.
Then these hap'nings will be engraved on mine
Tomb-heart when I shall've passed my shine
But the legend of Madiba will live
On and on, though not in flesh he should live.

Ayegh Lubem David

Note: *Let all Africa hear is a fifty-line poem that seeks to extol Pa Nelson Mandela's virtues of focus and perseverance through so many challenges and ultimately seeks to cement his presence among the pantheon of Africa's legends.*

METAMORPHOSIS OF A GREAT MAN

A great Madiba!

Who was born without a silver spoon,

Growing in the agony of life,

Moving from egg to larva,

Oh! Metamorphosis of a great man, who

Was without the caring of his papa,

Who has ever great mission,

To pursue his juvenile vision,

Moving from larva to pupa with the struggle for
freedom.

Oh! Metamorphosis of a great man,

My head jingled like the bell's ring,

When I saw the man of all people,

Struggling in the injustice world of prison,
Nevertheless he fought the treacherous being,
When our eyes were filled with tears.

Why mother nature?
Why thou left the shell of thy creature?
To struggle drastically,
In the hands of the wicked nature,
Oh! The great peace maker,
The warrior for the masses,
The provider for the needy,
When shall thy get to the haven designed for you by the
creature?

You the minority among the majority,
Who never assume to be crowned,
But by chance fought for tolerance among the races,
Though there were many accusations,
You never answered racism for racism,
But ready for egalitarian society.

The great Madiba of the jungle!

Christened Nelson,
Though your lineage were not reckoned with,
But you were fortunèd,
Strived to sit among the reputed crowns,
A role model,
An ideal man,
Ever ready to fight for justice,
Who contributed for the generation of a democratic state.

Oh! The great persistent and desperate man,
Who never looked at criticism but,
Bridge the gaps among races,
One who never resist in building
A classless society,
Among who are denied of their rights.

Our ancestral father,
Though you are dilapidated like a shaky tree,
We your children hope for your
Quick recovery from your slumber,
When will you be reborn?
The great moon and sun,

The provider of light to days and night,
Oh! The great Madiba.

Christopher Samuel

***Note:** This poem is giving an expression about the metamorphosis of a great man; however, this term is used to analyze the life history of Pa Nelson Mandela. How he struggled to develop from childhood to adulthood with the absent of his father in addition this poem is composed of his legendary life and how he struggled in this injustice world and also, how he managed to execute his juvenile vision.*

Again, how lucky he was to acquire education with all accusations but never resist from developing a democratic state. Furthermore, how Pa Nelson Mandela fought for justice.

This poem also paints the portrait of Pa Nelson Mandela's political struggle and how he fought against racial discrimination to bridge the gaps among races.

SONG OF SEASONS

Walk through unpaved memory lanes
Listen to the song of seasons.

A firefly lit the path
From existence to life.
Waters now flow upstream,
Stones now soar higher than birds,
Gravity is being defied.
Liberty is the new law
Of the universe.

Then,
You need a permit to live,
And a permit to leave.
Life drooled out of dreams,
Leaving paintings of dreams on the walls
To dry and never to be seen.
Minds are emptied into rivers
Riverbank; junkyard of dreams.

Feet marched to their home-graves

For the love of things craved.
Lips mutter prayers,
Seeking peace,
Seeking stillness,
Seeking death.

As God is to the church,
So are uniform men to the street.
Dropping bullets like rain.
Feared and worshipped,
Praying for the mercies of guns
And the grace of bullets.

Today,
Dreams are painted like the rainbow
The icy cloud is in every palm.
The rain nurtures our growth
Filling our souls with pride.
We are leaves
Drifting away from the coast
Against the tides
To the black sandy beach.

Walk through unpaved memory lanes
Listen to the song of time.

Tolase Ajibola

Note: *The poem describe the apartheid system of ruling
and Nelson Mandela's struggle to put an end to it.*

POEM FOR PA NELSON MANDELA;

MADIBA

In him had good trust
And even loved ones dead died a natural cause
A good child of the family ANC
Good well enough for the world to see
Put behind bars for seasons
But deep in our hearts we know his fight was for a good
reason
Tata
Ur issue's one of the world matter
Rohlihlahla.....troublemaker

Well this one trouble
Turned round the table
Which ended a grave struggle
Nelson...the name given
Was it so to get even
Love arms outstretched
Holding left and right
Lesotho and Libya
Tata
Embracing the world and Africa
Hair grayed on knowledge deep
A shepherd which tendered his sheep
Clenched fist; outstretched in victory
Stern face; shone in glory
The tragedies of war carries with them a great sense of
loss
But you and your fellow blacks were ready for the costs
Under the thatched roof you hide
Not ready to give up to the tide
The challenge grew green
But you were alert with your flame of sort even unto
ones unforeseen

His intent to change matter
Of colours different, they meet
"No more black stand;white sit"
"Let us rule our own"
Heart craving for liberty
Let them know we are now grown
One given, one the world could see
Civilized bearing
Which merely conceived an ignorant and cruel nature
Skin tearing
War of rage, more on the color
Killer of hunger
Hunger for freedom
Freedom from slavery
Slavery....of skin
Of colour not our making
But with ink and paper, the candle you burn
Madiba
Madiba Africa

Abubakar Elizabeth Omeneke

Note: *The poem is an appraisal of life and achievements of Nelson Mandela; especially his remarkable and outstanding contribution towards change against apartheid in South Africa. In a rhythmic style it reflects the hazards of struggle but much persistence which outweighed it eventually.*

LIKE MANDELA

Like the sun,
Mandela rose
To shame the darkness
Unveiling the close.

Like the great tide,
He touched high and low
Impacting a print
Like the stamping blow.

Like the roof top,
He guided his home

In acts and words

He kept a tone.

Like a poem man,

He wrote the woes

Of steal of honours

So, he fought the go.

Like the parrot,

Mandela spoke

To the high and mighty

Without a stroke.

Like Iroko,

He stood so bold

To storm the weather

In the hot and cold.

Like the fresh air,

As good as gold

An helper he was

A smoother of road.

Like billion rosaries,
You can't count his goals
Paddle and saddle
Long still, you'll thrall.

Like the lion,
He deserves a throne
Crown him forever
With words and owns.

Like mandela,
Let my little grow
To make things better
That the world may glow.

Adelaja Ridwan Olayiwola

Note: *The poem aims at highlighting the greatness of a man of great greatness. A man of high honors and integrity. Mandela, my pride.*

FREEDOM CALL

Life was dedicated to human right and social justice
A genius with prevailing spirit and excellent character
An educationist, who inspired the learned
Noble peace prize winner, who conquered
A political martyr that made a difference
He never lost his humanity
But wanted humanity to be free

When forbidden to speak in public places
Or argue his case through writing
Resolved in disguising as an option
Real person in different persons
An option that paved way
As a taxi driver, as a window cleaner
He argued his way through

Never fought for himself
Twenty-seven years in prison weakened him not
Six times refused freedom for freedom sake
The freedom of black race was his mission

The mission impossible that became possible
The call from his family deterred him not
Though they needed him more around
But his take for freedom was his call

In his own words and belief
Freedom struggle is his life
The ideal he prepared to die
Killed the fear of what mortal will do
He was not afraid of the enemy of the oppressed
Determined to fight for a just cause
A set of people is under a curse
Freedom must take its course

Anti-white he was not
Superiority over blacks was his fight
All animals are equal before their maker
No one is superior, no one is inferior
Invaders cannot take our land
We cannot be slave in our fatherland
Suddenly, echoed in the air, we're free!
At last freedom has arrived

Anti-apartheid Hero he became
A leader full of courage and strength
He become a man of selfless leadership
A symbol of peace on the global face
He believes in equality of all men
A respecter of human dignity

The freedom fight took him to power
Only five years, he handed over
A case different in African ruler-ship
All in authority forcefully remain there
Through stolen elections they get there
He majestically rose there
Honourably went to retire
Proven to all he was a different specie

For this, we salute your effort
The road you took was rough and narrow
You chose it to liberate the course of your people
We cannot think of Africa without you
You are indeed the great lion of Africa!

Long live Pa Nelson Tata Mandela

Chioma Regina Obioha

Note: *It is an ode, a poem of 55 lines in honour and praise of the legendary role played by Nelson Mandela in liberation of black race. However, through figurative means, the poet was able to portray the extremity of the people's condition and their emancipation.*

MEMOIRS OF MANDELLA

For in the nights of
The people's existence
Yes, over a dark and starry night
Father Mandela spoke
Of hopes and lost voices
Of days long and gone
When we cried for freedom
On the streets of Sharpeville
And the soldier's gun sounded
Deep into our hearts and the eons of time

And it seemed the captivity will be forever
As if the child will not have its cry at last
As if the lost child of freedom
Will never come back

And I remember
In the lost streets of Soweto
Where blood, courage and history met
Mandela's voice looms above the gunshots
For the voice of Emancipation
Is as loud as the violent storm
That will sweep the dark nights away

And I remember:
Children crying all over the floor, spilling blood
Many gun-shots fired over our head as we protest
Free Mandela, Emancipation for the blacks
End Racism
But then, the guns kept blazing
But a new Ideology emerged in our hearts
Defining a new Renaissance in our hearts
And the Zulu Ancestors watched in glee

At this sorrow of darkness and despair
And the moon-light told tales of darkness, light and
freedom
And the moon shone over Mandela's jail
And told him time and seasons change
For emerging out of the sea of the people's hope
A great leader that could solve all riddles
And the light shone on the liberators Jail yet again
For it was time for a new dispensation
For hearts, Of hope, Of love and destiny
And the flowers of hope bud in our hearts
Making hope to alight in our heart
For the flower grew from the sweat of the oppressed
And love grew everywhere
Now and for the human race
A new dawn of hope
The sun shines in the sky
Now crowned King of Africa
Light of the people
MANDELA
Harbinger of hope

Babajide Olanrewaju

Note: *This poem talks about Mandela and his emergence as a nationalist and inspirational leader. It casts the apartheid era into which Mandela was born and over which he eventually triumphs as a period of darkness. It mirrors the experience of the black people of South-Africa as they were shot on the streets during their anti-apartheid protests.*

RHYMES OF MANDELA

There is a certain rhythm in my heart
That makes me sing the blues tonight
Where memories of my imprisonment hasten me
To a bright and sunny morning
Where hopes, tears and desires melt
Into an eternal trinity of expectations
And manifest in a man called Mandela
Into an eternal conscience of the heart
Where the ghosts and howls of Sharpeville

Perpetrated by the bloody gun-shots
Of Racist soldiers from the past
Of hopes resurrecting into a new day
Again, speaking the language of Mandela

And,

There is a certain rhythm in my heart
Of times past, present and future
Where the children sat on Mandela's lap
To listen to the sages of the political icon
Sing a new ideology into our hearts
Of conquests made of Racism forever
Of a new emerging hope, ideal and civilization
Of a new hope dawning in our hearts
And he thought his oppressors how to love

And,

There is a certain rhythm in my heart
Of the oppressors voice LOST:
In the tumultuous jubilation of Mandela's freedom
The smell of a thousand roses of freedom
Alighting on each and every heart

The Gun-shots of the racists cannot stop
The budding flower of hope
For the lawyer from Jail
Will reign in this land
And all sorts of divisionism will end
For it is the ignorant that think racism
The heart of man was made for freedom
And it finds an incarnation in Mandela
For a law that is unjust is not law
But a travesty of Justice
And an expression of ignorance
For the soldiers voice cannot forever sound
On the grounds made for freedom
And this rhythm goes on forever
Making the feet of the children of Africa to dance
And the whole world sings along
The music made by Madibas heart
And he dances along
World statesman and king of Africa
And the beat goes on forever
Repeat the dancing steps
For the guns of Racism

Shot in the streets of Sharpeville
Now transforms into the drums of freedom
Made by the melody in our hearts
And the lawyer from South-Africa
Towers higher than a mountain
MANDELA

Babajide Olanrewaju

***Note:** In this poem, I cast Mandela's experience as a song. Since music is in itself a cultural experience, the emergence of Mandela can and should be cast as a song. And in this experience, I also mention the sharpville massacre which was a major turning point of the anti-apartheid struggle.*

MANDELA LETTERS

And the smile of a thousand hearts
And the memories of a million years

All sinks into the sands of time
A memory for time to remember
A sizzle dazzle of a million hopes
All splattered in our hearts
Like rain from on high
And in a thousand years from now,
This sage will always be remembered
MANDELLA!!!!!!

And mothers shall tell their children the story
Of a thousand meanings of freedom
All defined by MANDELA
The hope of a thousand hearts
Memories of the sand till now
The redefinition of freedom
The Meaning and Apoethesis of a new age
Heralding:
FREEDOM like never before
Waters of Inspiration:
Gushing from the springs of freedom
And anyone who drinks
From the streams of Mandela

Is impregnated with his ideas of Emancipation
And you sage:
Fought without a gun
Liberating our minds and hands from mental and
physical slavery.

And the stiff and battles of war
And the tides, turns and tumults of history
Incarinate into a crystallization called Reality
Which is visualized as MANDELA!!!!
The evaporation of our waters of stories and tears
Now form into water clouds of stories and mercies
Which rains upon us Joys beyond boundaries
For with the coming of the crescent, shining one
Light alights upon our hearts and countenance
And a new pyramid of hope Is built in our land and
hearts
And here a new dispensation of freedom reigns
And new hearts clap together in laughter
A new fragrance of meanings and definitions of freedom
Bursting forth like a beautiful Rose of freedom
And the sweet smelling odour is everywhere

And the times, tribulations and desires shall pass
And what shall be left are THE MEMMORIES OF
THEE

A soft, silent voice ever sounding in our hearts

A new hope arising like a Volcano

Unstoppable by the nations

MANDELA!!

Babajide Olanrewaju

***Note:** In this poem, I try to caste Mandelas aspirations as generational. I try to look at him through the eyes of maybe 2 or 3 generations from now. Man's achievements are not just for the now but for generations and centuries to come and this is highlighted in this poem.*

MADIBA: (LETTERS FROM MANDELA)

From Mandela: To the people of Black Africa, Africa and the world:

Here am I in Robben Island
Two years after the massacre of Sharpeville
And truth is my only sword
Oh!! My people the battle rages
But the prisoners chains cannot keep me forever
And keep the flame of liberty burning in my prayers
For from my birth in Umtata
My father thoauth me to fight like the Zulu warrior that I am
And my head stands proud today
In the prison walls of glory
From which my heart craves FREEDOM

From the people of South Africa, Black Africa and the world:

Many a days you have spent
In this dark land of fury, tourmoil and despair
But everyday we toil for you
The shootings still continue just like the Sharpeville massacre
The departed dead souls still shout to the sun
But the journey to victory is certain
We the international press stand beside you
For the tyranny of the descendants of Hitler must end

From Mandela: To the people of Black Africa, Africa and the world:

I woke up this morning feeling pain
The pain of the injustice against my people
And as I look at the sun I cry
How many more years before hope is realized
And as I cast my letter on the seas of people
I know my message will go round the world
And voices of freedom shall be heard everywhere

From the people of South Africa, Black Africa and the world:

We are waiting and hopping for you
And even the monsters of Apartheid
Have been wounded with the sword of freedom

From Mandela: To the people of Black Africa, Africa and the world:

I was having my shower this morning
When the jailer came to set me free
Now waters of freedom caress my soul
Like a long lost lover
And now I can declare Uhuru to my people
And as I sat in the car

Conveying me to my house

I could remember the people's hopes

For I am pregnant with the expectations of the people

From the people of South Africa, Black Africa and the world:

Now, we are glad you are glad and free

For even the musicians sang and fought for your freedom

And we fought for your freedom

From the streets of Sharpville

Where the ghosts of the freedom fighters led us on

To the streets of America

Where the statue of Liberty declares freedom

From Mandela: To the people of Black Africa, Africa and the world:

And today I declare freedom

And right now my heart pounds with joy

For after all said and lost

And after I am now a sage of Africa

Note: *This poem depicts Mandela in a letter conversation with the people of South-Africa. It depicts*

*Mandela as a man with a biological tie as with a man
and his children with the people of South-Africa in
particular and the international press as a whole*

Babajide Olanrewaju

TAKE A STROLL

Before you close your eyes
And bow out in grandeur
Before you cease to know
That the sun rises to keep the day
And the stars dot the cloud at night
Listen to your voice in me
Life has everything to draw
From the prints of yours upon sand
Times will count down
And shadows will shift along
But the praise of you
Will remain on mortal tongues
Breathe from your South of Africa
To the West where I reside
Until these grains sing Africa proud

Shake this continent from her crust
Let thick dust rise
And fill every space
No, bow not yet
Until you have emptied yourself
Upon these grains you leave behind.
Let your legacy walk the streets
Let your virtue tear down the selfish
Let you voice teach in the classrooms.
Please take a stroll
Round and about my Africa
Break the wings of apartheid
Clad in different shades in our midst
For today it is black against black
While the white watch in total awe
Sure you'll meet the prisoners
And you'll give more concern to the one
Bound in shackles for no just cause
Tell him about the twenty seven stripes
That you bore on your back,
Tell him that The Man Died.

The man died to greed,
To everything so selfish kind
The man died to vengeful instinct
That bugs even a tiny infant
The man died to racism
And to its end you embraced white
Roar this day, O Lion of Africa
Stir up the beauty of the black race
So that when tomorrow comes
And you've flown with the wind
We'll still see you all over Africa
Living selflessly for all the lessons learned

**A dedication to our Legend of Africa, Pa Nelson
Mandela*

Anyi Charles Egbe

Note: *This poem, though it speaks to his Legendary Pa Nelson, it's a call for the replication of his life and legacies all over Africa.*

NELSON ROOT (NELSON MANDELLA).

Seize the desert, foot the rock.

Word sparsely as UK and GERMANY.

The cold night milky breeze, violate the morning dews.

Across the red sea, stand a man who sold his life for
redemption of many.

Ar-board the horror hosts of discriminational moving
ship,

 sit a man who traded his dove soul to free the hostage.

Great oak, tiny root, great minds.

Cottage of great African wall.

As far as north, our ancestral bone suffered pain.

Pure beauty of honey deal, an African will.

When the sunshine and the moon smile.

When the wind beat it's drum.

The river clap and the trees dance.

We can't, we are under captive.

Great cage like dangling rock cave.

From afar I saw the kids shading blood.

Pride lost and sweet sorrow inherited the heart.
Can't beat them join them.
Billion years of planting no harvest.
Prince and princess of Africa, lost choice.
A Pairs of stare, a thrice of horse whip (our mother
land).
Under the cover of the moon-less night.
They set traps destroy the hope of Africa.
Shading pain and subjection like water from the high
mountains.
They command and discriminate us.
Our back a saddle of horse course.
They suffered and pirate our beauty.
Our palms, a leaflets of sticking stitches.
They sit and violate of throne.
Our feet a mouldy stuck of bricks.
They steal our will, a natural will.
They took and punished our young and old.
They dehumanized our rosy ornament, source of our joy
(our dear mothers).
Save a bang and loose a sound.

Suddenly the young night die and a new singing day
came.

Sky open, great rain poured.

A child was born, not floating but a Moses.

His name is "MR. AFRICA NELSON ROOT".

Child with a native smile, a bead of peace.

He make no sacrifice to the gods but God.

Nelson root came, firmly he stood and proclaimed.

No is over, racial discrimination.

He command the world obey(Nelson Mandela).

He bathed the dirty and ease the pained.

Our once lost coin of peace, he found.

Our once broken pride and throne he reconstructs.

Our traitors spit fire, Nelson spit water.

In jail, he prevail- Mandela.

Above the earth below heaven.

Great Oak, giant Iroko.

Nelson a man with moral lesson.

Nelson, a thirsty man, cravings for our freedom (our
Africa).

Nelson a new owner of the world.

Blink of eyes dignity sprang, hate die.

He is Nelson Mandela,
The world greatest.
He is Nelson Mandela.
The father of new south Africa.
He is Nelson Mandela.
The owner of Africa.
He plant justice and harvest equal right.
Long reign Mr. Nelson Mandela.

Victor Achegbulu Oinu

Note: *It remind us how we black suffered and how Nelson came to our rescue.*

HAIL TO THE WARRIOR

Hail to the warrior!
Who spat into the raged eyes of lion
When he came to hunt in his city to curb its own family's
hungers,
But to leave behind the rain of hungers

Hail to the warrior!

Who blindfoldly fought the scariest demon,
In the darkest aisle of Western forest
When he could not bear his people pains again

Hail to the warrior!
Who threw down the weightiest wrestler,
In the boxing ring with tying
Chains on his arms, and with his lightest weight
When it remains the only way,
To save his Dearing people,
From the spears of alien warlords

Hail to the warrior!
Who atoned his life,
In the darkness of graveyard
With no bread to lighten his black tummy-
As a sacrifice to stop the tensed cloud darkened his
town's morning

Hail to the warrior!
An Iroko tree who held down the cyclone
Which tried to whisk away his people's goblets

Hail to the warrior!

Who fought sword with his voice

Hail to the warrior!

Who held cobra in its tail,

When it slept in his sibling's hole

Hail to the warrior!

Who stopped enemies' bullets

With bare-hands and never felt his palms bruised

'Akoni' of new century

Who stopped the stream of partition

Father of black souls

Who waved in the reign of freedom

Ibaa of our day,

Who slid down the tyrannical elephant-

Hail to the warrior!

Akaraogun in the forest of thousand demons

Hail to the warrior!

A legend who saved the history of black origin,

Hail to the warrior!

A mirror who reflected the torrent rain of apartheid

Hail, hail and hail the man; hail the saviour

Dauda Muideen Lanre

THE GREAT TENACIOUS

Oh great born optimist!

Who never pessimist,

Rolihlahla Nelson Mandela as a mortal,

You have come, have seen and have conquered,

What a great man you are,

The word "GREATNESS" has never departed from your
lineage,

Ever since you are of age,

How superior you are,

Twig like trunks, you never temporize,

The earlier, latest achiever,

You transformed black Africa in a twinkle of an eye,

The world speaks of your legendary nature,
What a stallion!

The next Abraham, father of all nations,
You live to win the noble peace prize,
Which remains indelible in this generation?
You moved from prison to palace
From obstacle to miracle,
Oh! Great man of black race,
Why making us ominous,
The nation is near to an havoc situation,
We will never shrug it off,
What a real treasure you are!

The great anti-apartheid revolutionary,
Who reform, but never destroys,
Passionate in politics and human relations,
Your auto-biography shocks the world,
In spite of all the troubles they drove,
You remain as gentle as dove,
Your great name gleams in the sunny world,
You are David in battle,

Your achievement speaks for you,
Rolihlahla Mandela, grown up to be Nelson Mandela,
Heaven and planet smiles at you,
How great you are!
The nation get you sussed,
What a suzerainty man in Mandela.

Oh! Great Mandela,
Thousand tongues are not enough to sing your praises,
The man that cut across all races,
How fortunate, for the world to have a man like you,
What a blessing you are to Africa,
A good leader, who has never mislead his followers,
The wonderful man who struggles against racial
discrimination,
Even when the dippy one's come around,
He still call in order,
We have found a succour in your history,
Who can ever be like you?
Who will step into your shoes that you wear today?
Who will take over the throne when you leave?
What a great man of Africa!

Ilufemi Rebecca Toluwalase

Note: *This is a poem of fifty-two lines which illustrates the good deed of our beloved father known as Rolihlahla Nelson Mandela, who has been a great man to the nation. This poem also describes our feelings to him, showing him how grateful we are for his impact on Africa.*

THE INDISPENSABLE

The great man of Africa
Rolihlahla Nelson Mandela!
A lesson you are to mankind
The patriarch of all the blacks
Oh! Great you are

The most prominent you are, through the Diaspora
Your fame travels around the globe,
Like twinkling stars,
Even as the sun,

And also the moon in the sky.

All praise and adore you

All wants to emulate you

Oh! Great role model

The first among aqueous

The first among equals

Driven into exile for the love of Africa

Jailed for decades for his colour

And for daring the whites in dishonor

Who fought tooth and nail herald equality

Oh! Great soldier of Africa

And the reverend of the Diaspora

A loving hen you are

You live by example to your chicks

Showing them the way to life

Always ready to fight the attackers

Always ready to protect the aggressor

At the sight of callous cocks and hawk

Caring and loving you are

Our great leader!

A dynamic man of the world
The great, fearless man
Who won the noble peace prize
The golden egg of Africa
The cynosure of all eyes
What a stupendous resource we have in you.

Oh! Great elephant of the jungle
Who struggle for her dear jungle
Whose presence cannot fade in the jungle
When you leave the scene
Your footpath will still remain
Oh! Great man of Africa.

The world fat your state of mind
The incurable fighter of freedom
The king of the jungle roaring alone
Birds on tree sings your praises
All because of you
The world loves you.

The world still needs you
But only the future can tell
For it is unpredictable and not static
But if by chance you answer nature's call
Earlier than what we want
Trees shall bow in sorrow
The sun will hid itself
And we will mourn your departure
What a great lesson from our Nelson!

Oyebade Monsurat

Note: *This poem is to eulogize the world's most Africa celebrated freedom fighter, Nelson Mandela who wrote with a simple language and mood of celebration.*

I am thereby using this opportunity to seek permission for my work to be published amongst the shortlisted entries. I will be very glad if my request is granted.

NELSON MANDELA

A man of honour,

Peace, love and care.

The first black president

In South Africa (1994 – 1999)

Who was born on 19th July, 1918.

The man who grew to serve his nation

With the determination of saving his nation

The main man who was an Anti

Apartheid Activist

Who was arrested and convicted of sabotage.

The man that suffer for his nation

That charges and sentenced to 27 years in prison.

Who spent his many years in Robben Island.

The man who was release from prison on 11th February,
1990.

The man that doesn't relent

Who was full with self esteem and self reliance?

The man who gain his independence for his nation,

Who was elected as a president of his nation,

with a full representative democratic election before his
presidency.

The man who people call,
Rolihlahla Rolihlahla,
The man who got a nick name Madiba
The man of trust, joy and happiness.

Who is HE!
Nelson Nelson
Nelson Mandela
South Africa called,
People mention
The man of ICON.

The man who won the Nobel peace prize
with occupation of civil right activist.

Who join the Africa congress (1942)
The man who led his party in
the negotiation of multi rascal democracy 1994.
With great defiance campaign

With the 1995 congress of the people.

The man who was formerly
committed to non violent protest
1991 Mandela was elected as
the president of Africa
National Congress.

Nelson Nelson
Nelson Mandela
the Gold man of Africa
the full champion of
South Africa.

Raji Rashidat

BLACK BOY

I am black!
Very proud a black boy I am
And from my mother's womb,
There I sprang like black cucumber.

5. On the black soil
That grows our flamboyant trees
Springing ixora and daffodils
Golden Tulips and flowers of rose
With sweet smell, fragrance of their petals
10. That call our lovely birds to sing
On the black soil,
Little doves ring around the rose
Chirpings dancing with grasshoppers
Smiling butterflies clapping their hands,
15. Gently caressing the beautiful hibiscus
In our fields of evergreen clothes
The generosity of our black soil.

I am black boy!
Very proud a black boy I am,
20. And from the soil that grows our maize
There molded my soul into form
And from the black breasts,
There sucked my tongue, my mother's milk,
With lullaby songs from black lips

25. That lured my black boy into sleep

I am black!

Very proud a black boy I am

And upon the black soil,

Like nestling birds my wings grow

30. To wing and gather my preys

I am black!

Very proud a black boy I am

Proud of the sun that tanned my skin

Glad of the moon, necklace of my night

35. And twinkles, treasures of my black cloud

I am proud of the virgin atmosphere;

Associates of the river and streams in my forest,

That in tenderly nurture my skin.

I am proud of the black leaves;

40. The herbalists of my land.

That cures the sick, heal our pains

Oh, I am proud of the rain;

And dry hours that showers on me.

Proud of whirling whistling wind,

45. That prostrate our trees for its passage.
I am glad my artist painted me black
To know HIS crafts are magnificent,
For HE created the blacks and the seas.
Oh, honour be thy pencil that draw me,
And brush that painted me a black boy.

Note: *The speaker is awfully proud to be a black boy despite all criticisms that the black skin is a slavery skin which had influence the whites to feel superior thereby enslaving them to torturing and hardship. The dignity of the blacks are their natural richness and a man without the pride of his beauty is naturally a betrayal of his own people.*

Sanusi Samuel .A

VOICE OF APARTHEID

Measured words can not wear my emotions

Because cold are my fingers that they shake

Lips quivered like child in real convulsion

Seeking health at the bank of freezing lake

When in agony I heard my skin wailed

Albino and Loamy Soil and Cloud Face

Didn't the Porter molded us from clay?

But, they still deprived us of our solace

With ugly words to justify their say

Corruption of minds against nature laws.

I have questions for masters of torn boots

Aloud! Is the womb that grows the white maize,

Not the spring of yellow; even the coots?

It's deface to art of him we should praise

That from His image sprout out our colours

How beau is the pot that has bathed in fire

That could tell the colour of its porter?

Even Moses tongue, tongue not beyond fire,

For fierce is fire of voice from the altar

Still, black brains driving earth into dicots

And making the tongues to bitterly wail

Like greenish dreams that by blaze become ghosts,

Loitering in weeping shroud round their goals.

That made their dreamers not to cheers and toast

And molars gnashed in the two lights of earth

Bewep the pupils of child to mother

"Mother, what's the theme of my father's death,

Why was our family fine dreams murdered?"

"Because he waved fingers against our fret,

And Cloud Face thought we're not equal to it."

"Mother, why don't I have a choice of school.

Why peanuts is all my daddy could strified?"

"Child, some souls think that the creator is fool.
That Loamy Soil just needs crumps to survive,
And give our good cares to their white puppies."

"Perhaps mum, two Gods might be our creators.
My skin is not theirs and theirs is not mine."
Little children wailed from the hearts of sores
"The pencil that draw the hills, draw ravines;
And mind that thought of earth, thought of heaven."

And from sunlight down to the throb of twilight,
Agony rain from the eyes wet the floor.
As good morning wears ugly candle lights
By souls that are thus like the morbid ghaults
45. Giving dust to dust to dust at greenhood

And for this subject, Saint Martin was slain
Slain by monsters with hearts of cobra fangs
Fangs that brought blacks, centuries hearts of pains
Pains he bore to stop black hands from being banged
Bangs the Cloud Face thought the black is born to

Mandiba has gone behind metal walls
Where Saint Martin has gone several seasons
Just for tranquility to have the floor,
Wearing heads for long crown that is missing
That Cloud masters of black brains had stolen.

Oh, Christ like had laid for our unity
With brooms, swept to bin Caucasian furore,
And brings unto the land our dignity.
Woe unto thee, the judge of my colour
And brains that think my skin is slavery coat.

Sanusi Samuel .A

Note: *The speaker calls back our minds to the period of apartheid when the blacks are extremely dejected of their humanity rights. Voice of apartheid paint out the occurrences of the period and how children wailed and women turned to widows e.t.c. The speaker let us know the prominent peoples of all generations, the Christ like that had sacrificed for the dignity of humanity.*

WHILE BLACKHOOD ADORNS

Let's tell a tale of Truth
That stirred from the sands of Mvezo
In years when Colour stratified Africa
And Africa ajar, welcomed slavery

Let the tale tell volumes
Of Africa's true born son of freedom
Who Like a guard at the mines of Johannesburg
Guarded Africa into times of Liberty

Let's read the chronicles
Carved out from countless hours
Of incarceration at Robben Island
And let Africa know, the true worth of Madiba

Let's chant the endless saga
Of the uprisings in south western township
That birthed the canon of true democracy
In a land that would be, forever an epic domicile

Lend me Credence oh Blackhood
And a dais on which to stand
That from the horn of Africa
I should blow Rolihlahla's accolades to Morocco

Let's adorn our own
The sun of African sons,
Who in our lives has sown
The seed of blindness, even colour-blindness

Albeit those years in four six six six four
Failed to form a heart of vengeance
Rather a resolve towards ingenuity
And a life dedicated to humanity

A time will come when
Like all men, you'll be gone
But while life tarries and Africa adorns
I plead thy charm to loan

Alas! When praises be sung

Of Africa's most honorary men
And the cloud of humanity folded away
You'll be there, a god of peace

Let Africa give me her ears
Then believe me when I say
Madiba is this Truth
That grew from Mvezo

While Blackhood adorns
It's one of many heroes
Let Africa arise to birth
More Truths.

Iorfa, Steven Kator

Note: is a 44-line poem that seeks to make known the plights and perils Africa's most celebrated leader went through in achieving freedom for "Blackhood", (a word coined by the poet to refer to Africa) and yet call on all Africa to give birth to more sons of Mandela's type.

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