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 undiscriminating, 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

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THE DANCE