

## SONG TO THE UNSUNG<sup>1</sup>

Your name may be unknown to history  
Your deeds unsung in official histories.  
But without your contribution  
There is no song to sing.

What if history is silent about you?  
What if they don't record your labour?  
You are etched forever  
in people's minds.

The struggle for survival  
Will out-survive you

distributing underground literature  
writing latest people's news  
collecting worker's views  
discussing solutions under candlelight  
organising secret cells  
learning lessons in books and deeds

Unsung, unrecorded, unknown but to a few  
You struggle on  
Seeking neither wealth nor personal glory  
Your work outlives wealth of fat bags.

There is no victory without you  
You are the masses.  
Masses never die  
Fat bags do.

With a single blow to your head  
They hoped to end your work.  
From every drop of your blood  
Sprouts a thousand arms.

The unsung  
sing the last song.

Shiraz Durrani  
September 12, 1998

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<sup>1</sup> This is a revised version of a poem published in *Karimi Nduthu; a life in the struggle* (1998) Vita Books/Mau Mau Research Centre: London; New York. p.15.