

Black River

Anne Carrière-Acco

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The immense sound was rhythmic,
Replete with conga drums
And deep male voices
Chanting in the collective tremor
Of the Congolese DIASPORA
Resounding of the CBC Tower
Off the resplendent René Lévesque Boulevard
Men dressed in sombre black
No women.
Marching, marching, marching
Demanding to be heard
Millions in death struggles
For the resource rich country
While they fight to the death
The usual suspects,
Load piles of resources
Onto outgoing vessels

Another century unfolds.

The voices are desperate,

I hear them.

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