

Time to say goodbye

By

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I have overstayed my visit in this hapless land.
I came as a child in an adult body
strapped on my shoulders were burdens of my father.

My borrowed adult tongue and voice
preached of togetherness,
oneness of love of one another.
They scraped off that virtue,

they wanted me to wipe their bottoms with my forefathers' tears
after they have farted into my brain
and endured their scorns, whips, traps they set on my ways
only themselves to be trapped.

Now it is time for me to say goodbye...

I prick my friend with my African *ubuntu*
He slaps me on my right cheek. I offer him the other
cheek too. Provoked by my meekness, he slaps me again, again and again
until his hand is numb from my unshed tears.
Purity of my resilience and integrity shocks his sons and daughters today.

Now it is time for me to say goodbye...

Tell me what is good for me to live on in this land, when they've taken everything
that belongs to me and my children?
They have raped my foremothers and bore them bastards who licks their boots.

I cannot win them if we fight, even if I take them to the court of war
They're so dangerously armed to the teeth, to defend their ugly civilization.
They've imposed their books in me that speaks ill of my name.

Now it is time for me to say goodbye...

My children, forgive me for bringing you into this wicked world. I was duped
by their oral manual book of life that preached of humanness. But when
they printed the book; they erased the exulted pages of our race.

And now...
for you to conquer them and repossess your stolen land and life,
you must fight from the cradle.

They're not better and stronger than yourselves
History and science have proved it!

In fact, no one is better than the other
Everyone has his fruit in the tree of this life,
if you go hungry know that someone is eating your fruit.

Now it is time for me to say goodbye...

I know they're on my heels to capture, torture and crucify me
on the tree of their injustice
because they don't like my face, but like to steal my art.

Like son of man, I am waiting for them
without a weapon, for their weapon cannot injure my pen.

Now it is time for me to say goodbye...