

Africa, my continent – Mokoena Katleho

A lot has been said about me
Some took knowledge and still kept it from my offspring.
My history is written by foreigners, yet taught to my children
I am beautiful and wealthy, yet am treated like a prisoner
We are divided by borders, but the truth is, I blame the orders from the colonial masters
Today we burn each other, and no longer protect each other.
Some judge my language and say, I'm not an African, yet yesterday they used my bed to fight the struggle.
They say you need identification, but truth is, they broke our solidarity.
Africa, my continent.
But is it my continent if it's still being controlled by my masters?
If I want to be independent, I first have to ask for permission from my destroyers?
Today I see Zulus and Sothos fighting each other, I see Zims and Nigers accusing each other.
What happened, what did I do wrong?
Is it politics? Is it my leaders? Is it my wealth?
Till today I have sleepless nights because I swim in tears as my children ask for help
All they do is to promise us help, while they keep sucking me dry.
My rivers are red, full of assassinated true leaders. Full of sorrows for greatness
Every child who defends the African soul is a threat, and every leader who cares less about his people, is a hero in the eyes of the oppressor.
It will be an honour to see my family members get along with each other and not allow imaginary lines to continue to define and separate them before I die.
The day I die, tell the master that it's he who killed with his Western culture
Don't sing at my funeral, because you have abandoned your tradition and culture just to follow tuxedos and Western ways
I hate light because it reminds me of my masters, now that everything that is white is often legit or trustworthy.
Bury me at night, because black is who I am and what I will always be. I know you hate black, because you are told it only represents bad luck.
Africans, be true to yourselves.
Africa will forever be my continent.