



AFRICA-FRIDAY REFLECTIONS

"AFROCENTRIC THOUGHT"



AFRIKA: CONTINENTAL CONTEMPLATIONS.

AFRICA THABA.

As we mark the 58th anniversary of the renowned Africa Day, it becomes only natural and fair to not just reflect on the state of the continent, but go further than that and inspire the new age revolutionaries who are becoming the custodians of the infamous "*Aluta continua*" jargon. History has often dictated a very despondent and hate-filled narrative towards our rich mother of the nation - scarred with decades of abuse, torment, exploitation and worst of all...cultural assassination.

As I write this, colonized externally, typing on my HP laptop, drinking my rooibos tea, listening to soothing tunes on my Spotify, I cannot help but often wonder what exactly about me makes me African.

Obviously my name alone cannot define what exactly it means to be an African nor does the colour of my skin, so then if being African is not a matter of name or colour, then what is it all about? What does it mean to be African? What does it mean to be an offspring of the soil? What does it mean to be abundantly blessed?

I believe that colonization went wrong in one aspect of their imperial, untouchable pursuit of racial and global domination.

The reality is that life existed far before humanity itself existed, far before humanity became diverse, and similarly, life shall continue long after the skin and bones typing this, decompose back to the dust they once came from. Life is eternal, along with the sufferings, joy and everything in-between. More often than not, Africans have been subjected to the sufferings that the earth has to offer, which is a twisted paradox as the continent contains most, if not all of the beauty that the earth encompasses. A beauty that has been fought tirelessly and frivolously for as long as modern history has existed.

A propaganda attempt to demonise everything that encompasses Africa, thus demonising the world as Africa is the womb of the world. Ironically though, I find it difficult to understand where and why all this unsophisticated, backward, wild and primitive Africa is. I still struggle to locate all these slaves and worthless working class being created for the sake of servitude, I remain oblivious to the so-called condemned demons of God, where is this Africa they speak of?

"...A time where the colour of your skin does not limit your potential; a time where the fear of the world is not deflected toward your beauty."

For when I look around I see beauty, I smell opportunity, I feel humility and over and above all I sense love. A variety so abundant that every day remains a day in paradise, a painting of so many faces, full of so many colourful expressions: warm red from the Skies of Lusaka; a fresh green kissing the Mountains of Maseru; a golden touch of Egyptian flair; a deep dark blue running through the soul of the Congo; and a spiritual trans of tongues so many, yet a language so unique. The language of the Bantu, the people of the soil. The original man to tame the wildest beasts, the same community that brought the cosmos to canvas. A divine intellectual specie so advanced that the architecture remains engraved in the face of the continent. Africa my motherland, Africa my soul.

"As Africa is the womb of the world."

To my rising revolutionaries, I have a sweet tale for you all. This, like all great tales begins once upon a time - a time where the colour of your skin does not limit your potential; a time where the fear of the world is not deflected toward your beauty.

A time where the family is kept close and the love for one is mirrored through not the tales of the tongue, but through the deeds of heart toward our fellow brothers and sisters.

A time where one is not intimidated by the success of our own, but rather inspired to recreate and redefine greatness through communal excellence simply put as “when I eat, we all eat”, a time where we all reap the fruits of the continent instead of all starving in the envy of self-destruction. Only we can defuse this ticking time bomb of self-esteem. Far too long have we been exploited by those who could not fathom the power and excellence that is Africa. And similarly on the other side of this annihilation lies the bitter truth of self-hate.

Look around and be inspired, look around and be determined. The future of this continent lies not in our hands but in our hearts. The moment you look in the mirror without questioning the size of your nose, or second guessing the professionalism of your hairstyle then you will know that we have made it. The moment you can be told that your neighbour is selling eggs and you buy all your produce from him to support your baking business then you will know that we have made it. The moment your economic emancipation does not drive you to a materialistic expression of love then you will know that we have made it. Until then? Well I will tell you what to do until then: love yourself; see yourself for what you are. Your birth on this mystical continent was not a mistake. Like the single grains of sand that hold the Indian Ocean on their back, collectively we are stronger.

We each have a purpose to fulfil in the history of this great Earth. We as Africans have contributed intellectually, we have contributed manually, we have contributed spiritually and we continue to be the source of life for the only planet to have humanity on it.

Surely your reasons to be proud are never ending? Yes, we may not have all material riches, yes we may not be the fairest of skin or the silkiest of hair, but we are the soul of the planet. For as long as the soul of a body aches, the rest of the body remains useless. Tap into your wildest dreams and fantasies, follow your ambition and mysteries, and allow others to succeed along the way because ultimately we are one. We have always been one and we will always be one.

Titans have been killed to preserve the false image of Africa. Puppets have been idolised in the pursuit of racial supremacy. But through all these ill acts and unjust behaviours, the truth remains bare. It remains Sotho, Ghanaian, Hutu, Igbo, Egyptian, Congolese. The truth remains beautiful - majestic like the Drakensberg sunrise; enchanting like the harmony of the Victoria Falls; unshaken like the Sphinx of Cairo. Africa will never be destroyed, Africa will never fade away, and Africa will never die for as long as our inspiration multiplies.

Personally, I love this blessing I have been granted. This humble duty of being a custodian of the Soul of Earth, born and bred in Africa, made for the world. I have a very vivid view of the United States of Africa, oh so magnificent, so glorious, so powerful!

I walk with peace and love in my heart because I know that this USA I speak of is not far from reach. It no longer lingers in the realm of dreams and fantasies, but rather this United States of Africa is merely a destiny away. Not just any destiny but our destiny, and do you want to know a secret to this destiny? I will gladly share it with you: trust yourself and let life live through you; love yourself enough to see yourself in others and Mama Africa will take care of the rest. More power to you my brothers and sisters.

"Now the world listens when we speak, they copy us when we move, imitate when we dress and envy when we express our souls."

I am proud of us all for making it this far. There was a time not so long ago when all the continent knew was slave ships and whips. Look at us now - African Giants, Star boys and Girls. Now the world listens when we speak, they copy us when we move, imitate when we dress and envy when we express our souls. So let us keep going. We have made it this far, we may not yet have Uhuru but we are Uhuru enough to express ourselves without borders.

One Love batho ba haeso, one Love.



Africa Thaba.