

# Letter From A Friend

## Mutabaruka

From where I stand  
I can clearly see your tormented faces  
How you must hate me  
I wonder how many think of killing me  
Of assassinating their country's leader  
But again looking at you all  
I see fear  
Passive fear  
Fear of death  
No martyrs are among you

So I am safe within the confines of the law  
To overtax you  
Underpay you  
Overwork you  
Police force you  
Bury you  
Black people  
My people  
Victims of society  
Victims of western democracy  
No martyrs are among you  
Even though our country achieved independence  
European rule still prevails  
Neo-colonialism has its roots deep in our soil  
I care not  
As long as I am well paid  
No martyrs are among you

So I am safe within the confines of your passivity  
To stand on this rostrum  
And address you  
And fill your oppressed ears  
With mocking promises  
As I speak, I speak for all who are here with me  
Brown and nearly white  
For color, class and creed  
Has no meaning where the almighty dollar is concerned  
And on behalf of the government

Here and abroad  
I would like to thank you voters  
For dippin your finger in the blood  
Thus markin an X  
Givin us the wrong to do wrong  
You dont have to hear my thoughts  
You know them  
No martyrs are among you

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