

MY AFRICAN HOME (Human Rights)

My African home

A playground of the unthinkable.

An area in space where women grow ready and forced to conform to authority moulded on the tongues of men.

My African home. Its true nature. It's a place where the wild hide behind the word "Respect" to seem domesticated,

Beat up offspring that speak their mind just to make them align to territory laws set by the alpha,

An alliance kingdom of men and women, giving one-way command communication to offspring in all aspects of life.

Where burning sexual sensations felt by the supposedly called alphas-the men, breaks our women open as they are forced to perform the so called wife duties. All this buried under a covering phrase, "I paid Lobola."

A land where a touch on the brains by Education is a highly classified case meant to be solved by the male child alone.

And the female child goes under a full time training program to be a potential high quality wife material.

My African home, where the term HUMAN RIGHTS is an eligible phrase. The mighty ones require an enhanced spectacle vision to consider a way of understanding.

Poem by Deon Matongo