

GUARDIANS

The dull, red Zambezi sun sinks into sunset mode, drops
Below Kariba's waters, drawing
A bloody cordon round this misty, hidden isle and
Its unknown, eerie camp, while
Off the silent shores, Nyaminyami swims on beat.

A bloated moon hangs high in the cloudless sky, glints off
The bugles as they sound their urgent call, lights up the drums
Harshly beating out their summons in this lost and lonely camp.

As the mist begins to clear,
A band flows forth from within the tattered tents,
Spirit soldiers, drawn forth from all our yesteryears
Harkening to the people's call, answering
To the nation's need in this, our darkest hour.

Throughout that silent troop
Skeletal hands take hold of ghostly FN-FAL's as
Eager, waiting hellfire fills their magazines.

They stand, they wait, while, silhouetted by the looming moon
Bullet-riddled boats grind upon the shore and
Ragged wraiths, clad in commie cammo, flow off, onto this destined shore
Lift AK's to the sky to load that retributive light.

The shapes of all our honoured dead swirl, eddy – and merge. Enemies who once before
Clashed in combat's deadly zone
Murmur to their brothers as they join in common ranks

On a nearby rise, faces form in well-remembered shapes as
Their commanders -Tongorara, McIntyre, Walls, Chitepo - confer
Then, orders ripple through the ranks
And the guardians of this ancient ground move out
To succour this bleeding land of ours.

Old man cowering in the stolen splendour of your presidential home,
You Chefs who stole the farms, you Congo looters, you who stole your millions from the masses.
You who beat the people, killed them, robbed them, starved them
Fed them lies instead of food.

You parasites still tightly clinging to the old man's fading shadow. All you
Who stole our nation's future.

Be afraid. Be very afraid.
Our ghosts are coming -those shadows who, years before
Fought for this nation's soul, spilled each other's blood upon our hallowed soil. Now
They are one, in the service of our land, searching
For the nation's soul.

You stole it. They know it. And now
They come to bury you.

Chas Lotter