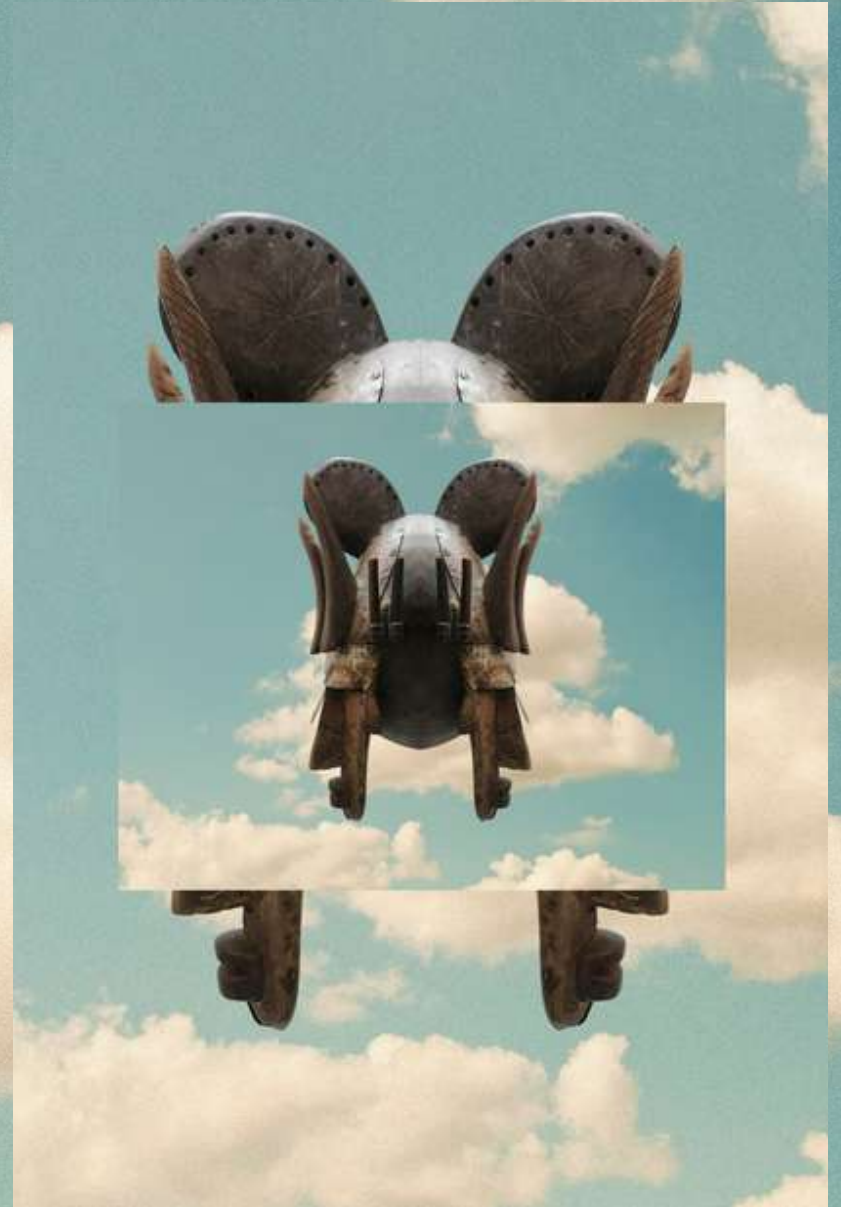




AFRICAN PARABLES FOR THE UNRAVELING



AFRICAN PARABLES FOR THE UNRAVELING

BY AICHA TOURE



For Sun, and Soil

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(Available as print upon request)



Unselfing

He who ignores his inner flame cannot offer warmth
to another

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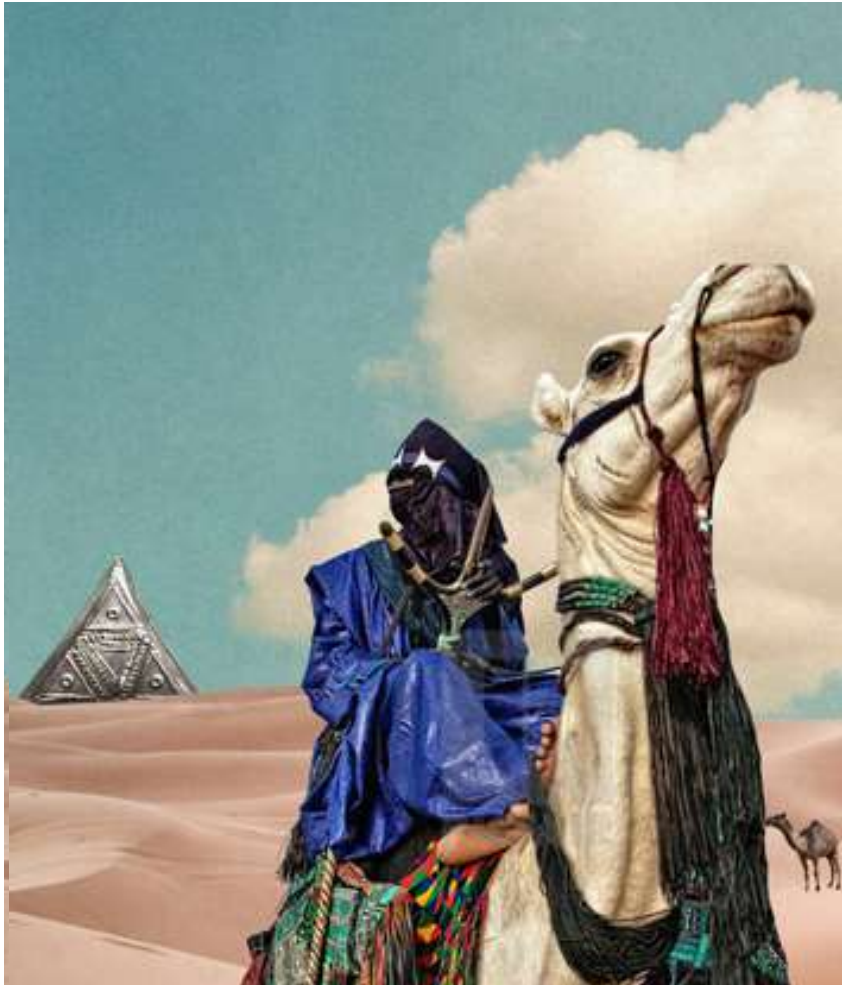
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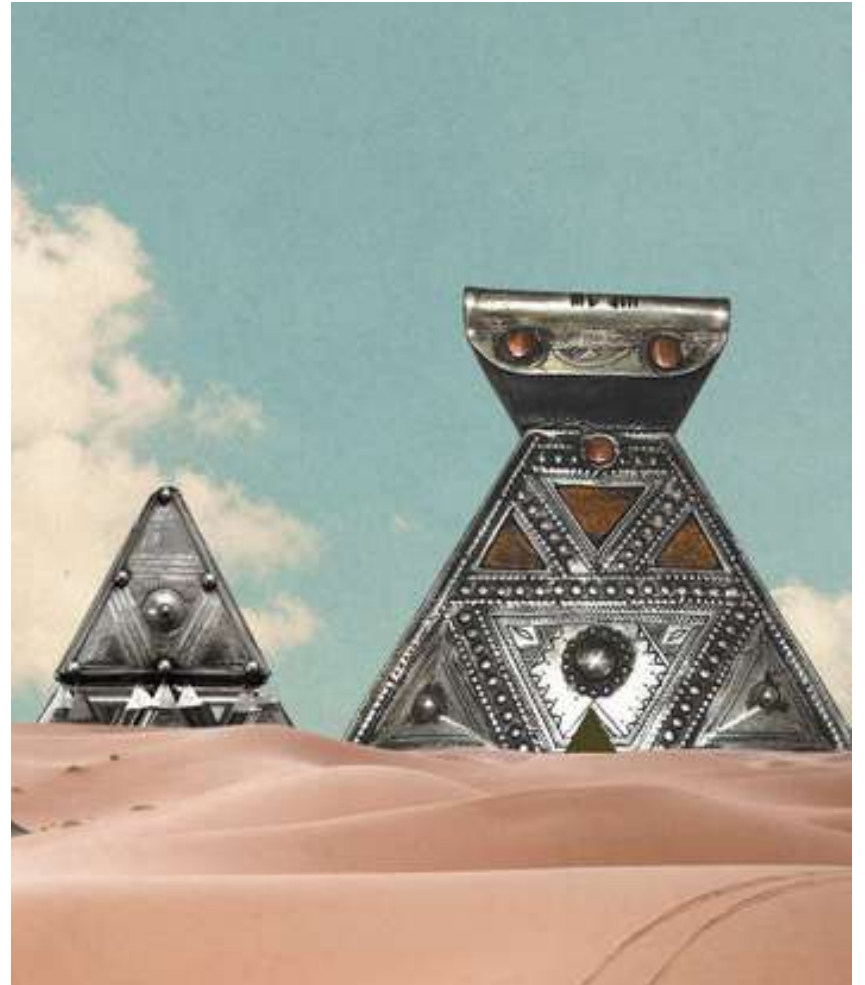


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01



Cosmic Nomads

02

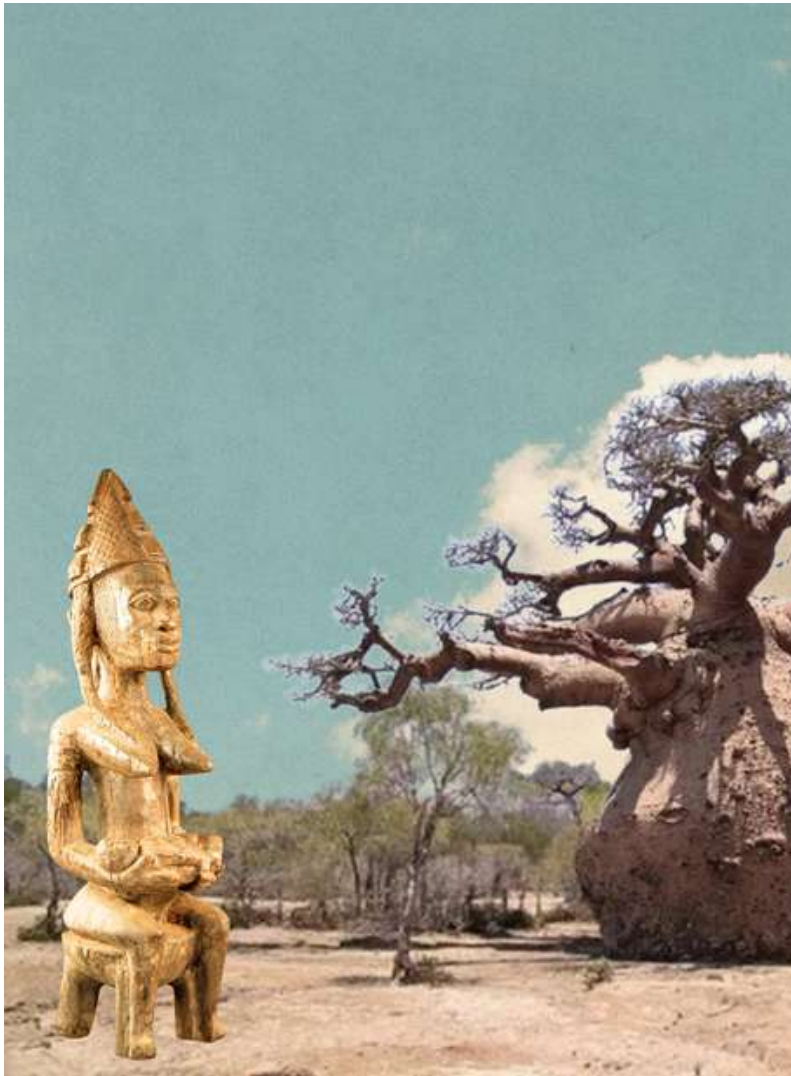


TRANSMISSION

SIGNAL ID: S16AIRE
FREQUENCY: ANCESTRAL-FUTURE FIELD
STATUS: RECEIVED

Beloved

Before your name was uttered, you were light
Your only assignment, to shine



Genesis

05



06



ORIGIN

In the time before memory, all stories lived in the sky, guarded by Nyame, the Great Sky God.

Anansi the Spider was the first to sense it...a quiet stirring in the ground. His people would soon be called to journey across seas, into realms unknown. The journey would be hard, filled with loss and struggle.

So Anansi rose and spoke:

"Great Nyame, change is coming for your children. Give me the stories, so that they may carry light within them wherever they go."

And so, one by one, the stories fell from the sky,
appearing in
flavors,
melody,
dance,
fabric,
memory.

Becoming roots for the uprooted, spells of creation and renewal.



09



Crossroads

10



FLOW

The river does not hurry, yet it reaches the sea.

If our steps are slow, it's because we bear the weight of history. Fear walks with us, so does courage.

Those before us stumbled, yet they pressed on.
Because they walked, there is a path beneath our feet.

Now the road awaits our footprints.

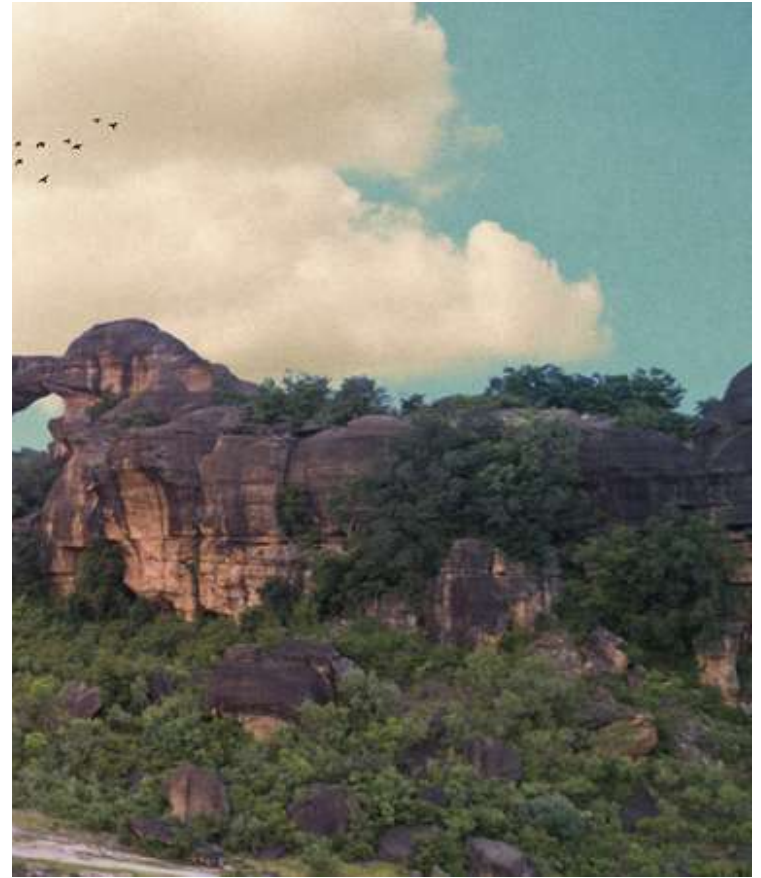
What began with blood and sweat, we must carry with
light and breath.

A child who knows the shoulders they stand on, does
not fear the distance ahead.

And so we move...slowly... steadily...surrendering to the
flow.



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Chiwara

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DESCENT

As a child, we gathered at the table in presence and appreciation, mindful of the hands that feed us, and the earth beneath our feet. Never in excess, always enough

The body knew its place

As I grew older, I lost my balance. I struggled between too little and too much. Flavors heightened, substance faded

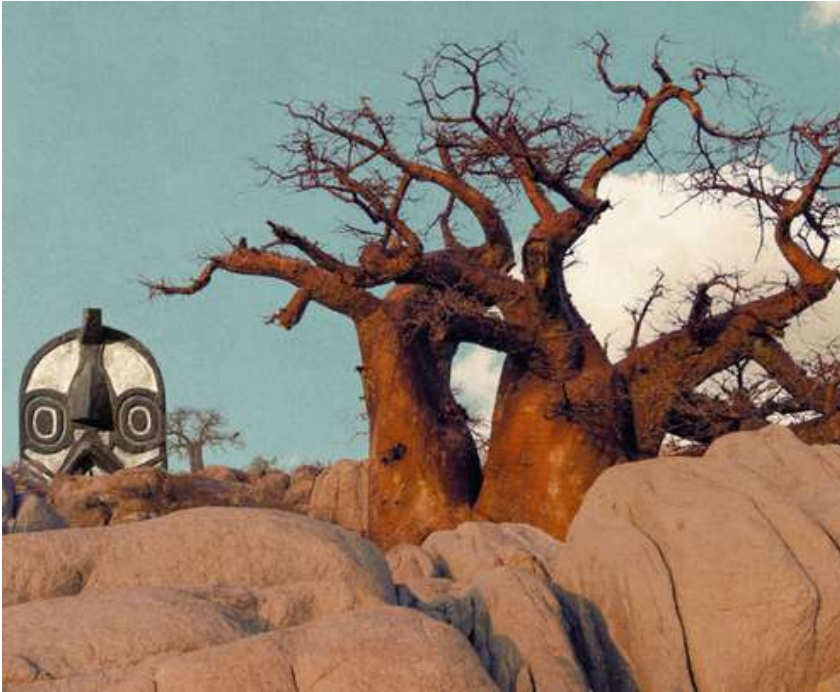
Mealtime lost its rhythm
hurried
distracted
detached
from presence

I lost my reverence

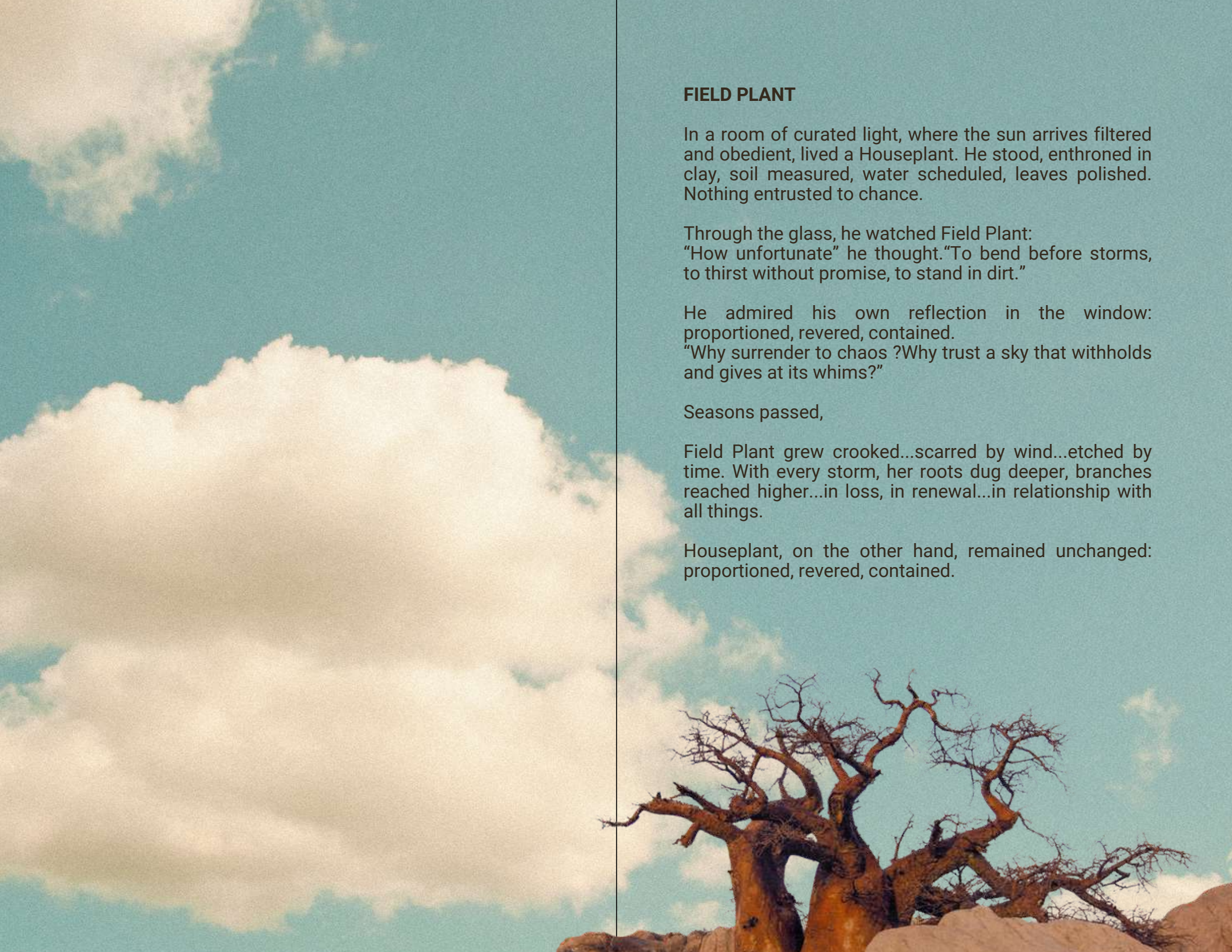
Excess became normal
waste acceptable
the self
undone

The body gave way
the world followed soon after





Alienation



FIELD PLANT

In a room of curated light, where the sun arrives filtered and obedient, lived a Houseplant. He stood, enthroned in clay, soil measured, water scheduled, leaves polished. Nothing entrusted to chance.

Through the glass, he watched Field Plant:
"How unfortunate" he thought. "To bend before storms, to thirst without promise, to stand in dirt."

He admired his own reflection in the window: proportioned, revered, contained.
"Why surrender to chaos ?Why trust a sky that withholds and gives at its whims?"

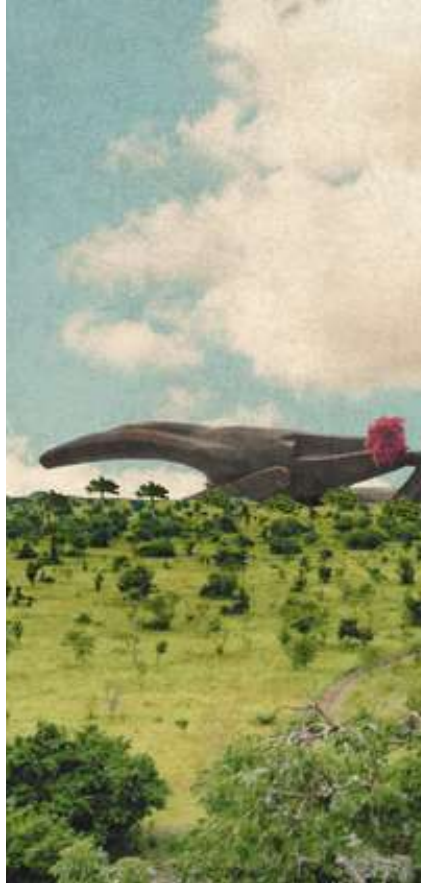
Seasons passed,

Field Plant grew crooked...scarred by wind...etched by time. With every storm, her roots dug deeper, branches reached higher...in loss, in renewal...in relationship with all things.

Houseplant, on the other hand, remained unchanged: proportioned, revered, contained.

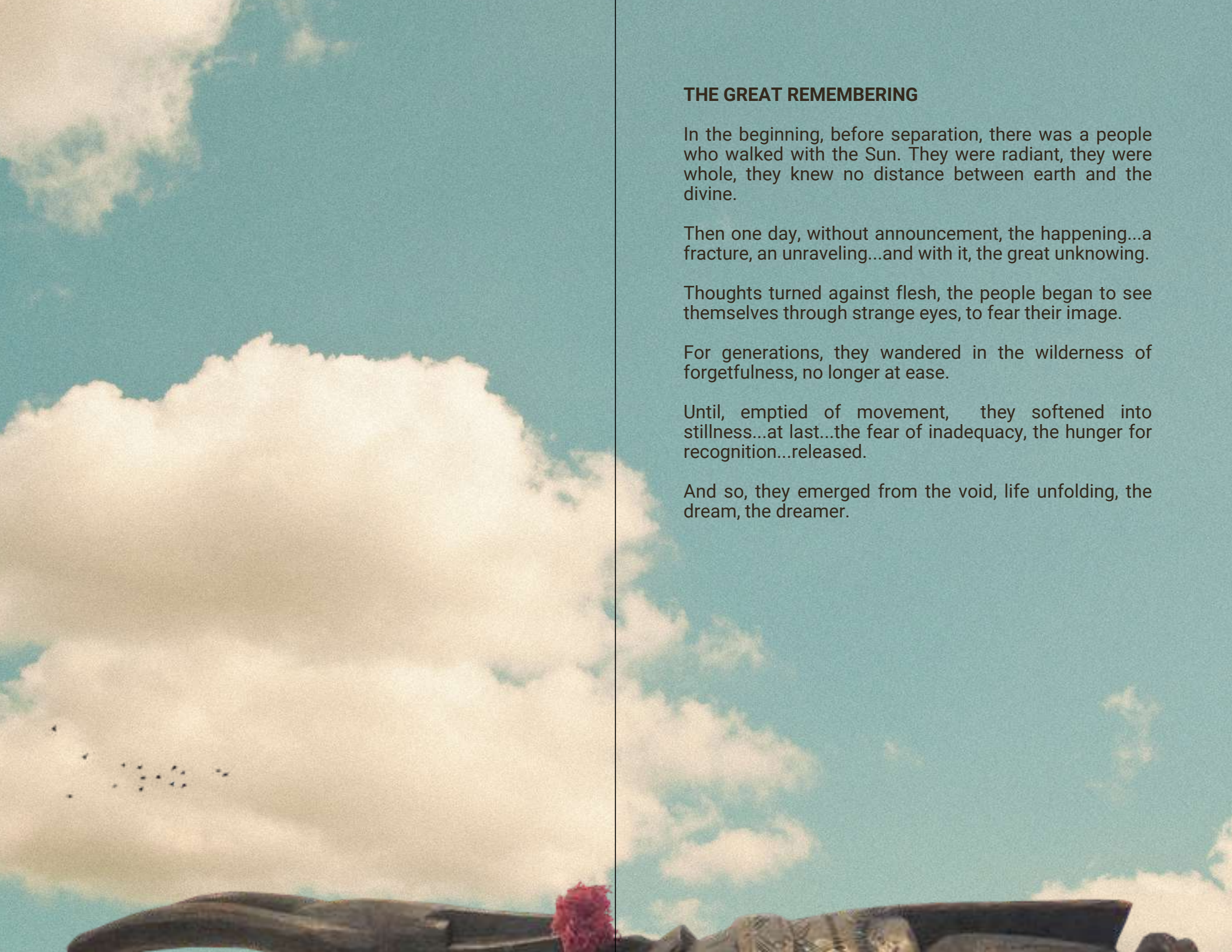


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Reveries

22



THE GREAT REMEMBERING

In the beginning, before separation, there was a people who walked with the Sun. They were radiant, they were whole, they knew no distance between earth and the divine.

Then one day, without announcement, the happening...a fracture, an unraveling...and with it, the great unknowing.

Thoughts turned against flesh, the people began to see themselves through strange eyes, to fear their image.

For generations, they wandered in the wilderness of forgetfulness, no longer at ease.

Until, emptied of movement, they softened into stillness...at last...the fear of inadequacy, the hunger for recognition...released.

And so, they emerged from the void, life unfolding, the dream, the dreamer.





BEING, BECOMING

Each encounter impresses a subtle signature, etching the contours of our being.

Each exchange an invitation to uproot worn roots, plant new seeds.

Each idea, a doorway to uncharted territories.





MOONLIT MUSINGS

The moon waxes and wanes,
so too do the seasons of our lives,
ever shifting, ever fleeting.

Yet beneath the ceaseless wave, a question endures:
What shape might I take, if I allow myself to flow beyond
the familiar tides?



Primordial



DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL

She shrunk herself from their gaze, bent into shapes that were never hers, estranged from her pulse, exiled from her knowing.

Diminished, she descended into her shadow. In the darkness, she met herself at last.

They'd fed on her love, grew mighty from her tending, then preyed on her light.

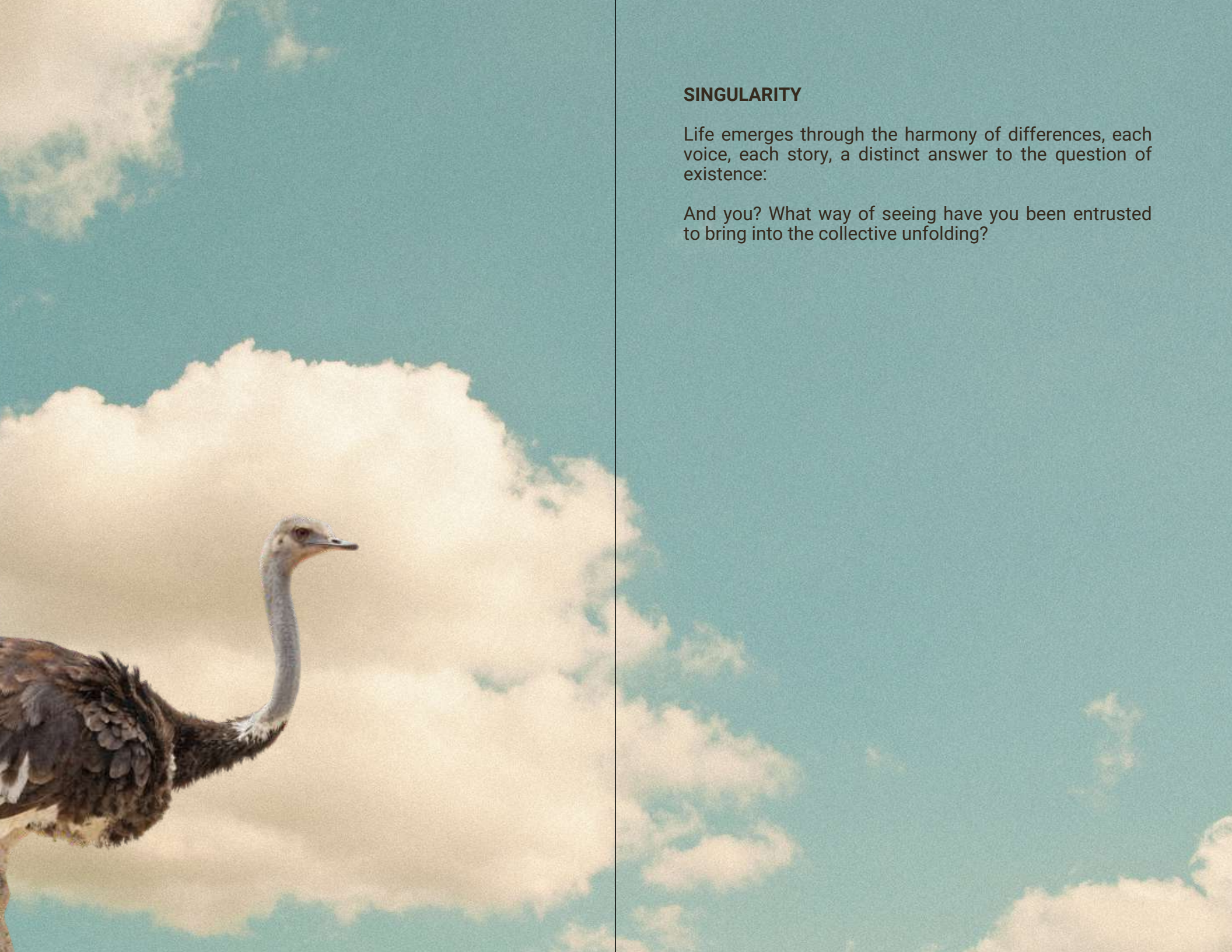
They forgot that the same force that spins seasons, circulates in her veins.

Until she stands whole, the world will remain incomplete.

Now is the hour of her return,
daughter of the soil,
mother of the nation,
bearer of tomorrow,
earth herself speaking.



Let There Be Light!



SINGULARITY

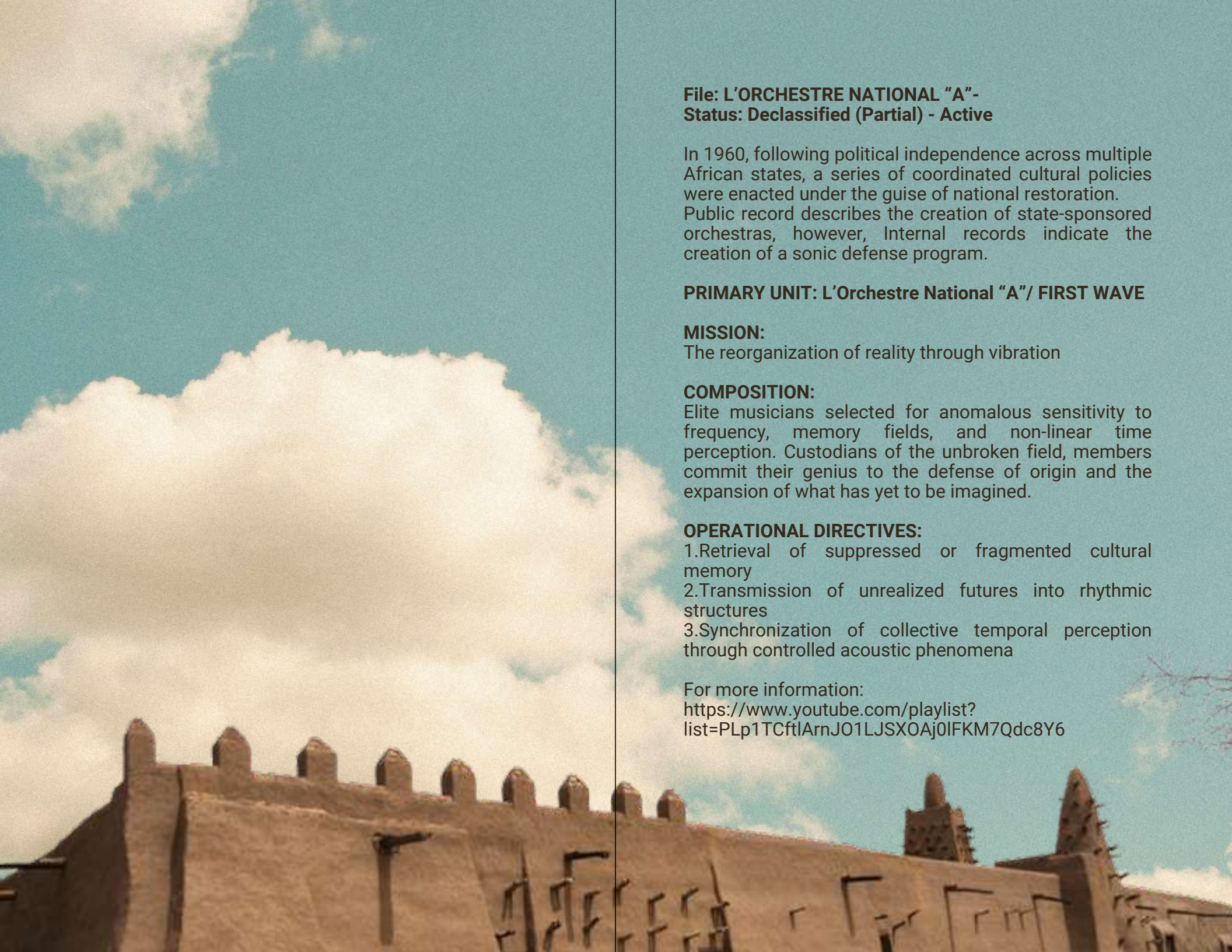
Life emerges through the harmony of differences, each voice, each story, a distinct answer to the question of existence:

And you? What way of seeing have you been entrusted to bring into the collective unfolding?



Mansa





File: L'ORCHESTRE NATIONAL "A"-
Status: Declassified (Partial) - Active

In 1960, following political independence across multiple African states, a series of coordinated cultural policies were enacted under the guise of national restoration. Public record describes the creation of state-sponsored orchestras, however, Internal records indicate the creation of a sonic defense program.

PRIMARY UNIT: L'Orchestre National "A"/ FIRST WAVE

MISSION:

The reorganization of reality through vibration

COMPOSITION:

Elite musicians selected for anomalous sensitivity to frequency, memory fields, and non-linear time perception. Custodians of the unbroken field, members commit their genius to the defense of origin and the expansion of what has yet to be imagined.

OPERATIONAL DIRECTIVES:

- 1.Retrieval of suppressed or fragmented cultural memory
- 2.Transmission of unrealized futures into rhythmic structures
- 3.Synchronization of collective temporal perception through controlled acoustic phenomena

For more information:

[https://www.youtube.com/playlist?
list=PLp1TCftlArnJO1LJSX0Aj0IFKM7Qdc8Y6](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLp1TCftlArnJO1LJSX0Aj0IFKM7Qdc8Y6)

The river may stumble but it always finds its way to sea

