

## **Unchain Me**

by Zedrick Amos Wasike

They once told me that I'm so smart to be of this land,  
But their logic fell far below whatever they thought they were  
Our own chant across the horn that 'people need power',  
Neither gold nor silver  
Africa's gifts from Mother Nature

They told us that knowledge is power  
Christ is the saviour  
But obscurity has forever been their cover.  
I am Africa,  
A breed of peace and anarchy  
A slave to a manipulated sense of mentality,  
Shackled in mediocrity and dependency,  
In a land of plenty,  
Lacking only in decency and integrity.

I am Africa  
I need a brother, not a master  
To help me stand  
Walk hand-in-hand  
But to them, such feelings are contraband.  
Do not drag me along like a stepping rug  
Just to remind me that our roads will never be tarmacked  
At least not by us  
It hurts  
When you disregard my name and not call me by that,  
But let my melanin be my identity forever.  
When the scorching sun is high above my head,  
And my veins dried like the deserted wells  
But the lash is the only language you use to communicate.

Then,  
Forgive me if I take advantage  
Of these feelings of bitterness and revenge  
And let the rivers flow with bloodshed.

Funny, all the white and coloured blood is red

That is something we ought not forget

In history, it will be written and read

But just let loose the chains.