

What in this Africa Day celebrations shit

I never had a thought that I would ever say it without clinching my teeth,

What's this Africa Day celebrations shit is all about.

When there for me to celebrate

When your great-great grandfather lent a hand to his heartless Caucasian enslaver

To ship my great-great father and mother on a cruel voyage across the blue waters of the ocean

And enforce my great-great father to toil on the master's vast cotton fields,

Under the scorching heat of the sun

And whipping his sweat filmed back like it was just a game of rodeo

While my great-great grandmother was forced to wash the anus of another woman

Warped and lying in bed sick with wealth

What's in this rot you call Africa Day celebrations

When the dry beds of rivers have turned red and crevassed

When the desert sands of the continent are covered with skeletons of my fathers, mothers

Brothers and sisters like snow on the belly of Siberia.

What's this Africa Day celebrations shit is all about

When the legacy of Kenyatta, Nkrumah and Lumumba has been eroded by voracious politicians

When the ideals of Mandela, Sobukwe and Mbeki are but hollow