



On The Road Again

By Freedom Nyamubaya (a Zimbabwean poet)

On the Road Again
Poems During and

Nine months in the womb
Innocent and comfortable,
Never again will I rest.
Always on the go to nowhere,
Since I left that safe haven.

I creep, I walk,
Many times I run,
But most times
I get pushed around.

A student in the morning,
A teacher mid-morning,
A builder at noon,
A slave in the afternoon,
A dog at dinner:
A combatant the rest of my life.

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School has holidays,
Workers days off,
Dogs rest too,
But struggles to go on, go on.
Still on the road,
One endless journey.

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Freedom Nyamubaya

About the poet

- Lived 1958-2015
- Nyamubaya was a poet, dancer, farmer, feminist and revolutionary
- Nyamubaya left school to join the Zimbabwe National Liberation Army in Mozambique, where she achieved the rank of Female Field Operation Commander
- She was elected Secretary for Education in the first ZANU Women's League conference in 1979



About the poem

- How do you feel after reading it?
- Which lines or words resonated with you and why?
- What would you say the main theme of this poem is?