
Seen But Felt Not; A Godly Brush

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Abeiku Arhin Tsiwah (Nana)¹

**Seen But Felt Not; A Godly Brush
(An encomium for Kwame Nkrumah)**

There was a county;
in it lived a black God!

There was a place called home;
in it lived a black Messiah.

There was homestead;
in it lived a black Sage.

He was seen
blossoming
from rot
& filth

From elements
that recognised
him not

He bloomed
& soared
until this world
could no longer
reason like him

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He was betrayed
& slain
by his countymen;
apparatchicks
of white imperialism

He was a vision
covered in
superhuman spermatozoa

He is the man
of yesterday —

He is the man
of today —

His name is
KWAME NKRUMAH

and he still lives . . .

A Rising Moon; of Songs and Homeland.

Seven moons have overshadowed
The spirits of the land.
Birth songs; midnight canticles,
The sun rises from the horizon
Asaase Yaa conceives:
A new dawn has broken!

Tsetse is mystical
Like the warrior's spear
It pierces the heart—
And sets the soul on
A lonesome sojourn . . .

Kwame;
The sublimable fontomfrom drums
have married the nostrils
of our sons
who think it's a shame

to dance to the tunes
of the songs you wrote at Nkroful

We are rising, rising through the curtains of time
our feet take a stroll
along the epoch of history

From Cairo, the Nile bends
meandering our paths
saluting the quest of this gallantry
along the breasts of the Volta

Was it not in Timbuktu
that knowledge sprouted
and gleamed when darkness
whiskered its taunt?

It may rain, the sun might melt
Yet, Africa shall remain —
That home; that womb
Which shelters her homeling

We are hunters dreading
The pitch of dwarfs at night
The sea vows at twilight,
Africa rises on the cape!

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