



AFRICA-FRIDAY REFLECTIONS

"AFROCENTRIC THOUGHT"



YOUTH-TRUTH.

AFRICA THABA.

“The power is in the hands of the children; the power is the children”? Interesting ideology that has proven instrumental throughout history, but what does it really mean? Honestly.

What is the burden that is placed on the small hands of the young? What are these inherited responsibilities that go unspoken and undefined? As a child growing up in a Black household, independence is not something that is necessarily given, whether it be at school, church or even at home.

Always subjected to some sort of control and guidance; a dictatorship of thought in a sense. So then how can so much power be thrown upon these powerless beings?

Quite a tricky concept or statement when you look at the reality that is placed before you. The Youth remain subject to majority if not all social ills of society - why? Perhaps because they are always subject to the offloading of elders upon them. We are subject to the emotions of our predecessors. If this is then the case, then it is important to look at what these emotions are and how they influence us.

We as the Black majority are subject to an emotional imbalance in our households; severed relations with those who give birth to you. Lieutenants to commanders, slaves to masters, but never teachers to students. The world is a cesspool of never-ending knowledge that is received on both sides. However, it is very seldom that the words of a child are taken into consideration by an elder.

This narrative that elders are inherently correct due to their age have proven false on various grounds. The main principle that keeps this idea alive is that of respect, which has played an intricate part in the establishment of Afrikan culture. Elders have always been respected by those whom they preside over. However, as time has gone by, it has been quite clear to see that the respect is never reciprocated but rather single-sided.

This lack of respect in contrast creates a generation of children who lack self-esteem; children who lack inspiration; children who lack confidence due to the constant limitation and restrictions they are subjected to by those who gave birth to them. This unspoken fear by elders has subconsciously manifested itself through their offspring, and we are that offspring; we are the generation raised by uncertainty and fatigue; the generation of violence and fear; despair and confusion; restriction and limitation; a fixed narrative... "education is the key to success" so deeply entrenched in our biology that anything outside of this box is considered a failure.

Many artists now lie dormant in lawyer suits; many poets muted in doctor masks; future leaders pushing the paper in accounting firms. Dead dreams walking, corpses living for broken dreams, everybody loses when nobody is willing to communicate.

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More often than not, many Youths subconsciously adopt whatever dreams their parents weren't able to fulfil. More often than not, these dreams follow a specific academic route that became a regret reignited once creation took centre stage. In the pursuit of revival, virgin ambition is crushed, and potent prospect is destroyed all in the name of maintaining a dead dream.

The Youth seek escape: a place of expression, where they can dress how they feel, eat what they can, and speak how they feel instead of biting their tongue for the sake of compliance in the home of rules. Oh what a life these holders of the future go through, oh what a burden, what a struggle never understood, who will dare speak of it even? We cannot even begin to understand what it is that we are experiencing; attempting to numb the pain with substances of all sorts.

In a world of distort and impression, there is a lot of constant impressing that one child has to achieve. Nonetheless we have shoes to fill and a long road to walk, so let's take a walk together. Young, old, whether it be you're Black or white. A few words of advice to those whom are willing to listen and create a better view of life; a fresher look. Hear these words and allow them to resonate with your inner essence of existence; your soul - for this is where these words come from.

"Nonetheless we have shoes to fill and a long road to walk, so let's take a walk together."

To those who have been subject to years of oppression from those who gave birth to them, it is time to heal. It is time to understand that sometimes people may love you and not know how to show it; that sometimes your best interests are far beyond your understanding at the time; and that sometimes you have to be told what to do because quite frankly you do not know any better. And that's life, it happens. To those who have attempted to raise their children and feel that they have achieved their level best by supporting them materially, unfortunately you have not done enough.

Children are not yours to govern. They are there to be moulded and prepared for the future. Understand that your dreams end with you; that your child's pursuit of greatness is defined by your guidance, and that is sufficient. Giving your child the fish will never create a master

fisherman. Allow your children to fulfil those destinies which were written for them, for you were a mere vessel of excellence.

To all my Youthful compatriots; graduates, wanderers; gap year-ers; non-scholars; future leaders, I have a plot twist for you: We are not leaders of the future anymore, we are leaders of the now. For far too long a power has been placed in our hands while we timidly held it in fear of destroying it. The time to tap in and embrace your inner being has come, whether you want to be the greatest painter; poet; doctor; lawyer. Whatever it may be, put your foot down and stay firm in your power. Speak and be heard, move and be seen, express and inspire.

Soon, we will be the generation of parents. What type of legacy do we want our children to inherit? Dig deep in your soul and find your purpose; find it and chase it. Of course we can't all be soccer players or teachers because we weren't all created for that purpose. You were designed and created for a destiny that is customised just for you. Rise to the occasion and soar to your destiny. This is us now, leaders, movers and shakers. Don't ever try to be like anyone else because there is no way you can ever be a second-placed you. Find yourself; love yourself; trust yourself and then allow yourself to explore into an accepting world of excellence.

The time for sweet celebration is no more. The bitter reality stands before us: unemployment for the Youth is at a historic all-time high; social decay amongst our peers is beyond eminent; depression is an unspoken assassin and nobody is going to save us. How much more are you willing to take before you rise? How many more jobs must you apply to because you're over qualified for your degree? Who is going to create that generational wealth you speak so proudly of? Where is the soft life going to come from? We may have inherited a lot of things from our elders, but we did not inherit entitlement and we did not inherit success. Instead, we inherited and opportunity; a chance to build a better future for the next generation, while helping those that came before us find peace.

We are the generation of thinkers; innovators, leaders; transformers; inspirers. All these people we wish we were are nothing in comparison with who we are within. Rise my fellow leaders, rise my power holders. If you have never been told you that you are excellent then hear it from me; if you have never felt love, feel it from me, and if you have never felt inspired, gain it from me, for I am you and we are one. Let us become those people we wished we were growing up.

In closing my brothers and sisters, the time for fairy tales and false hope is gone. Afrika is uniting and it needs to find us ready. It needs to find us prepared, firm, driven and directed. Let her find us inspired, and ready to take her to her realm. We are the children of this beloved land and we have the responsibility to take care of it. Elders have tried, many have failed, but we now have the opportunity to renew, revive and rescue our own destiny. And all you have to do is love yourself enough to follow your dreams.

Dream on, my brothers and sisters. Dream wild enough to reshape the landscape. Forty-five years later and the benchmark has been set. What are you willing to do about it? Think about it, take some time to reflect on what you are doing as a leader in your immediate community, and think about it. If you had the knowledge that your action today could bring change tomorrow, would you do it?

I believe your soul and I have spoken. Go on, live your Youth, you know your truth.



Africa Thaba.