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Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies

Title

The Agony: A Resurrection

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/6s28m6h4>

Journal

Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 15(3)

ISSN

0041-5715

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Publication Date

1987

DOI

10.5070/F7153016989

Peer reviewed

THE AGONY: A RESURRECTION

*The seven hills, hills standing in silence
But in agony, pain ,anguish
As the sounds of the guns thunder
A gun-sound that rocked these hills
But interrupted nothing, nothing
For it was a familiar sound
A living reality of this land
A sound that has redirected, this country's course
Once prosperous, once the pearl of Africa
Once a pride of its people
Now torn apart, now filled with grief
Now longing for revenge on itself.
For twenty years, blood has written
The history of this country
Yet from her gentle heart, comes the waters
Flowing in patience, pride
As forever transforms the deserts afar
A water - the Nile, that swallowed the corpses
Corpses time couldn't bury.
On the seven hills stood beauty in admiration
From it one could see, what they wanted to see
Ignore that, they didn't want to see
But it was there, right before their eyes*

*Anarchy, conflict, confusion, corruption, ideology
Slogans, that only feed this land with corpses
The skulls of Luwero, the monuments of Luwero
Now only tell, and inscribe in blood
Patience this country hasn't lost, hope neither
As the sun seemed not to have set, in those twenty years
The dawns of those years were - a pray, a rise with hope
As her arteries became streams - flowing to waste
A voice from the stream could only yell, never, never again
Was it too early, or was the voice
Now drowning into the sunset
A transition, that may one day draw
From its unknown, a resurrection, a new spirit.**

* by Assumpta Acam-Oturu, Ugandan journalist residing in Los Angeles.