I thought of writing
A note, a letter, a book
Before the swirling diaspora

Since you left
That day
Snatched from our land
our people
raped
Uprooted and humiliated
By Europe, to be made slaves
In the fields and factories
In the mines and as domestics
Scattered over continents
   in the United States
   in the Caribbean
   in South America

And now
After 400 years of exploitation
   colonialism
   slavemasters and factory bosses
   sweat
   tears
   Jim Crow laws
   Lynching and murdering
Reduced to poverty and destitution
For the profit of others
To fuel their system of accumulation
With your blood
Your childrens labour

You have survived

Who can understand your plight
Your pain and suffering in
   Sharpeville
   Soweto
   Jim Crow Country
Have others felt the texture of your oppression?
The scourge of the colonizer
The juggernaut of apartheid
The interrogation of the secret police
    torture
detention
    disappearance
"accidental" death

Have your friends from Europe tasted these?
No, No, my sisters of the diaspora
    my beloved
    long separated sisters
on three continents

We have each faced
    ostrogoths
    visigoths
    conquistadores
    settlers
    pilgrims
    boers/afrikaners
    gangsters
    plunderers
    cowboys
    and Rambos

They still stalk this world
Making it unsafe for everybody
Inch by inch
Day by day
They devour everything in their way
    and the people
    the land and the resources
    and now the heavens

As I write this note to you
In the shadow of the bomb
    the bomb
    the bomb
    the ultimate negation of life
I am reassured by the resilience of your life force
    your strength and courage
    the capacity of your determination
In the struggle
My sisters of the diaspora
Let us come together and sit
in our family compound
to sort things out
to share a moment
to map out the road to freedom

When Africa and the world is truly free
From the grips of the West and the East
From the illusion of their promised lands
From the nightmare of their ideologies
And their sphere of influence
There will be time for me
Time for you
Time for us
All of us
To celebrate
To rejoice
The universe of our humanity

Your Brother
From the Continent