

## **Down Me**

*Peter Wasamba*

Tired

Of this cactus land I am  
I have enjoyed it all and detested it  
A stinking heap for flies never my wish to be  
Spare me the gawky eyes of death comedians  
I had my sunrise; now I have scored my sunset  
    On my eternal bed  
    Down me softly like a baby

Friend?

Why are you so late?  
Why your mocking tears shed?  
I had but very few friends certainly not you!  
In their hearts they mourn me honourably  
You can open your loudspeakers if you so must  
But remember no publicity can my repose disturb  
    On my eternal bed  
    Down me softly like a baby

Peace

In solitude I embrace  
Harmony of a collected mind I enjoy  
Continuity in distorted discontinuities I visualise  
A quiet reflective transition for me yonder I achieve  
    On my eternal bed  
    Down me softly like a baby

Remember

My mean achievements  
My multiple shortcomings in the big sea  
My wrath, rage, fury, compassion, kindness  
My pilgrimage over I return to the bosom of life  
Song-filled hearts farewell me  
Your sad loss my victory over fate  
    On my eternal bed  
    Down me softly like a baby.