

Ode to my Grandfather

You fell. Though not when the orphans arrived
One by one, they followed. No love remained
in those regions they left behind, now you
became 'father', you rose for them and stayed

You fell. Though not when calls for Parliament
members occurred, when you were grown and so
were they. Your true lot. Destiny. Ordained.
Your gift for sharing your innermost glow

You fell. Though not when men promised women
were not to be, never to be members
of Parliament. You rose and spoke 'Women
are just as skilled as us!' I remember

You fell. Though not that day soldiers arrived
for you. You left with them to save my aunt,
uncle, nanu, and my first love: my mum,
hoping your act prevailed, your words couldn't

You fell. Though not the day I came in a
bundle. You rose and wept. Your own daughter's
daughter. Second newborn secure and sound.
More signs your act did not bring their slaughter

You fell, though we do not forget your life.

Pictures, and tales about you won't soon cease.

Your journey was noble; you made your mark.

My prayers are now for your eternal peace.