

Kojo talks with David

You are like me.

Your parents named you Owusu on the seventh day from your birth.

They knew you would be strong-willed like the Bible's David,
who was handy with three stones and a slingshot.

The Goliaths would fall and your people would see your strength.

They knew you would be determined like David Walker,

Who challenged the Black folk in America

to own the freedoms that were guaranteed in the Constitution.

No matter how wretched their state,

He urged them to get into good trouble.

You are like me.

You proudly share your Ashanti culture

With all those who travel with you to Ghana:

the sweetness of the pineapple, the richness of the palm oil,

the Jollof rice, the Banku, the yam stew and fried plantains.

You teach them the sacredness of the Golden Stool,

a symbol of unconquerable spirit,

And the significance of Kente cloth,

the pride of the nation woven in its threads.

Like Soul singer David Ruffin

Your silky voice speaks the language of ancestral love

In Twi accents that honor our people

As students, as teachers, as scholars

Under the Open Umbrella

Which we call BLACK.

You are like me.

You make me proud.

Proud of the Black skin that is kissed by the Kumasi sun

Proud of the red, green and yellow independence flag
that flew first in Accra.

Proud of the leadership that made a haven in your name.

So, Dr. David Owusu -Ansah

Wrap yourself in your magnificent Kente robe,

Bask in the glow of the people you have mentored,

And the programs who have founded,

And the academic light you have shared.

And dare anyone to call you out of your name.

Joanne V. Gabbin

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