

A MOTHER RAPED TWICE*

by A-Razaque Ahmed

Her prophets are light and treacherous
persons: her priests have polluted the
sanctuary, they have done violence to the
law.

Zephaniah 3:4

The boys never meant any harm against
the girls. They just wanted to rape.

Deputy Principal Joyce
Kithira

He truly is a shame
For Mother, never will you be the same
yet Kenya shall remain your name.

He surely is your son by fate
But you and your daughters he did rape
with no remorse and his mouth agape
oblivious to the silent rage.

He clearly is a goon
Him and his crooked band
their bestiality grandiosely graphic
their code of governance, greed
their concept of nationhood, ghastly.

He certainly is an ugly sight
His actions evoke a cringe
which from my heart takes a painful bite
turning the tear from my eye into bile
the thought in my mind into a garbled blind
the gush in my gut into a gale.

He absolutely must be stopped
For injustice at such a rate
nourished by a heinous wont
woven of malicious web
is warped to glorify hate.

So mother, your pride to redeem
your beauty to restore
your bounty to reap
your hope to realize
your warmth to treasure
collectively we shall strive
if only one more time.

August 8, 1991.

*The poem is dedicated to the 71 raped and 19 dead girls at a secondary school in Meru, Kenya in July 1991.