

Gather them and sell

The waters of the Gold Coast
hold the gods of our people. The mighty Pra
blesses the palm trees with his majestic flow.
The God of Akose powers the Akosombo Dam,
sharing electricity with the people of the land.
In its freedom the water chooses to bless us.

Why then do the shovels dig
into the waters which we hold sacred?
We uproot the ground Tweduampong blessed,
with Chinese tools our forefathers never knew,
washing stones with mercury in search of gold.
The waters bleed brown, a stain, its heritage.

For the sins we commit, we lose the water's blessing.
The fish are angry, the children suffer;
no longer can we hear the voice of our gods.
We have gathered them all, in glittering nuggets,
and when we stare into the water, we see no reflection.