

## Barotseland-A poem from Makena

by Imatwa Makena

Sandy, again sand, yet fertile  
Happy Kalahari sand of the Barotse  
Best among all nations  
Motherland, endowed with plentifulness  
Lyondo Iya ũwa, the Barotse plain  
Periodically you under-go self-cleansing  
Through mass of water, from the pregnant Lyambai river  
Which goes far and wide, and  
Provides a boundless waterway  
For the picturesque Kuomboka ceremony  
A transhumance process of centuries  
Home to sumptuous ũMonguŕ rice  
A reservoir to rare species of testy fish,  
Splendid green, green grass of the motherland  
So transformed, by pouring tears of ũNundupula, which  
Availes vast meadows, on which  
Nakamwele ye Kunoŕu grazes with pride  
Under the watchful eyes of Imutongo Isibelengende  
Braving the blistering Kalahari heat of October  
Which will consequently be quenched  
By Mbulangambwa shaŕata wilokela, yet cometh  
Nambwa mutalati, to pass the final verdict,  
In my motherland, thatŕ natureŕ way  
Of preventing things all from happening at once  
OŕBarotseland, above you there is God  
Below you there is oil, gas, and diamond  
Upa, avails you with timber, cashew and maizebelt  
Wiko, is home to the Liuwa National Park  
Mutulo, provides the world with the biggest tiger fish  
Mboela, gives us Sioma and Musi-o-tunya falls, cattle and massive forests of timber  
Yet they say you are poor, yes poor by deceit  
Oŕmotherland, I yearn for no other nation  
**FASI LALUNA, FASI LA BULOZI**