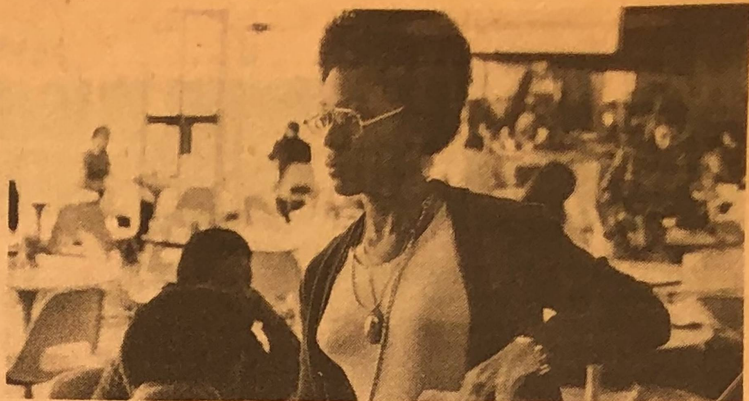
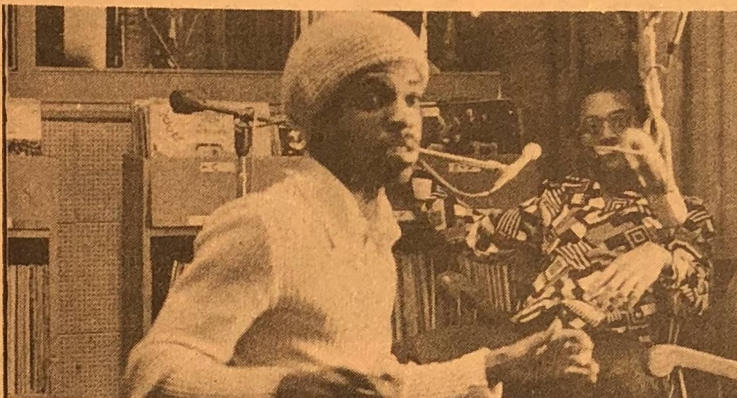
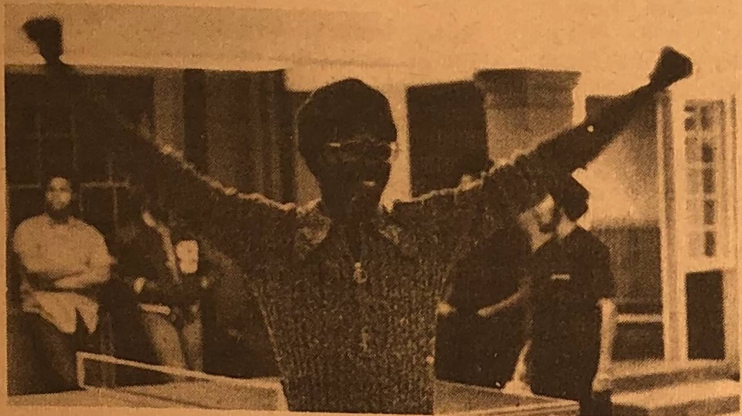


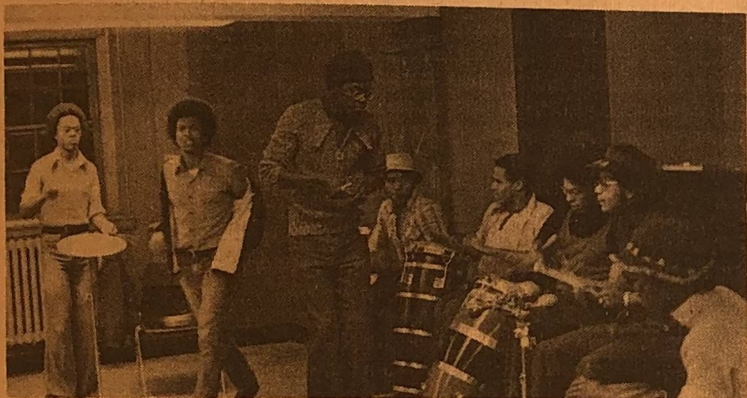
They found me
in the healthy shade
of my bamboo hut
they found me
dressed in obom



CIVILIZATION



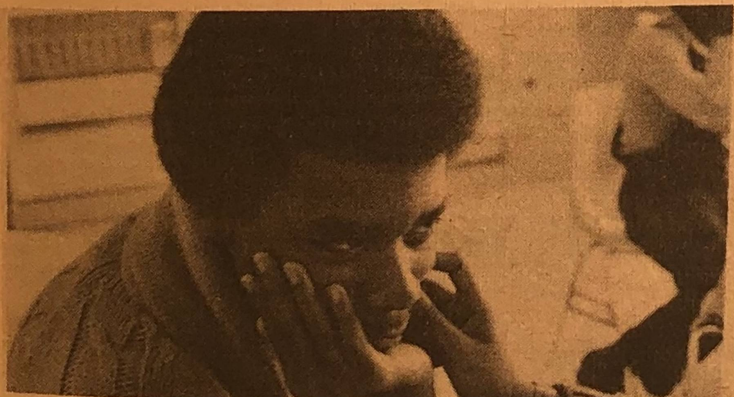
and animal skins
with palavers
and my torrential laugh-
ter
with my tom toms
my gris-gris
and my gods
What a pity!
How primitive he is!
Let's civilize him.



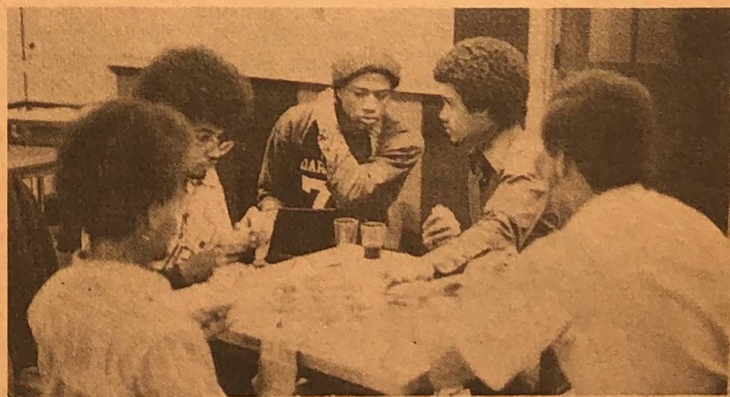
Then they showered
my head
with their wordy books
then they bedecked
my body
with their own gris-gris



then they inoculated me
in my blood
my bright transparent blood
with avarice



and alcoholism
and prostitution
and incest
and fratricidal politics
Hurrah!
Behold me now, a civilize man!



a poem by Philombe, a
Cameroonian poet Quoted from
the book The Militant Black
Writer in Africa and the United
States by Mercer Cook and
Stephen Henderson

