

**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,

Iam writing a letter to Obama and America to sing a different song from another hymn book

Iam 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

Iam writing a letter to America and Obama, that I will not silence the sun, I

Want to silence the gun

Iam 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 msholozi, 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

**V**

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.

Iam 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 unsurrendering 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

**1V**

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

Iam 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

Iam 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

Iam 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 frees, crack their shoulders to a catch a glimpse of freedom, freedom whose bones rattle in silence, silence of the stone.

**1V**

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!

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