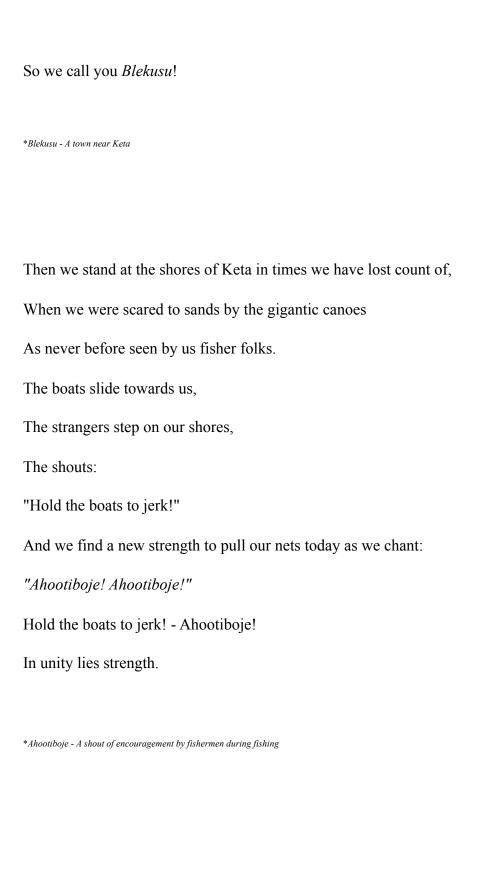
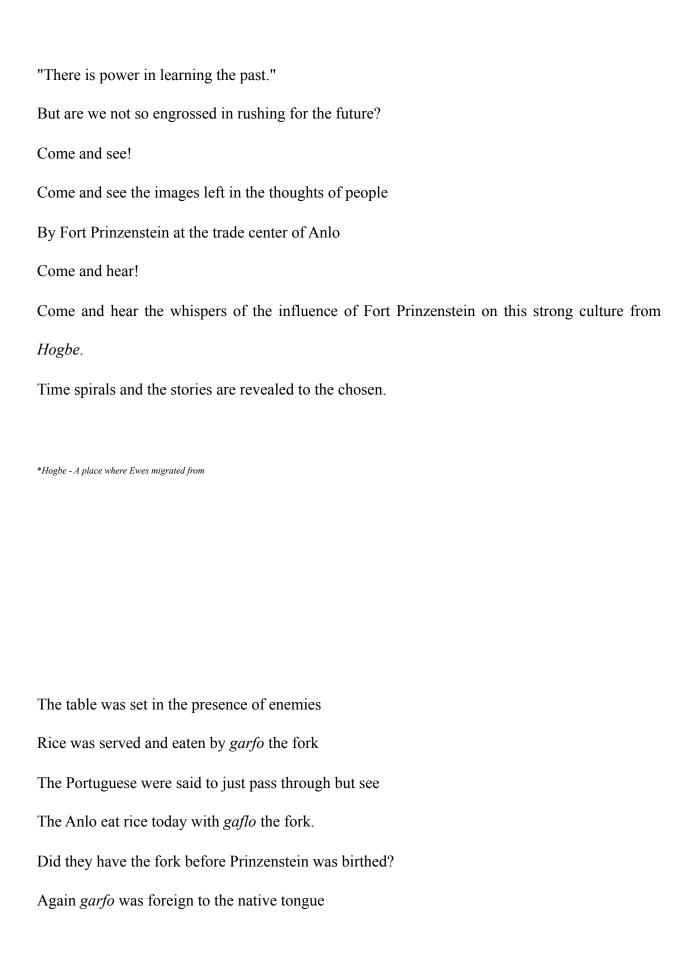
Once Upon a Prinzenstein

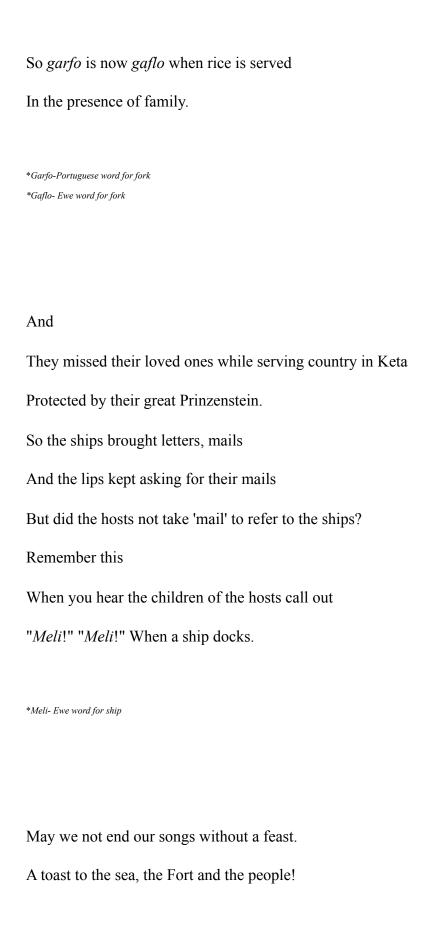
Your native name is foreign to our tongues

Agoo! Agoo!
Agoo! Shall always remain at the gate
To usher in 'Ame' - the flesh and blood.
We have heard stories of old and new.
We have seen the memory of concrete, wood and iron chains
That leave voices crawling on the forlorn walls of identity
With its might sapped into the salty depths of the sea.
We have heard.
*Agoo- the Ewe expression to seek permission before entering a house *Ame- the Ewe word for humans
Now! We have heard also the little tales;
Tales that make us think of timeless times
Of yesterdays and tomorrows.
Of the famous slave barracks of De Souzza
Whose name like the blood of an innocent man has stained the little town of Keta
To be called <i>Blekusu</i>
And erased any idea of knowing the native name.
"Barracks De Souzza"



It is Agbotadua Kamasa who said:





Bring the 'sodabi,' our local gin

And let us drink our fears away.

Prinzenstein seats among us

But he have been swept away like it's memories

Deep into the marrows of decayed fish.

Remember when the British arrived

And ran out of drinks?

Remember the exclamation: "So is that what it is?"

The drink was strong - "Akpeteshie."

The hosts offered their guests their drink.

"So is that what it is?" - "So that it be." - "Sodabi."

The transforming power of the tongue.

*Sodabi- A local gin also called *Akpeteshie

Agoo! Agoo! Agoo!

The hunter does not tell all.

Let the rest be saved for anther day

For,

Agoo will always remain at the gate

To usher in "Ame" the flesh and blood.

~Kwami Sedanu

SOURCES

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Kuwornu Florence, Keta - Teacher

Tornyeava Selorm, Keta - Teacher

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