



# AFRICA-FRIDAY REFLECTIONS

## "AFROCENTRIC THOUGHT"



### A MESSAGE TO MY BEAUTIFUL BLACK QUEENS.

#### AFRICA THABA.

What a wonderful occasion indeed. I find myself beyond privileged for this opportunity; a once in a lifetime opportunity to talk to the magnificent beings with whom we share the bounty of this planet. August is usually symbolised as the month of women, where we take a moment to appreciate and admire the grace that is these divine beings; the carriers of the future.

But over recent years, this month has fallen on deaf ears as the country has plunged into a dark abyss of unprecedented femicide which not only deprives children of mothers, but further deprives humanity of that gentle, subtle love that only a woman can give. I was personally privileged and grateful enough to have been the first-born of a double parent homestead, where I was never subjected to watching any form of violence occur to my mother, and so I

naturally grew up with a deep respect, love and understanding for the next gender.

The only woman in a house full of 4 males, she, the only female, holds down the house with utmost discipline and consistency. There is just something about the reasoning capacity of a woman that surpasses all understanding, and as the years kept progressing and I too started to see women romantically, I started understanding the strength that is a female.

Regardless of circumstances, women always prevail and history boasts plenty of circumstances where the war on females has taken center. Over time, I believe this warfare has created a few types of women: women full of anger, women full of hate, and women inspired.

More often than not, we are exposed to the women full of anger, whether it be in our classrooms, social media or our very own homes - who for whatever justifiable reason, have sought to hate the patriarchal society for all that it has to offer and want to contribute nothing to the advancement of society.

These women end up creating the type of children that are born naturally angry, violent and misunderstood.

Because of the pain their mother went through, they were never given room to grow and find themselves, regardless of their gender.

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Next are the women full of hate, specifically a hatred towards men. Whatever justifiable reason they might have, these women want absolutely nothing to do with men, often slurring comments along the lines of "men deserve nothing", "men are trash" or "indoda must...", and more often than not, this hatred is misplaced and rooted deeply in traumatic experiences which were at the hand of the male gender and thus the intolerance and distaste of these men grows overtime, until these women bear children who are raised in an environment of hatred and displeasure.

This hatred or displeasure is given to the male child, who ultimately grows up hating all women because of the love he never received from his mother.

These are two groupings I would like to speak to in greater detail before moving on to the last of the different types of women that exist in the world through my eyes.

There is a familiar, often overlooked phrase that carries utmost importance today, and that phrase is “hurt people hurt people”, which translates to the fact that a generation raised by pain will either raise children of pain, or anger, and nothing else. Like I said earlier in this piece, women (more specifically Black women) always prevail. They have become the biggest enemy of the global rule of white supremacy and all other forces aiming to crush Pan-Africanism or even African nationalism, or any threat to the advancement of the Black race due to the reality that they are the most important structure of the family. The father may be the head, but what is direction without a neck?

What could I possibly mean by this phrase? Well let me aim to answer it in the form of an example. Imagine living in a home without a strict mother, somebody who will not call you out when you have done wrong or teach you when you are in need. Imagine a home where as a child, there is nobody to share your cries with, no “Mama” to cry out to when you are in pain. A home where you can do as you wish without being reprimanded. Nobody around to teach you how to be gentle, respectful and highly resourceful. What kind of child do you think that household will produce?

The majority of us grow up hating, fearing or generally misunderstanding our mothers/grandmothers, but as the years go by, you begin to realize the importance of the life lessons you learnt when you were young and impressionable; lessons that will go ahead and inspire a nation to strive for better because they were raised better.

What I am aiming to explain is that Black women are much similar to Black men in the reality that they do not understand the power they possess. There is more to you than receiving validation from men; there is more to you than having a thin waist and an ideal body; there is more to you than bearing children and cooking for your family. A woman is more than a sexual object that may be used by men whenever they please. She is not an opinion-less body that is made to take orders from another gender. After all, we are all human before the gender outside.

For as long as women continue to fall prey to these self-esteem crushing stereotypes, we will continue to struggle as a society. For as long as intellectuals, creatives and other future leaders are decided by physical appearance instead of logical content, then we will continue to struggle as a society.

To all my beautiful Black Queens that continue to fall prey to the evil of the system and continue to perpetuate the advances by creating further division between our genders, you are not alone. I urge you to look within to find yourself; the Self that is not identified by physical features, but by logical capacity. Nothing defines you like you do, so let them talk sweetheart, but never, ever let them change you. Because we need you the unique way you were created in your mother's womb. We need that version of you because she is the one who is going to positively contribute to the advancement of our Black potential.

Another important thing that I believe we must address in this piece without any fear or prejudice, is the pressure that women put on men. I would like to let all women out there know that your future is not in the hands of a financially abled man. Your future is in your hands. You are allowed to dream; you are allowed to inspire; you are allowed to be anything at all in the world, and if that happens to be a CEO of a multimillion rand organization then so be it. If that happens to be a stay-at-home mother of three who aims to fill her home with love and affection, then so be it.

The only determination of your future lies in your hands. So please ladies, stop giving power to people who are not worthy of your presence. Stop complying for the sake of security, for on the other side of your comfort zone is where true growth lies.

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To the women inspired, qhubeka ntombi. The world is trembling at your feet and ready to be inspired by your vigour. Tswella pele sentle. You have already contributed to the next generation, for without your body there can be no life. Bvela phanda khosi khadzi. Your wise worlds will rule powerful nations like Modjadji from the South and Cleopatra all the way in the North. Continue to dream. Continue to dream and chase them fearlessly until you reach them. You are a force to be reckoned with until the end of time.

Keep your head up and make sure that your crown never tips off. Allow your Black crown to grow stronger and fuller. There is a reason your hair was not made straight and fair, there is a reason why you have kinky, gravity-defying power flowing from your head. Embrace it. Embrace your stretchmarks; your uncomfortable days; your quirky swagger; your undying spirit; your will to exist. Embrace it all.

To my grandmothers; aunts; mother; partner and future Queens of my seed, you are appreciated - wholeheartedly, unapologetically and infinitely. I have learnt so much from you all, and continue to draw wisdom from your never-ending pool of knowledge. I have learnt through you, that beauty does not only exist externally, but can be as equally beautiful within. For the grace, the flair, truly I am grateful for it all.

*"You are royalty, you are worthy and best believe that you deserve everything you have ever dreamt of"*

The day Black women realise how important they truly are to the advancement of the Black race, and choose to fearlessly leave the sickening stereotypes and break off the chains that have held us all back for far too long, we will truly be undefeated. You are royalty, you are worthy and best believe that you deserve everything you have ever dreamt of. Because you, like many who have existed before, are a vessel of existence. Without you, we have no future.

Think about this for a moment: with so much power in your possession my Queen, what do you wish to do with it all?



**Africa Thaba.**