

IDENTITY APPLES

I am a fat skeleton, resurrecting
From the sad memories of dada
And dark mysteries of animism

I am [Buganda](#)

I bleed hope

I drip the honey of fortune

[Makerere](#); think tank of [Africa](#)

I dance with you wakimbizi dance

I am [Tanganyika](#)

I smell and fester with the smoke of African genesis

I am the beginning

Kilimanjaro; the anthill of rituals

I am the smile of Africa

My glee erase the deception of sadness

My tooth bling freedom

I am myself, I am Gambia

When others seep with bullets stuck in their stomachs

I sneeze copper spoons from my mouth every dawn

I am the Colombia of Africa

I am the Cinderella of Africa

Where mediums feast with the ghost of Kamuzu in Mulange trees

Here spirits walk naked and free

I am the land of sensations

I am the land of reactions

Coughing forex blues

Squandermania

I still smell the scent of Nehanda's breath

I am African renaissance blooming

I stink the soot of Chimurenga

I am the mute laughter of Njelele hills

I am Soweto

Swallowed by Kwaito and gong

I am a decade of wrong and gong

I am the blister of freedom vomited from the belly of apartheid

I see the dawn of the coming sun in Madiba's eyebrows

I am Abuja
Blast furnace of corruption
Nigeria, the Jerusalem of noblemen, priests, professors and prophets

I am Guinea, i bling with African floridization

I am blessed with many tongues
My thighs washed by [river Nile](#)
I am the mystery of pyramids
I am the graffiti of Nefertiti
I am the rich breast of Nzinga

I am Switzerland of Africa
The rhythm of Kalahari sunset
The rhyme of Sahara, yapping, yelping
I am Damara, I am Herero, I am Nama, I am lozi, I am Vambo

I am bitterness, I am sweetness
I am Liberia

I am king kongo
Mobutu roasted my diamonds into the stink of deep brown blisters
Frying daughters in corruption microwaves
Souls swallowed by the beat of [Ndombolo](#) and the wind of Rumba
I am the Paris of Africa
I see my wounds

I am rhythm of beauty
I am Congo
I am Bantu
I am Jola
I am [Mandinga](#)

I sing of you
I sing Thixo
I sing of Ogun
I sing of God
I sing of Tshaka
I sing of Jesus

I sing of children
of Garangaja and [Banyamulenge](#)
Whose sun is dozing in the mist of poverty

I am the ghost of Mombasa
I am the virginity of Nyanza

I am scarlet face of Mandinga
I am cherry lips of Buganda

Come Sankara, come [Wagadugu](#)
I am Msiri of Garangadze kingdom
My heart beats under rhythm of words and dance
I am the dead in the trees blowing with wind,
I cannot be deleted by civilization.
I am not Kaffir, I am not Khoisun

I am the sun breaking from the villages of the east with great inspiration of
revolutions
Its fingers caressing the bloom of hibiscus

Liberation!

Mbizo Chirasha