

Atonement - Vida Ayitah

**They will bring our gold back
Our timber shall return on ships
Having been transformed into fine furniture
They will, they pledge solemnly
Erect statues and monuments
One each for the men who died
In the struggle for freedom
Our freedom
My freedom
The crowd cheers
Clapping wildly
Stumping stocky feet in the sand
The sands of our lands, of our blood
Go up in the air
But I wait
My eyes fixed on the stage
I wait for more
But no one says a thing
About bringing back
The thousand and one men and women
Who died
No one says
"I'll bring back your fathers and mothers
Your sons and daughters"
They say it's a national reconciliation
They smile and shake hands
But I
I call it something else
As quietly I leave the cheering crowd**

About the Author:

Vida was born on July 19th, 1978 in a small farming community in the Volta Region. She has three sisters and one brother. She is currently living and working in Accra. She enjoys music and dancing as much as she does writing.

She can be contacted at akusefako@yahoo.com.



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