TRIBUTE TO MANDELA

Ogunjobi Damilare T.

{Friday, 11th October, 2019}

Son of South Africa,

The ultimate Rolihlahla,

Born July 18, 1918,

A being never seen

From your fountain of knowledge,

Comes the lighted privilege,

Though formerly imprisoned,

Erred not, didn't sinned,

21 years of pain,

All these brought us but a gain

A long lasting life of service,

As I write on this piece,

In the Eastern Cape,

Lies a body wrapped in tape,

To the underworld lost a being

On December 5th, 2013,

95 years of suffering and service,

As I bleed my heart on this piece,

A freedom-fighter indeed,

Full of one wonderful deed

In a stretch of light,

Your freedom come full of might,

Like a rekindled hand of fire

Filled with passion like a naked wire,

In search of freedom

And its gaze in some

Behind the clouds of equality

At the shrine of liberty

All comes to the breaking of the dawn

To the sound of the noble horn

From the spring of Mandela

A new born philosophy of Africa