

Sierra Leone

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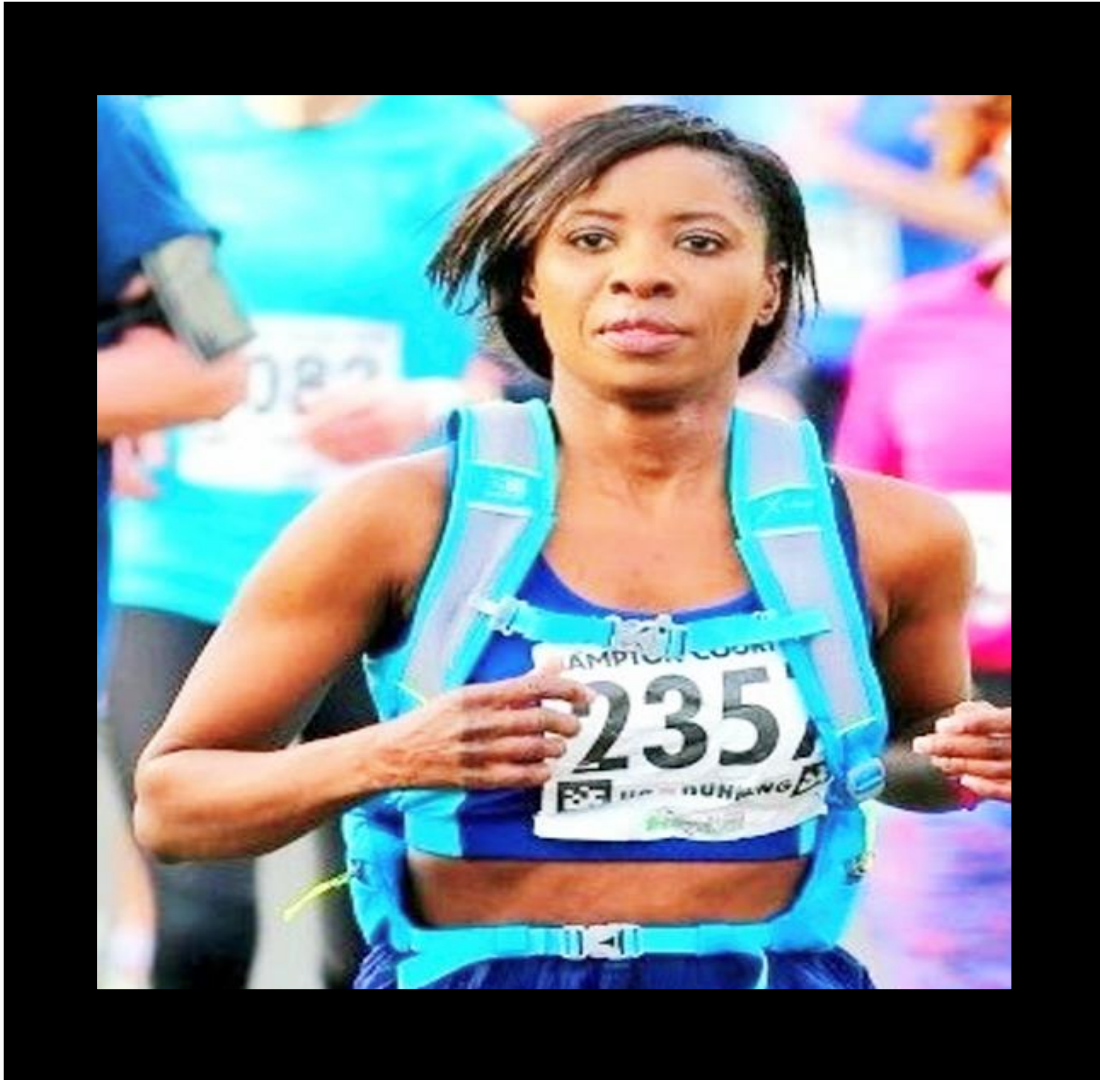
The

Diaspora

A collection of Poems

By

BEE James



I was also a keen distance runner.

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Forward

I'm Bee James a British Sierra Leonean Poet who also writes under the pseudonym, Ella Llewelyn Jones.

I started writing under a pseudonym when I worked as a Special Police Constable in the Metropolitan Police.

My anthology addresses themes such as social injustice, women's rights, black history, and corruption in African politics. This collection is a poignant look at the social and political circumstances of women in Sierra Leone.

I'm an English Language and Literature graduate who later went on to study Criminology and Social Sciences.

I'm a mum to a lovely boy who suffers with Autism.



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A Hidden Bush

(A poem on Female Genital Mutilation/FGM)

The dark silhouettes in the bush

Hold a secret

Of a practice indiscreet

Innocent girls file along

The whoosh whoosh

Of trees echoing their song

With a pain too strong

To ignore.

“Ouch ouch”

As they crouch

They shout:

“It’s not ugly

How dare you cut my bit

Like a worthless piece of meat?”

There's no dignity

Or humanity

In a tradition

Where society

Dictates you mutilate

A girl's body!

To prevent promiscuity.

A dark shadow in the Bondo bush

Poised with her BLADE

We can no longer ignore

In this decade

A tradition

I ABHOR

There's no dignity

Or humanity

Where's a girl's sexuality

Is impaired by her MUTILATED body.

Bloody Dowry

Peeping through the veil

A mere child

A flickering smile

Beguiled

Her rage

Innocence bought at a tender age.

Eyes sunken in pain

Tears for the future she'll never regain

Chest swollen

With anguish for a virginity

Stolen

The indignity

of his lust

Contaminating her bust

Her lappa

Conceals her shame.

The blame

Attributed to an abhorrent tradition

Of raping our younger generation

To him, his child-bride

To me, a child defiled.

Can Sierra Leone regain her pride?

Or seal the fate of every child bride?

Find me Mr Right

Had it with the men who spew false promises

Leading you a wild goose chase back home to their missis

Had it with the hot David Beckhams

Enveloping you with their charms

Serenading you with sleezy romantic gibberish

Then dumping you like rubbish

I've been done with the hunky Ashley Coles

Since the start of the last millennium

Their love stories are riddled with holes

I could never de-code their conundrum

While they save up to achieve their goals

You 'll have to deal with debt's pandemonium!

Never had much time for the confident Kanye Wests

Egotism never gave me butterflies

I could see right through their shoddy disguise

Ever since I passed love's eye tests

Had it with being spun around on love's carousel

By posers and losers

Been plunged into the depths of hell

By lovers who were just plain hustlers

Every female psychic can foretell

The good-looking ones morph into bloodsuckers.

Find me Mr Right

A bloke who wears his heart on his sleeve

Not a Lothario lurking in plain sight

Not a romantic pretender

Love's stereotypical Mr Grease

My heart's open to ANY contender

Who's keep its fragile fragments in one piece

The President Came To Tea

The stunning wooden table was exquisitely clad

Mama Salone always hospitable

Laid out all the delicacies she had.

At precisely half past four

THUMP THUMP went the door

The guest's knock was neither gentle

Nor was the hungry stare he bore.

As he approached the table

STOMP STOMP

'What's for dinner?'

'Potato leaves is always a winner'

He sat down with a clump clump

Jeneba twitched her gara lappa

He ungraciously eyed up her buns

He grabbed all their Akara

He scoffed them all at once.

Mama Salone looked with contempt

**At his bad-mannered attempt
To eat his potato leaves
smearing all that palm oil on his sleeves
Mama Salone summoned Jeneba to the kitchen
'What were you thinkin?'
Whacking her Egbakoh*
As the guest took a huge mondoh*
Like it was HIS Awujoh*
'Jenaba Isata Passande '
She scolded in Temne
'You'll forever regret the day
You invited a President to Tea.'**

**(As Awujoh is a Creole feast An Egbakoh is a wooden spoon used in
cooking A mondoh is a large scoop with one's hands).**

Hands Off Our Girls

A bevy of national treasure

Our secret power mill

They wear honour as an armour

Sierra Leonean women of steel.

Through the challenges of childhood

Violence and inequality they have stood

Strong, Shrewd and Steadfast

**Salone women of valour
were the pillar that did outlast**

The ravages of war.

In a land where babies die

A land where women are harassed

And integrous men in short supply.

Our women hold their heads high...

A scholar Benka-Coker

Our mayor Aki-Sawyerr

Our genius Sylvia Blyden

Powerful Sierra Leonean women

Our Auditor Taylor-Pearce

Our women strong and fierce.

Hands off Our Girls

**Strong women of substance
Hands off our women of steel
Their Amazonian resistance
Is Sierra Leone's running mill**

Hands of our Girls

Hands off our women of steel

Hands of our power mill.

The fortress

That has been Our Salone buttress

on which we lean

My Hands Off our Girls Campaign

Will immortalize their good name

Climate Catastrophe

**Carcasses adorn my village
Where majestic trees once stood
Ravaged By a state-sponsored Savage Trade
In wood.**

**Our once prestigious
Red Mangrove and African Teak
Plundered week by week
By the State's chosen few.**

**Salone's stunning woodland
Destroyed by a greedy band
Of our leader's chosen few.
Leadway's leading the timber trade
Of the State's climate charade.**

Their green palm tree

**An epitome
Of the catastrophe
That's Sierra Leone's climate legacy!**

Ode to Lara Taylor-Pearce

Lara,

The truth will shine through deceit

Like an ember in our Sierra Leonean heat

It'll drown out the lies

of the SLPP trojans

With their slogans

And sycophantic cries

Of 'trust the process.'

A Camouflage to oppress us

A brigade on a crusade

To LIE...

Lara,

They will trip up on the carpet of our Kenema palm oil

And bury their heads in shame in Lumley's sandy soil...

Lara,

The truth will gush forth like the Guma dam

Re-echoing louder than a Limba drum.

Lara,

Our Kamajors will chase them

back into bushes of oblivion

Unity, Freedom and Justice

Will once more adorn the pavilion

Of our stadium.

Lara,

Sierra Leone will arise from its slumber

A lion roaring like thunder

with the strength of iron Ore.

Devouring corruption to the core.

Wellington fire Tribute

Blazing inferno

Scattering flames

Like upturned raffia baskets

Scatter coins

Fuel spewing from the tanker's loins

Caskets of victims

Unrecognisable

Unidentifiable

Charred bodies on a road

Our hearts a heavy load

of smothering ashes.

A lingering memory

of victims, bed-ridden

Wellington Fire's our President's Wellington

Burnt into our memory

Our leader's scathing history...

Sierra Leone

My child inquired about our history

So, I told her this story:

S: is for SHERBRO Island that gave slavery a name

I: stands for INDEGENOUS tie-dying done in Makeni

E: is EBEH my favourite dish!

R: Is for RUTILE that's given us fame

R: is for RONKO a mystical ambiguity

A: is ABERDEEN the home of Fish

L: is for LUNGI'S coastal bay

E: is for EGBAHKOH our wooden spoon

O: is for the OMULLEH we drink on Christmas day

N: is for N'JALA our renowned College

E: is for our forests' EVERGREEN bloom

Every child should hear this story

Of what gives Sierra Leone it's glory.

Take Back Your Dowry

Take Back your Dowry

I don't want you

She chastised

Flashing eyes Like Lightning

striking Our Black Johnson

(He's sold.)

I don't want you

She bellowed

her stare cold

But words Loud as a Gumbe drum,

Battering his hopes like a Freetown storm.

My riches enticed you

Like palm wine from Pujehun

My diamonds lured you

like the lakes of Kailahun.

I don't know you

She spat with the swish of her Shegureh.

Proclaiming "you ain't my Bai Bureh."

I didn't want this man

Sierra Leone shouted

Brushing him off

With the breeze of her Harmattan.

she departed in disgust

'You haven't earned my trust'

Quivering lips muttered

As he fled:

'I was elected,

I WAS elected,'

He said.

The Lion's Salvation

Sierra Leone's lost

Like a coin

tossed

In the Kangari Hills.

The future fills

us with trepidation.

We're the loin

in an ambush

Trapped in an underbrush

Of corruption.

Will the LIMBA

Pluck up the stamina?

Have the KURANKOH

got the key to the door?

Are the KISSY

Too busy?

Will the YALUNKA

Gush forth like Mano River?

Will the KRIO, the SHERBRO

Muster up the ego?

What will the KRU do?

Can the TEMNE

Defeat this enemy?

Have the LOKO

Got the valour?

Will the MENDE

Pave the way?

Will the FULA, The MADINKA

Or MADINGO, grab Freedom's Charter?

Can we implore

The KONO

To rise up?

Will the SUSU mobilise and stop

The ship of corruption

Docking at Big Wharf?

Which tribe's tough enough

To bring salvation?

Do The Mayor a favour

Pass her, her crown

She's the mother of Freetown.

Her name will be inscribed

In Salone's history

She's ascribed

As a symbol of our victory

Over Ebola.

With her strength of character

She's our victory

Over mediocrity.

With her zeal and pace

Freetown WILL earn a place

As a clean city.

Yvonne Denise Aki-Sawyer

Sierra Leone absolutely adores her!

Pass her, her crown

She's the queen of Freetown.

Riddle of River Rokel

Deep down buried in her sand
Is the anguish
Of children's cries
On her seabed hopes, languish
Her cold rocks are the band
Of the cold-hearted men who cherish
Prepubescent girls.

Her waves batter their innocence
Dreams swept away by her tide
Her sunrise blushes at the abhorrence
Of men's wanton sexual stride.
Her numerous pebbles
Are numerous children
Victims, deaths hidden.

Her breeze whispers her riddle:

'Spirits, tell me why little
girls are wanton toys
Behind closed doors?'

She conjures up her wave
Of feminists

**'No more will misogynists
Enslave YOU.
No more will evil win
My river will purge and clean
Away this abominable sin'.**

Bumbuna's Blackout

**Sierra Leone harbours a darkness
Crevices where light has never shone
The joys of an illuminated happiness
Are ones we've never known.
Plunged into a dam of perpetual blackness
As our leaders lack the backbone
To ignite a surge of passion
One that doesn't emit from Bumbuna alone.
To lead us IN a glowing direction
So, Sierra Leone will transform
Into a bright, blazing beacon of light.
A leader that brings reform
With an electrifying might.
Sierra Leone harbours a darkness
Swamped by a static state of sadness
Minds where lights have never shone
An eternal blackness
That's entirely home-grown.**

Wolof Jollof

Slurp slurp

Went the President

Munching on his Jollof

His rice dish was flavoured

With a hint of mouth-watering Wolof.

Beside him host Fatima

Click click went her camera

Flick flick went her hair

The President couldn't have enough

Of his scrumptious Wolof Jollof.

Head chef was Sawaneh

The dish more tantalising than Tempeh

Slurp slurp Went his excellency

Efficiently eating his delicacy

Polishing off the Wolof Jollof with charisma

His feast an enticing enigma

Of Gambia, Kono and Kenema.

Ah aha ah aha

Went his excellency he suddenly began to cough

**The meaty concoction was just a bit too tough
Restaurateur Sierra Leone had called his bluff
“Huff Huff”
Roaring in laughter she spat out a rough rebuff
“This meal’s banished hunger
I think the President’s had enough
never again will our menu offer a Wolof Jollof’.**

La Belle Africaine

I'm She...

She with the big bosom

Heaving on a heavy heart

Pulsating with an inner wisdom

Only years of learning can impart

I'm She..

With a vibrating, voluptuous behind

In which joys are intertwined

With jibes, taunts and unkind

Descriptions.

She who in Western perceptions

Ain't a real beauty

With features labelled 'ugly,'

I'm She

With a flared nose

That knows

the pungent smell of decaying dreams

Floating in impoverished African streams.

Full luscious lips

**oozing with drips
of salvia from my screams
when abuse ravaged my protruding hips.**

I'm She...

**Of indescribable purity
Acquired when African rivers cleansed me
My finesse that flows in my veins
Lifts me up from valleys and plains
Unto the rocks of an African Sea**

I'm HER

The Black Beauty

In ME.

The incivility of War

Half a limb dangling
An empty life clinging
To a barren tree of hope
Joys of a life fulfilled elope
Me like the sun slips behind the slope
Of Mount Bintumani.
My poignant cries harbour a rhythm
Of the harrowing song of a war-victim
Imploring you to see Me for ME
Not just the amputee.
I'm the symbol of a Sierra Leone
That massacred its own.

Freetown's Fight

Will our historic Cotton Tree

Stir up in me

That passion

That spurred my ancestors into action

That broke the chains of slavery

That steered the ship of bravery

To grab the hope that enhances

That charisma that took chances

To lead up the river that flows

To where we build that dream that grows

From that fight for the freedom and liberty

That founded Freetown, a free city.

The waves at Lumley Beach

(In honour of Kadiatu Kamara, aka KK our only female surfer)

O

F

f

shore

A solitary figure

Sliding along the wave

Gliding into its concave

With the elegant skill of the brave.

T

R

A

N

S

F

I

X

E

D

I watch as the sea breeze whispers:

***Sierra Leone will ride the wave
Strength is stashed in her secret coffers
Courage has churned in her coral cave
Together, we will OWN the wave.***

Contentious census

Frightening fracas

In Tacugama

As the zookeeper begins to count

Contentiously the chimps line up

As cynicism begins to mount.

The apes were expectedly dubious

Of their new animal census.

Then a cheeky Monkey's raucous laughter

Spills out louder than thunder

At the keeper looking all pretentious

Clad all in green; all pompous.

His tone, cold and unconscientious.

Then as the monkeys stare in disbelief

His digital chip fell over the cliff

A baby chimp looked at its mother

And uttered in sheer relief,

'If the keeper wasn't so unstable

His skills so unreliable

That dodgy digital chip

might have ended up in OUR beef'.

Love Died in the war

(A poem for my ex, Daniel Musa who perished in our Civil war).

Shades of bronze

Mingled

In limbs entangled

Your touch

fires up My neurons

Your breath

My breath.

Sizzled

By your brown eyes

Love's bliss elevates us To Freetown's skies.

Passion's force in your kiss

Moves my lips

To exhale piercing cries

As your life slips

Away leaving a core

where pain and dreams are mangled

By miserable memories

Of a ruthless war

That ushered my lover to heaven's door.

That Black Girl

I ain't that girl

With the frizzy curl

You shoved passed on the bus

With your 'she's not one of us'

Snobbish indifference.

The girl on the dating site ranking low in your preference

The black girl on the tube

Who showed no gratitude

When you moved to let her pass?

A chavvy girl with no class

I ain't that girl

Who in your vulgar dreams

dragged you by the seams

Into the realms of erotic fantasy

But who in real life you showed no empathy?

The girl you could date but wouldn't

The girl you could have but didn't

I ain't that girl

With questionable style

**You queried in the circumference
of your blind prejudice
Who in popular reference
is tainted by the malice
of the poisoned chalice
Of racism.**

**I am not that girl
smeared with the cynicism
of she'll never make the grade
She's a darker shade of the darkest shade
The London lass
From a rundown council estate
The ethnic underclass
That middle class
snobs speculate
Might never rise out of the abyss of poverty
In the highest realms of my fantasy
I'm NOT just that black girl; I am me.**

Reflect the real me

In my mirror lives a lady
That isn't the real me
A striking impression
That claims to be me
But this imposter's perfections
don't *define* me

The real me is inferior
To the lady in the mirror
She wears her insecurities
She doubts her capabilities
She's in no way the extension
Of the stunning reflection
Of the lovely lady
staring back at me

She bears ugly scars
Where life has hurt her
Wrinkles are the memoirs
Of pain beneath her powder

**The lady in mirror might flatter
The gullible outsider
But inside me thrives a reminder
That *mirror lady's* just an imposter**

A War Memorial

No More No More

Never again that anguish

That tore out our centrepiece

That left hatred to flourish

That reaped the kindness out of kono

That plucked the love out of Port Loko

That masked the beauty of Makeni

That blasted the joy out of Bombali

That built its battleground in Bo

That wiped out unity in Waterloo

That kindled the inferno in Koinadugu

That plucked the pride out of Pendembu

That plagued our lives in Pujehun

That shattered freedom in Freetown

That killed all hope in Kabala

That knobbed a sadness into Kenema

No More No More

Will we stand by or Surrender

To divisions that let hate fluster

When brother turned on brother

When brother tortured brother

No More No More

Will we bleed, perish and groan

As war

Sinks its anchor

into Salone

Sierra Leone, A Rough Diamond

Unpolished
Its glow
concealed below
A layer tarnished
with corruption
A stone flawed
by an inherent quality
A diamond marred
by our dishonesty
Chip away the dust
That smears her gem with rust
Till Sierra Leone's emblem
glistens on her bust.

Christmas Romance

Glistening teeth

Your smile

runs a mile

Along your face

Chiselled arms

Crushing me in the charms

Of your embrace

Flattened abs

Your prize

for a vigorous exercise

Legs of a Gisele

interlock me in your spell

Freetown's finest

Love's own Mr Best

Till distance proved the test

Claiming love as it's conquest

You are a constant distraction

You thrive in my imagination

Your Christmas romance

An enchanting trance

A tease that taunts the rest

Freetown's Mr Best.

Freedom Fled Freetown

**Abolition broke our chains
Yet Africa imprisons our brains**

**Tyrants now abound
Where freed slaves found
A free land.**

Sherbro's Shackles

**I hear the chains rattling
Where shackles shook your strength
I hear ancient voices wailing
All along your river's length
I see our ancestors hanging
Humans bartered for Tobacco
Your caves were their dungeon
Their tale casts a shadow
On our children yet unborn
An Africa tarnished by European scorn**

**I hear the Spirituals they're singing
As they toiled in rice fields
I feel their hope wilting
Our lifeblood owns the proceeds
To Great Britain's greatest trade
My blemished history is interwoven in my braid
A tribute to Sherbro's sacrifice
Which my forefathers made**

humanity saddest merchandise

A medal that will never fade

Leema Had the Hump

Lousy Leema sounded leery

All through Christmas Day

He'd stayed up on Christmas Eve

Downing *Omolleh

He yanked down his garlands

He tossed them in the bin

He unpeeled the *Ollele and ate it with his hands

He picked up the meat skewers and poked

His wife's double-chin

He crushed the CDs of his favourite dance bands

Jumped in the mortar then took the pestle on a spin.

Lousy Leema loudly laughed at choristers

Who came to wish him well

He slammed his door on the carol singers

Told them off for ringing his bell

Playfully pulled faces at the youngsters

Pelted them with Chinese bangers

Then called them 'chubby monsters'
Lousy Leema was so drunk
He took Facebook selfies
And captioned them, 'Salone Hunk'
He cursed at God's son in Heaven
Trumped so loudly it was heard at number seven
Lousy Leema wrecked Sierra Leone's Christmas
With his Yuletide binge
On Leema's Christmas pyjamas
Santa scribbled, 'To the Grinch.'

- 1. Omolleh is a local alcoholic drink**
- 2. Ollele is a local delicacy**

Sabanoh's Classic

Muted voices

Laws bind our tongue

Acquiescing in a deafening silence

Passivity Has sat on our fence

And made democracy A statutory offence

Oppression grows

In our meadows

Tendered by those

Who crawl in others' shadows

Democracy's tunes Are left unsung

Where it's harmony

Synchs all wrong

Not a squeak or murmur in Democracy's defence

Our cowardice has made it

A statutory offence.

Where's Sabanoh's voice coach

Unfaced by tyranny's reproach

To train our voices to sing louder

The melodies of people's power?

Culture War

I lost myself in you
My Creole colours became embedded in your hue
We were the lucky few
Tribalism, status, religion
Hadn't stratified our union
I studied your Fatwa, you drank my Holy Communion

Standing taller than Mount Aureol
Enigmatic presence of a Nomadic angel
My Fulani King
Young love
Blossomed like a flower in spring
Two cultures blended like a hand in glove

I was immersed in you
Till society's customs tainted our emotions
Love usurped by hateful traditions
Our innocence couldn't accrue
The wealth to bribe prejudice's notions

My Maternal Message

**Poignant cries
Pierce our ears
From a baby born to die
Mothers' happy smiles belie
The agony of a premature goodbye.
Children chastised for childhood follies
Death threats replace girls' dollies
A promise of a life of poverty
Disguised
In a veil of state secrecy and lies.
Children raised to die
Lives littered with hardship loom
In a future of economic doom
Seeded in our fertile soil of suffering
Sierra Leone's unique offering
To the sacrifice of youth
Youngsters raised to die
Yielding to the wiles of deprivation
Rice served on the plate of starvation
Sierra Leone's on a painful trajectory
To the path that kills posterity**

They Call Her Madam Cole

Femi,

Your name's emblazoned
In our roll call of heroes
Your fortitude has impassioned
A new breed of female voters

Femi,

We're with you in Salone's dark abyss
Waiting to swim to peace
A robust boulder in our hurricane
We're leaning on your side
Together we shall all contain
The gigantic wave of corruption.
Sierra Leone's geared up to turn the tide

Femi,

hang in there, Mother
As we ride the turbulent sea
We aren't frightened of its ferociousness
While your gush of wind blows us free

Femi,
We've clasped your grip like a drowning man
To help us stay afloat
Sierra Leone's surrounded you like pebbles
And you're steering our boat
Corruption's waves may swirl and twirl
But in our coral cave of valuables
We've got you, Mother Pearl.

Femi,
You're Sierra Leone's trusted companion
We're comforted by your compassion
You took OUR humiliation
The loving hands that nursed us
Now a mother's hand that guides us

Misogyny's Rainbow

I'm only Ella Jones, not Ella Koblo

My head's not encircled by a halo

Of wisdom

I don't profess to know

All the sages in the Suffragette kingdom

But I know the evil misogyny

Wears a kaleidoscope of colours

Blending deceitfully in harmony

With the sexists amongst us

Masking under popular sentiments

Of a society harbouring resentments

Judged on your looks or virtue

Judged on the men who date you

Society's ethical arbiters of our character

Subject us to constant hate and malicious slander

I frolic with those who don't play

the partisan politics game

**I stand with FEMINISTS
who don't victim-blame.**

**The double standards of a society
Advocating for women's equality
Pretending to see me as Human
Yet underneath their hypocrisy
Thrives a hatred for ME
A woman.**

Ode to Leone Stars

Leone Stars Stars in our eyes.

Our hearts a beating Limba drum

Our eyes glued in anticipation

We watch them kicking up a storm

On the football pitch

Awaiting that jubilation...

Sierra Leone's dream team

Having conquered pandemics, we gleam

A brighter future

Never envisaged before

Enlightened by your shining glory

The story

Of a nation

undefeatable

Unbelievable

Surprises manifest in our quest to grasp success

As we ascend life's mountains

Our eyes on the summit

We're African Lions; we're strong

Our opponents plummet

On football fields crumbling

Before us

Nonplus

Shocked by our comeback

Sierra Leone's back on track!

Mohamed N Kamara

Umaru Bangura

Mohamed Turay

Leaving rivals in disarray

Steven Caulker

Defensive power

Musa Tombo

Our rainbow

That brightens up our day.

Musa's wife's pure love

Reflects our emotion

Resonating the feeling

We cherish

**As we relish
The moment they scored
Delighting fans at home and abroad.
That trepidation
We feel on match day
The anxiety
The Hope
That success once out of scope
Will be Salone's
We're dream swimmers in the Atlantic Ocean
We're mountaineers at Sugar Loaf
We conquer obstacles through strong will
A skill
We aced
Defeating Ebola
Ending our civil war
Stronger than the world gives us credit for
We're Leone Stars
We're Sierra Leone**

The Dwindling Leone

Isn't it funny

How Sierra Leonean money

Makes the pound look grand?

The *Leone can't withstand

The fierce knock of inflation

That's rocked our nation

Like gale force winds

Or the corruption each new regime brings

Despite the promises of governments

new and old

Our citizens are the commodities

being bought and sold

The Leone surprisingly

can afford to get the President to fly

But mysteriously

Can only afford *Akara without *fry fry

The Leone's heading in the wrong direction

Despite the President's prediction

The Leone is better off in the gutter

Behind *Kru Bay sewer

Freetown Will Be Free

**On a freezing cold January night
In 1792 ships sailed unto your harbour
Freed Slaves determined to fight
To reach a land of liberty, to grab the tree of hope
Lieutenant John Clarkson our gallant ancestor
Freetown's founder
Sailed from Nova Scotia
Those cargo ships brought him here
To govern a blessed land of slaves
Free, free from racism and discrimination
Free, free from the rationing of Canadian provisions
Where being black was no longer a crime
A forerunner and activist well ahead of his time.
My Black Loyalists forefathers**

**Are guardian angels of Freetown
Your fervour still flows abundantly in our town
You've impassioned our call for democracy
You drive our stive to advocate for our nation's unity
Black Loyalists bravely battled the turbulent sea
Sailing on hope stronger than boulders
They knew Creole liberty and future
Rested firmly on their strong shoulders
Freetown was rocked on January 6, 1999
In our gruesome civil war
We ploughed through; hatred doesn't define Us.
Unity, Freedom and Justice
Define our coat of arms
Not guns, bullets, or firearms!
'Freetonians' battled the Ebola pandemic
In a country where poverty is endemic
On the might of our collective power, we soared through
Spurred on by that passion that made Black Loyalists
pursue
A realisation of the dream
That all 'Freetonians' dream
To build on the foundations of liberty
That were laid when Europe ended slavery**

To grasp the cup of wealth and sip abundantly
That voyage that brought Christianity
That courage that faced calamity
That collective sense of humanity
That love that nurtures nationality
That quest that broke our chains of slavery
That voyage to Freetown's future
When brotherly love and respect for each other's dignity
Become the chains that interlock Freetown's structure

Groundnut Seller

Tray balanced artfully on your head

Shoes worn

from crunching life's shells as you tread

our wretched, rugged, and forlorn

road of destitution

Your groundnut tray of deprivation

Is Impoverishment, balanced on your head

with ease

A skill learned from your mother

An heirloom handed down by your grandmother

A maternal line of misery

Running through our economy

A perpetual curse of poverty

The title of Sierra Leone's story.

Polygamy's Enemy

**Love's ghost lives where you once did
Once my epicentre my hub
Consumed by an aching affection
My heart longed to hear yours, throb
Intoxicated by an emotion
Overflowing like unbounded rivers
Your loving touch gave me hot shivers
Love ghost now inhabits your empty chamber
Love's purity tainted by pain
From where daring deception left a stain
A younger wife became my nemesis
My heart evicted from Aphrodite's premises
I plunged into a gaping hole of emptiness
Devoured by a bitterness
When you cheated on love with impunity.
Leaving me on the verge of insanity**

High Tide at Government Wharf

(sorie Kondi is a infamous blind musician from Sierra Leone).

Sorie Kondi's harmony

Is the sweet melody

Your waves have lapped up.

His fingers gently stroke the tune

out of your breeze

As he sings with ease:

“When will your tide turn

When will these sea creatures run

From your mucky sea in retreat?

Heads bowed in defeat from our shore

Revealing Sierra Leone's rocks

Are boulders galore

Woven with coral shoulders of glamour.

When will your tide turn

**When will corruption run
when will our Sierra Leonean battleship
the ballot box
A fortress that docks Democracy
Ride your waves with Majesty?"**

**Sorie Kondi's harmony
Is the sweet melody
Your waves have lapped up.
His fingers gently stroke the tune out of your breeze
As he sings with ease:
"When will your tide turn?"**

Ode to Comrade Koita

Shout his name From Leicester Peak

He deserves his fame

A brother humble and meek

Sierra Leone let's acclaim

Loudly a true hero

Your soldier, Your patriot, Your son

He wouldn't point his gun

At his fellow.

Comrade Koita

Proclaim it louder

From *Mount Bintumani

Civilians we're his army

He languished in *Pademba Road Prison

For absolutely no reason!

A soldier of virtue and valour

Integrity is his armour.

He's on my wall of fame

Amadu Salone Koita's his name.

Fire in Their Belly

(A poem for Wi Yard Diaspora Channel's second birthday).

Wi Yard's an outlet

Through which we citizens

project

The truth.

Wi Yard will explore

The vices

we abhor

As we Sierra Leoneans

Pay ordinance

To a land we adore.

But as we debate the issues that

DIVIDE us

Love like a force

UNITES us.

**Wi Yard's
THE channel
Of factual news**

To panel

Our patriotic views

But as we debate the issues that

DIVIDE us

Love is the force that

IGNITES us

Justin, Allieu, you've done us PROUD

You're an HOMAGE to Wi Yard.

www.ellaspoesms.co.uk

SIERRA LEONE POEMS

