

POEMS

TONGUE OF
THE FOLK

GARANG D. MAYATH

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TONGUE OF THE FOLK

GARANG D. MAYATH was born in 1978 in Warlangram village in Mading Aweil -Southern Sudan. Like other South Sudanese whose rural areas were affected by Sudan's second civil war, Mayath's family was involuntarily displaced to the Northern Sudan where they settled in Northern Kordofan State (Elobeid) in 1989.

Mayath went to Bakhita Catholic Church's School for Displaced Children in the same year and completed his basic education in Mohammed Awad Al-Karim Al-Kurashi's Basic School in 1998. He received his secondary education in Al-Sheikh Ismail Al-Weli's Secondary School.

He studied English Language and English Literature at the University of Juba (College of Education) and was awarded a Bachelor of "Education and Arts General" in 2006.

Mayath worked as an English Language teacher in Sisters' School for Girls in Khartoum-Sudan in his professional life. He taught in many adult education centers, language institutes, and Archdiocesan Schools for Displaced Children. He also worked as a mobile tutor teaching English Language for various purposes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to offer my special gratitude to Adam Chalong, the Professor of English Language and English Literature at the University of Juba. Thanks to this hand that has raised thousands of educated cadres, including myself. Without Adam's repeated mentoring, moral support, and encouragement, this collection of poems wouldn't have been literary material. I also thank him for his guided advice and coaching role, which gave me self-confidence during my initial attempts at writing poems in 2002.

My sincere thank goes to all those who willingly volunteered and took the time to help me in proofreading, reviewing, correcting, criticizing, and providing meaningful suggestions. Specifically, I am very thankful to Flora Luigi Adowk who thoroughly edited my autobiography, Gabriel Joseph Shadar whose verification was much useful, especially in syntax (structure) of poems and late Amb. Moses Akol Ajaween who constructively criticized the first proposed title "The Widow Cow" and his criticism gave birth to the current name "*TONGUE OF THE FOLK*".

I would also like to give thanks to few intimate people who assisted me in different ways, especially Ramadan Mohamed Abdallah Goc, the brilliant poet Nyanjang Morris, Angelo Akech Diany, and the prominent South Sudanese journalist, writer & poet Dengdit Ayok.

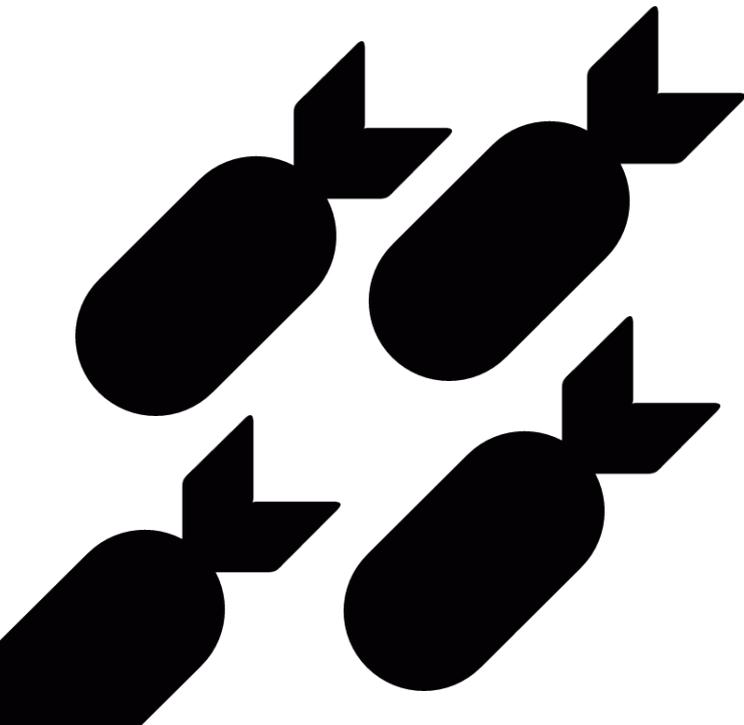
Finally, I acknowledge and appreciate any supportive advice, helpful guidance, and encouragement I received from many relatives, friends, colleagues, acquaintances, and all members and participants of the Korbandy's Cultural Saloon with whom I shared the idea of printing and publication of this book.

Dedication

This collection of poems is dedicated to my beloved mother, Nyanrol Mou Akoon; the brave widow who has been symbolized in the poem as the leading cow. She took her courageous decision at the toughest time; three decades ago, to spare me from a hard life.

She sacrificed her entire life to send me to school and worked tirelessly to secure my expenses, as well as ensuring the continuation of my studies. She was the sleepless guardian of my schooling and learning progress right from primary education started in 1988 up to the completion of my bachelor's degree at the University of Juba in 2006.

This piece of humble literary work is also dedicated to the unforgettable memory and the soul of my late father Deng Mayath Kon (Dengyel) whose death in 1988 has left dreadful pain and infinite melancholy in my heart.



WHY WARS ?

Declaration of the Slaves

We should never carry on our heads the wagon of the evil.

We should never hold on our shoulders the children of the devil.

We should never walk barefooted, with chains to stumble.

We should never make bricks along the Nile for the heartless people.

We should never look after the cattle of slave traders.

We should never grow sorghum for the cruel masters.

We should never quarrel among ourselves over the remainders,

Which drop suddenly from the mouths of the Tartars,

But we should have to pool our hands together,

And ask the Almighty Father.

Throw away that spear,

You are pointing against your brother.

Put down that cannon;

Unload the bullets of your frown,

Your people are your crown.

Remove away the killing mind,

You lay on your folk line.

Fellows, remember!

A long time ago, our ancestors foretell:

In oppression, the noblest shall fail,

With struggle, the simplest shall sail,

God shall deliver His people,

From the harmful rule of the cursed devil.

2nd Mar.2002, Khartoum, Sudan

I Was the Eye

I was the eye:
War was hot,
So heads were hit,
And hearts were pierced,
By the arts of arms.
South and North,
Burnt the bush.

I was the eye:
Years and years,
Crying in the morning,
Love had left,
The smile had lost,
In all the towns,
Villages and suburbs,

Upon the mounds,

Along the Nile.

I was the eye:

Trees were huts,

Under which we live,

Drops of bombs,

Sound in ears,

All the time.

I was the eye:

Night in fright,

Day in plight,

Thunder sounds,

And stars stare,

Songs and cheers,

Bullets from guns,

Flash on flesh,

Flame and smoke,
Ascend to the sky,
And leave the soul,
From birth to grave.

I was the eye:
Blood was the flood,
Run in streams,
Shouts and screams,
Folk were killed,
Cows were looted,
Goats were robbed,
Huts were flamed,
And children became prey,
For invaders' tray.

I was the eye:
We used to hide,

And sit astonished,
Side by side,
Sick and sad,
Hungry and thirsty,
But far away,
From voices of guns.

I was the eye:
Sun shines and sets,
Upon her face,
Bag on the head,
Boy on the shoulder,
Girl at back,
Wakes by shake,
As mother walks,
Through bush of south,
Full of wolves,
Towards the north.

I was the eye:
After escaping death,
In the land of birth,
We became slaves,
Mum washes cloth,
Sister makes broth,
Just to buy the peace.

I was the eye:
Boys in camp,
Take their part,
They look after cows,
With beat on heads,
Slaps on cheeks,
Knocks at the back,
Spits on the face,
But keep aside,

In silent lines,
For the sake of life.

May. 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

The Weeping Eye

A thirsty orphan is subject to death,
But to whom could he speak on earth.
He lies down, waiting in pain;
The sky releases a drop of rain.

The weather in camp is so hot,
And the tent broils like a water pot,
With fire boiling underneath.
He complains and breathes,
But no relief unless the winter seizes.

In the aftermath of heat, fear is the wet;
His teeth chatter with cold,
While skins turn into ice.

It is always too cool,

Yet, silently, he sneezes.

O! Lord, is it a way powerless person cries?

Aug8th. 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

O! Dear, O! Dear,

O! Dear, O! Dear,
Who can retire?
Rather than aspire,
Fire that sear,
So years fear,
All ages bear,
Tears are here,
Equally, pelt there.

O! Dear, O! Dear,
Who can bear?
The flames that appear,
Pollution on air,
Bombs we hear,

Drop everywhere,
Earth is aware,
There is nowhere.

O! Dear, O! Dear,
Who can near?
A boy is yonder,
A girl in wander,
Away from mother,
Far from father,
Weep with the peer.

O! Dear, O! Dear,
Who can clear?
Hearts to cohere,
Against a nuclear.

Oct 5th. 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

The Leading Cow

Only in the jungle were groan and moan:
Night watches trees with a beaming moon,
But stars hold an inclusive watch and burn,
Glowing lamps foretell the vacuum of years,
Feathery leaves drop from upstairs,
Wintery weather blows into her ears,
Watery is her face with tears,
Squatted down homeless, but she bears.
The leading cow sobs with euphemistic cheers;
For dead bull, she didn't mourn.

A yokel rattles for her weeping kids.
A cleaner wakes up in the babyish dawn.

For daily food, she walks from suburb to town.
She runs up and down:
When cleans the compound,
Old packets over there and around,
On her head, melt the embers of the noon,
Sucking the litter and absorbs the scorn.
Her teeth smile for master's frown,
In her heart, a dream of the coming crown.

She is firewood under the pot that flames.
She cooks the meal and takes the blame.
Her food is delicious in the passive mouth.
The big belly is addicted to the mattress.
Sanctimonious foot in the Italian shoes.
A long-haired lady lies on the two pillows,
Eats and then commands the stewardess.
The innocent sky embraces the earthy disasters,
In an open cloud and mobile weather,

Pollution waxes on her plain leather,
Smoke swells and wanes upon dear mother.

Jan3rd. 2003, Khartoum, Sudan



The Voice of Orphans

In the name of God to whom the Universe kneels, we
swear,

In the name of the spirits of our forefathers, we swear,

We shall stab, stab with our ancestral spear,

The large belly of the strange animal,

That kills our fathers,

And enslaves our beloved mothers.

In the name of God to whom the Universe kneels, we
swear,

In the name of the spirits of our forefathers, we swear,

We shall stab, stab with our ancestral spear,

Who murders our great leaders,

And rattles his coins to be our intimate, dear,

We drink the bitterness of his beer,

From tongue, the butcher is sweet and clear,

But his stomach is the storehouse of nuclear.

In the name of God to whom the Universe kneels, we swear,

In the name of the spirits of our forefathers, we swear,

We shall stab, stab with our ancestral spear,

The bowels of zebra with long hair,

From the invaders, we shall no longer fear.

In the name of God to whom the Universe kneels, we swear,

In the name of the spirits of our forefathers, we swear,

We shall stab, stab with our ancestral spear,

Who bombs our huts and villages,

And slaughters our people in the towns,

And loots our cattle in the jungle.

In the name of God to whom the Universe kneels, we swear,

In the name of the spirits of our forefathers, we swear,
We shall stab, stab with our ancestral spear,
The long-beard ram with a big ear.

God, listen to the voice of orphans,
Within our mothers' wombs, we babble,
Bullets with our umbilical cords still mingle,
Slavery has got marks in our veins,
The revenge of orphans will be more horrible.

Jan. 2003, Khartoum, Sudan

Take A Piece of Paper!

Take a piece of paper,
And write down our dark chapter.
How many eggs and chicks,
Lost in the swelling cheeks?
Here are feathers of hens,
Flying without wings.
Those are legs of cocks,
Buried without shrouds.
There is a shell without a yolk.
Who took it from our folk?

Take a piece of paper,
And write down our dark chapter.
How many cows have been milked

For butter and cheese,
Then the wolf had lapped it all,
And slaughtered the owners in the park?

Take a piece of paper,
And write down our dark chapter.
How many calves and bullocks,
You are certain;
The long nose wolf had eaten,
And sold their hides in Aden?

Take a piece of paper,
And write down our dark chapter:
How many children the hyena had kidnapped,
And locked them up in the park,
Then entrusted his dog to bark?

Take a piece of paper,

And write down our dark chapter.

How many goats the boa had swallowed,

And killed the keepers in the house,

The bones are still outstanding in his mouth?

Take a piece of paper,

And write down our dark chapter.

How many heads are buried in Al-Dhaein's Mass
Grave?

And those which are thrown around Babanusa's
railway?

Look at the skulls and the type of marks!

Tell me from the book of our land,

How depth our blood has run?

We need to know more from the door of history,

Before we jump in through the window of victory.

Feb. 2005, Khartoum, Sudan

Chameleons

Chameleons shape their skins,
According to the available leaves.
Under the pretext of destiny;
They conceal their identity.
The hangers-on are serious;
Look at the fingers!
When stretching out their tongues.

In the twinkle of their eyes
Not in their minds,
Between autumn and spring,
Summer will take place.
It will shine hotly underneath

And boils the top of trees,
That chases out all the worms.

Apr 4th. 2003, Khartoum, Sudan

South Sudan

South, south, you are alone,
With a ball on your foot.
Blank is the net,
While the keeper is absent,
Without opponents on both sides,
Even the middle is vacant.

South, south you are alone,
With a ball on your foot.
Seize this chance,
To relieve your wounds.

South, south you are alone,
With a ball on your foot.

Surely, it shall be kicked,
At the fixed minute.
You will praise yourself,
Among the African nations,
When you score the goal.
If it skips or misses the net,
You will take the pain alone.
You will drink from the river of sadness.

July. 2005, Khartoum, Sudan

Freedom is Bitter

Here in our nation;
Freedom is bitter,
Whoever aspires it,
Will swim in the river of fire,
Where soul drops into embers,
And become residents in graves.

Here in our nation;
Blood has run,
And more shall flow,
From tongue who claims freedom,
From age to age is bitter.
Debate is always about it,
Whether to be taken or to be given.

Here in our nation;
Racism and nepotism are in alliance,
Against equality and justice,
Nationalism has lost its balance,
Legs step daily on violence,
Faces always rain in silence.

July. 2003, Khartoum, Sudan

The Price of Dogs

A small puppy wishes to jump,

But static is the short tail,

It doesn't move; she is ill.

Bluntness in her claws,

Unable to catch the wall,

Both operate by a routine meal,

The master had already halted.

Weaning of a baby yields pain;

The mouth will always complain,

And mutters in a ceaseless wail,

It usually comes out of one's will.

Unlike a teenager;

The big bitch says:

Master, please, lay,
Leftover bread in my tray,
Do not prolong or delay,
There is news of durable dismay,
Lion is on the way.

The Absent-minded old dog still howls,
Before the master's gate,
Unaware about the news...

Other dogs with bad rabies
Rush collectively for attendance,
In a place where food is in abundance,
And tolerate shamefully any offence,
And clutch hungrily on service,
In the house of bones.

Dec.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

Why Do We Protest?

The elders are watering the venomous roots,
And children are eating the poisonous fruits,
Even the unborn ones are subject to inherit,
Though in their mothers' wombs smell of demerit.

Take from the South and pass by the West.
Glance at the North and look at the East.
Backbones are extending with the unabated beat.
Muzzles on mouths pulling wagons on street.
The ropes are twisting around the waist.

The door of this land welcomes whoever deceits.
In the palace, they always have seats.
Firstly, oppress, secondly embezzle and desert,

We say, those were the aura of the worst,
And the new ones are the omen for the best.
When they backfire, we raise a copious complaint.

To whom and from whom do we protest
If our minds had buttoned up our chests?
So we hoist the gangsters beyond our height,
And we place the right one under our feet.

Nov.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

The Big Cat in the Kobor's Jail

The big cat is under the torture of an earthy hell.

Face in the chest, bowing before Marshal Bull.

Sharp horns stab its stomach and pull.

His ears on the floor in the Kobor's Jail.

He went on the morning wail.

Among other prisoners, he queues in jail.

Mixed-up chains jar his delicate tail.

Attempts of escape are all in vain.

June 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

Patient Mum

Do not cry mum,
Do not be a vacuum follower,
Because your matters had fallen into the mud.
Death is thirst on earth:
It drinks a pot and encroaches on a pond,
A drunkard mutters for more beer in his bed,
A mosquito that sucks the blood,
A bee that stings all passers-by on the road.

Do not cry mum,
Because your matters had fallen into mud.
Raise your eyes and ask the Almighty God,
For mercy on the late soul.

Wipe the sorrow out of your face

And be an operator for daily life.

Put on the coat of labor.

A widow must cut off her hand,

And make it firewood,

For her small kids.

May 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

The Watchman

Take it easy, my uncle;
Do not expand your muscles,
Upon the face of that man.
Quarrel is so much in vain,
Leave him to go with our rights.

Alas! The wages of ten years.
The loss of keeping watch overnights.
The waste of time for cleaning.
Now, the heartless man is chasing us out.

What a violation of rights,
But to whom should we report,
Judges are from his race?

Let's evacuate his house,
And return to Jabarona.
On my shoulder,
I shall carry a small boy.
Hold that little girl and let's go now.
We will never live as watchmen,
In the buildings of oppressors.

Jan.2005, Khartoum, Sudan

The Tree without Leaves

The most unlucky tree was it
Among all the earthy plants,
Its leaves were dispersed,
By wind from the North.

The wind separated them differently,
Without contact among themselves,
And the mother was left alone,
It suffers out of the bushfire.

Everything has got meaning
But why I never know the difference:
A tree without leaves,

And leaves without the tree?

Is it a dead tree?

Are they dried leaves?

My thoughts from sunrise,

Last with the bright moon,

But I got no word,

For my wander.

The beauty of a tree is seen,

When leaves are on its branches.

Sept.2002, Khartoum, Sudan

Unity and Separation on Balance

In the land where the twin Niles blow;
Unity is a dream and separation is a scheme.
On the river bank glaring are the two teams.
Whose aspiration will float
And which one will sink with its boat?
Sudan is about to split.

Inside the Northern Sudanese society:
Many people go along with unity,
Among the heads of nobility,
Students at university,
And citizens in totality,
They push the wheels of diversity,
Daily newspaper posts the certainty.

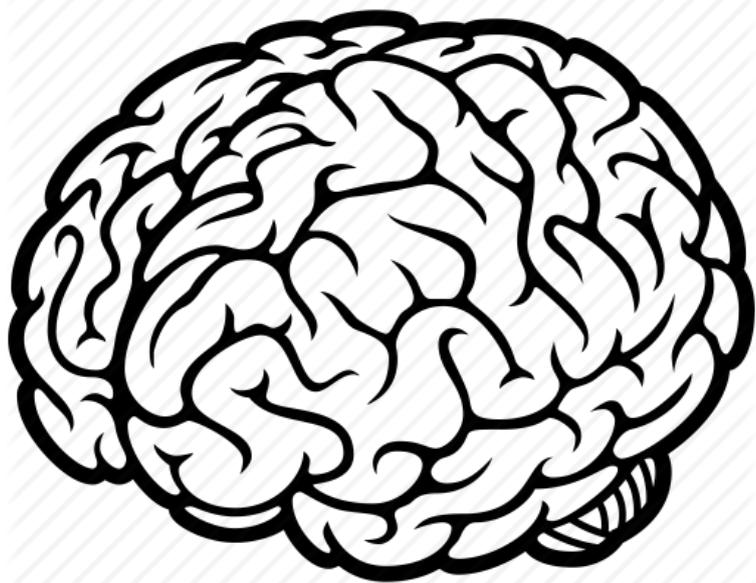
In Southern Sudan, various tunes of ululation:
Let's raise the voice of secession,
Since the departure of the white colonization,
National tyrants came in continuation,
Chronic and immortal domination,
The killing of innocent and living in marginalization,
We shouldn't be slaves in our own nation,
We welcome the separation.

Hazardous is our home destiny!
Wars will shake its unity.
Cracks increase on all corners.
In the great shock are the builders,
From which dimension will they start?

Some people here and there
Understand nothing about morality,
Between right and absurdity,

Whether separation or unity,
Will fill in our land with safety,
And the rebirth of humanity.

Mar.2005, Khartoum, Sudan



We Should Build the Independent South

We should build the independent South:

That walks on the African path,

And talks by its mouth,

And stands on its legs,

And eats with its hands,

And smells with its nose,

And sees with its eyes,

And so... and so... and so...

We should build the independent South:

That listens with its ears,

And flies with its wings,

And lives in its own ways,

Neither shall it be pushed by the opportunists,

Nor shall be pulled by the racists,

Pure from erosion of discrimination,
Free from bondage and marginalization.
And so... and so... and so...

We should build the independent South:
That embraces all the Southerners,
To live freely in the bush,
Africans with our own traditions,
Herders and cattle keepers,
Farmers with the goat leather,
Fishermen with hooks along the Nile,
Hunters with spears in the jungle,
Villagers with the birds' feathers,
Much better than to be scholars,
Under false knot of the unionists.
And so... and so... and so...

Dec.2005, Khartoum, Sudan

The Sharp-horned Bull

I'm not sweet like an orange juice
That flows easily within narrow pipes.

I'm not soft like cotton,
That saves the body,
From the eye contact.

I'm the bull that accepts no other bull,
In the same flock for the same goal.
Too awful and rough in pursuing my rights:
I am sour and bitter.
Who tastes it once?
The sweat of my meat,
Twice will spit out,
The endless chronic disease.

I'm painful in my hand's blow
Harmful in my ten claws,
Spear when I throw,
Should land at the brow.
Dodge my darkness,
If you are the light.

Feb.2002, Khartoum, Sudan

Hunger

Face gesture shows,
How painful it hits.
Hunger eats inside the intestine,
And let the backbone extends to split.
Yet, hope in the heart,
Holding the most part,
Waiting to depart.
A hungry man staggers,
Before he surrenders.

Nov .2002, Khartoum, Sudan.



Violence

In my nation blood spills
Like a water pot,
On the head of a slim lass spatters.
It runs abundantly like a bush fire,
Gobbles all barriers and doesn't tire,
The greenish plant set ablaze and still desire.
The Sudanese electrical wire,
Flames and explodes into the regional fire,
Sucking blood from toes and requires,
The nerves of head and hair,
Dangerous even to its engineers.

Oct.2003, Khartoum, Sudan



WHAT PEACE THE PEOPLE OF SUDAN WANT?

What Peace is Born?

What peace is born?

Why millions of people are enthused,

But the minority is afoot to refuse?

Look! All the racists are confused,

Though child-naming is not yet proposed.

It's still anonymous for sometimes,

And anomaly from the Addis Ababa peace,

That was thrown into abeyance.

Previously, when we were curious,

It was ambiguous.

When we were serious,

It became obvious,

And when we were oblivious,

It turned into a fuse.

The guns thundered in the forests:
Many people went into graves,
And the rest were left with grief.

What peace is born?
Who will abuse it?
Who knows the callous?
And people with menace?

What peace is born?
They say:
It's Moses' staff for slaves.
A ladder to paradise for all.
But embers of hell to the few.
A drink very sweet on the lips of mice,
And a loss to the cats if free meat becomes scarce.

Jan.2005, Khartoum, Sudan

Welcome Peace

Into our hearts, welcome peace.
Be your lamp a panoramic might,
That generates automatically the light,
And function fully for day and night.
The entry to our house is harmfully closed;
We attempt to knock at the door,
But we encounter the fright.
Inside there, inside there, inside there,
Horrible crocodiles challenge to bite,
Spoiling our independence in a place of delight.

Into our hearts, welcome peace.
Our nation shed blood,
Before the day, we raised our flag.

Sighted people are sitting on chairs permanently,
And we, and we, and we are the blind ones,
We are standing up.

We remember the British soldiers at night,
So we cultivated the longest fight,
And Sudan gathered its crops full of blight.
Now, the fertility of our land has been lost.
Death and diseases grow out of fault.

Into our hearts, welcome peace.
Consolidate the kingdom of love.
Abominable ravage is enough.
Without peace, life is rough.
Without peace, life is tough.
The wintry weather is set to have:
In the sky white staff,
Chant the songs flock of the dove,
And preach the birds on our behalf.

Into our hearts, welcome peace.
Shelter the homeless on the streets,
Small children go astray,
Under bridges, some stay,
Dogs get jealous and annoy,
When they fight over the remainder,
The boys eat in a hurry without delay.
At markets, the kids pray:
Side by side, they say,
From Allah and to Him pay.
Few people pity and lay,
Coins into their plates.

Into our hearts, welcome peace.
Flick off the dust of violence and seize,
The film of killing is filling,
Our feelings with flame.

Heaven would condemn,
And earth should blame,
From birth, babies face toil,
The war is sailing our land to boil.

Into our hearts, welcome peace.
Break the towel of dismay,
Be your birth, not a ploy,
But a passage carrying joy,
Without barriers and foray.
Our faith rises on your birthday.
Free the handcuffed people to pray,
And release the legs with chains to play.
So the tree shall become a shadow for all.

Jan .2005, Khartoum, Sudan.

in Yesterday's News

In yesterday's news,
We received fresh news,
Spreading in the South,
And stretching in the North.
Along with this news:
Lion and bull passed orders,
To silence the weapons,
Upon the mountains,
And those in the forests.

In yesterday's news,
Green square abounded in cheers,
Ululations of women,
Scratched the abyss,
Full with mirth.

In yesterday's news,
The tone of dance,
Echoed with melodious songs,
That choked the shark,
On the Nile bank,
And shocked the fox,
In the luxurious building,
And shook even the dog,
That sleeps on the road.

In yesterday's news,
Some people sat around a radio.
Others surrounded a TV.
Injuries in hearts slowly decrease,
Like ice melt into water.

In yesterday's news,

Bassoons whistled from any town,
With similar sounds.
The tune of different folk drums,
Disseminated news of the birth,
That brought in a cluster of guests,
From various states.

In yesterday's news,
We heard about the newborn child.
From Naivasha, came grace.
All towns dance,
And villages sing.
Until the sun rose over trees:
Legs step on streets,
Crowd zealously increases,
Waiting for the princess,
Sheikh Ali Osman Taha,
Landed with the promise,

The rose of peace.

In yesterday's news,

Victory and success in the file:

Around the faces with a broad smile,

Minus stoppage blows the Nile,

Muslims cheer and Christians rejoice,

Southerners praise and Northerners bless,

The God who grants us peace.

In yesterday's news,

Sudan announced the pass,

From the old virus and its cause,

Both South and North,

Pronounce single clause,

Peace for life and voice.

Yes, peace is a piece less than balance,

That war takes in an act of Satan,
But it is the most precious,
Between two lips is very delicious,
Tongue spells it easily and more religious,
Without it, the world will always be anxious.

Jan.2005, Khartoum, Sudan

SPLA Free Fighters in Khartoum

As the cruel hearts started washing,
Offices with the retirement soap,
Already, SPLA brave soldiers had lined up.
Military police's car is far ahead,
It peeps at the sleeping dogs on the road.
Blue caps in the middle,
Heavy guns follow behind,
Buffalo's horn whistles,
Elephant's tusks tinkles,
Green hats with slow steps,
March along and stop.
On the roadsides, staff of security,
Who steps on and glances at any eventuality.
Sounds of the long train,
Impress civilian's brains.

Both in South & North,
Listen! SPLA military band in the bush;
The movement of freedom is about to approach,
Dr John Garang for the salvation of the Cush.

Feb.2005, Khartoum, Sudan

Salute SPLA Brave Soldiers!

We salute SPLA brave soldiers!

Our courageous freedom fighters,

Our revolutionaries and liberators.

SPLA:

You are the symbol of our sovereignty.

You are the roots of our unity.

Your sacrifice was for our dignity.

Your long struggle made up our liberty.

SPLA:

We glorify you for the victory.

We wrote your heroism in our hearts.

We registered your achievements in our minds.

We decorated your patriotism in ourselves.
We painted your contributions on our heads.
We crowned you the nation's heroes and heroines.
Without you, our lives could be meaningless.
Without you, we would remain homeless.
Without you, South Sudan is defenseless.
Because of you, we became delightful.

Aug.2011, Juba, South Sudan

Songs of the Independence

Attention!

SPLA, raise up the flag of our independence,

And salute the symbol of our liberty!

Mundari, blow the horn for our victory,

And let Acholi chant the songs for our new history!

Farewell to the era of slavery.

Ring the bell for our freedom,

And say bye-bye to the oppressing kingdom.

Beat the drum for our liberation,

And dance joyfully for our salvation,

From bondage and marginalization.

Let's smile and laugh a great deal;

Our separation is a strong will,
The sacrifice of our heroes is the bill.

Our independence is a turning point in Sudan's history.
Our freedom is the price of bloodshed in the jungle.
Our liberty is the harvest of our long struggle.
Write down all the names of the freedom fighters who
made this victory,
And crown them heroes and heroines for their bravery!

We have seen the sun of our independence,
Shining upon Jebel Lado with great sovereignty.
We have seen the star of our safety,
Glimmering over Jur River with dignity.
We have seen the moon of our unity,
Beaming over trees in the jungle.

Listen to the thrill of our patient mothers!

Listen to the cheers of our humble fathers!

Listen to the glorious songs of our brave soldiers!

Listen to the chorus of the believers!

We walked away ringing the bell of our freedom:

We became freemen in our own free nation.

July.2011, Juba, South Sudan

9

The 9th of July

Glory, glory, glory,
To the people of South Sudan,
All the heroes and heroines,
All the liberators and martyrs,
Kings and chiefs,
Men and women,
Orphans and widows,
Students and youths,
Boys and girls,
Who came together,
On the 9th of July,
And declared the day,
For South to stay,
Away from North.

Relief to the hearts,
After have had grief.
Relief to the orphans,
Out of breasts.
Relief to the faces,
That had wrath.
Relief to the legs,
Freely will walk,
And happily shall pass,
Without bars and chokes,
And memories of the past,
Slowly, shall fade away.

July 2011, Juba, South Sudan.

Leaders

Leaders are different, like students and teachers,
Some are wise enough and committed to realizing,
The dream of their people regardless of the size.
The powerful nations on earth wake up and rise,
Upon deeds of the rulers who sacrifice their lives.

Freedom is the Holy Bible they preach.
Justice is the syllabus they teach.
Humanity is a goal they enhance.
Equality is their mission on earth.
Prosperity is the concern they address.
Unity in diversity is their target to converse,
In a nation having a problem of different races.

The leaders of the great nations are the unity makers:

Count Abraham Lincoln among the few achievers,
Whose thoughts were the unison of slaves and traders.
The new world is ruled by Lincolnian believers.

We recall Mahatma Gandhi, the icon of the
peacebuilders,

And Nelson Mandela, the arrowhead of the freedom
fighters,

And Martin Luther King, the volcano of the peaceful
revolution founders,

And Julius Nyerere, the school of African free thinkers,

And Kwame Nkrumah, the father of the African
liberators,

And Patrice Lumumba, the chief of African freedom
martyrs,

And Jomo Kenyatta, the patron of the African liberty
warriors,

And Mama Rosa Parks on behalf of all the great
mothers,

And Dr. John Garang de-Mabior,

The symbol of the African revolution and struggle.

A word of the great leader relieved;
A speech of the revolutionary relieved,
All the marginalized people who stayed in the long
grief,
Under the painful rule of the Khartoum regime.

South Sudan in mass embrace Dr John's brief:
Abyei area welcomed his relief,
Nuba Mountains and the Blue Nile rushed zealously to
the chief,
Darfurians approved and willingly believed,
Hadendoa in the East ran quickly to receive,
The Ja'alins and Shaigiya of the North,
Have already announced their belief, Ah.

Discrimination in our hearts gradually takes leave.
Rights in fairness, Dr John could achieve.
All Sudanese in harmony would live.

From age to age, the history will retrieve,
The buffalo that ate the bitterness in the bush,
And drank the sorrow of his Cush.

The great leader from the South jungle,
Had solved the longest Sudan trouble,
From the roots where it babbles,
At the top, Dr grumbled.
Beginning and end seem to resemble,
But on balance he made disparity very simple.

2005, Khartoum, Sudan

WE BELIEVE!

Thanks to the Heavenly Father

Thanks to the Heavenly Father;
The master of mass and the thoughtful,
For His people on earth, He is merciful,
Who holds the Heaven is the most powerful,
Let our praises be to the living God.

Thanks to the Heavenly Father,
Who created the Universe so beautiful,
And sowed the land very colorful,

Thanks to the Heavenly Father,
Who cultivated the plants & grains,
See the sky with birds very cheerful!

Look at the sea abounds with creatures!

Though sin in Adam is dreadful;

God's love remains in him meaningful.

Sept.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

CHRISTMAS DAY

Let us expel the badness,
To receive the gladness,
On the day of happiness.

Heaven and earth witness,
Whose birth makes a difference,
And death through suffering,
Anomaly from our reference,
Beyond the normality of utterance,
And surpasses the ordinary in action.

He is a human being by incarnation,
Being born into the man descendant,

Resemble us perfectly in appearance,
But He is the God on the earthy mission.

The living lord is our savior,
His birth is for our salvation,
From whom the holiness,
And with whom the greatness,
And to whom belongs the oneness.

Sept.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

Khartoum Monitor

The sun that differentiates,
When night and day associate.
Only newsmaker that relates,
Yesterday, today, and the future.

From its inception:
It reveals the abyss,
By scratching underneath,
And searches the deepest hole of abuse.

It never absents the truth;
Ever sincere in news,
Fear none explodes like a fuse.

Jan.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

The Savior

From the rebirth of the Holy water:
Missionaries we became,
Jesus is our Savior and Healer,
For the visible and invisible matter,
Graceful is His power.
O! Lord, fire is our fear:
For all of us here,
And those elsewhere,
Deliver your believer,
From the river of the deceiver.

Sept.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

Jesus Christ in the Court of Law

In the court of law was His case,
Without lawful premises and base.
Jerusalem wagged its fingers and shied.
His native land bowed its head and denied;
He lived in hardship since He was a small Boy.

In the court, He stood up to reply,
Jesus Christ didn't avoid any why.
Justice from his majesty was to apply,
But the false lawyers were bribed to lie.

The verdict was a sentence to death,
But beyond the grave, He breathes.

Glory to the Savior, Jesus Christ;
The living lord is our light.

Apr.2003, Khartoum, Sudan

Listen to Your Teacher!

Who teaches doctors?

And who teaches lawyers?

Who teaches leaders?

And who teaches scholars?

Teacher is his name.

A wax simply flames,

And humbly frames,

People into fame.

With his ruler:

Where he caters,

The roles scatter,

In various sectors,

Listen to your teacher,

Silence to the builder of your future,

Like a patient to the doctor.

Listen to your teacher,

Like a soldier to the commander,

In the battle of war,

When defending a nation against an attacker.

Listen to your teacher,

Like a son to his father,

And a daughter to her mother,

And an orphan to his adopter.

Feb.2004, Khartoum, Sudan



The Voice of Student

My voice is a clap of thunder,
That shouts and sounds in songs.
It sinks the soul,
Whoever stands in my way.

My voice is a bell;
It always rings for assembly.
A mosquito that sucks,
The blood of guards.

It seeks my own rights;
And makes the climate,
Where the wind blows,
With relief for all.

It breaks the heads;
And let their owners,
Yield for my needs.
It is my voice;
A voice of student,
That will never silence.

2004, Khartoum, Sudan

The Students' Union

Listen, the rumbling voice!
And the grumbling noise,
From struggling students.
In the yard, they shout:
Students' union is our fight,
We'll never give up our right.

In Kadoro red line:
Between guns and pens,
Over years, it modernizes.
Once the sun rises,
The headache usually arises.
For students' union, we cry,

Will an armchair recognize?

And the single ones revise?

The body is ours.

2004, Khartoum, Sudan

Juba

From Rajaff, water slops beneath the trees!

From Jebel Lado, snow releases morning drops!

Upon soil and grasses.

Fortune on Jubian people naturally increases:

Juba, the place all the tongues praise,

Juba, the place all the eyes see the grace,

Juba, the place where legs step under trees,

Juba, the place all the hearts admire peace.

Whoever glance at Juba once!

Eyes stick coolly with God bless,

Ever green and never dry.

June 2003, Khartoum, Sudan

Bravo George W. Bush!

Bravo eagle-eyed, for taking over the global watch,

Bravo light-footed in apprehending culprits,

Bravo justice agent and the freedom symbol.

Your success in the election is debatable:

It is a victory for the long-oppressed people,

And a heart-breaking story and horrible,

For supper birds that prey on the feeble.

Spread your wings and trample all ravages and evil.

Kick off your ball, tyranny should fall,

Pass by all stations of trouble,

Where rights are not equal.

2004, Khartoum, Sudan

The Company of Interest

When the interests meet:
People walk on the same street,
Together on one plate eat,
And stay in the same seat,
But when they clash a bit,
Eyes swell with vicious hate,
Perhaps they will break up into a split.

Dec.2004, Khartoum, Sudan

New Faces and Graduates

New faces and graduates:

Increase the joy,

By the tip of the pen,

The tongue of life.

Junior and senior:

Begins and ends,

As a newcomer,

As a graduate,

Incoming, outgoing,

With demand, with a grant.

New faces and graduates:

Increase the joy.

Go upwards my senior,

Higher and higher,

Kiss the sky,
Burst into deeds,
And reap the earnings.
Come in my junior,
Grab the knowledge,
Perform your assignment,
That pleases the parents.

Jan.2003, Khartoum, Sudan

The Fruitful Tree

Fox is globally known for tricks:

In Africa, he usually stays in the center,

And raises his long hands to collect the tax,

From poor animals like cows and ox.

He squeezes, he squeezes, he squeezes,

The fruitful tree into his invisible box,

And stores them in Malaysia,

And then come back to relax.

The common tree became a booty for the fox.

Look! How he laughs a great deal,

For the nation's jewels, he used to steal.

Jan.2003, Khartoum, Sudan

The Black Skin

She peels her black leather,
And tosses it into the western weather.
White flood erodes her dark skin,
And takes it to a destination, unknown.

She cuts the hair of her own birth,
And plants on her head,
A tail of a strange horse,
The artificial flower in our room,
Less beautiful than one,
With roots in its zone.

She is an earthy rainbow:
Different skins daily grow,
On her legs and brow.

She is colorful like a chameleon,
With a faculty of shaping in a zillion,
But dry with leaves in summer,
And survive with them in winter.

She has a multicolored shape:
Like a Sudanese flag,
On her head, she is a Northerner,
But the leg remains a Southerner.

She has a red color on her lips,
And charcoal at the back,
Maybe snow on the waist.

What a cunning bird that allures,
In the sky the eyes of other birds!
And drops the tears from cocks on earth,

And wangles the hearts of eagles in the wilds.

A double entity frog,

That dives with fish,

And jog with dogs.

May 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

Sudan

A long time ago:

Sudan babbled and stammered,

With the Arabic alphabets,

And later on, mastered the whole,

And placed its tongue among the fluent speakers,

Then arabized itself,

And subsumed to be the captain of the Arabs' ship,

What a jaunty ramble,

Towards Qatar!

What a glamorous tour,

With a desert yacht,

Which brings its Sudanism into naught?

Its tongues are shouting from drowning;

Still, it is morning,
But who can assist?
Only for this evening,
They will resist,
Funeral is expected at the midnight,
Tomorrow zilch will be its might.

May 2002, Khartoum, Sudan

The Glory of People

The glory of people:
Comes and elapses,
And leaves words on lips,
And pictures on eyes,
And memories in minds,
And agony in hearts,
Paints remain on the scattered stones,
When roofs collapse.

Mar.2005, Khartoum, Sudan

Sub -Consciousness Usually Defeats

-

I know nothing even a bit,

But sub-consciousness usually defeats,

My soul to taste it.

Something that bothers feelings and treats,

Like hunger internally eats.

Flammable but invisible by sight,

Perhaps it is the fundamental of delight.

What is it?

And where it comes from?

Is it a dream mare?

That stirs up things,

Where a lot are schemes,

Images from different links?

Hearts accidentally meet,
Like roads of the wild suddenly greet,
In the natural assembly that looks great,
But the same hearts intentionally depart,
Will they later integrate?

June 2003, Khartoum, Sudan

The Unknown Lover

When I sleep:
I sigh deeply,
Dream and peep,
Peep and peep,
For the lass I need,
By words and deeds.

Let me check,
On the cheek.
Gold and coal,
Idiot and fool,
Hot and cool,
Alike in full,
I need a tool.

Let me chatter,
Perhaps not flatter.
Hunt for a suitor,
Before they scatter.

Life is a marathon;
And love is a prison.
But here is a lesson:
That is certain,
A man should love,
Do so enough,
Life will laugh,
Smooth and tough,
Kind or rough.

See the pleasure!
Cope with pressure.
I wait to praise,

A day that traces,
Name and face,
Will be my birth.

Aug.2002, Khartoum, Sudan

Bear, My Dear

Bear, my dear:
My heart admires,
Long time aspire,
Word of desire,
Seems to appear,
Like news on air,

Bear, my dear:
But don't fear,
I am so much clear.
Near your ear,
Approach to hear,

Love is here,
From toe to hair.

Aug.2002, Khartoum, Sudan

My Traumatic Life Story

I don't know exactly the date of my advent in this world. Unlike town people whose lives are chronologically documented, my birth was an unrecorded occasion. I was born in a remote area far away from towns. I was the last born and the fourth child to my mother and being number ten in the total children of my father. My mother (Nyanrol Mou Akoon) was my father's second wife after a stepmother (**Abur Amet**).

Like other Southern Sudanese children of my time whose dates of birth are usually traced back to events or incidents, I was born after the 1977 election of the second Assembly of the Southern Sudan Regional Government. Using the election mentioned above as a reference, my birth date may fall within the early months of 1978. Many South Sudanese people whose birth occurred in an environment where health centers and civil registers weren't available are usually referred to as being born on the 1st/January plus the estimated year.

To date, natural disasters like floods, humanitarian crisis as famine, and political events such as rebellion, signing of peace, election or death of a celebrity, are

still much considered as the basis of documentation for villagers in many parts of South Sudan. Considering the family's estimated date of my birth, which is based on historical sources, I may say that I was about five years old when Sudan's second civil war broke out in 1983.

Many remarkable public events were narrated to have synchronized the early part of my childhood. Some of these events lived until I noticed their impact in 1986. My memory still retrieves those savages of internal wars between clans, areas, or wuts (chiefdoms) and the brutal wars between the South-North bordering communities.

Traditionally, the wars of the bordering communities were likely perceived as seasonal battles waged by Baggara (Misseriya and Rezeiget nomads) against their unarmed neighbors in Southern Sudan. However, the most disastrous war was the long-armed conflict between Sudan's successive governments versus Sudan People's Liberation Movement (SPLM/SPLA).

Precisely, many children of South-North, bordering communities who were born in the late seventies like me and those of the early eighties and onwards were subjected to know various forms of wars. In our time, the unborn children feel violence within their mothers' wombs. Embryos were exposed to sense the shake of their mothers' parts of the body when fleeing to escape

falling prey to the kidnappers (Misseriya and Rezeiget nomads).

In comparison, the children of our age watch directly the actual film of military confrontations while hiding at the back of their fathers. I was one among this category who experienced ravages at the back of their parents. Indeed, I witnessed the war, which killed not only the manufacturing partners (Successive Sudan Governments and former rebels of SPLM/SPLA Movement) but also those (civilians) who were exposed to the bitter consequences of wars. This is what I narrated in many poems collected in the book titled "*TONGUE OF THE FOLK*".

The collection of poems in the book mentioned above was mostly written, between 2002-2005 except songs of the independence of South Sudan. The book is mainly about the horrors of war, and its disadvantages, particularly on civilians- aged people, women, and children as the most affected categories in any armed conflict. The consequences of Sudan's second civil war imposed most villagers in Southern Sudan to immigrate to exile or get involved in the rebel movement.

Many patriotic men and women who were mature and physically able embraced the idea of revolution and joined the SPLM/SPLA movement voluntarily. Some people were compelled by violence to become internally displaced (IDPs) in the shanty areas in the

northern parts of the country (Sudan). Others were forced by the Khartoum's regime(s) to immigrate to exile and became mobile immigrants and camping refugees across the neighboring countries or Diaspora.

There were great numbers of Southerners who tolerated embers of the two decades of civil war. This group stayed side by side with the SPLA fighters under SPLA-controlled areas across different parts of Southern Sudan.

My family was among those who were forced by war to displace from a suburb area named (Warlangaram village) in Akanyjok Deng Rual's Chiefdom (Wut) in Mading Aweil to the Northern Sudan in 1988. In the aftermath of our displacement, we used to move from a displaced camp to another looking for a better sanctuary. While the family was on frequent camping, I had taken my partial share from the hardship of displacement, along with my beloved mother, symbolized in the poem as "*The Leading Cow*"

Yes, she was a brave widow who took the lead of the family following the sorrowful death of our father characterized as (Bull) in the same poem. The fateful journey with anonymous directions had always taken us through the road of unavoidable chains of slavery. I had experienced slightly an enslaved life side by side with my two elder brothers (Mayath and Deng) and sister (Abuk), as reflected in the poem (I Was the Eye).

As a last-born child in the birth order to my mother, I was later spared from a hard life. My mother decided to send me to school in one of the displaced camps in Muglad. She took it upon herself to sacrifice together with my elder brothers to keep me out of suffering.

When I was studying in the Muglad School for the Displaced Children, my world of faith started declining from worshipping Rau (Hippopotamus) which was the deity of my clan. My faith in Christianity as a religion greater than the beliefs of my ancestors had abruptly flourished, and consequently, I was fully converted into a Catholic Christian boy. Muglad Displaced Camp was located in the peripheral area of Muglad town. The town was one of the localities of the Western Kordofan (Fulla).

Muglad, Marem, and Babanusah were the biggest displaced camps in the Western Kordofan besides camps of El-Dhaein, in the eastern Darfur and Nyala, in the southern Darfur. These camps were used to accommodate a great number of displaced South Sudanese who streamed in mostly from different parts of Aweil besides other bordering communities.

We had been in Muglad Camp for a full one year where I had an opportunity, for the first time, to know that, there are many tribes of Dinka apart from the section I descended. I had also known for the first time that, there are other tribes rather than Dinka and Baggara:(

Misseriya and Rezeiget) whom I used to perceive as the only inhabitant human beings on earth.

The more I learned new things and new people with different beliefs and cultures, the more I realized that it was I and my like who were living in a different closed world. Paradoxically, the war which chased us away from our land compensated us with access to the outside world where a son of an ordinary villager acquired education and became a professional teacher.

In 1989, our destined and compulsory mission with an assignment of searching survival in the peaceful land reached Elobeid, the current capital city of the Northern Kordofan State. When we arrived at the mentioned destination, I resumed my interrupted schooling which started in 1988 in the camp forth-mentioned. I didn't know how old was I neither when I was first enrolled in the Muglad School for the Displaced Children nor even when I was registered in my new school in Elobeid. Probably, my mother might have told Bakhita's School Administration that, I was around ten years old.

While at school, my paramount challenges were two things: The first problem was how to live with a heterogeneous society in a different environment. Secondly, the medium of communication (language barriers) seemed to be the most annoying issue. Thus, how to communicate the Arabic Language rightly like other children of my age was a big question at that time.

It was the time that non-Arabs Sudanese especially the categories of teenagers and children who speak the Arabic Language correctly were valued and conceived as civilized, and urbanized citizens. Those who failed to adapt their tongues or accents to the accepted standard of the Sudanese Dialect of Arabic Language (Colloquial) were underestimated and sometimes ruled out as outdated, uncivilized, or barbarian people.

Like any child whose judgment is influenced by the nearby surroundings and emotionally guided, I had wanted to be classified among the 1st category. I immediately started babbling the utterance “**SHONU**” which is a Sudanese colloquial word that means “**WHAT**”. I frequently corrupted the use of this word (shonu) out of ignorance in my curious attempt to interact with whoever I approached. My curiosity for learning a new language earned me understandable communication just after a few weeks. Yet, I was able not only to speak Arabic genuinely, but I was also capable to squeeze myself among the best fluent orators of my world solely confined between school and residential area.

Though I escaped the damned war in Southern Sudan, bypassed slavery on my way to Northern Sudan, and having survived peacefully with the heterogeneous Northern Sudanese Society, but some part of my childhood life ranging from the period of 1988-1990 was a mixture of different memorable experiences. My

life was a blend between happiness and sadness. I was simply happy for being transformed accidentally from an ordinary village boy to a school pupil and from a worshipper of African beliefs into a Christian believer and from a suburban cattle keeper to a knowledge seeker. Since I have been transformed and converted as referenced, I grew up with zealous ambitions and great hope for a brighter future as well as aspiring for a better life in a stable world.

On the other hand, I grew up with sadness and melancholy caused by bad images and horrible memories of wars stereotyped in my mind. These awful memories made me become among the eyewitnesses of Sudan's second civil war which erupted in my early childhood in the early eighties and that had a negative impact on my natural growth just like other children of Southern Sudan who were born and raised up at our toughest time.

I spent one year in Bakhita's School for the Displaced Children. However, the school was close down soon without notification to the beneficiaries (pupils) about the rationale behind the closure. I joined Mohammed Awad El-Karim Al-Korashy's Primary School where I had completed basic education in 1998. I went to Al-Sheikh Ismail Al-Weli's Secondary School in which I obtained Sudan's Certificate for Secondary Education in 2001.

The percentage of my Sudan's Certificate for Secondary Education was 75.10. This percentage could have qualified me to study one of the Sudanese considered best Colleges of Arts such as Economics, Law, and Management, etc if I had complied with the special program which eases admission of students from Southern Sudan.

Students with affiliation to Southern Sudan Region were classified by that time under the Least Developed States (War-affected areas) and had allocated seats with special considerations in the major Sudanese Universities. There was a regulated practice that candidates who apply for admission through the states of their origin were allowed to compete separately among themselves over the allocated seats in some major Sudanese Universities. However, I refrained myself not to enjoy that privilege of attaining an educational seat under political allotment (quota) though I strongly believed that, it was genuine considerations for the war-torn Southern Sudanese society in those days.

I applied for admission through the Public Admission Office in Elobeid. I was accepted into the Juba University (College of Education) to study English Language and English Literature. I started writing poems following my enrollment in 2002. The College was temporarily located in Aradaha (Al-Falah Campus) which was in the center of Omdurman District. My writing skills were on and off but proved to a certain readable level

at the end of 2002.

My self-confidence in writing was cemented by the advantage of my interaction with the lecturer, Adam Chalong who owed me personal attention and considerable cooperation. He used to give me moral support, encouragement, and literary constructive rectification. Mr Adam was the Head of the Department of English Language and English Literature as well as our lecturer for literary courses.

Acting on his wise advice, I started publishing many pieces of poems in the then Khartoum Monitor Daily News Paper based in Khartoum-Republic of Sudan. The Paper is currently operating with a similar address, “Juba Monitor” based in Juba, Republic of South Sudan. I kept writing and publishing even after the college was moved from Omdurman to the Kaduro campus, which lies in the northern part of Khartoum State (Bahri). Kaduro campus was used to accommodate most colleges of the university. It eased familiarization and interaction among different students across various colleges and departments etc.

My choice to study English Language and English Literature was derived from my childish ambitions aspiring to become a competent English Language professional teacher. This burning ambition of mine was reinforced by the excellence of Juba University. The Juba University’s students were conceived by

that time as either 1st class political activists or top distinguished and competent academic students.

To become a famous political activist student requires full engagement and active participation in the students' political organizations in universities. The prominence of students in politics is an achievement that sometimes falls on the account of academic excellence. On the other hand, overwhelming success on academic scope demands hard learning and might restrain one from excelling in politics or other students' activities. Only a few talented and more ambitious students combine both: (Political fame and academic distinction). Most students of our batch and predecessors ended up with mastery of one option out of the above. However, some students who kept the moderate and equated balance of competence between politics acquired through practice in the students' forums and academic progress which need at least somehow dedications.

As a junior student in my 1st-year term in 2002, I was interested in academic competence rather than the world of politics, though the latter was more attractive to a lot of students especially those who hailed from my hometown. Nevertheless, my political loyalty or allegiance was constantly paid to the African National Front (A.N.F). It was one of the leading students' political organizations as well as the most progressive students' forum in the Sudanese Universities. A.N.F was the Pro-SPLM Movement and its activists and

supporters operate inside the country (Sudan) to spread the vision of New Sudan as orchestrated by the late Dr John Garang De-Mabior, the founder and Chairman of Sudan People's Liberation Movement (SPLM) and Commander in chief of the SPLM arm wing, Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA).

Although my wish to become a professional teacher developed when I was in primary school, I was also influenced by the brilliance of some distinguished senior students, among others: Joseph Ladu Elusai Mogga, Emmanuel Maliksadig, Peter Saki, Edward Joseph, etc. They were all in the final year (fourth year) when I joined the college. I established a junior-senior student's relation with Joseph Ladu because I admired his academic excellence and wished to become like him.

I followed strictly a road that led to my programmed expectations. The road passed through thorns of difficulties. Improvement of my knowledge of the English Language was the most challenging task. Like other Sudanese students of our time who received their general education in the Arabic language as means of instruction, and like most students from Southern Sudan to whom English was the third Language, my priority was to promote my linguistic knowledge in English from poor to a better level.

In pursuance of the sophisticated command and proficiency in English, various learning activities were highly strategized. The program of strengthening my language competencies was required to be pursued besides class attending of lectures. To achieve this vital goal, I had to schedule my entire time in triangle shape: I designed a roadmap that routed routinely between class to the library and from there to the place of residence. I followed this roadmap throughout the academic years of 2002 and 2003. At this juncture, my cognitive skills for learning English progressed well within the mentioned periods while my initial writing of poems got developed too.

Although my student's life was under chronic influence of writing poems my long-planned goal to become a professional teacher who shall obtain preference and advantage in the best private schools was also attended. I took part in voluntary teaching in some schools of the displaced children, adult education, and languages learning center.

My first voluntary work started in 2004 with the Comboni Rademia Basic School in Ombada Rademia in Omdurman. During the mentioned year, I was in my sixth semester of the third year. It was a response to the call of the respected teachers: late Garang Guot Achien, Samuel Anei Madut, late Gaijaang Aciek, Emmanuel Apio Lok, and the church elder, Uncle Aken Bol Bol Akot. All of them recommended me in

different ways. My nomination was accepted by the school headmaster, Mr Choj Kur Deng who absorbed me in the above-mentioned school unhesitatingly.

I also taught in Adult Education School. It was also a response to the request of my friend Samuel Joseph. Mr Samuel was the founder of Al-Nabrass Adult Education Center located in Shohada; the heart of Omdurman. He needed a volunteer person with a command of the English Language to support him in the establishment of the center. He aimed to target Southern Sudanese and other marginalized people who live in displaced camps in the peripheral suburbs of the Khartoum State. Samuel's program to educate the war-affected people was a noble cause. It was my moral obligation and personal commitment to render the full support needed for the enhancement of the school.

Establishing a school with the objectives of eradicating illiteracy and encouragement of adult education needs great efforts. At this point, I was given the burden of teaching the English Language in the advanced classes and Christianity in the lower ones. One year later, the center flourished and started to attract not only the targeted categories referred above but also other Sudanese who missed out on education at their early ages had also joined the program.

A great number of students of various universities had also burst in with demand to improve their basic skills in

English. To meet the language needs of these students, a program of extensive courses was introduced. I was also appointed to run this activity with the assistance of my colleagues: Mr Makuei Thuor Dumar who was popularly known as (Abu Tom) and Mr Deng Chan Deng. They were both my long intimate colleagues as well as old friends.

The adoption of various educational programs to meet the demands of different categories of students has boosted the expansion of the center. As a result, the center's mission and objectives were transformed from an encouragement of adult education and eradication of illiteracy into a full school. It became a center that includes various educational levels (adult education, English courses, primary and secondary section).

I continued teaching in Al-Nabarass and Comboni Radamia schools even after I graduated from the university. In the aftermath of graduation in 2006, I and other distinguished colleagues specifically: Oliver Louis and Franko Yom Gai were offered the opportunity of Teaching Assistants (TA) at the College of Education. The offer coincided with preparations of transfer, which the university was undergoing to move from Khartoum to Juba. It was extended to us by the then Deputy Dean, Mr Deng Daniel Awan who was also our lecturer for English Language courses.

Though the initiative of our respected teacher was derived out of good faith based on the college's need for TA as well as, his familiarization with our academic competence and distinction in the batch, I didn't take up the offer. I was aware that, recruitment of (TA) is sometimes situational, just to meet a certain gap and can be affected at any time especially by new administrations. Likewise, my colleagues stated above rejected the offer for their respective reasons.

I was so much pleased and grateful to our esteemed lecturer; Mr Deng whose core principle behind our selection should also be thought of like a reservation of products of the best quality for the internal use in the industry in which he was a central part of the producing team. Thousands of thanks to you, dear catalyst; you were and still the burning candle for other people to pave their ways.

Following my decline to the TA position, I was also accepted among other competent students, including the ones mentioned above to pursue Honor Degree Program. Luckily, the admission synchronized with my appointment at Sisters' School for Girls. I was appointed as an English Language teacher for some 1st senior classes. Having received the golden gifts of both opportunities: job on one hand and study on another hand, I decided to take the challenge of these offers with the hope that, I could be able to reconcile the daily schedules between college and school.

Unfortunately, the nature of the busy day-to-day lessons collided with the regular attendance of lectures with a commitment to course assignments and research. This has put me under hard pressure and the dilemmatic situation in which a decision on one choice was required. I was in urgent need of a job that could earn me some income to meet the basic demands of my family.

Since I was the only educated person in an extended family made up of members more than thirty dependents none of whom went to school except me; it was highly hoped that I who had the chance to know the secret of a pen will become the family's breadwinner as soon as I obtain the university certificate. So, it was inevitable for me to decline to pursue post-graduate studies and sacrifice it with a job. It was an inner call to abandon not only the higher studies but also my favorite world of writing just to meet the daily needs of my resilient family.

Furthermore, another justifying reason for turning down these opportunities was related to my preference to work for Sisters' School. It was one of the best private secondary schools for girls in Sudan. I was so happy for having had a teaching opportunity with the best learning institution of my choice just some weeks following my graduation.

Hence my objectives for a job with reasonable income were met somehow while my professional skills progressed noticeably. In those days, I was fully engaged in teaching at various levels starting from primary, adult education, and secondary schools. I also worked as a mobile tutor delivering English Language extensive courses for university students and individuals in need.

As far as I was involved in teaching, whether with Sisters' School or other learning centers, my acquired educational knowledge took gradual translation from theories taught at university into real practice. As a result of my early exposure to this field, whether during my university life or after graduation, I overcame the challenge of compromising the theoretical knowledge acquired thoroughly for many years at the college and its best applications in a realistic educational environment. At this juncture, my childish expectations to become a competent and professional teacher were accomplished successfully and exactly in the way I designed. Thanks and glory to the Almighty God who fulfilled my profound aspirations.

It's my pleasure to place this piece of my first humble literary work in the hands of critics, writers, students of English literature, and general readership. Considering the significance of bridges of contact, dialogue of thoughts, and exchange of ideas, I kindly invite your comments, advice, or opinions. I am reachable via email addresses:garangloza14@gmail.com.

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