

# The Goromonzi we want

This poem was written by Mary Nyadome  
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*In Goromonzi, the earth remembers.*

*It remembers forests where birds stitch the sky,  
streams that run clear  
enough to mirror children's faces,  
roads that held together  
under the weight of daily life.*

*Now the ground is opened for lithium,  
the critical mineral of our time.  
The metal of tomorrow, they say.  
The mineral that feeds electric dreams far away.*

*But here, tomorrow arrives as dust,  
settling on maize and living in lungs,  
on water pots left uncovered.  
Trucks roar past here with profit.*

*Breaking roads where farmers  
once walked barefooted.  
Boreholes now run dry  
while processing plants drink deeply.  
Trees fall one by one  
and their shades become a memory  
spoken in past tense.*

*We are told this is development.  
But it's a development that displaces,  
that attacks without listening,  
that leaves communities poorer  
in land, water, and health.  
It is not progress. It is removal.*

**So Goromonzi resists.  
Not with silence, but with voices.  
Not against the future,  
but against being erased from it.  
We demand work, not wounds.**

*Jobs that hire people, men and women,  
equally trained, equally paid.  
We demand that women are not spectators  
to wealth pulled from their soul,  
but engineers, machine operators,  
supervisors, leaders.*

*We demand water protected, dust controlled,  
forests restored, roads rebuilt stronger than before.  
Environmental Impact Plans  
must live on the ground, not only on paper.*

*And if lithium powers the world,  
then it must also power Goromonzi.  
Affordable lithium batteries for local homes.  
For clinics that need reliable electricity.  
For schools that should not go dark.*

*Let mining mean skills transfer,  
long-term employment,  
and investments that outlives the mine itself.  
Because lithium will run out,  
but communities must not.*

**Our future is not  
a pit left behind.  
It is children  
breathing clean air,  
women earning  
state incomes,  
farmers with water.  
Roads that connect  
rather than collapse.  
And energy that lights  
our own nights first.**

*This is our message to the companies.  
If you take from our land,  
you must build with our people.  
With us, communities.  
The future you sell to the world  
must begin here in Goromonzi  
with justice at the centre.*

