

**UCLA**

**Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies**

**Title**

Two Poems

**Permalink**

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/7ct63464>

**Journal**

Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 20(1)

**ISSN**

0041-5715

**Author**

Okome, Onookome

**Publication Date**

1992

**DOI**

10.5070/F7201016782

**Copyright Information**

Copyright 1992 by the author(s). All rights reserved unless otherwise indicated. Contact the author(s) for any necessary permissions. Learn more at <https://escholarship.org/terms>

Peer reviewed

## POETRY

## TWO POEMS

by Onookome Okome

## These Feeble Poems

These feeble poems that I write  
how much hope of grains are situated in them?

The people in the streets are so many,  
so desperate.

As I walk towards them,  
these poems and I are like vanishing wishes  
in a run-away inflation.

We are unadorned; littered along side-walks.  
The sun shows no mercy, my legs are tired.

I write another feeble poem,  
my wandering feet leave that on the paths  
but the rain says no to my marks on history's face,  
the rain washes down the tears  
that my feet make on the sands of hope.

I wonder.

I wonder.

These feeble poems that I write!

## My Heart Said Things

This freedom to write is a strange power!  
Suddenly upon a strange idea pleading. . .  
I hear the opening of a heart —  
Then the tumbling of a heart  
Of pressured pages of histories. . .  
I see a people lost in the constraints of things  
Not hoped for,  
Then I know. . .  
The silence in my heart said things  
I have failed to record in the senatorials.  
I remember last season when we harvested  
Laughter that raged on in the racks.  
Now the rafters are desolate;  
Full of limping faces.  
This freedom to write is a strange power!  
In its lightness, I am propelled  
Into this madness —  
A madness that leaves me free to shout.