Letter From A Friend

Mutabaruka

From where I stand
I can cleary see your tormented faces
How you must hate me
I wonder how many think of killin me
Of assasinating their countries leader
But again lookin 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 passitivity
To stand on this rostrum
And adress you
And fill your oppressed ears
With mockin promises
As I speak, I speak for all who are here with me
Brown and nearly white
For color, class and creed
Has no meanin 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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