

Sierra Leone

In

The

Diaspora

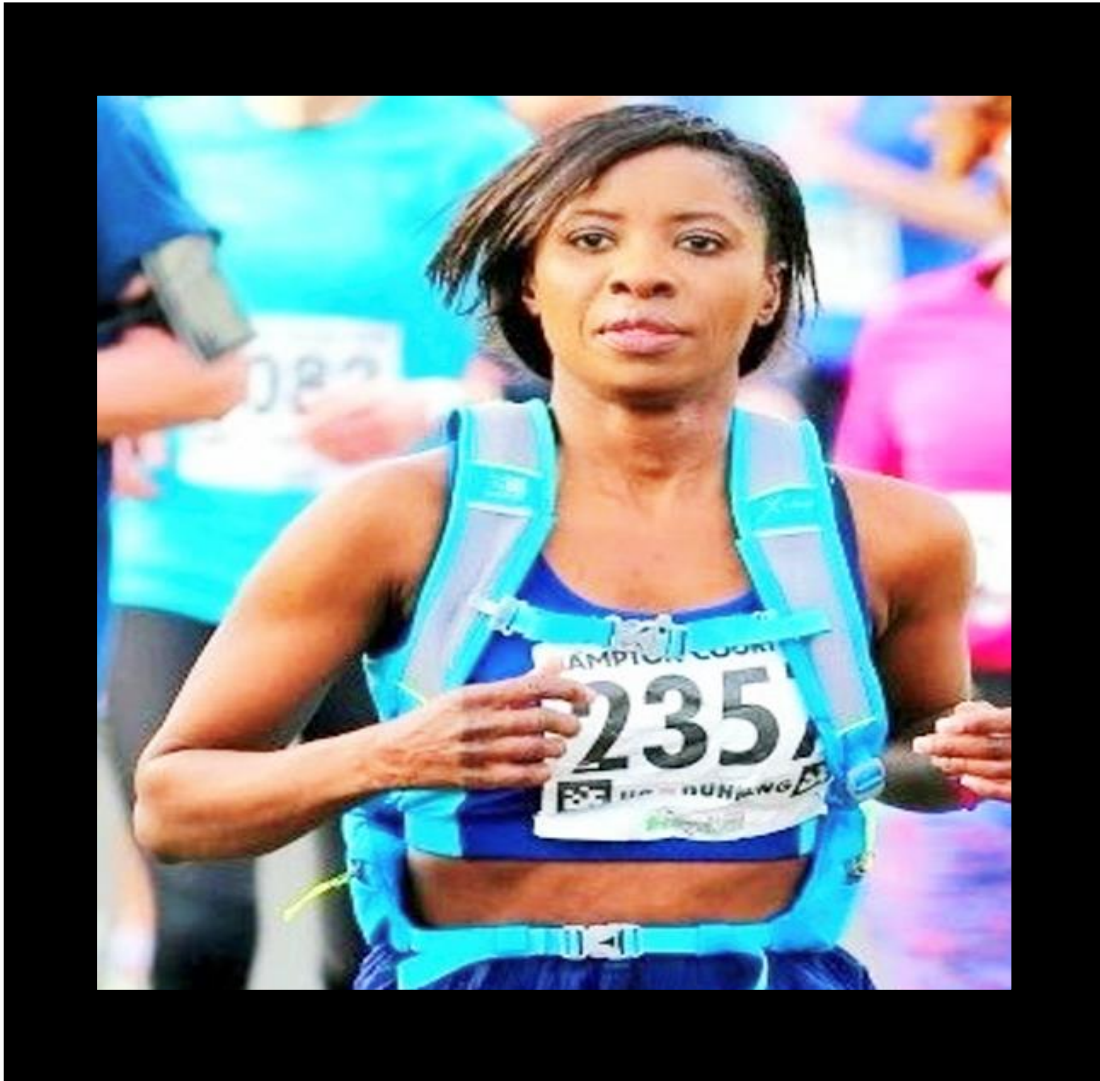
A collection of Poems

By

BEE

Aka

Ella Llewelyn Jones



I was also a keen distance runner.

Forward

I'm BOJ 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.



Contents Page

1. **A Hidden Bush**
2. **Bloody Dowry**
3. **Find ME Mr Right**
4. **The President Came to Tea**
5. **Hands Off Our Girls**
6. **Climate Change**
7. **Ode To Lara Taylor-Pearce**
8. **Wellington Fire Tribute**
9. **Sierra Leone**
10. **Take Back Your Dowry**
11. **The Lion's Salvation**
12. **Do The Mayor A Favour**
13. **Riddle Of River Rokel**
14. **Bumbuna's Blackout**
15. **Wolof Jollof**
16. **La Belle Africaine**
17. **The Incivility of war**
18. **Freetown's Fight**
19. **The Waves At Lumley Beach**
20. **Contentious Census**
21. **Love Died in The War**

- 22. That Black Girl**
- 23. Reflect The Real Me**
- 24. A War Memorial**
- 25. Sierra Leone, A Rough Diamond**
- 26. Christmas Romance**
- 27. Freedom Fled Freetown**
- 28. Sherbro's Shackles**
- 29. Leema Had the Hump**
- 30. Sabanoh's Classic**
- 31. Culture War**
- 32. My Maternal Message**
- 33. They Call Her Madam Cole**
- 34. Misogyny's Rainbow**
- 35. Ode To Leone Stars**
- 36. Freetown Will Be Free**
- 37. Ground nut Seller**
- 38. Polygamy's Enemy**

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 amour

Sierra Leonean women of steel.

Through the challenges of childhood

Violence and inequality they've 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, Maada

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 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
Restauranteur 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)

Offshore

A solitary figure

Sliding along the wave

Gliding into its concave

With the elegant skill of the brave.

Transfixed, I watch

Softly 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 ain't 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**

32. 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
Enlighted 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

Freetown Will Be Free

**On a freezing cold wintry 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 borne 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



www.ellaspoeems.co.uk

SIERRA LEONE POEMS



