

THEY RAPED ME

(Africa and Its Colonial Experience)

By Christian Anieke

Century after century
Pastors with fiery evangelical zeal
Businessmen and administrators
Races of all sizes and dispositions
Fought over my body and soul.

They seduced me
They bribed me
They abused me
They robbed me
And they raped me.

For sixty years or more
I struggled for my escape
Free from tangled hands and legs
Free from poisoned drinks and books
Free from poisoned kisses.

I struggled out of their Grendel-grip
Hands decked with sours
Legs shaking with fear and hate
Brain brimming o'er with rattling thoughts
Head to foot all dirt and blood!

Still not long afterwards another fellow invaded me
He came with words "freedom", " democracy," " human rights"
His words fired my soul soaked in religion
He lured me to his white-painted home
And he raped me!

I escaped or so I thought
And now a huge fellow from the East
He does not smile
Or he cannot smile
Or his culture abhors smiling.

He comes with renminbi
He builds bridges
He builds schools
He gives me baijiu
He presses his body against my fragile body

Is he raping me?
I am confused.
Am I being raped or not?