



Divine Chocolate

by Sarah Mills

Could Tettah Quarshie have known when he returned from the island of Fernando Po

How those beans would grow

The futures of the Ghanaian people?

Could he have seen how straight out of the trunk and branches of the cocoa tree

Children could play free

How water would flow?

Could he have seen how communities could make the food of gods

From gigantic pods

And clothe their backs from the roasting sun?

Could he have foretold how divine that price would be?

That the farmers could wield the magra and machete

And still make profit.

Could he have foretold how the bars to a better living

Would be broken yet keep on giving

To those who labour?

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