

When I'm no longer there,

Gone or sunk into the everlasting sleep,
Thou and thy heart will leap,
Of joy if thou art against my deeds,
And of distress if thou art my fan indeed,

For no son of man whosoever can miss,
Deeds that deserve praise and thank,
And ones worth a blame to the one who sank,
Or went elsewhere to seek what they miss.

But gone or sunk, it always reminds of them,
Every time they are compared to the new born,
Or comer brought to replace them,
The head's disturbed and the heart's torn.

For no two persons can equally replace each other,
Some will then say, "he was better" to one another.

**By Muzigirwa Munganga Bonaventure, English as a Foreign
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