

Ikute Isikubili

by Imatwa Makena

A giant warrior of our time, the hunter,
As his name depicts
Once walked this earth, and
Traced ingrained foot prints of Lewanika
In his pursuit and resolve for what's right
He led the struggle to restore our lost human dignity
Harm's way and panic's fear stopped him not,
Against the mighty forces of our conquerors,
He risked and stood tall in love of the motherland
His resolute reign rocked by turbulences, bred
Revolutionaries, devoid of fear, who in turn, dares prison and death
In defense of their conscience and zeal for self-determination,
His inherent spirit tapped from Mawaniketwa Nakandambo
Drove him to pursue liberty and emancipation
Consequently, the new thinking emerged, and
The spirit of redemption manifested, whilst
The wind of freedom took root, when
Isikubili sounded the war drums,
Like the all might force of the ravaging tsunami
The Barotse nation fell under the spell
Of Setete sa Liuwa's the extra-ordinary figure
The Barotse nation rallied in the course of the cause
To re-discover the lost nation, Anyalui, Mufana sae ni muteba
Barotseland was his national inheritance
The Barotseland Agreement was his resolution
As the Great Elephant passed-on
Our hearts were broken
With million words of praises unspoken
As he rests in peace at Ndawana, behind
His nation sleeps not
In incarcerations and own blood
We sacrifice heavily, yet
We shall relent and surrender not
Till Barotseland is free, free
From the bondage of the occupying forces
His legacy lives for ever
NATU KUMENE MOLYANGE