Africa may...

Africa may weep,  
but who can stop the tears,  
when her children have been mistreated for hundreds of years.

Africa may wail,  
but who can stop the fears,  
when overseas a child of Africa is shot as if the cops were told to beware.

Africa may mourn,  
but who can stop the spears,  
as her children are pitted against each other,  
it seems the bond between us, someone did tear.

Africa may sigh,  
but who can stop the jeers,  
as villages are pillaged, children are killed,  
and resources from our mines quietly disappear.

Africa may grieve,  
but who can stop their peers,  
when they are hell-bent,  
to be the next oppressive overseers.

Africa may rise,  
for who can stop the cheers,  
of you and me,  
as the new generation appears.

Africa may chant,  
for who can stop the youth,  
as they learn and they grow and try to find the truth.

Africa may ululate,  
as new leaders arise,  
as they work and they strive,  
to raise Africa, like the rising tide.

Africa may dance,  
as culture is revived,  
in you and me,  
at the beating of a tightened drum's hide.

Africa may jump,  
and sing and shout for joy,  
as youths learn about their history,  
and colonial stigmas are destroyed.

Africa will learn,  
Africa will grow,  
Africa is unquenchable like an inferno,  
burning brightly,  
defiantly,  
with vigour and with strength,  
in a land devoid of water, with dry and parched land,  
it grows, and grows  
until unchallengeable.

By Vimbainashe E Mushayikwa