

PROSE AND POETRY FROM AFRICA: Paul  
wairoa, Johannesburg south  
Africa.+27849696657

## 6.DANCING WITH DEATH IN THE VILLAGE.

When he died it was A big village party.

People danced A village Dance ,Heroic Dance.

Elephant Dance, the trees swing song dance ,the  
air pregnant with happiness, whispers....

Happy people Smiling faces .

All over the village square.

It was happiness and celebration.

one of its kind.

Only his old Frail mother cried.

His aunties and uncles laughing and breathing air  
of Relief.....

His father sat with his clans men Head Bow down.  
unable to utter single word.

The Deadman was a big Grace.he never helped an  
needy soul in the village,Helped only his in-laws  
forget his Roots;Relatives.

In Nairobi city he stayed in up -market estate.

Estate for the Rich and famous.

He never attended anyones funeral.He was aman  
of style,he confided to his close associates that he  
was ja-british war veteran survivor.

He told his security Guards never to allow

Anyone from his village to enter his Residence

He never Gave car lift to anyone from sisenye  
village where he was born in 1958.

Was this guy Not our first professor in village.

He was professor of mathematics,he was adeputy  
vice chancellor of a university in Nairobi.

Did we not contribute money to take him to  
makerere –kampala-Uganda under the wise

leadership of Paramount chief mukudi,oh oh oh  
!!!

Why did you Hate people who helped you.

Who will cry when you Die

Must we Dance when you die ?

Must only your mother mourn,the whole village  
celebrate or Dance !!

Who will cry when you die....