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POEM:

CONSEQUENCES

by

Anon

My fellow colonialist - my old schoolfriend
 What has happened to you?
 Branded by a sneer, your bitter face stares
 Old young at sixteen you drill to fight
 An enemy even younger than you
 Your government not your god, bids you hate
 your brother

Deformed from puberty by your privilege
 Paying for it since birth
 With your fear
 Old young you have yet no children but you cannot
 you will not
 Share the land

An ancient laager learning
 Commando your single mind
 1896 blackshadows your laws and chills your
 folk memory
 Monochroming your vision it barks out your every move
 and huddles your defensive homes
 Quilled with guns and lit within
 By the communal fanatic of your kindred fire
 Bloody burning blaze
 Already leaping past your man-made lakes
 Raging the bundu to consume the eland and the rat
 Burns the fingers of the untended
 children of the land

Cecil Rhodes is a shadow
 An evil spirit is fleshed
 Our father wanders restless in the wind and
 underground in winding ways
 Great Zimbabwe return our father to us, so
 that many peoples may eat together
 Dynasty snarls, wet and sticky
 For our children are in arms
 Mutilation and Death circle winging

My fellow colonialist, my old schoolfriend
 Do not mistake the shell for the egg
 Your pioneer clutch, yet arrogant,
 militant and fresh
 Holds only the hard shell of Empire for
 the bird is feathered and flown
 Hollow, you copy the substance of others
 the dollar, a 'liberty' bell
 the declaration of a doomed republic
 Your vacant head screens only
 the features of others
 illusions in technicolor

Only throw away historical romances and
 see your peopled land
 Know that conversation is an art in the
 blank parts of the map
 For where the settler's pen shuns
 So do tarred roads and busses
 Waiting and walking saps the strength of
 our unsung citizens

Old settler, our antagonist
 Where I have hoped you have none
 You would shoot me kaffir boetie if you could
 The spectre haunting Europe stalks the world
 seeking its ancient roots
 Now you have no home you have no wealth
 You who lose sleep
 For fear of the hungry
 And the homeless
 Desperate
 Yourself fearful of dispossession you guard your losses
 Cherishing richly your failures
 Tilting at the beating heart of the north
 Whence come the turning winds that pass through
 your mere heroic khaki

Painting you emptiness
 You cannot picture the heat of the red you mix
 Until it flows from us all on your streets shaming
 your polished stoeps
 Searing your blunt senses
 Melting human blood into the indiscriminating, unheard earth
 And puzzled you will see, not veiled in the bush
 But in front of you
 Our children killing each other

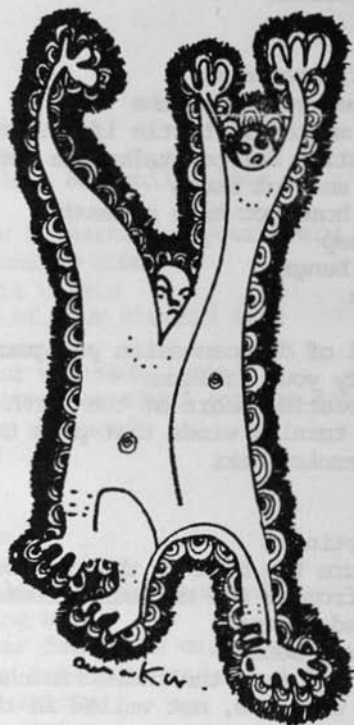
The hunt decreed by righteousness
 Christian name to greed
 And your poverty of mind
 and spirit

Turn against you, for the victim is sacred
 having sprung from the earth
 And the mother at last protects her young
 For as many that die more shall be reborn
 The land shall always be peopled

National generation ripped, fang-torn and aborted
 must yet come
 Naturally

And the family prosper

* * * * *



THE DANCE