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Author

Aggor, Francis

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To Dada

by Francis Aggor

I feel a weight inside my head.
 It is Silence. My tongue twisted
 And then I know it is you, Dada.
 Dada, I know.
 You are gone. Gone for always.
*Babaa na wò lo**, Dada.
 Down my brain run tears.
 Indeed, imprisoned I remain
 and only brave ones appear down my cheeks.
 I cannot see. Mine eyes are full.

Why?
 Why leave so early?
 Answer me!
 But it is Silence.
 How I longed to see you,
 I recall that night,
 your eyes heavy.
 You knew it well,
 that never would I see you again.

Young and bright,
 Wise and kind; African!
 Patience your glory.
 Diligent and merciful.

Where are you gone?
 Around all I see
 Is Absence.
 Your exit frustrates my intentions,
 Like a rat I want to penetrate the
 Entrails of nature and excavate signs of your presence.

Dada, don't you have more *Kaklo***
 To sell? Tomatoes, I mean, Those round, heavy types?
 To go to the market

**Babaa na wò* is Ewe, which could be translated as "Please, accept my condolences."

***Kaklo* is a type of donut.

Just to serve you, Mercy.
You sold everything,
Would sell anything,
To make us happy children of the future;
Memory, how tormenting you are!

Mother of mothers, where are you?
A gazing tomb, my only answer.
A bed, an empty pillow
Where you lay for the
Thousands to see,
Except me.
Flow waters, cry sisters,
Father, wail; weep, brother mine
For lost to the world
Is a noble princess.

No, I shall not conform.
I shall not forget May.
Speak to me, my heart.
Envied and despised,
But steadfast your goodwill stood,
Always!
Across the markets of the Volta,
Across those communities of heydays,
Your name shall remain
The precious stone of all times.
Your suffering is ended,
Gone the fever
That swept you away like a thief.
Like the tempest that sees peace
On the shores when the wave is broken
Your journey is a flight from pain to
Him before whom peace
Your soul shall embrace to eternity.