

POEM:

## CONSEQUENCES

by

*Anon*

My fellow colonialist - my old schoolfriend  
 What has happened to you?  
 Branded by a sneer, your bitter face stares  
 Old young at sixteen you drill to fight  
 An enemy even younger than you  
 Your government not your god, bids you hate  
     your brother

Deformed from puberty by your privilege  
 Paying for it since birth  
 With your fear  
 Old young you have yet no children but you cannot  
     you will not  
 Share the land

An ancient laager learning  
 Commando your single mind  
 1896 blackshadows your laws and chills your  
     folk memory  
 Monochroming your vision it barks out your every move  
     and huddles your defensive homes  
 Quilled with guns and lit within  
 By the communal fanatic of your kindred fire  
 Bloody burning blaze  
 Already leaping past your man-made lakes  
 Raging the bundu to consume the eland and the rat  
 Burns the fingers of the untended  
     children of the land

Cecil Rhodes is a shadow  
 An evil spirit is fleshed  
 Our father wanders restless in the wind and  
     underground in winding ways  
 Great Zimbabwe return our father to us, so  
     that many peoples may eat together  
 Dynasty snarls, wet and sticky  
 For our children are in arms  
 Mutilation and Death circle winging

My fellow colonialist, my old schoolfriend  
 Do not mistake the shell for the egg  
 Your pioneer clutch, yet arrogant,  
     militant and fresh  
 Holds only the hard shell of Empire for  
     the bird is feathered and flown  
 Hollow, you copy the substance of others  
     the dollar, a 'liberty' bell  
 the declaration of a doomed republic  
 Your vacant head screens only  
     the features of others  
 illusions in technicolor

Only throw away historical romances and  
     see your peopled land  
 Know that conversation is an art in the  
     blank parts of the map  
 For where the settler's pen shuns  
 So do tarred roads and busses  
 Waiting and walking saps the strength of  
     our unsung citizens

Old settler, our antagonist  
 Where I have hoped you have none  
 You would shoot me kaffir boetie if you could  
 The spectre haunting Europe stalks the world  
     seeking its ancient roots  
 Now you have no home you have no wealth  
 You who lose sleep  
 For fear of the hungry  
 And the homeless  
 Desperate  
 Yourself fearful of dispossession you guard your losses  
 Cherishing richly your failures  
 Tilting at the beating heart of the north  
 Whence come the turning winds that pass through  
     your mere heroic khaki

Painting you emptiness  
 You cannot picture the heat of the red you mix  
 Until it flows from us all on your streets shaming  
     your polished stoeps  
 Searing your blunt senses  
 Melting human blood into the indiscriminating, unheard earth  
 And puzzled you will see, not veiled in the bush  
 But in front of you  
 Our children killing each other

The hunt decreed by righteousness  
 Christian name to greed  
 And your poverty of mind  
 and spirit  
 Turn against you, for the victim is sacred  
 having sprung from the earth  
 And the mother at last protects her young  
 For as many that die more shall be reborn  
 The land shall always be peopled

National generation ripped, fang-torn and aborted  
 must yet come  
 Naturally

And the family prosper

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THE DANCE