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Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies

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First & Thirds

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Journal

Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 14(1)

ISSN

0041-5715

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Publication Date

1984

DOI

10.5070/F7141017075

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FIRST & THIRD

by

Mabie

We worry about ourselves that's only natural
We see that our children feel ashamed if they
 wear the same clothes twice in a week at school
Wasn't like that when I was growing up but
Well, we don't want their little psyches scarred
Lots of therapy to cure them and such
So we need lots of clothes. . .

Lint filled over stuffed dim factories down
Cramped streets of Hong Kong of Manila of Bogota
of Mexico City of New York hands moving at blisterpace
For baby milk for a crowded room for survival. . .

Checks cost sixty cents apiece by now and
Home computers are being made cheaper and cheaper
Everybody's gonna have them only way to go
Do direct banking everybody's gonna have them. . .

Dust wells up choking in the over-crowded camp
Long limbed people who one generation ago roamed
As had their families from an ancient time
The roots and flesh gone with the dances
Instead to cluster around the buckets of running
Cereal meal provided by the modern man. . .

Have you tried the cream croissants I love french food
I never eat fast food, too many additives and carcinogens
Have to watch my cholesterol, there's a new place that
Has seven courses with a choice of 21 desserts

I never let my child eat packaged foods, only
Fresh wholesome natural foods. . .

The woman placed her four children on
Different corners in the market hoping the flow of
Constant crowds past the stalls would not jostle or
Crush them. With lightning speed she grabbed a
Loaf of bread, nearly two days they had gone
Without. She ran quickly, being chased by
Security force through the crowds - stopping at
each of her children to stuff a piece of the
Bread into their hungry mouths, running
Desperate to feed her family before being caught. . .

Well we have to buy property just to keep some
of our income I mean these taxes are just too
much. Did I tell you my company is investing
in Central America (middle East, West Africa)
Gonna open a plant down there, I only feel
Sorry for the ones who have to go manage
It. They'll live on compounds of course but
It's getting hard to keep security. . .

The old man sat on his haunches and rocked back
And forth to an unheard rhythm from his memory,
Songs from a time when the village would return
from digging the yams and chant, before all the
young men were taken and given rifles and
green uniforms, before the mines and the
cocoa plants operated, before his wanderers spirit
was stopped. . .

The soviets must be stopped we have to put up
Enough nuclear weapons to make them realize
They can't run over us. We have to be in
Central America and those trouble spots because
The soviets are trying to take over the whole world. . .

The woman had come from the green hills after the
Temples were bombed. Her grandmother had told her
Of when the first ones came speaking French,
Then later she had seen the others speaking
English and now they were
speaking Russian and each time the hope of
Peace, the thread of hope that one day she
Could live as had her ancestors before her
Grows thinner. . .

Have you seen my neighbor lately she had a breast
Implant operation and looks great. I just think this
Modern medicine is wonderful. My daughter
Was having trouble getting pregnant but I told
Her not to worry there's artificial insemination,
Test tubes, surrogates she'll have her baby one
Way or another. I'm thinking of having a
Tummy tuck, I haven't gotten anywhere on
My diet for years. . .

The woman clutched her baby and stood in line for
medication. The antibiotics had been in storage for
years but she couldn't get the herbs her mother
Had always used. She got one handful of
Tetracycline for the crust and eruptions around
Her baby's mouth and another for the hard
Tender lumps she had along her jaw and under her
arms. . .

We who have through the most powerful skilled and cleanest
Modes of violence ever seen on the planet, turned the
World arena into a huge funnel to empty its goods on
To us, we who have boasted and charged into war after
War to keep the world save for white supremacy: To
The trilateralist - to the social imperialist - to the
Colonial apologist

Bob Marley sang:

"We a no know how we and dem a gone work dis out

But someone will have to pay for the innocent blood

That they shed every day

Oh children mark my words

Its what the Bible say."