FREEDOM IN THE NEW AIR

By

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Once my exiled brother and sisters come back
There is hope.
Then the dry brown thorns of yesterday
Will be turned to green petals.
One will grab a hoe
And walk to the peanut fields.
Mother will melt the iron and carve the wood
To make hoes and ploughs.
There will be no time
To sit in cigarette-perfumed restaurants
And parrot about "the system"--
The politics of blind corruption
Of the clandestine and snake-like moves
Of sneaky public officials, ministers
And members of parliament, on
The cowries taxed from the people.
There will be no hours
For careless loafing.
For the fresh new air
And the stormy breeze coming from the shores
Will not permit it.
Each will sit on his fertile yard
And laugh when there is need to laugh
And sigh when boredom falls
On the inexorable loafer.
Freedom will then mean
Rain dropping on the calloused hands
Of workers; likewise fire
On the tar-colored buttocks of loafers.