

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

*A poem by Judi Erongot, Assistant Coordinator (UCICC) and Focal Point Person,  
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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