Speaking of Hurricanes

-- for Micere Mugo and all other African exiles.

I

My Sister,

Have you noticed how around August/September every year,

Africa

gathers her storms and

hurls them across the Atlantic to

the poor Americas

and the poorer Caribbean:

Gilbert, Sullivan, Victor, Hugo...

blustering, savage, masculine?...

Ow, w, w, w...

the ruination they leave behind!

levelled homes

torn cables

poisoned water, and

too many lives snuffed out or at best broken.

Just reckoning the damage is a whirlwind of sorts.

And we almost thought: 'how clever of Africa!'

Until we looked around us, and stopped short on our way to jubilation.

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III

The Slave Trade was only a chapter, a watershed perhaps, but really no more than an episode in the hands of a master tale-performer who knows too well, how to change the story, its telling, its music, its drums
to suit his times.

But speaking of very recent events, My Sister, have you met any of the 'post-colonial' African political refugees shuffling on the streets of London, Paris, Washington, Stockholm and The Hague?

Minds – and bodies – discarded because they tried to put themselves to good use?

Please, don’t tell me how lucky they are.

They know. We know.

They are the few who got away...escaped the secret governments and their secret cabinets, the secret cabinets and their secret agendas for the secret meetings out of which come secret decisions, laws, decrees, orders from secret army to secret police for secret arrests secret torture and secret death.

IV

Ow My Sister, let me lament my openly beautiful land and her people who hide good things and bad so well, only decay and shame become public, international.

All storms are dangerous.

But I fear most the ones I can’t see whose shrieking winds are not heard around the world and the havoc they wreak cannot even be discussed.