Those Left Behind

…and nobody hardly EVER mentions the MOTHERS…
those whose sons and daughters were snatched away and
chained and whipped and beat
into heavy, rusted
rough hewed metal
that tore flesh on tender perfumed necks and
efun covered ankles and thighs…

…it seems nobody talks about those Mothers
who screamed and called out their daughters names over and over each morning at the crack of dawn refusing to give into hopelessness even years after the terrible kidnappings

Who hears their hoarse and worn out voices drowning out the visions of the flocks of crows and gatherings of bloated vultures who repeatedly pecked out the soft eyeballs and once tender sperm sacks of the men who never made it to the bellies of those stinking, hellish ships?

…and who thinks about those fathers who determinedly fell on their own sharp machetes slitting their own throats and ripping open their own bellies spilling out the shame and disgrace and bruised honor that flowed with the quickly clotted heavy blood because they felt they had failed to successfully protect their sons and their daughters and wives and sisters and aunts and uncles from the clutches of the slavers through the smoke of their rifle fire

53.1

Africology: The Journal of Pan African Studies, vol.11, no.6, April 2018
and in the confusion of African mercenaries on horseback
swooping up screaming girls and trampling terrified, barely crawling babies
who didn’t have even half a chance under the weight of those mud crusted hoofs?

We always speak of those who were taken away
while failing to acknowledge those who were left behind…

And who gives a thought to those
old ones who had ‘the sight’
and
had read the bones
and deciphered the shells of divination
and understood the un-doubt-able Truth of Prophesy
that said
the Cycle of Despair had arrived
and would continue unabated through generations to come
and who knew that there were those among themselves who secretly
rejoiced in their hearts
with the KNOWING that one day
centuries later
the Blood of those kidnapped Africans would fly through the clouds
above churning waves and shark infested waters and bring the
JOY and BLESSINGS
and
ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE
back to those who had been left behind to mourn and get lost in terrible grief

Indeed it is
WE
who are marked with the
Signs of the Ancients

Indeed
it is WE who have returned!

53.2

Africology: The Journal of Pan African Studies, vol.11, no.6, April 2018
Dillard University BAM Conference, September 9, 2016
Mama C performing Ancestor Ceremony
Charlotte Hill O’Neal aka Osotunde Fasuyi
Imbaseni Village, Arusha, Tanzania

53.3

Africology: The Journal of Pan African Studies, vol.11, no.6, April 2018
Charlotte Hill O’Neal aka Mama C (Osotunde Fasuyi) is an internationally known community activist, visual artist, musician and poet, with more than two decades of experience. She was born March 9th in Kansas City, Kansas in 1951 and has lived in Africa with her husband Pete O’Neal since 1970. She is the mother of two children, and director and co-founder of the United African Alliance Community Center UAACC in Arusha, Tanzania, a non-profit community-based organization that provides training for village youth, and the Leaders of Tomorrow Children’s Home. She is featured in Mama C: Urban Warrior in the Black Bush (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q-8EdvWNe0g) and her husband Pete in A Panther in Africa NTSC (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SPcZ8Zm958M). Her Facebook page is: https://www.facebook.com/MamaCharlotte.