‘KISWAHILI’: A POEM
BY MAHMOUD AHMAD ABDULKADIR
TO WHICH IS APPENDED A LIST OF THE POET’S COMPOSITIONS IN VERSE

MAHMOUD AHMAD ABDULKADIR & P. J. L. FRANKL

1 Introduction [by P. J. L. Frankl, in consultation with Ustadh Mau]

1.1 The Poet

Mahmoud Ahmad Abdulkadir, poet, preacher and teacher\(^1\), was born in Lamu\(^2\), Kenya Protectorate, on 20\(^{th}\) February 1952\(^3\) (13 mfungo nane 1371 in the Swahili-Islamic calendar). He was the first of six children of Ahmad Abdulkadir Abdulatif (1915-1970)\(^4\), marine engineer, and

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\(^1\) See Timammy (2007: 303): “Little is known about (Mahmoud Ahmad Abdulkadir) apart from being an Islamic scholar from Lamu”.

\(^2\) Hoyle (2001: 304) describes Lamu as follows: “The historic port-cities of East Africa’s Indian Ocean coast belong to two worlds, modern independent Africa and the Muslim polities of the Indian Ocean”. Hoyle’s statement was valid for Lamu in 2001 (when the town became a world heritage site), and remains valid in 2014. However, as the poet put it: ‘look thy last on all things lovely every hour’. A major new port, with an extensive infrastructure and an immense workforce from the interior, is emerging nearby. Lamu Island, where Ustadh Mau was born and bred, will be submerged in the years to come although not, like the proverbial Ungama, ‘eaten’ by the sea. Yet, with similar finality, the community and culture and dialect (the kiAmu of Mau’s poem), will slowly cease to flourish – Lamu’s destiny having been determined by strangers in distant places.

\(^3\) Mahmoud’s father, in a statement written in Swahili-Arabic script, attests that his son was born on ‘siku ya jumaatatu, 13 mfungo nane, AH 1317’ (Monday, 20 February 1952). Mahmud’s birth was not registered until 1967 - the date entered in his certificate being ‘1950’.

\(^4\) Salvadori (1983: 148): “Another pioneer was Abdul Kadir Abdul Latif [Mahmoud’s paternal grandfather] from the village of Mohammed-neger, near Poona, who became incorporated into the Surati community, such as it was, by his marriage to a Surati girl from Mombasa. He settled in Lamu, where he became known as Abdul Kadir Engineer because he was employed to look after the District Commissioner’s boat” (see also Salvadori 1996, vol. I: 34. For a photograph of Ustadh Mau in his library, see vol. III, p. 221).
his wife Barka Aboud Mbarak (about 1938-2002). Both his parents were poets. Mahmoud was educated at the al-Najah\(^6\) chuo (Islamic primary school) and at the al-Najah madrasa (Islamic secondary school), behind Lamu’s gereza (a fort, a prison and, since 1984, a museum). In due course Mahmoud became a teacher at the schools where he had been a pupil. When young he was attracted to Mao Zedong’s brand of Chinese communism, and so friends called him ‘Mao’. By 1966 it became clear that the government in Nairobi had rejected communism in favour of capitalism, so Mahmoud altered the spelling of his nickname (\textit{jina la hirimu}) from ‘Mao’ to ‘Mau’ – suggesting to some, perhaps, that the youth had sympathized with the Mau Mau struggle. After his father’s death Mahmoud spent two years, from 1971 to 1973, as a shopkeeper in Dar es Salaam, after which he returned to Lamu.

Already when in his twenties Mahmoud had revealed his gifts as a poet. In 1974 he wrote \textit{Wasiya ya Mabanati} (‘Advice to Young Girls’).\(^7\) In 1975 his \textit{Kimondo} was circulated widely.\(^8\) Other poems have followed (for a list of which see the Appendix); many are available on cassette, or compact disk, or on the internet. One advantage of recording Mau’s poems (as opposed to having them printed) is that they can be listened to by a group. After all, poetry like music is composed to be heard.\(^9\)

In 1975 Ustadh Mau married Aisha Ali Waleedi of Lamu and Siyu, with whom he has had eight children (3 sons and 5 daughters). In 1985 he married Sauda Kasim Bwanamaka of Faza, with whom he has had three children (1 son and 2 daughters). Also in 1985 Mahmoud was appointed imam of Lamu’s oldest surviving mosque, the Pwani mosque.\(^10\) An important duty attached to this post was, and continues to be, preaching the Friday sermon (\textit{khutuba ya ijumaa}), and at these times the mosque is almost always full to overflowing. Early on he took the daring step, at that time a step opposed by many, to preach the Friday sermon in Swahili rather than in Arabic, the Pwani mosque being the first mosque in Lamu where this was done. Currently all the Friday mosques in Lamu have the Friday sermon delivered in Swahili. In addition to his duties at the Pwani mosque,

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\(^5\) When Mahmoud was born his father Ahmad composed a poem of paternal advice. Similarly, when Aboudi wa Aboudi was born his father composed ‘\textit{Haki za Watoto}’ (see Appendix).

\(^6\) ‘al-Najah’ is pronounced ‘an-Najah’; likewise in stanza 6, ‘al-Nabhany’ is pronounced ‘an-Nabhan’.

\(^7\) Kresse (2007: 110) finds: “The cassette recording of the unpublished \textit{Utendi wa mabanati} was extremely popular among Swahili people”. \textit{Wasiya wa Mabanati}: The first ten verses of this poem (there are 143 stanzas in all) were published in \textit{Wasafiri} (see Abdulkadir 2011).

\(^8\) The ‘\textit{Kimondo}’ verses were directed at the candidates vying for the parliamentary seat of Lamu East in the 1975 general election (see Amidu 1990, 1993, 2004, Njogu 2001).

\(^9\) Ustadh Mau not only makes recordings of his poetry, he also gives public readings. For example, the Goethe-Institut and the Alliance Française in Nairobi organized \textit{Jukwaani}, an annual festival for performing literature, and in 2009 Ustadh Mau was among five distinguished poets from Swahililand who performed at the festival.

\(^10\) The Pwani mosque is the oldest surviving mosque on the island (in the \textit{mtaa} known as \textit{Nyuma ya Gereza}), dating from 772 AH / AD 1370 (Allen 1974: 25-6).
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Ustadh Mau holds darasa (classes) every Ramadhan in the Ras Kopo mosque. Furthermore, he holds darasa daily (except for Fridays and Ramadhan), before mid-day prayers, in the Bandani mosque, also known as the BaWazir mosque.

Ustadh Mau has travelled widely, particularly within the world of Islam, and every month receives periodicals from Cairo. As chairman of Lamu Muslim Youth, he has thrice performed umra (the lesser pilgrimage to Mecca). He has broadcast frequently in Swahili on Africa TV (Khartoum), and on Radio Salaam (Mombasa).

A poet who has not inherited wealth cannot normally expect to become wealthy, nor is the salary of an imam princely, so Ustadh Mau was fortunate to have inherited the Asilia Bakery (now managed by two sons, and currently the only bakery in the town). He has thus been assured of his daily bread. As a servant of the community he agreed to chair the Lamu West constituency AIDS committee. In addition, he is a member of the Lamu district education board, a member of the Lamu district children’s advisory committee, and a member of the Mkomani Girls’ Primary School committee, Lamu. In 2004 Ustadh Mau was appointed to be a member of the panel of elders on the Land Disputes Tribunal. Also in 2004, in the Jamhuri Day Honours, he was awarded the Head of State’s Commendation “despite lack of formal education”. Recently, and with great humility, Ustadh Mau sat for and passed the national examination for the certificate of primary education – a remarkable achievement for one in his sixties. As well as all this, the imam swims enthusiastically in the early morning at Uyoni beach.

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11 The Ras Kopo mosque, near the market, dates from 1212 AH / AD 1797/8 (see note 10 above).
12 The Bandani mosque: the original name is no longer known with certainty – it may have been called the Nyebai mosque.
13 See Amidu (2009: 7, note 6): “[…] in Lamu, Mahmoud Ahmed Abdul-Kadir, alias Mau, has baked bread for most of his life for Lamu’s people in addition to writing poetry in his spare time. He is one of the small-scale bakers who has improved his economic condition through his profession, fed many, and has also become a modest celebrity as a topical political poet in Lamu”.
14 See the poet’s Tahadhari na UKIMWI! (‘Beware of AIDS!’) (Abdulkadir 2006).
15 See the list published in the Kenya Gazette CVI, No 44, GN 3674, 21st May 2004.
16 In a booklet issued for the investiture at State House, Nairobi, on Jamhuri Day, Sunday 12th December 2004 one reads on page vii: “Mr. Abdulkadir […] is a renowned Kiswahili poet […] despite lack of formal education. He is a social philanthropist who has single handedly mobilized resources for communal projects within Lamu District, including a school for the mentally handicapped. He is currently actively involved in spearheading advocacy and publicity on HIV/AIDS in Lamu District. He is awarded the Head of State’s Commendation for his immense contribution towards national development.” “A renowned Kiswahili poet […] despite lack of formal education” is an interesting observation. The perception seems to be that those who have acquired ‘formal education’ have acquired a form of that education which was first introduced to east Africa by European-Christians in the 19th century. If so, it would follow, for example, that the author of the 18th century poem Inkishafi composed his masterpiece ‘despite lack of formal education’ (see note 25 below). The truth is that since the coming of Islam to the east African coast the Swahili have received their formal education in the chuo and the madrasa (see also note 35). At the start of the twenty-first century, however, in changed circumstances, too many Swahili have acquired too little formal education beyond the chuo and the madrasa. The consequences for the economic and political future of the Swahili-speaking peoples are dire indeed.
Ustadh Mau belongs to what is, arguably, an endangered species – the Swahili gentleman. Those who know him as poet, preacher or teacher esteem a Lamu worthy, and value a Swahili treasure.

1. 2 The Poem

Ustadh Mau composed ‘Kiswahili’ in 2003, in kiAmu (the Swahili speech of Lamu). The verses are beautifully written in Swahili-Arabic script on five pages of lined paper. An audio version was recorded in Lamu in 2005 by Mathieu Roy. The Swahili text in roman characters appeared in the introduction to Roy’s doctoral dissertation (2013), together with a French translation and with notes giving the standardized Swahili for ‘difficult’ kiAmu words and phrases (Roy 2013: 46-51).

What the narrator of ‘Kiswahili’ says about his mother tongue in the first decade of the twenty-first century requires little or no explanation for readers who live in, or who have lived in, northern and central Swahililand. Largely due to the language policies of Julius Nyerere who led Tanganyika, and subsequently Tanzania, from 1961 to 1985 - the state of the language in southern Swahililand now differs significantly from that prevailing to the north.

The narrator of the poem, Mother Swahili, laments the state of Swahili in, for example, Lamu, and Mombasa at the start of the twenty-first century (the fifteenth century in the Islamic calendar). The poet thoughts have been expressed quite freely, pessimistic though they may be. But let this paragraph end on an optimistic note – a note, as it were, for a potential additional stanza. The year 2012 witnessed an exceedingly important Swahili publication in Dar es Salaam: ‘Kale ya Washairi wa Pemba: Kamange na Sarahani’ (‘The Past of Pemba Poets: Kamange and Sarahani’) by Abdurrahman Saggaf Alawy and Ali A. El-Maawy, edited by Abdilatif Abdalla. All is not yet lost – not yet.

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17 In former times Swahili was written in Arabic or Swahili-Arabic script. However in the second half of the mid-nineteenth century two European-Christian missionaries, Johann Ludwig Krapf in Mombasa and Edward Steere in Zanzibar, pioneered printing Swahili in roman characters. Within a remarkably short time Swahili in roman script became widespread. Today many mother-tongue speakers of Swahili are unable to write Swahili meaningfully in their own script. The manuscript of Ustadh Mau’s poem exemplifies what was once the norm for every Swahili poet. Some ‘Islamic’ languages continue to employ Arabic script, notably Arabic and Farsi; others do not. Swahili (that is to say the language of the Swahili-speaking people), like Turkish and Malay, has lost the battle of the two scripts.

18 Mother Swahili may remind Irish readers of the literary figure of Kathleen Ni Houlihan, a mythical symbol and emblem of Irish nationalism. Ustadh Mau in Swahililand, like some leaders in twentieth century Ireland, is concerned with raising questions about identity and cultural difference.
2 ‘Kiswahili’

2.1 The Swahili Text in Roman Script [by Mahmoud Ahmad Abdulkadir]¹⁹

1 Kunyamaa nimechoka
   wanangu huniepuka
   walobaki kunishika
   Mimi nimewatendani

2 Wanaamu mimi wa ḏamu
   asili hawana hamu
   wamenatiya kaumu
   kosa langu kosa gani

3 Mimi mamenu siṭ’asɑ
   nimezaa wa Mambasa
   nizee wanasiyasa
   mafundi wa kula fani

4 Ndimi mamake Muyaka
   na Zahidi kadhalika
   Ali Koti na Mataka
   waliţoka mtumboni

5 Inkishafi ngaliya
   ndipo ṭakapo kelewa
   ni t’ungo zimesaliya
   walozitunga ni nyani

ⁱ⁹ For a commentary on dialectal forms in the poem and equivalents in Standard Swahili, see Roy 2013.
Na Malenga wa Mviṭa nyayo walizifuwata na piya Chiraghuḍini
n-Nabahani huteta hawakukiri ẓuduni
ndiye pweke uwanḍani lakini hufaliyani

7 Ḋado kuzaa naweza siya koma ukingoni
lakini munenipuuza mumeṭowa fuwoni
wangine meiṭokeza kunipangiya kanuni
musamiyaṭi kubuni nyinyi muliponiwaṭa

8 Huliya kisikiṭika Changaliya jaridāni
wengi wanaoandika si wanangu ni wageni
idhaani kadhalika wapeka t’ungo ni nyani
wengi hawatoki p’wani licha kuwa mbwa Mviṭa

9 Angaliya na zitabu zisomeshwao shuleni
hazandikwi na Rajabu si Suḍi wala si Shani
Njoroge ndiyo katibu ashishiyoe sukani
Charo na wake wendani nao nyuma hufuwaṭa

10 Hualikwa kongamano Chenda huruḍi ndiyani
huona ẓutungu mno kuwa nyinyi siwaoni
na huziuma zitano Lakini nitende nini
Wanangu mumeikhini mamenu muneniwata

11 Na huliya kwa matozi changaliya miṭihani
wanafundi wa Kibwezi na wa Kisumu ziwani
ndiwo wanao barizi waliyoko kileleni
mulọṭoka kwetu p’wani muko ṭ’inu hukokota
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Wafanyao uțafiti wa uzamili zuwoni
Waswahili ni katíti au hawapatikani
ni nyani nimlaiți mwenye makosa ni nyani
mimi hamuni thamini mngine hamukupata

Kiwasíkiya hunena huniungonga moyoni
sarúfi hakuna têná nahau naițamani
na hața ladha hayana kama mashapu kanwani
sielewi hunenani huimba au huteta

Lau Muyaka țaruĎi ae têná duniyani
mwanangu įąmbidi kwenenda mahakamani
aete na mashahidi waniyuwao yakini
nyuț’e mwenda gerezani kwa hațiya kuwapata

Wallahi hamuna ghera wala hamuna imani
hamuna la kuwakera kuwa hamuni thamini
mimi ni kama mpwira huțezewa uwanĎani
hupijwa teke ndiyani na kula anaepita

Hața kwenye ushairi waso wangu wamebuni
zilizo huru bahari kwa kuoleza wageni
mimi hayo siyakiri si mashairi kifani
hayo yoț’e nikwa nini hizo ni mbinu za zita

Hambiwa mwenyewe sina hini ni ajabu gani
huwae kakosa shina kwa na țanĎu yangani
nyani alonipa ina alonandika ni nyani
kiwa si Uswahilini ni wapi nilipopata
18 Kuwa wengi huninena si ḍalili aswilani
yakuwa wenyewe sina Kingereza hamuoni
hunenwa na wengi sana p’embe zot’e duniyani
kina na kwao shinani miziye haikü’ata

2.2 A Free English Translation [by P. J. L. Frankl, in consultation with Ustadh Mau]

1 I am weary of staying silent. For how much longer am I to remain dumb? My own children avoid me, though I long to see them. And those who remain to embrace me are not my own, but are the offspring of others. What have I done to you? Why do you wage war on me?

2 My own flesh and blood, the children of Swahililand, are uninterested in knowing who I am, and have left me to other peoples, and to the children of neighbours. What kind of fault is my fault? [O my children] why do you continue waging war on me?

3 I am your mother and am not yet fertile, nor has my ability to reproduce diminished. I have given birth to children in Mambasa and in the other islands [of the Swahili], to politicians and to religious leaders, to craftsmen in every field, and to war heroes.

4 I am the mother of Bwana Muyaka,20 and of Mwengo Athmani,21 also, and of Zahidi22 too, and many of his contemporaries, Ali Koti23 and Mataka,24 all from just one century, they emerged from my womb, and shone like stars.

5 Look at Inkishafi.25 Read it attentively and then, my dear friend, you will understand what I am telling you. These verses are of enduring worth and will never die. Who were those who composed them? They were my children who have passed on.

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20 Bwana Muyaka was the outstanding Swahili poet of 19th century Mombasa. After his death many of his verses were recalled by Mu’allim Sikujua Abđallah al-Baṭawi (died 1890) and transcribed with annotations by W.E. Taylor (1856-1927). After Taylor’s death his papers were acquired by the library of the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS), London.

21 Mwengo Athmani: this 18th century poet from Pate composed the Utendi wa Tambuka (‘The Epic of Heraklios’).


24 Bwana Mataka’s full name is Muhammad bin Shee Mataka al-Famau (1825-1868). He was ruler of Siyu, as was his father. His mother was Mwana Kupona, famous for the poem of advice written to her daughter. Bwana Mataka, died in Mombasa’s fort while imprisoned by the Busa’idi.

25 The Inkishafi, according to W.E. Taylor Stigand (1915: 96-105) is “a great, if not the greatest, religious classic of [the Swahili-speaking peoples]”. The poem, concerned with the decay of Pate (formerly a flourishing town in northern Swahililand), may remind some readers of Thomas Gray’s ‘Elegy written in an English churchyard’ (London 1751).
And the Bard of Mambasa, and Chiraghdin too, they followed in my footsteps, they did not submit to lower standards. al-Nabhany reproves, but to what effect? He remains alone in the field, yet he stays strong.

I am still able to give birth. I have not yet reached the limit, but you have all despised me. You have left me high and dry, now others have come forward to regulate me, compiling standardized dictionaries.

I weep and lament when I look at the learned journals, for many of those who contribute are not my children, they are strangers to me. It is much the same with the media. Who are the ones who send in their compositions? Although they may have a Mambasa address, many do not come from the coast.

Look at the text books which are studied at our schools. They are written neither by Rajabu, nor by Sudi nor by Shani. The author is Njoroge, he is the helmsman. Charo and his colleagues follow.

When I am invited to conferences, I turn back before I arrive. I feel exceedingly bitter that I do not see you all there. I bite my fingers in frustration, but what can I do? My children, you have missed your opportunity. You have abandoned your own mother.

The Bard of Mambasa refers to Ustadh Ahmad Nassir Juma Bhalo, see Chiraghdin (1971).

Shihabdin Chiraghdin (1934-1976). See the biography by his daughter Latifa Chiraghdin which came out in 2012.

In an unpublished commendation from 12th June 1974 J.W.T. Allen and M.A. Oxon. write about Ahmad Sheikh Nabhany: “[...] I am privileged to have a wide circle of friends and acquaintances among Swahili scholars of Swahili. I have some knowledge of their rating of themselves and I can name perhaps half a dozen (still living) who are always referred to as the most learned. To me they are walking dictionaries and mines of information and Ahmed is unquestionably one of them. He comes of a family of scholars whose discipline is as tough as any degree course in the world. They have no time for false scholarship or dilettantism. That this profound learning is almost wholly disregarded by those who have been highly educated in the western tradition affects almost everything written today in or about Swahili. When I want to know some word or something about Swahili, I do not go to professors, but to one of the bingwa known to me. One of these could give a much greater detail of assessment, but of course his opinion would not carry the weight of one who can put some totally irrelevant letters after his name”. (See also the second paragraph of note 16 above). For a biography see Said (2012).

For almost a century the principal publisher of standardized Swahili dictionaries has been the Oxford University Press (OUP). Clearly OUP has to be profitable, and profitable is what, over the years, their dictionaries of standardized Swahili have been. However if one considers excellence in research and scholarship not one of the OUP’s standardized Swahili lexicons can begin to compare with the Oxford English Dictionary (‘more than 600,000 words over a thousand years’). Fortunately for Swahili and for Swahili studies there exists the monumental Dictionnaire swahili-français (Paris 1939), compiled by Charles Sacleux. Sacleux’s chef d’œuvre (‘unprecedented in historical depth, dialectological detail and philological knowledge’) can now be accessed electronically, by courtesy of Swahili Forum. Heartfelt thanks are due to Thilo Schadeberg and Ridder Samson.

Njoroge: a name representing those who have their origins in the east African interior (the bara).

Charo: a name representing those who have their origins in the coastal hinterland (the nyika).

nahuziuma zitano: these words echo the words of the Inkishaì “wakauma zanda na kuiyuğa”. Readers unfamiliar with this Swahili gesture of regret could consult Eastman & Omar (1985).
And I shed tears when I look at the results of the school exams. Students from Kibwezi, and from Kisumu, they are the ones who are ahead, who are at the top; and you, students from the coast, you lag far behind.

Amongst those who are researching for degrees at the universities, Swahili students are few - or non-existent. Who is to be blamed? Whose fault is it? You esteem me not at all, yet you have not replaced me by another.

When I hear those who are not mother-tongue speakers speaking, I feel sick at heart. Inflection is no longer employed, while grammatical [Swahili] is what I desire! Even [their speech] is wanting in flavour, like a plug of tobacco in one's mouth. I do not understand what they are saying. Are they singing? Are they complaining?

Were Bwana Muyaka to return, were he to come back to the world, it would be necessary, my child, for him to go to a court of law, and he would need to call witnesses who know me well, and all of you would go to prison for the offence which you have committed against me.

Truly you have neither zeal nor self-confidence. It irritates you not at all that you do not esteem me. I am just like a ball in the play-ground, whoever passes me by in the street gives me a kick.

Even in the field of Swahili prosody, those who are not mine have invented free verse, imitating foreigners. For myself, I cannot accept that. That is not Swahili poetry. What is the point of it all? These are preparations for war.

I am told that I belong to nobody in particular. How extraordinary! How can I be rootless below ground and yet have branches above? Who gave me my name? And who are they who wrote me down? If I do not hail from Swahililand, then whence do I come?

That many speak me, [Swahili], is not of itself proof of origins, or of ownership. What of the English language? It is spoken by very many, in all corners of the world, yet the language remains firmly established in its homeland, its roots have not been severed.

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33 Kibwezi and Kisumu: places in the east African interior.
34 The lake is Lake Nyanza, also known as Lake Victoria.
35 muko t’ini hukokota: over the years young people on Lamu Island (and indeed elsewhere in northern Swahililand) have received a raw deal in their primary and secondary education. They have ‘lagged far behind’ their counterparts from the interior, and so Mother Swahili grieves for her marginalised children (see also the second paragraph of note 16).
2.3 The Swahili Text in Swahili-Arabic Script [by Mahmoud Ahmad Abdulkadir]
انْحِشَاءٌ نَفْسِيَّ

لا يَكُنْ نَكُرَ

نَبِيَّاً مُّسْلِمًا، هُوَ الْأَامِرُ بِالْمَعْلُومِ,

وَالْوَسْعُ تَنْبَعُ ذُنُوبُهُ.

نَفَّذَ رَمْضَانَ نَزْلَةً رِجَالٍ

يُناْيِرُهُ وَقَوْلُهُ هَارُ وَكُلُّ أَرْبَعَةٌ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَوْءَاتٍ وَوُجُّ وَرَضُوْنَاءً

لَكَ مَا سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ

لَمْ يُكِفَّوْنَا ذُنُوبَكَ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ

لَمْ يُكِفَّوْنَا ذُنُوبَكَ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ

لَمْ يُكِفَّوْنَا ذُنُوبَكَ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ

لَمْ يُكِفَّوْنَا ذُنُوبَكَ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ

لَمْ يُكِفَّوْنَا ذُنُوبَكَ، كُنْ ضَفْلِيَاً بِنَِّ

سَأَتَوْا هَيْسَتُ
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APPENDIX: Poetry by Mahmoud Ahmad Abdulkadir (Ustadh Mau)

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<td>Ramani ya maisha ya ndowa (mke)</td>
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<td>2010</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Shorter Poems**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Year of Composition</th>
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<tr>
<td>Tunda</td>
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<td>Kipande cha ini</td>
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<td>Msichana wa kilIslamu</td>
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<td>Kitabu</td>
<td>2000</td>
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<td>Jahazi</td>
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<td>kiSwahili</td>
<td>2003</td>
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<td>Mlango t’aushindika</td>
<td>2005</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ufisadi</td>
<td>2005</td>
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<td>Aso chake!</td>
<td>2006</td>
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<td>Tahadhari na UKIMWI!</td>
<td>2006</td>
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<td>Mama musimlaumu</td>
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<td>Bandari</td>
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<td>Yatima</td>
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</table>
‘KISWAHILI’: A POEM BY MAHMOUD AHMAD ABDULKADIR

Tupijeni makamama 2010
Tulindeni kiSwahili 2010
Bandari ina mawimbi 2010

Bibliography


