

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.