In memory of Joan Kagezi and all hardworking women of this world

A poem by Judi Erongot, Assistant Coordinator (UCICC) and Focal Point Person, National Transitional Justice Coalition

In the dusk of 30th March, 2015, known not to the world
A jilted assassin targeted you
You reached out to your neck
Maybe a swift object, yet it was on your innocent tender neck
Bullets bullets bullets
Before your children to Mulago you were hastened
Why!! Why you? Okay, why before your children?
So I asked the breaking news
Calls after calls confirming indeed it was you
The social media gave no hope
You had been turned still still still, so still
Vehemently you stood for peace
For the right thing you got killed!
In the right place you died
Tell me you assassin, you rascal, need you what
Making the world a small place for the right people?
Making the scoundrel illusioned that the world was big
Just because they hold the gun
Don’t you know more powerful is the pen than the gun?
Greater is the law than the gun
Dialogue and justice greater than high was trigger
Joan liveth, she liveth in the court room
She liveth in the law books
She liveth in the scholarly world
She liveth in the wings of justice
She liveth in the justice rules and judgments
Joan you live in international criminal tribunals, so do you in rubbles of justice
You live in its grooming, in its budding and blossoming
Joan is not dead

You jilted assassin, Joan will wait for you in the court room
Justice for you is a posse, if you miss it now you will get it the world after
Don’t you remember the blood of Abel
Calling for justice in a tender calm voice, why Cain, why spill your innocent blood?
For doing good, Cain the Assassin of 30th March, 2015, you spilled my blood so she implores
I know you too are restless
You know it, Joan’s blood calls for justice, the children entreat for justice
So are Joan’s friends, colleagues in the justice struggle
Where will you hide? Physically you will hide but not from the conscience
Psychologically you will hate me him or her
You will say me he or her knows, I am he she who killed Joan
Yet me he or she is unaware of your past
You will hide from your shadow, yet the shadow has no knowledge of your bloody figures
You will laugh but in the heart of hearts you daily weep
Why get lied to or fathom that her death will make court files close? No, fantasy
Did her death stop the lawyer, human rights activist, religious leaders, etc
To condemn
Will your feat devour the courts of this universe?
Or stop the qualifying lawyers or human rights activists?
Assassin. Yet another day, justice is getting stronger
Forward, lawyers and justice activists march at war with the blood of Joan beseeching to fight
We shall not retreat justice at door, forward
A groomed seasoned prosecutor commands so we march
Joan no doubt in the granaries of law you added legal grains
There we shall climb and share them
We shall tender well the gourd plants that you planted
To make you smile while you are away
Then today’s Cain shall know you were a superwoman
That if Thomas Moore lived in the thicket of criminal law
You were to be called a Forester
Why attempt to cut the laws in this world oh Cain
When the devil comes where will you run?
Joan quintessence of the Justice in line of duty, you went still
So shall we stand soldiers of justice and peace

Rest in internal peace Joan Kagezi