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Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies

Title

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Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/4r1984xj>

Journal

Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 11(3)

ISSN

0041-5715

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Publication Date

1982

DOI

10.5070/F7113017223

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LIFE MUST CONTINUE

(a eulogy to a friend)

By

Pierre Désir

The passing of time,
the toss of a dime,
and thirty-four solar revolutions.

So far,

So for what?

So what?

So you should have sown some seeds,
grown some need

your creativity could feed
and bring breath to.

Is it not tragedy,
is it not cause for weeping
when one does leave this life
with nothing living left behind,
mothers with empty arms,
fathers with memories only.

Praises be unto those
that love life more....

Another comrade succumbs.

Another brother is down,

broken by the bottle
too soon after birth.
Burned into ashes
we may never disturb.
But life must continue,
even into the deepest of times,
and Mister
let me tell ya
times is Deep.

Praise be unto those
that continue to struggle....

What if we stop askin' questions?
If I just fold up shop
and make like it aint none of my concern,
don't count for a hill a' beans....
What if I, no, we, us,
just cast our glance the other way,
as we do everyday,
and pretend we just aint hip
to what is goin' down.
Put the whole story on account,
fall for the line,
with foamin' smiles,
spirits held high,

towing that line for all we are worth,
while the bowels within us groan
under the worrisome weight
of the rust covered sinkers
we have swallowed whole.

Praises be unto those
who digest not the lies....

Then was it sealed and hidden,
without proof of purchase,
without pride of profit,
without pretense to prayer.
Last rites were dispensed with,
last licks were called.
Last time we came this way
we didn't get here at all.
Last time we lost this laughter
it was love we had left behind
Left behind to pick up the pieces
we so much needed to cling to.
Left behind like the mimic meditations
the second-hand tribulations
we so carelessly pass off
as our deep concern.
Rising commitments vanish when

propositioned by long legged promises
of pleasures to be had,
to be cornered in the marketplace
where souls are auctioned
free of all attached strings
but with rusted guts
and weighted down with sinkers.

Praises be unto those
who seek not the truth
only....

We don't just listen to lame excuses,
we bring them up from birth.
But that has got to be
the best way devised
to deal with nothing.
The post-ponement of the crises
has been announced.
Sources to be relied upon
have posthumously passed on.
Excuses have been made.
Plans have been laid.
Corners have been cut,
but the bridges have been left burning.
Yesterday you were here,

yesterday there was hope.

The tomorrow will come

without you.

Praises be unto those

who watch the coming of night

and see the impregnation of day....

Nobody dances with you anymore

and no more do you dance

with anybody.

Praises be unto those

that still suffer the pain....

Nobody dances with me anymore

and no more do I dance

with anybody.

Praises be unto those

who sustain the dance

and raise high the music....

Nobody dances with us anymore

and no more do we....

Praises be unto those
that bring the fire fuel
and steadily keep the flame....

Nobody dances anymore
but soon....

Praises be unto those
that beat upon the drums
through the clear mountain night
in determined preparation....

But soon the fires shall rise
again

But soon the music shall rise
again

like the flames of understanding
casting out the smoke
of yesterday's confusion.

And soon the drummers shall shake the forests
again

and the hills

again

and the savannahs

and the rivers

again

and the young ones shall dance
again
the dance of mothers coming home
again
the dance of fathers smiling
again
in the peace of the night
again
the dance of the old ones telling stories
again
to the beautiful ones
yet to be born,
again and again and again,
the dance of the death
of oppression.

All praises be unto those
who preserve friendships
and persevere
in the face of their failures
and the failures
of their friends.