



Mbizo Chirasha

**Banana Republics (A poetry collection by Mbizo  
Chirasha)**

**Banana republics**

**1**

**We are waiting for Lumumba to tell us the true story of  
ourselves**

**Of puppets who lost their gods,**

**the story of bastards licking capitalistic crumbs,**

**Of vulgar bovines drinking oil of hot ripe virgin Africa,  
Africa moaning out loud for another madness with its  
pants down**

**Smelling the sweat of unfinished struggles, of silent gorges  
that buried heroes, sand and the sun**

**Story of the gun that ate gorgons and martyrs of the sun**

**Africa enjoys a pleasant fart of uranium in its bottoms ,  
gun salutes and sirens,**

**When slums dance in the mist of want**

**Africa dance for promises and drums with feet of  
daughters freezing in slums**

**Africa yawn with valleys of cotton, when children walk  
the streets naked and ragged**

**Africa coughs sugar and coffee, villagers breakfasting  
kwaito and slogans**

**Africa sneeze in the delight of Zambezi, when its skin itch  
with stink**

**Our slums reek with gossip and tabloids, smoke filled  
slums born out of emotion and sex, with goofie  
generation grown to enjoy borrowed bread and stolen  
cookies, motivated by hate and greed**

**Alcoholics, smelling with opportunistic wounds**

**Slums filled with crescendos of verbal assault and crude  
lingos, with novices bunkering for fame and gain**

**Slums empty of totems, choked by crap graffiti and gutter  
slang**

**Slums sitting on diamond, when people are demented by  
poverty**

**Toothless slums that will not sing the anthem, with  
puppets tweeting scandals,**

**Bullet riddled slums seeing life through the bottom of the  
bottle, waving goodbye to freedom, sniffing their lives in  
beer bottles and wine jars**

**Gossip is the unpleasant fart of the slum**

**Somalia, blood is welling up in your once smiling mouth**

**Bamako, howls of laughter sink in claps of gun drums,**

**Slums coughing pollution**

**Kibera, your children lulled by the staccato of grenades,**

**Grenades bruising the soft palms of this earth**

**Gorongosa dancing in rain, stench of death lingering in  
raituri, smelling rotten typhoid**

**11**

**A slum is a fart of a dying city, smelling the scent of  
aborted republics with hoodlums burning republics in  
charcoals of hatred,**

**While republics beat their burnt flesh, mothers wince,  
licking their stab wounds**

**A slum is the wounded soul of a burnt republic, it is rubble  
haunted by propaganda**

**A slum is a ball of saliva released from the tired scarred  
chests of parliamentarians,**

**It is a township castrated by verbal diarrhoea, slang and  
skokian**

**Khayelitsha- you are the golden sun setting over hills**

**Bangui, you are the dance of a puppet**

**A slum is a republic in intensive care infected by  
propaganda diabetes and slogan asthma**

**Eczema, itching the skin and the soul of the state**

**It is a gang of roaches drinking the super cream milk of  
the state**

**, it is the howling laughter from booze scorched throats.**

**Slum!**

**I will not silence the sun**

**I will not silence the sun,**

**I will silence the gun,**

**I am writing a letter to Obama and America to sing a  
different song from another hymn book**

**I am a peasant drinking water and sipping Coca-Cola,  
I learnt English and Coca-Cola**

**I will not silence the sun; I want to silence the gun  
We plough land, to plant sorghum and wheat not Coca-  
Cola and blood**

**I am writing a letter to America and Obama, that I will  
not silence the sun, I  
Want to silence the gun**

**I am a child of the rainbow and stone  
The sun and the river feed my dreams**

**I am writing a letter to booze sodden political crocodiles  
and sex sodden propaganda vultures**

**Whose smell still linger in our summers**

**I will not silence the sun, i will silence the gun**

**I am writing a letter to nicotine burnt brothers and tears  
bleached mothers,**

**Holding on their sun burnt dreams,**

**I will not silence the sun; i want to silence the gun**

**I am writing a letter to nights in drizzles of grief and  
dozing villages**

**I want to silence the gun; I will not silence the sun**

**I am writing a letter to the president about hawkers  
economy and**

**Festivals of motorcades sirens**

**Freedom is the door to the next generation and it is  
candlelight in the bedroom of hope!**

**I am writing a letter to dissidents farting teargas and  
hatred in Congo**

**Congo – my Nagasaki**

**Darfur my Hiroshima- fermenting coup d'états in  
breweries of war, pimping the state for**

**hot bread and slogans**

**Dissidents plucking off the petals of the revolution,  
drinking the passion fruit of freedom**

**I want to silence the gun; I will not silence the sun**

**I am writing a letter to msholozzi, that I will not silence the  
sun, I will silence the gun**

**Madiba is no more, a heart break of Azania**

**The river that carried our smell and totems, the river that  
coursed with our past**

**Madiba the summer sun that melted into the hazy  
mountains, leaving behind**

**Children wetting the rainbow mat with stale urine, beer-  
coholics drunk with xenophobia**

**Hawkers vending guns for gain, Casanovas pimping  
freedom for slogan.**

**Black freedom toting fists for revenge, I see people with  
stones heavy in their hearts,**

**Trembling in the delight of fading rain, dieting from  
gossip and fear,**

**In a country smitten by ego and arrogant ambition**

**A country that lost its character and everything, infected  
by moral dementia, drinking from jars of sorrow every  
dawn**

**11**

**I will not silence the sun, i will silence the gun**

**I will not silence the drums, i want to silence sirens**

**I love America, i am writing a love letter to America**

**I will not silence the drums; i want to silence the wind**

**The wind that brought evils, evils lurking in the waters**

**I love America, i am writing a letter to the gods of  
America,**

**that i hate chocolate coated bitter smiles**

**111**

**I am packing a powerful poem for supper tasting  
political carrot and potato**

**I will not silence the griots, I will silence the republics**

**Mandela went with his oranges; we no longer enjoy the  
vitamin c,**

**Children suffer from the scurvy of freedom, a generation  
of condom and mobiles,**

**On this earth is farting the unpleasant smell of corruption  
and joke?**

**1V**

**I will not silence the griots, I will silence the republics**

**See crocodiles dancing in rivers waiting for rain**

**China eating berries with monkeys in Serengeti,**

**Yeoville lulled to sleep by nigger hip-hop and Jamaica  
reggae**



**Africa drinking red wine in the sun of Washington,  
America walking barefoot in diamond villages**

**∨**

**Slums burning in sex and cigars, smoke of gossip choking  
nations sneezing burden, nations**

**coughing a heavy smoke of burning coal of corruption**

**Savana babies biting bullets in slums of freedom  
miscarriages and revolutionary abortions**

**While Mothers recite hymns of death**

**Sister, freedom is a gift!**

**I will not silence the griots; I want to silence the republics**

**I want to silence the gun; i will not silence the sun.**

**Maiduguri**

**1**

**I am Biafra sitting on oil**

**I am bleeding uranium and tea**

**I am a griot loaded with ashes and flesh of Sambisa,  
Carrying whistles and obscenities of wrong revolutions,  
roasting daughters for supper**

**I am a griot weaving words in wind and on wood**

**I was born with hunger to be free, i was not born free**

**I am a griot vomiting xenophobia and the past,**

**Planting freedom in the Volta of sankara**

**I sing of Congo, that lost its bread, season and its sand,**

**Peasants drunk with bitterness tried to die.**

**I am a griot of bujumbura, watching Ebola eating supper  
with republics**

**Copper pregnant Kalinga-linga dancing in darkness,  
borrowing guns for once aborted revolutions**

**I clutch this land in the soft and hard palms of my hands**

**Africa of one flag and one anthem, why burying  
revolutions in shallow graves**

**like stray dogs?**

**11**

**Sing Maiduguri, a symptom of unfinished struggle**

**Death walking naked in deafening forests of warange**

**See children planting bullets like maize in bokungu**

**We have lived to taste bitter fruits in these political  
jungles**

**Dissidents chewing scorn, puppets chewing flags**

**The light of freedom buried under the ballot bushel**

**We are tired of picking scorn and grain**

**Propaganda foxes looting ballots to fatten their puppies  
and**

**Mother dogs**

**Mongers pocketing parliaments and cabinets their ragged  
overalls,**

**Salivating tongues dangling for another ballot feast**

**Will gods send us another black Jesus?, black Jesus to wash  
us in another river of dreams**

**Brother, poverty sits under the skin like an itch!**

**111**

**This country feasted on our sweat, our spirits died for this  
country**

**Country carrying bad ballots and good coups reaping  
tears**

**A Country that died many times before death**

**, whose revolution never saw the golden sun,  
a country where bullets feed on crocodiles in rivers  
gunpowder is the scent of the forests-black forests  
Erasing memories of love, a country whose heart heave  
with slogans and vendetta  
A country on a death bed , eating the present and  
pocketing the past-humming the last tune.  
A country, where dogs bark to their shadows, mothers yell  
to nothing  
Foxes howling against the unsundering moon  
We walked along the spirit of this country, a country that  
feasted our blood for supper  
A country with a heavy mass of history and unfinished  
dreams,  
Whose Masses breakfast religion and propaganda-riff-  
raff  
Cry my beloved people!  
See Fundis writing cultural graffiti in red ink on  
lampposts, the country born out of the  
laughter of the rifle**

## **People crying for the country sold for bread and tea**

### **IV**

**Our hands are tired of touching the scorching sun and the  
roasted earth**

**Our eyes are red with hot ashes of the present and embers  
the past**

**Our ears are deafened by radio propaganda,  
propaganda wiping sins of political demi-gods**

**With their memories blurred by the mist of ideologies and  
smoke of slogans**

**Our hearts are heavy with sand, we see black devils  
walking free on this earth ,**

**Delivering flowers of empty promises, rhyming tunes of  
empty freedom**

### **V**

**boende you sold you morning sun for a cup of tea  
darfur , i see red ants coming for you in the wake of  
another dawn**

**bujumbura , you lost your salt in gossip  
sambisa , the pungent smell of home brewed war ,  
permeating the nostrils of Africa**

**We are children of chiboko burning in the charcoal of war**

**When ebola sneeze, Bissau catch a cold,**

**When the sun sits over hills of home, i see triplets ebola ,  
xenophobia and sambisa sharing half smoked cigars after  
a ritual bath in tugela**

**Pongolo and mfolozi bleeding xenophobia**

**Limpopo crocodiles smelling roasted flesh, Soweto smoking  
imboza,**

**After another marikana**

**Ghost of biko eating beetroot in the drama of rainbow  
freedom**

**When the sun filter its orange into this red earth, i see twin  
brothers renamo and frelimo laughing out**

**Loud to baboons dangling in gorongosa trees.**

**I see children sniffing face book and colonial dope**

**Black monkeys learning about trees from sparrows**

**Khayelitsha , is the Armageddon of kwaito and booze**

**Enugu drunk with palm wine in the red hills of manobe,**

**sankara and his ghost breakfasting , Communism in  
upper-volta**

**Harare wincing from punches of media witches, you need  
holy water to wash your armpits**

**Brother , see the ghost of apartheid walking with the  
rainbow republic, crocodiles swallowing the sun,**

**V1**

**We have walked many miles holding the same political  
coin,**

**Blaming history and patriarch**

**Last night Congo drank Ebola from white Nile**

**Copper pregnant earth of Congo**

**Carrying the wind of want**

**Her heart beating like djembe,**

**Monkeys sneezed flu to equatorial birds**

**Anopheles defecated malaria in Cabinda**

**Biafra catching cold after sambisa rain**

**Darfur, drowning in the din of rattling drums and blood  
dollars**

**, their children eating wiki leaks for breakfast and twitter  
mojo for supper**

**We oiled the revolutionary engines through song and  
dance,**

**Burning candles from both ends**

**Nodding to the wind of drums and beat of the gun, drunk  
with wind and sound**

**We are the children of sabalele, sharing our DNA with  
Hani and Biko,**

**Whose ghosts walk in the bling -bling of rainbow freedom,  
freedom still born?**

**Eating carrot and beetroot in Mpumalanga- the land of  
the sun!**

**V11**

**Sing Maiduguri,**

**Sing Ogun, the god of the people**

**For the germination of other lives**

**Sing uhuru for the burning freedom,**

**Rains of death are beating the land into madness,**

**Madness breeding slums, sing Sambisa, sing Somalia!**

**V111**

**Babies of freedom swallowing oil and dollars**



**Eating twitter berries and faces book figs**

**Forgetting their fingers in google forests, licking**

**Wounds after burning in cultural monoxide**

**And moral dioxide**

**Bastards starved of ideological oxygen**

**Griots of the sun**

**1**

**We are children of peasants, sons of the soil suffocating**

**In poverty of nyamasoka and in the hunger of mutota**

**We are griots of karimatundu, our bellies**

**Are empty and our voices are hoarse from singing rhymes  
of grief**

**We are griots of tshaka , the black panther,**

**Griots of lobengula- the prince of the exodus,**

**Nehanda the of the goddess of the spear**

**We are children of Ntsoanatsatsi, the rising sun, those**

**Of thabatsabatswana, ancestor of the mountain**

**Children of murenga, gods of chumurenga.**

**11**

**I am an African griot,  
I sing of mau ,mau and the maji-maji  
I am a griot of acacia  
I am the poet of baobab  
My palms carry the land of nzinga  
My breath smell the beauty of the land  
land loved and hated  
I am a griot of kimathi and sarowiwa  
I am griot born out of silence and memories of the land,  
this land of sun and moon  
I am the sound of the beating drums, the child of wind  
I am a griot beating drums, my feet, cracking, dancing,  
pounding dust for the ghosts of my land  
I love the creases and dimples of this land  
When this land yawn for rains, griots sing to the golden  
sun and the silver moon  
Crocodiles swallow the summer and its scent.  
I am the griot of the black sun and the black river,**

**Where crocodiles swallow poverty and its shadows**

**111**

**See the land of sankara, red with coffee**

**Valley of Kenyatta green with maize**

**Beach of Kwame gold with gold**

**Delta of Lumumba white with cotton**

**1V**

**, I am the vuvuzela of freedom**

**I sing of murenga**

**I am the vuvuzela carrying the wind of traditions**

**The rhyme in the sound of the sound of the drum**

**Rhyme of reason and riddles**

**Rhyme of murenga and chimurenga**

**I am the golden glow of the sun and the silver tinge of the  
black moon**

**I am the sound of the vuvuzela,**

**The sound of the masses!**

**V**

**We are the grandchildren of Nefertiti**

## **We borrowed the propaganda leaf Lenin**

**Children whose mothers slept in warm pyramids of  
Nefertiti and cooked cassava**

**With nzinga**

**Children of Ebola and the song,**

**Atwitter generation and face book revolution castrated  
by English syntax and Latin grammar**

**Clad in black bandanas and rainbow flags, children  
fighting self and chopping own hands**

**Children born out flags and anthems**

**Children of umkontowesizwe- unfinished revolution!**

**Children whose barefoot chase after time, watching foot  
prints of god**

**Fading in the sun, griots of Mpumalanga bathing our  
demons**

**In mfolozi where the ghosts of chakazulu, dingani Zulu,  
dinizulu drink and bath their dust.**

**We inherited our grammar from the nipples of our  
mothers, mothers who endured the choking smoke of  
colonialism**

**Mothers of baobab and the river, mothers whose souls  
float in soshangube.**

**V1**

**My heartbeat with the afro beat of Africa**

**It beat with the rhythm of the great river garurep**

**My heart beat chasing the mist of time**

**Africa is not a dark mass**

**It is the land of chobona and kwamaxalala**

**The land of mfecane and lifaqane**

**Africa is the contrast of the sun and the moon**

**A paradox of chakazulu and Mandela**

**Africa of kadyengare , the house of god**

**Africa of zomba, the warm heart of the land**

**V11**

**Children caught the moon in silence**

**Children dreamt of stars in silence**

**Children played tunes and flutes in silence- our revolution**

**Children smiled to the sun-revolution**

**Children of metaphor and paradox.**

## **Children of savanna**

**We are black apes whose ancestors shared fruits with  
monkeys in Zomba**

**Daughters of the sun and wind on this black earth,**

**We are people chased by time,**

**In this thick fog of savanna**

**Children of old Mopani School on white grammar and  
English slang**

**This country need a kola -nut of freedom, its lips are  
crackling dry with colonial heat**

## **Azania**

**Azania, the smell and memory of Mandela**

**Mzansi, the long walk of sobukwe,**

**The land of metaphor and ambition**

**Choking in the toxic of xenophobia,**

**Babies lulled to sleep by rants of fake revolution and  
alliteration of the rainbow nation-metaphor of madness!**

**See Hani and slovo-your freedom suns watching sarafina  
from the terraces of life-wounds of the past**

**In this land that lost its moral compass, gold and salt**

**11**

**Azania, the rainbow laughing the last giggle**

**Azania, the rainbow is burning xenophobia to ashes-  
xenophobia!**

**Black ants burrowing back into their umbilical soil**

**I see madiba weeping, singing for another summer,  
another rainbow**

**Madiba went with the rainbow**

**Mandela, died holding the clay that bind the rainbow--  
Azania**

**Mandela was the clay of the revolution and the glow in  
the sun**

**111**

**Azania, foxes and their puppies are eating from the fat  
gold- egoli,**

**Bathing naked in mfolozi**

**Hyenas sniffing the sweetness of this earth blistered by  
revolutionary ailments**

**Hear the heartbeat of Soweto carrying the mud Mandela,  
madiba forever!**

**I see poverty saluting the sun, cockroaches drinking the  
milk of freedom**

**Azania, we reaped the freedom, not the fruits of freedom  
Freedom of the red sun and the rainbow, rainbow sleeping  
in stone- Mandela!**

**Rainbow weeping marikana after swallowing rain and  
grain- marikana!**

**Afro phobia eating the beloved, beloved shelling,  
pounding brothers like monkey nuts**

**In mortars of apartheid.**

**Born free, crack their shoulders to catch a glimpse of  
freedom, freedom whose bones rattle in silence, silence of  
the stone.**

**IV**

**Azania i have a song for you, of bees feasting the rainbow  
nectar**

**Nectar from the tattered petals of the revolution**



**Egoli, I have a love song for you, song of nomvula, the  
princes and the rain**

**Madikizela, I have a love song for you, a song of the  
abandoned poem**

**I have a love song for born frees eating beetroot in  
thembisa**

**And povo smoking ganja in thokoza**

**I have a letter for twitter imbeciles, whose bellies are  
burning with emptiness**

**Zambezi, i have a love song for you, of fat cats waiting to  
milk the cash cows of the state until udders become black**

**I have a love song for Azania, your bottoms frying in  
ovens xenophobia**

**Pupils learning addiction and obsession**

**Political turncoats watering marikana fields with blood,  
pongolo flowing red**

**Cicadas singing protest songs, eating funeral sandwiches  
with apes in Kgalagardi,**

**Finding no sleep in burning trees, this jungle burnt off the  
coal of our dreams**

## **Sizobuya-We shall return**

**1**

**We shall return to our land, burning with copper and gold**

**We shall return to banish chefs from eating freedom alone  
on behalf of the people**

**Sizobuya-we shall return singing the reggae of another  
revolution**

**We shall return - sizobuya, jazzing the jazz of another  
liberation**

**We shall return licking the wounds of juba**

**Sizobuya- we shall return, fluting xylophones to the spirits  
of the lands**

**We shall return for mongers smoking the political rolled  
tobacco**

**Sizobuya, for heartless fat cats goofing our conscience**

**We shall return for xenophobia and mfacane**

**We shall return, sizobuya**

**11**

**We are tired of seeing freedom widows with cracked hopes  
and patched dreams**

**We shall return to pick the last wrinkle of the land, to eat  
the bullet and to dress the rot**

**We shall return to chew the mist and to chew the cold**

**We shall return, to eat the sun and to swallow the moon.**

**Sizobuya- America, we shall return to toil for your rich  
unborn babies-America!**

**We shall return to Guyana for our sweat in millet acres  
and tobacco hectares**

**We shall return egoli ,sizobuya, for the gold under your  
skin**

**We shall return for the sun to fart light and chase the mist**

**We shall return beating vumbuza drums, appeasing those  
who died in the seas in the age of time.**

**Sizobuya, we shall return, armed with memories, love and  
another hate, another paradox**

**And silence**

**We shall return humming the village tune, the song of the  
griots**

**We shall return with babies clung in our bottoms,**

**To harvest lizards and ants on the beach of emeralds**

**We shall return to plant the freedom tree again and feed  
the povo**

**We shall return to dig the revolutionary gold again and  
feed the masses**

**We shall return again to chase the baboons, whose  
pockets are wet with the sweat of the people**

**Sizobuya- we shall return!**

20.05.2018.

PR  
DIOGEN pro kultura  
<http://www.diogenpro.com>