

My Africa

All allegations have been leveled against you
As the portal for the origination of HIV to AIDS
O, the practitioners of primordial?
Where my fathers' suffered slavery,
Dehumanization and cruelty
Of the effrontery Colonialists
A long time till date?

Because of these,

I open cry
Anytime I open the pages of newspapers
And also moan as I listen to Radio or TV;
I do not discern that you're growing!
I do not discern that you've repaired loses!
The ones vandalized and stolen by Colonialism,
The looted wealth from your shores to the West,
The ones treacherously taken from
West, East, South and North Africa

But

You are abetting to your problems---
Wars are everywhere in your climes,
Where fratricide, patricide and genocide
Ensues surreptitiously to the open,
And even today, yet in the secret!
Are you now the Slave-Master?

Alas! My Africa
Has become a Test-Tube of the WASTE,
Where everything second-hand use is not holidaying,
Refusing to repair these impediments
Of derision- taught her by Colonialism,
Which has kept her
As a Third-World before
Now a Toad-World;
Not walking and not jumping!
Not growing and not grazing!
But a titular?

When shall you grow out of these?
Because many people love you,

But hate us Africans?

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