

I  
DREAM  
OF  
AFRICA

Poetry of Post-Independence Africa, the  
Case of Zambia

CHARLES MWEWA



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## DEDICATION

To those who fought,  
Those who died with a blissful thought  
Those who derided servitude and dependence,  
Architects of the Zambian independence  
To you all, our venerate  
These few poems I dedicate.

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## FOREWORD

**I**n these moving poems on Zambia and Africa as a whole, we are presented with a vivid, compelling and masterful account of the realities of post-independence African life.

The picture that emerges from this poetic drama is a people destined to remove themselves from the clutches of colonial domination and in simple terms come to grips with their way of life.

Where did things go wrong for Africa in the past fifty years? What ingredients could have sailed the ship of Africa and Zambia in the right direction? What needs to be done for the benefit of the majority of the impoverished Zambians and Africans now and in the future?

Written by a Zambian intellectual and Professor of Legal Studies, this poetic landscape is both timely and informative. It provides as well some insights into how Africans live up to their cultures, including religious beliefs. The dance of their women and men while bare-breasted with their body movements to the rhythm and sounds of their forefathers is vividly portrayed as are all aspects of their lives.

African culture is one of its strengths and this is beautifully celebrated here. Sit down and take a flight.

Fernando Smith, B.A.  
Co-author of Caribbean Best Seller  
*To Shoot Hard Labor*

## PREFACE

**I**n 2011, I published *Zambia: Struggles of My People*. In this book I rather presciently predict the future of Zambia from what has gone before. I detail our struggles from pre-colonial days to colonial days to post-colonial days. It is documentation in time of the real struggles of the Zambian people.

It was barely three years after *Struggles of My People*, and as I look back, I was still touched by the quandary of my people. The year 2014 announced a Zambian Jubilee, 50 years of self-rule of self-determination and of freedom from colonial bondage from the former British Empire. It was on October 24<sup>th</sup>, 1964, when the *red-green-orange-black flag* was lifted and a new nation called Zambia was born. She was no longer a habitat of John Cecil Rhodes (Northern Rhodesia). The people of Zambia had become tired of being “boys” and wanted to be “men”. Today, after 50 years of that so-called independence, we still are left with so many questions.

Foremost among these questions is: Are we better off 50+ years after the fact? It is clear that the answer or response to that cannot be fair, good or best. We may have to search deeply into our souls to be able to provide a better answer. But whatever route we may take, politically, economically or religiously, things have not been getting better. Some people might even say that things have worsened. However, such an indictment would be blatant disregard of the efforts and the progress the Zambian people, in particular, and some African states in general, have made.

Taking the case of Zambia as an example, successive Zambian governments have built some notable infrastructures in terms of schools, colleges or universities and hospitals. Most of these were built after independence. We may as well note that in terms of socio-political stability, Zambia – which in 2014 was ranked the third most peaceful nation in Africa and 44<sup>th</sup> in the world, according to the 2014 Global Peace Index and beaten only by Mauritius and Ghana – has been a successful story. Zambia can also boast of being a regional heavy weight in the way she has postured herself as a fountain of refuge and protection for all those running away from war, civil wars and regional distress.

Zambia has registered massive successes in the integration of tribal aggregates into a *One-Zambia One-Nation* formulation. This, in part, can be attributed to the spirit of compromise and tolerance our fore-fathers under the Kenneth Kaunda era tried and strived to impart at every level of government. In a way, it can be said that Zambia has recorded notable economic stability post-Structural Adjustment Program (SAP) era. This, though, is relative, and may not be accepted by all reasonable Zambians.

Politically, it is an elephant in the room, but speaking from an historical nuance, Zambia has done well in political changes after 1991. Kenneth Kaunda's undemocratic rule of 27 years cannot be justified even given the sometimes uncouth records of those who succeeded him (Frederick Chiluba; Levy Mwanawasa; Rupiah Banda; and Michael Sata, Edgar Lungu and Hakainde Hichilema).

Credit should, however, be given to Chiluba for ushering in the most coveted multi-party politics;

Mwanawasa for setting into place an agenda for economic progress; Banda for a short but frugal determination to hand over power peacefully to the Patriotic Front (PF) after failure to win the 2011 presidential elections; and Sata, despite his frail health, for showing that with courage a staunch Movement for Multi-party Democracy (MMD) government could be changed without resorting to the bullet; Lungu for navigating rather cautiously and with relative grace with regard to the issue of unprecedented presidential succession; and Hakainde Hichilema for his resilience and determination to win the presidency even after five (2006, 2008, 2011, 2015 and 2016) failed attempts.

In spite of the aforementioned and putting politicking aside, a genuine question to be answered is still this: Are we better off than we were before independence? We have done much to quell and curb repression and the rule of emergence regimes; we have instituted a working two-tenure presidential regime; and we have removed excesses in the quartered regime vis-à-vis our copper mining sector. But we still are tormented by the huge number of our people living in abject poverty, with hunger in rural areas, with lack or poor and inadequate education, and of course, our precious people dying from curable diseases. From whatever angle you look at it, and as I mentioned, politics aside, we have a long way to go to create conditions that favor a much more magnanimous and prosperous society. Zambia is still bleeding internally.

In earnest, I ask this question: Can we let this quagmire; this state of impoverishment follow us into the next 50 years? We have seen, we have heard, we

have touched and we have felt, but it is time to *do!*  
And going by what has gone before, the current crop of the Zambian politicians may need to engineer new models and strategies. Even post-1991, they have not regained tract. They are old and tired, and if they are young, they cannot admit it, they have been made redundant by the ineffective policies and the 1970 economic models they still espouse, mostly engineered by the old frames of politicking.

Zambia needs renewed blood, new formulae and new assistants to drive the Zambian economic and political machines. We, the up and coming hope of Zambia, cannot insult the spirit and hard work that built our structures. No, we should not! We cannot ignore the good efforts the previous regimes have worked to instill. Even that, we should not! We cannot overlook the good intentions of those who died for the causes of our freedom and independence. That would be an error of historical proportions. But we should also not forget that if we sit and do nothing, we will end up with the same poor, stagnant and redundant results.

Where are the vibrant, the innovative, and our contemporary thinkers? Where are our educated lot, our exposed statesmen, and our assiduous intellectuals?

Where is the young, with their new and progressive ideas?

Where are the women, who still hold a key to Zambian, and African, progress?

Where are you, with your brain, your intellect, your time, your experience and your resourcefulness?

Where are we when Zambia, and Africa, needs us most?

Zambia, in particular, needs a progressive and golden thinker-brand. Zambia needs a new dream, a new hope, and a new perspective on how to run government and set priorities. If we don't want to change Zambia, no-one will change her for us.

In these pages, we sing, pantomime, dance and even frolic in anything and everything African. Because for a people such as us, with a vindictive past in our rear-view mirror, it is in order to do so to not repeat history. We have a land endowed by the Creator with everything that pleases the eye, is good for food, stimulates the mind, invigorates reason, and deifies the soul. Because we have AFRICA.



## 1 | I DREAM OF AFRICA

I dream of Africa, the smells of early rains  
I long for the beaches heaving with swamps and fens;  
I yearn for the dark long free worms, food for fishes  
And I hunger for breams and all native dishes.

I miss the songs when new virgins' rites are over  
With every step a rare chance to live in clover;  
I wish to stand all day watching their curvatures,  
As they emerge with tight chonches and fine cultures.

I long for your tender bosom, Oh, Africa,  
I remember busking inside your bright Spica  
As I milked in the zephyr of your youthful dawn,  
And your *nsbima* maize mixture I had always gnawn.

Oh, the rhythms of *rumba*, pleasure of your drum,  
In this young, old, day and night, shindig and swam  
To the sounds of mirth my ancestors bragged about  
Oh, how soundly the children slept after the bout!

I often dream of the wastes lying on Cairo Road  
Of graffiti and filth garbage across the board,  
Of smut of compacted town-centre boulevards  
Of uncouth conduct in courtrooms and churchyards.

I didn't enter the portal of the living dead  
Nor tasted sweet love in a darkly flowing bed,  
Yet, I dream of the best potential of all kids  
Of women who dance with opened legs in all nudes.

CHARLES MWEWA

I have been to the river banks of flowing blood,  
To tears spilling over with a weeping flood;  
In Africa they teach, "Life once given, it's gone."  
Oh, land, without you it feels like I was not born.

These nights are memorable when I dream of you  
These lights are horrible when I forget what you do;  
These rights are fallible when I flout the offspring;  
These fights are agreeable when I speak your feeling.

Some streets of raw Africa are littered with dirt,  
Some central banks are warring with yawning debt;  
Some roads are thwarted with problems of a pothole;  
Some fields 've graves but music sounds make whole.

I stand at the edge of the rising waterfall  
And watch able adventurers drive, dive and free-fall  
On the waves of high splashing flurry and glory  
Where they burry their heart and mind with no worry.

When I saw the smiling girls at their first instance,  
When the bare-breasted ladies took their early chance,  
Their thighs strong, their arms hardened through toil,  
Their diamond hands, golden tongues drip silver oil.

The politics of the land are lovely as flute  
The speeches of Parliament sound like awful fruit;  
The decisions of courts are lithe like a Danseuse  
And some banks lend only to those they can abuse.

The beauty of Africa is a fantasy,  
Women keep their pubic gardens smartly fussy;  
Men find it in parody of foreign accents  
And presidents pride in signing stately assents.

I DREAM OF AFRICA

The dreams of my homeland are many and intense,  
The visions fill my beliefs with divine incense;  
The fine blessings and the curse on the savannas  
Are shaped like the anxious tendons near the anus.

I dream of your never changing magnificence,  
In avant-gardism and now I see your presence.  
Your vowel-ended surnames I love to pronounce  
And your pure kind-heartedness I like to announce.

I hear the sounds of hip-hop filter through the air  
I say, "Mwewa, to try the melody is right and fair"  
For even though I grew up to the *rumba* number  
Oh, I long for the sweet upsurge I can remember

I dream of Africa, I don't just exist as a number  
In Africa, I have a talent, a habit, I am a member  
In Africa, I have character and comportment  
I remember, I am a dreamer but prescient

Like your people, Oh, Africa, your beauty is hidden  
Until unwrapped, you remain under and trodden  
But my heart cries for the places yet to be known  
And here, listen to my song, my plea and my tone:

*Perfection, to you is a garment  
That fits my soul;  
You're an epitome of beauty infantile  
And grace admixed in perfect measure;  
Oh, this windily figure who moves hearts  
With every step she moves heavens  
And in every absence, oh my soul you crash;  
Each day I live in the shadow of*

CHARLES MWEWA

*Your fond remembrances;  
Your heart, that fleshy gem in crimson,  
Crafted from marble sinews,  
Tender like angels' wings,  
And lovely as a queen's chamber;  
In your bosom mind and matter consent,  
My untrained voice sings a song,  
And my hands scribble lover's lines;  
You stand as a mighty tower  
And those legs taste like honey to behold,  
To brag about your love is in order,  
To say, "I feel you good" is bolder;  
Oh, Heartcry, its poetry, lovely and true  
Oh, Heartcry, like a woman, I love.*

But Africa, forget not now thy bygone, depressive  
And don't be silent to recount thy past, oppressive  
If thou should dare to forget thy historical disgrace  
Thou wouldn't care for thy future's glorious race!

My Africa is like a pretty woman without make-up  
She wakes up in the morning with tea inside her cup  
But neighbor's not happy; she's used only to coffee  
She w'dn't give up her jerry-beans for brown toffee.

You are still a prisoner inside when you devalue race  
But you are Nature's slave when another you duress  
Africa, my love, learn to be who and what you are  
For in the entire world, none gyrates softly like her.

Your ancestors will laugh in their graves at noon time  
When they're told of what has become of your prime  
Your muscles strong, big, you're about to be a man  
But remember, O Africa, strength dies without a plan.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

When you're all green and no poachers wonder about  
When you're all smiles and the children do play out  
Then we shall dance for the groom who has married  
And our old, wise and accomplished we shall bury.

O Africa, my childhood lover, I love with every ounce  
O "Land of Great Minds," be a hero just this once  
O my dreams in the lands far away, in cold splendors,  
O, how I long to be nearby your chubby meanders.

## 2 | NELSON MANDELA

I hear the news of the failing super icon, Madiba  
From abroad, I see the rising rainbow over the Kariba  
In my heart of minds, I offer him a fervent prayer  
And from the heavens, his stars align in fresh air.

“Sleep in peace, great Star, in Qunu’s ripe soil”  
In South Africa, as in Africa, where we still toil  
I was not by Africa’s dust when you passed away  
But a poem, “Qunu”, to you I consecrate, and say:

*The route to time-warmed freedom is still long  
And is a thousand Mandela’s resilient strong  
The aura of the splendid Cape Mountains  
Just lay few meters away from Qunu’s fountains  
For here, the great’s remains have been buried  
And here, his scepter of freedom’s mantle is carried  
In these terrains of bigoted Apartheid, he walked  
And here, the towering figure of history has talked  
To a people, but all the people of his homelands  
For to one brother as to one sister all make bands  
And here forever the light of the night has risen  
In his long walk to freedom, injustice has fallen  
Mourn all nations, if not this peace we butcher  
For yours, not for the dead’s, your new future!*

Bye great guru, Africa’s fortified soul in human form  
Greet Nyerere and Nkrumah in their azure home  
By-pass Mobutu and Abacha – say to them, “Shame;”  
For these conspired to heighten colonialism’s fame.

CHARLES MWEWA

Let Africa in Mandela find a defence, a good name  
For if what was done to him was also done to them  
They would have said, "Africa is a brutal beast, evil"  
But you forgave, and that deed, did shame the devil.

### 3 | ONLY US CAN CHANGE US

I remember a song I wrote, "Song of a Slave,"  
I forgot to neither rhyme it nor recall to who I gave  
But I will not suffer you to again resort to slavery  
And never again, I sing, should they test our bravery:

*A slave, a man, for that is what they have called him  
From ancient civilization, the drums have beaten  
And from the depth of the abyss, their gong have gone  
Here, she was born a daughter from a man and wife  
And there, they knew her as a fountain of calm waters*

*But for how long, the chants arise and the waves fall  
And again, how long should we dance to nothing  
As their progeny, we carry their humiliation, their pain  
For in shame they bore mixed heritages, and for nothing  
Oh, laugh aloud, our peril we chartered across oceans*

*How shall I sing when all nations frown upon the race  
And as days old truths have been massacred in masses  
So that when they needed booty, these ancestors died  
So that when times of danger were done, they perished  
But for them, these old lines will perpetually speak*

*In the name of God, haven't men flouted divine order  
In the name of sacred scriptures, like dogs, they toiled  
Even so they had them flogged with whips and strings  
They considered them property, while quoting the Bible  
For to them, they were nothing but personal chattel*

CHARLES MWEWA

*Oh, cry sacrilegious, mourn, shame and hide your face  
For now, pets receive more honor than they did  
They were not humans, only expendable incendiaries  
No vet would dare pock their noses; no justice found  
Their women, their bodies they abused for wantonness*

*Should we dance, laugh or pretend all this did not be  
Should we close our eyes to history as if we didn't see  
Nay, for now and then, Africa is not a thing but dark?  
And on the pillars of begotten statesmen be our mark?  
Only endurance, only poesy, only us can change us!*

We are “Not Just a Number” they make us to be  
In movies, novels and stories, we are made to flee  
Your land is turned into combat zone by politics  
And old peers gave away your minerals to colonists

In this land of many ‘chances and opportunities’  
We still feel like we’re numberless communities,  
Nay, am not just a number, a color, or a race  
Nay, I have a clan, a tribe, a culture, and a place

Again, I say, nay, I am not just a number on earth  
For the medium is the peace, and strength in faith  
Although the world panders like we’re an event  
And run to exclude us, nay, we are not misspent

And let them be a people, not a number, like one  
These aren’t just statistics, but hearts to be won  
I dream of *Abantu*, Nilotes, the *Kwa* and the Sans  
Daughters of the soil born to men who have sons

I DREAM OF AFRICA

They say, “Africa is a land where fools carry wallets”  
And “A land where the wisely-born hold mallets”  
They also say, “Don’t shape effigies and chisel wood”  
But only, “Beg for a miser’s penny for food.”

It is wrong, it is wrong Africa when you they ridicule  
It is wrong when they don’t even come to your rescue  
They’re mistaken when they make a pyrrhic demand  
I say, be strong, be courageous, and countermand:

*There is nothing that may happen  
That people will be hasty to say  
That it was done without purpose  
Since nothing happens for nothing*

*For everything, awful or lawful  
Has an underlying meaning  
This may not be now apparent  
But will reveal itself in time*

*The law of life is take and give  
So that in every circumstances  
There is one gift that will offer  
And its value grows when accepted*

*So, in whatever you are involved  
Where your time and energy are  
There is also your future and reward  
And greatness in time it will award*

CHARLES MWEWA

Oh, City; tentacles it spreads like a pregnant octopus  
Women in legs long and spacious coil, they freely pass  
As down the busy and ness mesh, I walk, Toronto  
How splendid your eateries, Africa, do come pronto

## 4 | NORTH AMERICA

In these north gardens, a superb summer sun shines  
All the snowy dirt erosion brought to clashing lines  
As the nimbus now grey canopy the silky skies  
And here in northern whites the kite rarely flies

I see the scarlet macaw fly higher to gyrating rhythm  
I think of the little rate that raced the plateau rim  
Here the streets frolic in free pelting murky wintries  
When the salmon, semblance to tilapia, finds entries

The greens, aroma littered from coffee plantations  
Though none, from Ivory Coast's brown sanitations  
In Canuck, seniors imbibe in what the land can't give  
Yet, I miss the thick *munkoyo* gravy from our sieve

I hope for the western rainbow, which is color-blind  
The East, people who are persons, their own kind  
The South is not an island, it brags of a silver culture  
Let the people merge, and kill that racial vulture

My people, all people, begin to make room  
Do so to let the white-shadowed groom  
With great diadem pass through to his fated doom  
Where he'd be endeared into shape after one zoom

I say that the snake winds lazily in rush hour  
They bumper as tolled-cars small and large cower  
Where they're held up in the heat of burning oil  
And here, their hearts curse the cost of free soil

CHARLES MWEWA

I cannot say that I have totally left you, O Land  
For there're days you weigh deeply on my mind  
And, in Canada, I have planted seeds of amity  
And here to the North Star I sing to fraternity:

*The sun doeth shine steadily in Canuck  
The flowers doth wave happily in Kanata  
The grass in mountainless prairies  
And cars through west speed to east  
Spring doeth shine on caffeinated brains  
Cows and bears in shades hide.*

For you and to you, O Land of Africa, I write  
Because like all poesy readers you have a right  
So, I take a pen and cannot, just your face I kiss  
And, these times of anguish, for it's you I miss:

*I don't feel like writing poetry  
For my darling Muse be asleep  
To awake a drowsing mind  
Takes more skill than rhyming  
And the hand that draws and paints  
Is saner than an idle clock*

Oh, Africa, this love, that my wings be cast on sea  
O Land, this love, the brightest in your eyes I see,  
For in your hand melts love's melodies at best,  
And every morning, I awoke to your palms' nest

Oh, Africa, you carry a heart of a true mother  
O Land, and care for me more than several other,  
Yet, you are only a silent lover of skins  
When you're by my side, you're unlike other kins

I DREAM OF AFRICA

Oh, Africa, I knew you'd carry me through the gravel  
O Land, through Mibenge where we meant to travel  
I see monkeys pelting freely in the tree branches  
Whence Black Mambas strut in the golden trenches

I beg you, fatherland, I beg, Mother of mothers  
Your good manners do not bless and curse others  
For I was "Insulted in America" just for triviality  
Those who despise you, thus, do praise banality:

*They gather around media phones and shades  
And insult me because I am not six feet tall.  
They gossip of high art, music or movie trades  
While me and others brave are left to fall.*

*They recite heroes in plots of love novels  
And describe their figures of great beauty  
But in all my experience and travels  
I find perfection in a simple duty*

*My daughters say that Africa is handsome  
And Europe knows Africa has great looks,  
But the Americas have no sure ransom  
And they dither to acclaim Africa in books.*

*In America they think all others are not good  
They will say no-one from China and Japan is  
They gang around basketball for their food  
And wouldn't admit others can be fizzy.*

My dreams of Africa are many and have essence  
There is never a day when I don't miss its presence  
I see a democratic Africa, and a prosperous people  
I adore you, Africa; I see the rising of a mighty hippo.



## 5 | ZAMBIA, I MISS

I miss home, the guiltless terrains of carving red sand  
The waves of heated violet rays foment the land  
Where in broad day-light, kids romp street to street  
And with simplicity, the eve-drums, cheerfully beat

I am a character of two gene pools, I announce  
I am unlike others, my last name I can pronounce  
For he who can hear my accent, let him call my name  
And here for you is a song, for glory and for fame:

*Oh, my God, wow!  
What wows is an owl  
An owl lives in the trees  
The trees grow in a forest  
The forest in which birds hide  
Hiding from slings and stones  
Stones of lime and marbles  
Marbles which built the city  
The city is Ottawa  
Ottawa is in Ontario  
Ontario is a province  
A province is in Canada  
Canada is a country  
Country is a genre of music  
Music may be hip-hop  
Hip-hop is an art  
Art is made by brush and paint  
Paint is of many colors  
Colors may be in orange  
Orange is a citrus fruit*

*Fruit may be sour or sweet  
 Sweet is like sugar  
 Sugar is from sugarcane  
 Sugarcane is grown in Brazil  
 Brazil won the 2002 World Cup  
 World Cup was in South Africa  
 South Africa is in Africa  
 Africa is a continent  
 A continent has nations  
 Nations may be Zambia  
 Zambia has 14 million people  
 People have different names  
 Names like John or Mwewa  
 Mwewa is in Bemba  
 Bemba is a tribe  
 A tribe consists of nationals  
 Nationals have races  
 Races may be white or black  
 Black absorbs light  
 Light comes from the sun  
 The sun is in the sky  
 The sky is in heaven  
 Heaven is, oh my God,  
 God's holy throne!*

I mention Zambia, Lamba and Bemba in my dream  
 I fantasize about Kilimanjaro whence is my esteem  
 I love Caucasians, Blacks and all peoples of the East  
 And all races of nations from the North to the West.

I dream of *Insaaka*, where we collectively gathered  
 To the tales of our elders, for us, they fathered  
 We listened to oral traditions, rich and gracious  
 And now, here, their import I tell, simply precious:

*For this tale  
 My father told,  
 This bird looks like  
 My own mother  
 Even the eyes look like  
 My own mother  
 The mouth looks like  
 My own mother  
 Even the ears look like  
 My own mother*

*Pounded groundnuts  
 Do you look like  
 Your mother or father?  
 For your mother is beautiful  
 Though you may look like  
 Your own father,  
 Resemble your mother  
 For she is beautiful*

*This stick is mine  
 I saw it at Katenta  
 This stick resembles my own  
 I got it at Katenta*

*This stick of mine has spots  
 This stick of mine has dots  
 This stick of mine is speckled  
 This stick of mine is  
 Black and white*

CHARLES MWEWA

*This stick is dappled  
Like a leopard  
This stick is stippled  
Like a tiger  
This stick is freckled  
Like a giraffe  
This stick is speckled  
Like a zebra*

\*\*\*

Nerves are cold, sullen and unexecuted  
Energy is sour, squalid and inundated  
Memory plays against views I inherit  
All that is seen are souls without spirit

I miss the rhythm that skins ooze  
Hear the sounds of tar-marked fuse  
Speak with a waist and a hand is easy  
And brace awake to untainted ecstasy

The music in Zambia is our brew  
The sun showers with delightful blue  
Shades dance and smug all day long  
Flowers cheer to breezes fast and strong

Places are bumpy and chocolate brown  
Mountains laugh with their chests drawn  
Valleys whisper within spaces of native afros  
In Zambia music speaks louder than it echoes

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

Unlike our fathers, we are not ashamed to brag  
For we are inventors of our newly-scented rag  
We make way for the Queen of *malimba* to lag  
Whence they'll be followed by a boy carrying a bag

\*\*\*

Oh, City of Livingstone let me a deep secret reveal  
I miss you, but I have come to rediscover a veil  
It is called Niagara Falls, sister to Mosi-oa-Tunya  
But still, I cannot just forget your candid insignia:

*City of Livingstone, Zambia  
Many memories embedded here  
In sands so loose and terrains so quiet  
By Maramba, sounds of shining colors  
The progeny of mixed races;  
By Helen Britel, music glows to disco.  
Here the route treks to Victoria Falls  
The locals called "Smoke that Thunders" -  
The waters boil at ephemeral speed  
The environs warmed by rising fumes;  
The monkeys sing to tangled thickets  
Draining their natural call  
On heads of state's bored-head!*

CHARLES MWEWA

*City of Livingstone, Zambia  
Canopy of Chief Mukuni  
Who alone knows the riddle  
Of Nyami-Nyami, a lady-snake  
Who guards the river and waves!  
Here civilizations meet nudely  
On rapids, kayaks see-saw freely  
Women under trees sit nakedly  
While men watch so drily*

*The sun shines briskly at Sun Inn  
Here lumpens meet their match  
With sticks that sing, shoes that talk  
Business takes on a twist  
And a window to the future  
Opens widely over Hillcrest skies  
Semi broken; semi whole  
So, we dingo to Kapentas partly rotten  
To beans with skimmed insects  
And meats that are cut like knives  
City of Livingstone, Zambia  
No place much better  
No season much sweeter!*

The dream of those who brought us independence  
These toiled through speeches and correspondence  
These are men of valor, resolve and nimble agenda  
Some like Kapwepwe, Chona, Nkumbula and Kaunda

Though space would not allow me to call their names  
I pay tribute to the blood that ended their life terms  
To Banda, Chisembele, Lombe, Chiluba or Milner  
And all others like Mwanawasa or even Arthur Wina

I DREAM OF AFRICA

Yet, these dreams of the prescribed future still elude  
Shall we dance after witnessing a damned prelude?  
The life conditions deteriorate day, week or month by  
For “Zambia I Cry,” and in these lines I ask why:

*The nation awakes to sounds of mourning  
More frequently than it does to mirth  
There is music in the air-waves burning  
But not to celebration of life or to birth*

*Bana-Musonda just learned that her job  
Will no longer be hers, but foreigners`  
Children now run for help to the mob  
And begging is part of the national anthem;*

*Small victories are displayed as mementos  
A few malls are idolized as development  
And education is a bygone word for ruiners  
Inventions are rare and unknown for “them”  
Talent is lamped to worst in churches or ghettos  
The nation feels like a chilling firmament  
As workers and students alike resort to strikes  
Since conditions are bad and the meal bikes  
Who shall bring light to a nation in dark  
Will the future be as it has been in the past  
Are these leaders all look but on the back,  
Oh, Zambia, O Land, stop sliding so fast.  
O Land, you will no longer be an orphan  
Your future is happy, your mêlée is won.*

CHARLES MWEWA

\*\*\*

Learn thee to appreciate money, eat Native honey  
And change thee thy warped attitudes on money  
For thy errors regardeth economics make thee poor  
And breedeth twisted facts of wealth for sure.

Know thee that money is existence's king  
Understandeth freedom as the next of kin  
As thousands lacketh its powerful thumb  
In poverty countless doth daily succumb

Educate thyself in providence's drill  
Coach thyself in how to pay the bill  
For in hard times knowledge winneth  
And in thy ignorance death ruineth

People ought to hold money in bounty  
Every purse boometh with all that's plenty  
And in thy plethora hold thee thy pass today  
Do not stroll the earth amiss till Doomsday.

\*\*\*

They may come from anywhere  
In their path and from nowhere  
The six messenger from hell  
They arrive, they don't ring a bell

AIDS and EBOLA make their nest in Africa  
CANCER lays her young in interior America  
SARS leases her spores on seas in Asia  
MERS rests her head in Eurasia

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

COVID-19, thou servest Africa of triage  
And saveth mine land a purgatorial viage  
But Europe and America thou treatest worse  
Thus, forfeit hauling mine land in a hearse

Dig up mass graves in a desert  
Deny Hitler a noon dessert  
For all races as all colors, he refuses  
Jews and Blacks he kills with gas fuses

No-one is innocent in Europe  
None, when discriminations gallop  
America pleads "not guilty" to blood  
And Africa is submerged by a flood

I am not an author of tragedy  
But I will not at all be rigid  
I write what happens in reality  
When so much lead to cruelty

I am not a critic of mass industry  
And I will not keep my mouth dry  
Nor do I see souls labor like machinery  
Nor smelt stolen copper in the refinery.

I am for humanitarianism  
Money is collected for many an ism  
But in the poor name of the victims  
While kids pair in miserable teams

I am not an opponent of aid  
In the name of butter and bread,  
I only tell of hypocrisy as a fact  
Poverty and profit make a pact

CHARLES MWEWA

\*\*\*

In North America, I look back and miss zesty friends  
In Africa, we played soccer and ignored petty fiends  
In new lands, I write for consumer markets, edited,  
In Africa, I'd pan it as, "Shakespeare Unedited":

*For I, in mine dream saw Shakespeare  
In the dead of night, I sold thee a spear  
For the wife of that venerable Macbeth  
This lady of vice and untimely birth  
Thee, in thy dream, also saw Portia  
In kind and mind as Obama's Sasba  
Yet when thou awake did see thee Sinatra  
The nard which played Cleopatra  
Whence that night Julius Caesar  
In battles trekked he with no visa  
To surpass the spoils of Richmond  
And to the Senate he gave diamond  
Thou wrote on thy patch: Elizabethan  
Which thou recanted to biblical Nathan  
Who in predictions of David or Pharaoh  
Who the priming looks of Romeo  
Would dare not crown Richard the Third  
Who did wear bloody gowns unaided  
Who in the West careth for Africa?  
What, but none singeth of Shaka.*

## 6 | STRUGGLES OF MY PEOPLE

These lines now I write, shouldn't you read them  
A "Tear of God" dries up on Mount Jerusalem  
It is not for others, but for you, Africa, that I do pray  
And these foreign corps, lie, but hear me when I say:

*They lash junkets of donor support  
On the pained daughters of the soil  
All in the hope to redeem a race  
Of a people mired in blood*

*The grim image of black Africa  
Illuminated by an over-shined sun  
Lamps its toxins of artificial gems  
On a land deep in solstice shadows*

*This aid that always comes late  
Given by greased governments  
Is only a drop in a gigantic ocean?  
As kids and women in tears bask*

A tear of God lazily dropped  
And who for Africa shall mourn  
Who, for broken and forsaken land  
Who, for stricken and afflicted brand?

Read my poem now I write, with tears in my eye  
I title it, "Dying While Black" and I am not a spy  
I try to understand the meaning of being Black,  
Oh, Africa, it's not your name, for you're not dark:

CHARLES MWEWA

*They die brutal deaths, without a buck,  
Just for being Black.  
They are gathered in these prisons  
Like chicken fused with deadly poison  
They are readied for a mass slaughter,  
A deep, dirty, Black smelter  
Their only crime, their color  
Just because of the skin's callow.*

*They lie in wait, these Blue policemen  
And it pleases every serviceman.  
These prisons are full of human sorrow  
Creating waves with no tomorrow  
When Black goes in saintly and dark  
It comes out whitened, motives slack  
When justice closes its eyes,  
Law becomes a whip, equality dies.*

The "Struggle of My People" are many, let me narrate  
I write a thousand pages against the illiterate  
Be not ashamed to be a member of the Black race  
Because Africa is a better land, a wealthy place:

*Alarms ring loudly deep down within long  
We stand decorously secure and strong  
Indeed, they enjoy life fewer peers have  
They walk in streets structured with lights above*

*Haven't they the better of two worlds in one?  
For our black beauties, hearts they have won,  
Yet for our kids, I nightly toss bed's ends  
I would not for a morsel damn knees' bends;*

I DREAM OF AFRICA

*Nor for lack of pride shrink from your defence;  
Nor at your poor's sight, create a Balaam fence.  
Weary talents drain your brain, clan and blood;  
In your precocious dead, doomed sorrows flood;*

*In lavish copp'r, hopes and stocks barely float,  
Wryly, your faith rests in your ignored lot.  
Freely, your limbs nimble in begging drills,  
Dryly, lax songs become your simmering pills;*

*Slyly, rules glue norms to lurid natures  
Does poor peace frolic in vain adventures?  
Morrow hides in shadows of green villages;  
Mothers grieve in chants of brok'n elegies.*

*Zambia, loved like a mother who shaped me,  
Cherished since I opened my eyes to see.  
Our legacy, sign of freedom an' bondage,  
Our past, a prayer of a shunned adage;*

*Let it be said that we had a thinking bard,  
Let in books, your precious liberty bud,  
Let in years to come it be said, "Ours knew"  
Although in pride, grand, virtuosos are few;*

*Struggle is my people's fault-line of growth,  
To freely prosp'r, is our true and bold oath.*

O Africa, with dreams, you buffet me night and day  
When I have said, "Surely I am free, I am faraway"  
Even in that I am still tormented, I've not forgotten  
The "Struggles of My People" signal me to return

CHARLES MWEWA

Do not tell your child there is dignity in poverty  
Those who have rights should own property  
For me, I occasionally dream of the evils of lack  
What I write now is real; I don't feel any black:

I wake, tears rolling, in deep sweats,  
Dreaming of days gone with big debts,  
In pain of worry and harsh nights  
When sleep climbs over higher heights.

Dreams of poverty stir my soul,  
I fear the day lack will befall  
When gloom as a frightful shadow  
Becomes a close and common foe.

I run from my footsteps all day,  
All my plans have wondered at bay,  
Poverty's shame does threaten me  
And from my own heartbeats I flee.

The thoughts of days of want do haunt  
The feelings of great need also taunt,  
I see the pangs of struggle's past  
I run far away very fast.

They struggle, yes, they have struggled since 1964  
To gather food and spread a word of hope at four  
Let the people rest from their hard labor for now  
Let my people work less and enjoy milk from a cow.

The soul of Chiluba, the great Zambian flower  
And the spirit of Mwanawasa, aura of power  
And the placated horn of Mwansa Kapwepwe  
Met to serenade Zambian hope near Kitwe.

I DREAM OF AFRICA

In Zambia, in the years by and the flurries that shine  
To Kaunda we learn the courage that is soft and fine  
And we prayed for the good health of Michael Sata  
For Rupiah Banda's contributions also to us matter.

These are our heroes, O the lion that be Nkumbula  
We remember, we sing, O men and women of Ula  
For he was Zambia's true advocate, O Mainza Chona  
And may the tears that flood this land be our honor.

I dream of a land, I dream of your good times  
No longer will governments be charged with crimes  
I bring you an idea of "Change with Change"  
When regimes go, people will have real change:

*They claim they will bring change  
When all they do is preach the old message  
And their people don't find this strange;  
You don't grow through the old passage.*

*People stare in mesmerizement and wonder  
They have heard the same lies all their life  
And they are confused and can't ponder;  
They feel like they've been cut with a knife.*

This Zambia I see shall from hence be *changed*  
All hopelessness and hunger shall be challenged  
My people will no longer be beggars in the street  
But crime and grime, lack and muck we'll defeat



My people have been worried about me going abroad  
 I blame you not, noble people, my reasons are broad  
 But this you must know, "I am not a fundamentalist"  
 And you I learn, for you I observe, and this is my gist:

*I am not a Christian fundamentalist; I am a Christian,  
 There is a difference;  
 I believe in grace as Paul preached it to the Ephesians,  
 And I love the inference;  
 But there are those who use the Bible woefully amiss,  
 Such I avoid;  
 They pick this and for what does not, they dismiss,  
 That leaves a void;  
 God truly loves the world and does not exclude,  
 The good or the bad;  
 Yet, modern fundamentalists know whom to include,  
 And that is sad;  
 I don't use my faith as a weapon of condemnation,  
 I use it to help;  
 Everyone who is human fits into my combination,  
 And they don't yelp;  
 There is commonality in every extremity,  
 Christianity or Marxism;  
 Every act of love and care for the needy builds amity,  
 It mortifies separatism;  
 Embrace and accept all as composite brotherhood,  
 Which is veracious;  
 One world guided by one love and not hatred is good,  
 That is very precious.*

Oh, cease, stop meanderings, stop accusing your past  
 You stop saying, "Why Me?" Archaism's long passed  
 You worry about disease, hunger and natural disasters  
 You endow them, blaming it all on colonial masters:

*As I walk alone, along this busy street  
 Even in this silence on top of summer's heat  
 Thoughts torture my poor soul from within,  
 Frightful punches in my heart begin,  
 And I sob: "Why not me?"*

*I see those who live in elevated mansions,  
 Who drive elegantly and wear lurid blouses,  
 Who tint their cars and possess lots of money,  
 Who are followed by everyone like after honey.  
 And within me I glob: "Why without me?"*

*I watch men as they play on technology's best,  
 Women as they strut streets in angelic majesty,  
 I hear the winds blow at great force into aghast,  
 And all it leaves behind is me brownie and dusty.  
 In anger I ask: "Why not them?"*

*I am for all those who seem happy with life,  
 Who are accompanied by pomp so splendid  
 In their path they leave feasts of pride and strife  
 And have others wipe where they have fended.  
 With a banger I task: "Why only them?"*

My people, to me you still glitter like the African sun  
 Early in the morning in your heated waves I am a son  
 Across the Crocodile River bed near Lake Bangweulu  
 To ancestors' blood libation poured, to our Holy Hill.

I see a green Africa, a fat and prosperous Zambia  
 I see a land with literacy, no hunger, no disease  
 I see a place of innovation, of technological bluffs  
 I see a clear tomorrow, of hope and peaceful bliss.

CHARLES MWEWA

The simple things of the land of my birth  
In your progress, O Zambia, still I hold faith  
The sounds of song in the land invite me to live  
With all I have and I am, I am willing to give.

The technology of my people is not simple as thought  
In terrains harsh and conditions dry, even in draught  
These sons, daughters work hard and early they go  
These conquerors of nature deserve pride and more.

The vision of mice trapped in home-made *chiliba*  
The fisheries along meandering streams on Kariba  
How early we braved the early waves of the dew  
And with spices and salt we dined here, too.

Don't laugh at the way I make my household, benign  
In Zambia stomach pains aren't tendered by quinine  
Windows of the town are guarded with burglar bars  
My father's land is unsafe; my people are jilted by her.

And don't ask me to keep quiet, mealie prices are high  
For a people who feed on maize and cassava thigh  
I beg you, O rich corporations, do not shift rare millet  
And do not replace *imbowa* with your blanched fillet.

Why do my people fear to work with hands, sorry  
And how can we progress and tell a better story  
My mother will sleep late tonight in the dark village  
I cry, fill her path with fertilizer and light her visage.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

There is hope frolicking sideways in the savannahs  
And faith shouts from within the leaves of bananas  
But love, for the land, for the weak, is desired much  
This tyranny of many, our future it will not hatch.

The land where we share paths with fellow laborers  
These dirty, brash politicians cannot be our deliverers  
A media mogul is also like them, evil and ravenous  
We spread democracy without being gluttonous.

## 7 | SAIL WITHOUT SHIP

Now I turn to you, Africa, and may they hear me  
O Land, in your few years of independence I see  
That you have been made to play host to secrecy  
To shed your own blood for another's supremacy

Why should the West or the East still claim interests?  
Why should they sponsor the political parties' trusts?  
Why they aid war mercenaries and abet coups d'état?  
Why – why change elected governments just like that?

Oh, Zambia, Oh, Africa, never step back on grace  
Once you gave away your dignity, your first place  
Why should a land so rich, so resourceful be third?  
Even second you shan't, oh, give me your word!

My people say they are an independent state  
When many of the citizens never sang, never ate  
My people refuse to accept they are dependent  
Oh, show me the budget; I see there is a dent

In my dream I see a band of thieves in government  
These shady bosses, they will spare no moment  
Oh, my people catch the crook, he who is corrupt  
Oh, Land, never over-stretch the border, it'll erupt!

If I were a ruler, I'll ask for the US attitude  
I'd set the missile, and I would fine the rude  
I'd neither approve guilty nor free up treason  
If I ruled, law would be above *all*, not a person.

CHARLES MWEWA

O Africa, Oh, Zambia, night is too long for you  
The honesty within you are becoming very few  
But you excel in the art of forbearance, you do  
Oh land of my fathers, without you, I'm who?

To "African Freedom Day" – the day I love to court  
I was told it was like those released after being caught  
But who says Africa was nabbed liked a silent gazelle  
If that's so, Apartheid prisoners merited it as well?

We hear it so often at Remembrance Day in Europe  
It anchors war memory like the cramp of a stirrup  
Let America yell it loud, "9/11 – Lest We Forget"  
Let Holocaust's clarion reel luridly as a floodgate.

All we like sheep led to its silent slaughter were sold  
The brave, our ancestors, butcher-ed in liquids cold  
Who spent miserable years in mephitic plantations –  
Like putrid stench, were stripped on nude stations.

And Africa should say, lest we forget slavery's shame  
Zambia, fail not to remember colonialism's blame  
And if a people allow another people to oppress them  
And they say nay, earth falls, in inglorious balm.

From coast to coast, the cash of your minerals shine  
From open-pit to open-pit, dig ore to its core refine  
Under the valleys of golden palaces where they mine  
In riches 'n' wealth out of ten, you get yourself a nine.

I DREAM OF AFRICA

The sword of injustice's blunted its sharpened edges  
And to global security and amity we open new pages  
Never to butcher each other again for light of skins  
For in blood, we're all children of common of kins.

"Ignorance, Ignorance," call it just what it is  
The wedding's cancelled, the bride doesn't realize this  
For the sake of the young children, pray fervently  
For the prosperity of the land, plant seeds reverently.

Let Zambia at fifty years old dance in the open places  
The people say, "We hide all in the open spaces"  
If the land exists as an island, we would clap and sing  
But to tarry, we sleep; to beg is not in our gene being.

*Stand and sing of Zambia*, so our fathers declare  
How shall we when 50 years still haunt us there  
*Proud and free* we are, only if we puke out poverty  
*United we win*, but at 50, is this land *our* property?

After 50+ years of civil independence, let us shout  
After 50+ years, being another's slave should be out  
After 50+, children in gen and wealth should thrive  
After 50+, from curable maladies we should survive.

The politics of the land is empty in promises of gold  
The tricks used all further the privileged and the old  
The house is divided, pride flies out of the window  
The young to poverty fall in a rising crescendo.

Oh, citizens, do tell your offspring in the night watch  
And you brethren, why did you distinguish the torch  
The tremors of post-independence tsunami break out  
"Independence from Dependence" is what it's about.

CHARLES MWEWA

Do sing, my beloved, shout it out with great joy  
The mighty within you have not fallen, it is a ploy  
They invented the Millennium Goals not in vain  
For NEPAD is a byword, so are coups with pain.

There is something in Africanism, *ours* is a country  
If the young are trained to think, they display gallantry  
The makers of social systems and slogans 'r' dreamers  
And social media isn't for desirers of costly creamers

We have traded in useless warranties, mourn my lover  
We offered sacrilegiously on altars with ancient cover  
We started, and did not finish, and another is credited  
How long, how long, beloved, will you be unmerited?

African Renaissance is a conspiracy we've dreaded  
We've never faded, no, not once, we've been raided  
Now we rise and speak, Oh, my land, don't be quiet  
For your intellect you've not shown them quite.

For once, let us see you for who you're, gorgeous  
Stand tall, flex your muscles, you're courageous  
For long, you've worn gowns made from abroad  
Stop it, craft elegant garb from your inroad.

Shall we say that we have the name of fame to affirm?  
We shudder under the blunder we can't confirm  
We hide beneath the canopy of "Black", Oh, Africa  
We are Africans; pride it and we ride in A-Free-Car.

The daughters of my Motherland are very beautiful  
Against the Fatherland, they pretend to be unfruitful  
They paint their lips and color their curved hair  
Africa, as a bride I love, you've always been so fair.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

You are not blind, Mother, see for yourself, see all  
You were not raised as an orphan, please feed more  
And let no-one tell you what to do, you have a *brain*  
If you keep us within your laps, there'll be no *drain*.

You are not deaf, Mother, even when you keep silent  
In your eyes, I can see plainly that you are innocent  
At your heart, you accommodate all, great and small  
And in your mouth, grace and peace dutifully flow.

Let us now beat the drums and prepare to dance hard  
Let us make a banjo, a marimba and call upon a bard  
Let us shake the waist poignantly till the heavens fall  
Let us now sing, "Mother who bears us is for us all."

## 8 | PROMISE ME

“It’s time to do something,” stand, do a thing  
Hitherto, these leaders have said everything  
The people for years have waited for nothing  
Yes, for the people of Zambia, do anything!

Do shine, shine river of flowing copper cathodes  
Educate your young, refine with myriad methods  
Though sea access is nil, rain spouts are wide open  
“Seed & Job” will sprout, and *growth* will happen.

Mother Zambia, that is what I call you, O Mother  
But you`re more than a mom, you`re my Father  
In your soil my ancestors buried their birth codes  
And I sing, here to you only, as I do the land nods:

*Mother...*  
*Of mound display*  
*An unexplored Eden in Africa;*  
*Full of Nature’s best*  
*And an endless of tradition...*  
*(To Zambezi -*  
*To pay an invocative visit:*  
*The people on superstitious gravity)*  
*To you Mother...*  
*Higher vows I pay.*  
*Your soils are veins of life,*  
*The peace*  
*The joy*  
*The resting*  
*Your people, my people,*

*Occupied  
In structures of thatch  
And decorated mad walls!  
Your idyllic terrains;  
Much more unexploited.  
Your virile bushes;  
Much less inhabited.  
Your smiling hopeful visage  
Is the ink that pens this message...*

\*\*\*

My country is a Christian nation,  
A declaration of the century  
A transition indeed  
To the people in need.

My country is a Christian nation,  
A declaration of good faith  
A transition indeed  
To a people who read.

My country is a Christian nation,  
A declaration of trust  
A transition indeed  
To a people who hate greed.

My country is a Christian nation,  
A declaration of divine Providence  
A transition indeed  
To a people great in deed.

My country is a Christian nation  
A declaration of goodwill and grace  
A transition indeed  
To a people who in love will breed

My country is a Christian nation  
A declaration of political hegemony  
A transition indeed  
To a people who've been freed.

\*\*\*

They fought as a band of soldiers;  
They died while fighting, as martyrs,  
Some are forgotten if they lived,  
And others have scars to show for.

We meet them daily in grey hairs  
These are our truest statesmen,  
These our prized gallant fighters,  
Pillars on which we live and thrive.

We their brood their glory will save  
Never to forget the blood they shed,  
And in their footsteps we will follow,  
Attesting to hearts strong and brave.

This freedom so for granted we take  
With sword and pain was achieved,  
Even when many in pieces returned,  
Silently, yet very clearly, they speak.

CHARLES MWEWA

In libraries their heroism archived,  
In pain and anguish they travailed,  
These sons of liberty are of renown,  
Heroes of peace, our true veterans.

\*\*\*

Passing by Chitambo we saw a tomb  
Whose epitaph was a dual petition  
To the god of the feast of Hecatomb,  
Written below was a re-petition.

He passed away with hands in akimbo  
After braving the nip of fillaria,  
And shunning many calls from the limbo  
But was met by a shell of malaria.

This man bemoaned a German war Gotha  
And found a panacea in helpful Chuma  
Whom he taught the secrets of Golgotha  
Whose blood-flow cures the tumor of Guma.

We hear sounds rattle from clouds in Congo  
Sending dark and heavy rains of defiance  
Smashing civilizations as ingle,  
Washing them out without any reliance.

We come home back to village Chitambo  
To water the plants of our great Sambo  
Whom we rhyme in our book about poetics  
Who savours the Zambian politics.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

Africa is now a Cinderella  
Her beauty should not be spurned as loveless  
And a reed-mat shouldn't be her umbrella  
And she shouldn't hold poison, gloveless.

\*\*\*

The vile wars of Banguanaland:  
Let me lament for the beloved  
And compose a dirge to her plot.  
My beloved has a spacious land  
Sited between two great waters  
Of Indian and Atlantic seas.

She dug it up and cleared out stones  
And planted therein dire landmines;  
She built a loom and secured it.  
She dug around mass shallow graves.  
Expecting to bring on power,  
But alas, it brought gushing blood.

Dear kindred of civilized worlds  
From Cape to Freetown, to Khartoum,  
From London to New York and passed:  
Did you observe the kid soldiers  
Who are forced to drink human blood  
And are strained to eat human fresh?

Wambo is factory to limbs;  
My beloved's air is polluted  
With gases of ruinous rockets.  
Which countries make all fighter jets?  
In whose interest are they shaped?  
And who fashion weapons en mass?



CHARLES MWEWA

Wars fought on my beloved's top soil  
Have tainted its fertility  
And rendered its earth impotent.  
They die unceremoniously  
And are buried without prayer  
An offence to God, their Creator.

Refugee camps stripe my beloved  
Just like the skin of a leopard  
And the world believes it is free  
Poverty, like locusts, invades,  
Ballots are nothing but a ruse  
While laws only favor the rich.

The nations fob watch from a mile  
And monitor as man kills man  
Think it will never haunt them!  
People in Banguanaland bawl:  
Guiltless children worriedly howl,  
But do you hear their hopeless roar?

\*\*\*

At the tip of Africa,  
What hilarity and grandeur!  
The temperate west coasts  
Of the lovely eastern grooves,  
The sea, the rivers and oceans,  
All together weave  
Into a lovely impression.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

The land of light and beauty;  
You have come to South Africa,  
The people in carefree moods  
In houses panelled and lofty  
By black and blue labors.

You hear the sounds of cars  
And see the noises they create:  
The best places are here  
Where life goes to the brim  
In the heart of Johannesburg,  
The world's city.

Here are buried in rands, gold  
And its display  
In splendid Eaton centre.  
South Africa, absence of Apartheid  
Is a-free-country,  
A continent at the tip of Africa.

\*\*\*

In the area of Luapula  
The nut-growing marsh of Mansa  
Drums loudly beat on scapula,  
Whence flat bums are but cancer!

She is just a small tender girl  
You can count her black pubic hair  
Her chest empty like a funnel  
While her nipples are red and bare.

She prods on Banguelu plateaux  
With silly gazelle-like blushes;  
She only prefers troupes of twos  
With virgin peers in the bushes.

The rare wisdom of her betters  
Has not yet charmed her frail figure;  
She is shy through her dried fetters  
And her lips are out and bigger.

She is not a woman, per say  
Her blood is still cold and impure  
Because the full moon is far away  
To chaste her fresh and to endure.

She has not danced Infunkutu,  
The arrangement of three drums,  
The ancient rhythm from Timbuktu;  
Nor won the dry skins of wild rams.

She will be taught *akalela*  
To learn how to open taut legs  
And she will know *amalela*  
To make foetus from fertilized eggs.

They will soak her in Munwa stream  
To broaden her pelvis  
And fulfil her childhood dream;  
To break the curse of a novice.

The sweet juice of soundless rivers  
Elongates her wombly shaft  
To cure every natural fevers  
And purge the lucky winner's haft.

Her sully frame will be made firm  
Decked with Kolwe's pure diadems  
To date, she has well-run her term  
And will earn the prize of rare gems.

Outside, she is cramped with shivers;  
Her life's canal is perfected  
And her full pulse proudly quivers;  
But her *self* is unaffected.

Her body is bottle in form,  
Her nipples are now hard and full,  
Her buttocks are firm and uniform  
And her waist is mellow to pull.

She has been accepted by Ra  
Goddess of the erect solar,  
And the shining fruit goes to her,  
To court gods of the other polar.

She's joined the Aushi women's core  
Who cause charcoal to burn brightly  
And make impotent nobles whole,  
To mix blood and water, rightly.

She can now handle Mandingo,  
The killer of angry male lions,  
That dancer of the hailed tango  
Who with just bare hands breaks irons!

CHARLES MWEWA

Prefer we the Aushi women  
With their ever-protruding backs  
Which confuse sanity in men  
And accord night the force it lacks.

Their place in humanity  
Loses its share in virility,  
Gains it in masculinity  
And modes it in fertility.

She kills the eyes of on-lookers  
And she is not for press showings.  
Suitors treasure her like vodkas  
And her heart beats higher than wings.

Do not expose her publicly;  
Her nude was made for great virtues.  
They pass-out rather too quickly;  
Those who resist, become statues.

A love son of Luapula soil  
Has never known to marry two.  
Legend has it that he will toil  
And his garden, he will not do.

Oh, these Luapula Aushi curves,  
How succulent their deep bosom,  
In which mankind vibrates life's waves  
And men's desires bloom and blossom!

Sing to her gyrating shifts  
And swing through her softly paired rifts.  
Mark nimbly her alluring nod  
And make safe love in fleshly gold.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

The open fields of the lake side;  
Here breams bread simply and early  
Elders gather to placate size;  
And approve dancers of the belly.

Oh, our Luapula, Luapula;  
Land in which babies grow fuller.  
Where mothers nurse with open breasts;  
And men's hope in the night rests.

In here perfidy is punished,  
But fidelity is ever prized,  
Impotence is overtly banished  
Yet, all children are greatly priced!

From Luapula, let us build bridges  
To cross Zambia through the rough ridges  
For the woman is our anchor  
And in her womb, is our banker.

\*\*\*

To you my darling mother,  
My one and only  
And I don't have another.  
My dear family  
Has entreated me not to  
Ignore history  
And our own origins, too.  
This is our story  
I tell in tears and sorrow  
And it offends us  
Deep into our bone marrow  
After as soon as

CHARLES MWEWA

They notice that we are black  
And color doesn't cheat,  
They also think our blood is dark.  
We may take the heat,  
But we have been strong  
To speak to the face  
That all along they are wrong  
Since we know that race  
Speaks volume of variety  
And none is superior  
Or all-wise in entirety  
To think inferior  
Of others who are diverse  
When reason is in reverse  
That today's culture  
Is mixed civilization  
Of a past nature and wherein  
Is Africa's immunization.  
Sing you in skins black and dark  
For legacy is the braves' mark.

\*\*\*

This Zambia I see will cease to be led by paupers  
The land will be cured of all toxic grasshoppers  
For they who rule for gain will be eliminated;  
Put first the *governed*, and you will be serenaded

This Zambia I see will vim with vivacious vassals  
The fervor of *vox populi* will enliven state vessels;  
Vixens will be victimized, the vigilant will thrive  
But civil vultures will vanish, the brave will drive

I DREAM OF AFRICA

This Zambia I see will be a land full of plenty  
The people will live above fifty up to seventy  
The dreamer will dream, and so will the visionary  
For many will also do the work of a missionary

This Zambia *we* see is for all, *all* have like rights  
There no longer shall be internal political fights  
None shall be snobbish; all shall be free to think,  
Plan, play and pray, *work* and break, and to drink

Stormy though the ride may be, or dark the night  
Fly, in red stained sacrifice, green and golden bright  
Under this flag, Black is home, no more in serfdom  
At Anthem's clarion, able we are, at last freedom!

Arise, O Land, wake up, O noble people  
This is not time to hook loads to the nipple  
It's time; it's time to do, not to resign  
You golden generation, come out and shine

Zambia, I, a zealous zealot with a zest for zitherns  
Zapping to Zambezi in zigzag a zillionth zains  
Zealfully I zone and zoutch for thee, O zee Zed  
Zit not Zoë, but all zombies, zax from zero to zed

Zambia, how lovely the *mukwa* doors of Parliament  
Zambia, when it passes laws in hurry and merriment  
Zambia, how beautiful a true people's government  
Zambia, when citizens' wellbeing is its disbursement

Bear witness to Zambia Thy chosen, O God on high  
Not golden-pride or war maketh great, but Thee nigh  
Bless this land, with Thy bounty and unmerited grace  
This Thy nation protect, Thy peace be in this place.

## 9 | STRONG AND FREE

O Africa, I have loved you with pure love  
Like an eagle flying up and far in the above  
So beats my heart, for the memories of you  
O Africa, compared to many, there are a few

You have been my lover, my keeper, my anchor  
You secured my undone frame in your banker  
And now I remember your infinite loving-kindness  
And your unfading and unbridled goodness.

From the lands of the White people, I recount  
I look at your history from which fortune I count  
That at the beginning of your journey to far here  
You kept our promise, "For you, I will be there!"

O Africa, land of unfiltered and sober music  
In manners and etiquette, O Africa, you're basic  
But the dance of your people my soul it reaps  
And your rhythms, a dagger rips mat my heaps.

O Africa, your face never leaves my brown visage  
I wait for you, my sense glued to your long image  
For blood and tears have run through your soil  
The rule of fear has threatened our flowing oil.

I will love you always, O Africa, I will not forget  
Your anthem of peace and freedom is my fete  
I will never cease to remind you of true loveliness  
Of that unadulterated African neighborly selfless

CHARLES MWEWA

In your brown terrain lies the hope of the earth  
In your unplowed villas there I will put my faith  
For the children run freely in the early morning  
The elegy is no longer our song of mourning.

Africa, should I call you a champion of the sufferer  
Or the captain of those who hold the Emperor?  
In the art forgiveness, you excel like a frugal god  
In endurance, you stand the test like purest gold.

\*\*\*

I am a proud African,  
Let the drums beat, the forest shake, the rivers flow  
I am a proud African  
There is an eternal blood in me, vigorous and steady  
I am a proud African  
From the lands flowing with gold and diamonds,  
lands of my ancestors  
I am a proud African  
I have built civilizations, toiled for nothing and  
reaped the wind  
I am a proud African  
Others mistake me for a bigot, a slave, a thinkless brat  
I am a proud African  
I have birthed inventions, and my name is not  
associated with any  
I am a proud African  
I am strong, daring, fearless, and my veins drip with  
ripped marrows  
I am a proud African  
My wisdom is in my color – dark, black and fits with  
any variance  
I am a proud African

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

I am the hope of the world, I still treasure the jungle  
filled with greens  
I am a proud African  
My shape is a bottle, I treasure the rhythms of my  
protruding buttocks  
I am a proud African  
I speak with divine accents, feed with the roles of  
nature and sleep free  
I am a proud African  
This is who I am, I don't want to be another, nor  
serve another  
I am a proud African  
I love all, never discriminated, never enslaved another  
race, I am pure  
I am a proud African  
Generosity is my outer wear, and forgiveness is my  
inner garment  
I am a proud African,  
Abused, but never retaliated, cheated but never  
repatriated  
I am a proud African  
Others think that I am dull, unsophisticated and  
clearly brainless  
I am a proud African  
Tolerance is in my DNA, the past eluded me but the  
future is mine.

\*\*\*

Oh, Africa, at the tip of the Old Benguanaland,  
The land of the Zulus and the Xhosas,  
Therein Shaka of the Zulu brought us pride,  
Thy gyrate like none other,  
Thou danceth as the goddesses in Brenda Facie,

CHARLES MWEWA

Or that angel only known as Malope!  
In terrains where Mandela's gongs clearly gluing,  
O Africa, south of the continent,  
Thou art our blazer.  
In that 2010 atmosphere,  
Thou hostedth the Great Cup  
To the sounds of Beautiful Shakira  
And rhythm of Waka-Waka!  
Or "This Time for Africa" –  
Oh, Mother Africa,  
Mother of mothers, I honor thee!  
From the land of wintry whites and polar bears,  
Surely, here in Kanuk's maple groves,  
I remember the tropics in their thickets,  
Surely, Africa thou art gorgeous, land of my fathers.  
Oh, South Africa, be a land of soccer's grandest  
dribblers,  
I surmise, time is now to dribble thine troubles.  
And thee, Africa, be to me a trophy,  
A garland of victory.  
It's time for Africa,  
Thou heardeth me, a faint voice from Zambesia  
It's time for Africa,  
And may the waves of grace to thee,  
An orison from our Heavenly Father be.

\*\*\*

Oh, Africa, my Africa,  
Don't you amaze me  
In all wise, you're poor  
And sometimes even evil  
Other times, you disappoint,  
Especially when children you neglect

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

Your roads are full of potholes,  
Some of your housing dilapidated  
You keep enjoying other nations things  
And you don't pay attention to your own potential  
You spend more time copying other people  
Than you do trying to improve yourself  
But I still love you  
I am dead in your rhythms,  
Especially your Rhumba  
Your girls are lovely –  
As soft as the feathers of a peacock  
Your music – oh my God –  
I can indulge in day and night  
And your beauty – is true beauty –  
The nature, the people  
Oh, Africa, although you're neglected,  
My thoughts are all you  
Africa, my Africa, no matter what,  
Our love is forever  
Africa, till I die, we are two roads that met  
And have promised never to part  
Oh, Africa, my Africa, God shine upon you.

\*\*\*

Africa, never sell our pride laughing  
Never again, sacrifice our children bluffing  
Africa, never accept a barrel of a gun  
Yet, again fight to free all, economic, again.

Colonialism is not of civilization  
It is a crime, its anti-Zambianization  
Should we stop, it should be smashed  
For all unfair history, it is be stashed.

CHARLES MWEWA

Africa, sell not thy nudity for pounds  
Pride not, but gym to lose more pounds  
Thy fat, thick lips and dark ebony are fair  
And fairer still than bleach, dye not thy hair.

You aren't a victim, end the impasse  
Build your own factory and campus  
Say, "I am but original, I am culturēd,"  
Guard your names, lest they be butcherēd.

O cry beloved when nations fail to know  
Thy blood isn't a black river of harmful gall  
Thy huts are built with skill and creativity  
Free thy mind, indeed, of all alien cap'ivity.

The standards are set, Oh, don't imitate  
No, be yourself, faking will irritate  
Your children are completely whole  
Crave no light skin, no, redeem your soul.

Know, study and deep greatly into history  
Explicate all angles, and get the true story  
Africa, blackness is not equal to dullness;  
Far be it from truth, neither more nor less.

Zambia, books forsake not, math ace  
Africa, educate thyself, redeem thy race  
Zambia, let thy genius be seen by many  
Africa, till thy land, shy not from any.

Africa, be home to all on Mother Earth  
The great keep, science and more re-birth  
O Land, many secrets thou hast kept  
Do sentry thy edge, cease from being inept.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

My people, vile things have been done  
You've not lifted your voice; you've gone  
Struggle, again and again, again and again;  
Plough thee this land, for soon it shall rain.

\*\*\*

Oh, give thanks, give thanks to God Omniscient,  
The One who is all things, and most sufficient.  
In Africa long ago, they knew You as the Omega,  
Indeed, in vernacular, this rhymed with mega.

Although they had no history of Christianity,  
They were not at all devoid of sensible humanity.  
They observed Nature, in it they discovered You;  
In their customs, it was clearly You they knew.

They could be enchanted by how You made them,  
They had no doubt it was from You they did stem.  
They could be amazed at the meandering of rivers,  
But they believed that it was only You who delivers.

They were astounded at the heights of mounds,  
But they heard Your voice in surging sounds.  
In all these, they never stopped to be thankful;  
They knew You're immeasurable, You're tankful.

They played drums, flutes and pipes for their God,  
They didn't tire to follow, the Protector of Old.  
They were flabbergasted by unusual life events;  
With libations, they flooded You with presents.



CHARLES MWEWA

They know You in their mother tongue as Lesa –  
And in many dialects, Oh, God, You are Leza.  
You're Africa's, You bless her soil, Oh, Nzambi;  
You have achieved ascendancy, Oh, Kyumbi.

You're Bore-Bore, kids sing of You, O Mongu.  
You're famously known as Yala, Asis, and Mungu.  
In dry season, You supply food, O Kalungu  
The skies are full of Your splendor, O Mulungu.

You're big, the biggest, You're called Mukuru.  
You busk in Your eternal glory, Unkulunkulu.  
You bring the rains and winds, O Ukulunkulu.  
You'll rise for Your people, Chindi-Chaimana.

You laid the foundation of the world, Kiibumba,  
And beautifully designed its borders, Kabumba.  
You unleash Leviathan and slay the Black Mamba,  
For You're known as the Dragon Slayer, Pamba.

Oh, Most Venerate, You're honored as Yatta.  
You're the Great Father, in Bemba, You are Tata,  
And by all, worshipped as Zanahary and as Chiuta;  
You are Almighty, You roar, Oh, Lion of Judah.

You reign in an unapproachable glory, Nyame,  
You have revealed Yourself as Leader, Nyambe;  
You display Yourself as Olodumare and Ondo,  
For You are the Self-Existing One, Oh, Olo.

Oh, Lord God, You rule over kings, O Inkosi,  
For as King of kings, You're Inkosi-yama-Nkosi.  
You fight battles, and the bounty is theirs, O Tilo  
You're worthy to be followed, Oh, Adunbalo.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

And who is like unto You, Oh, Lord Mwari?  
Surely their ancestors loved You, as they do, Ori;  
From eternity, You've been merciful, Great Wari,  
For Yours is the power, the praise and the glory.

You are decorated, Mighty Warrior, Oh, Rugaga,  
You are the lifter of Your people, Oh, Olugbega.  
You return triumphantly, O Lord, Great Hero,  
And those who hate You, will inherit but zero.

Almighty God, You give all things, Oh, Ruhanga  
You drew them in Your palms, Creative Chilenga  
For You know the end from the start, Kalunga,  
Your love, has not deserted Your lovely Africa.

You're victorious, glorious, Almighty Modimo,  
You're meritorious in deeds, increasing ever more.  
All nations of the earth look to You, Oh, Urezwha  
And Your goodness is shared by all, Osanobua.

You are, and can be, many things – You're Oluwa  
You do and undo anything, Almighty God Ruwa;  
You justify the innocent and the humble, O Suku;  
You forgive sins and show endless grace, Chuku.

Khuzwane, to describe You, there're no words,  
Imana, because You are affected by no swords;  
You are the true God and Lord, the Invisible One,  
You're the way, truth, life and victory You've won.

A diversity of people knew You simply as BIG,  
For in You all promises, pledges will never renege,  
Oh, blessed be Africa, Your land of amazing hope,  
Of her, You've spoken in prose, verse and trope.

CHARLES MWEWA

You've graced Yours with stamina, Great Njinyi,  
In their dire need, You've'nt forgotten them, Ngai.  
You're their King, Sovereign, their Great Oba;  
In Africa, You're like a Mother, *the* loving Baba.

## 10 | KENNETH KAUNDA

I heard about your timely death from abroad;  
You fared well, now respite in the blessings of God.

At the time, I wasn't able to attend your funeral;  
You're rested by the scepter of fewer a general:

Where Chiluba, the giant of multipartyism, is buried  
Where Mwanawasa's fight against poverty is carried,

Where Sata's allergies for corruption are unvaried  
Where Banda, Lungu and Hichilema's 'll be ferried.

I wonder if they broke your coffin, laid you in reeds  
And surrounded your regal head with Mwalule beads,

As the elders did make a deal in Kapwepwe's pride,  
Whom they quickly honored, wrapped in a cowhide.

I wanted to be among the mourners of an Africa giant  
Who against Apartheid's evils stood boldly defiant.

I hope they wrapped a white kerchief on a wreath;  
You preached peace, turning green an African heath.

You dreamed of a united, one country, one nation  
You fought colonialism, HIV during your duration.

You harbored Mandela, Machel and freedom fighters;  
You're named among pioneer presidents and writers.

CHARLES MWEWA

During your life time, you advocated for refugees,  
You ate vegetables, had fewer wrinkles and noogies.

A proud nation's father, you were, and for it you died;  
In your footstool, we will follow, with shoulders wide.

Even though a one-party stands as an arrogant effigy,  
That tainted part of your legacy and our self identity -

We are grateful, however, for your militant courage  
Against regional civil wars which you did disparage.

Let me your notable life serenade in works of poetry,  
And put closure, "Saying Yes," as to a song by floetry.

You're right, you would live forever in our memories;  
Which we'll hung on walls as memento tapestries.

## 11 | AFRICA, GUN OF ECSTASY

Oh, Africa, my Africa  
To your blends of sumptuous foods  
Your generous land of glorious goods  
Oh, Africa, my Africa.

The oceans that surround thee  
The brilliance of the dolphins  
Induce a jiving melody in me  
Thy fishes, glow in biting fins.

The smile on your striking girls  
Oh, Africa, beautiful thou art thy  
In darkly mouths white teeth swirls  
In these hairs, boredom waves bye-bye.

Nature, Mother Nature,  
You have been children's nest  
In pure drinks, your virtues do nurture  
And to Africa, your most is our rest.

O, cradle of world civilization  
Africa, home to a people with a mast  
Your pension neglected to desolation  
You're rising, O Land, forget not the past.

Your sunsets, God has blessed thee  
The trees and plants dance in the eve  
All curses on the fringe do flee  
O rejoice, Freeland, it's no time to grieve.

CHARLES MWEWA

Hail Africa, your cultures shine like the sun  
Hail Africa, you stand out among many  
Hail Africa, all impurities shalt be shun  
Hail, Mother Africa, grace you have plenty.

Oh, roar, roar Africa with a din of glory  
Shout in glorious jubilation, shame insecurity  
Oh, narrate your foregone tale in a fairy story  
Your magnificent waterfalls embody surety.

Oh, carry me, sure Africa, carry me  
At the junction of serendipity  
Let me meet the honey-making bee;  
Embrace me for the sake of our privity.

Wow, wow thy offspring in thy famed azure  
Do deck them in spacious brooding skies  
And drive us in modern pride to our sature  
Whence thy vicissitudes thy nature defies.

Thou shaped world genius into shape, Africa  
In the rising Sphinx, loves meet sensuality,  
Thou chiseled the edges of blub'ed America  
And broughteth frozen mirage into actuality.

The pride of your plateaux are rare routes  
To the epicenter of pleasure drive calmly;  
Break not, spare not, lead straight via thy roots,  
Stand thee bravely, flavor thy culture's assembly.

*I DREAM OF AFRICA*

Africa, you are a gun of ecstasy, a weapon of  
pleasure  
Thy l-shaped borders hive with havens of pure  
treasure  
From thy eastern barrel to southern tip, cometh a  
bullet of love;  
Thy western trigger, issues amity from thy grip north  
above

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**Charles Mwewa** (LLB; BA. Education; BA. Legal Studies; Cert. Law; DIBM; LLM Cand.), *a prisoner of grace*, is a Dad, author, lawyer, educator, and moral and social influencer. Mwewa is the author of 35 books and counting in all genres – fiction (novels), non-fiction and poetry. Mwewa, his wife, and their three girls, reside in the Capital City of Ottawa, Canada.

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CHARLES MWEWA

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