Burying the Kasuku Syndrome: Constructing inventive sites of knowledge

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Keywords
African Orature, Culture, Kasuku Syndrome, Pedagogy, Sites of Knowledge

Point of Entry: Hodi! Hodi! (Knock! Knock!)

Having come here to advocate the immediate burial of ‘kasuku culture,’ alias, ‘parrot culture,’ I had better initiate the process of grave-digging myself. As an African academician, poet, playwright, artist, cultural worker and activist, I have sought to do this in different ways. One such way has been using my intellectual work to affirm progressive indigenous African paradigms, including orature, which Pio Zipimutu and Austin Bukenya once concisely defined as ‘verbal art.’ I will, therefore, use an African Orature

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This paper is a lightly edited version of Chapter 13 of my book, Writing and speaking from the heart of my mind, African World Press, Trenton, New Jersey, 2012. The original paper was first delivered as a keynote address at a Ford Foundation conference on the theme of ‘African Higher Education Initiative,’ held in Nairobi, Kenya, in 2004. My audience largely consisted of senior higher education professionals, professors, and administrators (including Vice Chancellors). The paper was later published as a part of the conference proceedings: Innovations in African Higher Education. In “Introduction” to Writing and Speaking from the Heart of My Mind, I note: “Using African Orature as a style of composition and mode of presentation, the piece aims at providing a practical example and model paradigm that offers an inventive, alternative way of communicating intellectual, academic ideas. In general, it challenges members of the intelligentsia to invent diverse, alternative sites of knowledge in their various areas of specialization and expertise.” As I have consistently argued over the years, African indigenous knowledges constitute sites of knowledge that are gold mines still awaiting serious excavation by the academy.

https://doi.org/10.52907/slj.v5i1.152
style of delivery to hold this conversation with you. I cannot think of a more appropriate tool of competing with fatigue at the end of a long day, or of keeping a possible dozing audience alive, following such a challenging dinner.

My talk, or *palaver*, will be divided into movements or cycles, labelled *palaver one to ten*.

Inside each of these full stream palavers will be meandering tributaries of smaller, but related palavers. If the meanderings interfere with your focus, therefore, just find ways of tolerating them. For instance, treat them as the musings of an elder-in-the-making, borrowing a leaf from the *wazee wakumbuka* (elders recollect), an extremely popular *kipindi* (program) that used to air on Kenya Broadcasting Corporation (KBC) radio network sometime in the 1970s.

**Palaver One: The conversational journey**

In African orature palaver, the speaker does not take members of their audience for granted. They seek to maintain contact with them by constantly calling upon them in an attempt to ensure that they remain with them as companion travellers along the conversational journey. They do this by deliberately eliciting their participation, thus transcending the crisis of the ‘banker’ in Paulo Freire’s discourse on ‘banking education’ as expounded in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed.* In this narrative, the ‘banking’ educator, or lecturer, simply ‘deposits’ information into their students, treating them as empty ‘receptacles’ and never as ‘active participants.’ After the dumping process, the lecturer expects the students to memorise the ‘facts’ and then accurately regurgitate the information when prompted to do so. I am sure we do not have such educators in our midst at this gathering! Whatever the case, I will not turn you into my ‘receptacles.’

Travel with me, instead, as I take the African orature path, in an attempt to interrogate the *kasuku* way, taught to us in the colonial and neo-colonial classrooms. The format of African orature palaver is the antithesis of the ‘banking education’ model. It utilises a ‘call-response’ delivery style that insists on a partnership between the speaker and their audience. This format is widely used among people of African origin globally, be it in social/religious gatherings, public speeches or group discourses.

In our palaver, the call-response will go something like this...I will call upon

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you as abantu, or as wenzangu, or even as plain ‘people!’ You will respond, yũũ or wũũ! You may also respond, yebo or naam! Even a plain yes will do! Use whichever comes more readily to you. After this I will ‘ask for the road,’ by posing any of the following questions: ‘Shall I continue?’ ‘Shall I speak?’ ‘Shall I proceed?’ You will ‘give me the road’ by replying, ‘Continue/go on!’ ‘Speak/speak on!’ ‘Proceed!’ Again, just use whatever comes most naturally to you. The only favour I ask for is this: when I go beyond the twenty minutes that the chairperson, Tade Aina, has allowed me and then ask, ‘Shall I continue?’ You must enthusiastically respond, ‘Continue/go on!’ Remember to make it extra loud as well.

**Palaver Two: Burying colonial kasuku consciousness**

Once upon all times, there has always lived a bird known as kasuku or parrot. The creature is at once fascinating and at the same time pathetic. They are intriguing and fascinating because they excel in imitative skills—always able to reproduce the speaker’s word, using the originator’s exact pronunciation and even tone. Imitation and reproduction, or to use academic language, plagiarism, are perfected through sessions of attentive listening and repeating. However, the creature is also pathetic in the sense that they can never become the ‘owner’ of the source word. Thus, we can only call them a fascinating mimic, but never an intellectual thinker. The point is simple: serious intellectuals must transcend mindless repetition, mimicry and plagiarism. In this regard, forgive me if I observe that colonial and neo-colonial educational systems have produced too many intellectual thieves, other areas of thievery aside. These are the types that Vidiadhar Naipaul needed to viciously satirise in his fictional work, *Mimic men*.3

I wish to be even more provocative and suggest that the said colonial and neo-colonial classrooms did not just produce a huge contingent of intellectuals cum con-artists, but unwitting pathological creatures, badly inflicted by a chronic streak of the kasuku syndrome. We have among us ‘hypnotised parrots,’ ‘willing/professional parrots,’ ‘reluctant/involuntary parrots’ and lastly, ‘dissenting parrots.’ So, fellow parrots, of whichever inclination, let me call upon all of us to find a fast cure for this syndrome if we are to be agents of innovation in African higher education.

(Call and Response)

If this cure eludes us, we might need to call upon our ancestral spirits to kill the kasuku in us – not us, oh! – as our people in West Africa would say. Following

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the resulting burial ceremony, we will need to move on very rapidly with the business of creating our own authentic word. Here, again, I borrow from Freire. Accuse me of being a disciple, not a kasuku, and I will not deny it.

My fictional sister, Lawino, of Okot p’Bitek’s *Song of Lawino* and *Song of Ocol* has a whole lot to say on kasukuism. She was so passionately contemptuous of those who suffered from the syndrome that she once accused her husband of possessing no ‘testicles’ (her language not mine, oh!) According to her, Ocol’s ‘articles’ had been ‘smashed by huge books’ in the colonial classroom. Lawino’s sexist language notwithstanding, her accurate characterisation of the kasuku syndrome-stricken intellectual was visionary. I am not surprised that Ocol abandoned her in preference of red-lipped Clementina, a colonised African woman kasuku. The critical point is, despite this strong condemnation, Lawino seems to have relented somewhat, leaving a small window of hope by appealing for the emergence of a new Ocol. So, to living and potential Ocols, I say: creativity and inventiveness are still possibilities. However, these goals are challenging ones to all of us as survivors carrying those vitals that were smashed in the colonial, and by extension, the neo-colonial classroom.

(Call and Response)

Fellow survivors, let me draw your attention to another exponent of the kasuku syndrome so that you can truly appreciate the urgency of burying it. In *The wretched of the earth*, Franz Fanon refers to kasuku-like intellectuals as ‘those walking lies,’ who had nothing to say of themselves outside what ‘master’ had schooled them to mimic. Now, you and I have encountered these fakes, ‘walking in the air,’ as the saying goes; feeling so ‘hot’ that they heat up the very air we breathe. Whether as Achebean ‘been-tos’ or as domestic misfits from Cairo, Fort Hare, Ibadan, Nairobi, or whatever local university, those who became ‘walking lies’ behaved the same way. They tried to outdo those whom they imitated at their own game, in the fashion of grand kasukus. Some of them even developed self-willed amnesia and could no longer remember their villagers or fellow villagers. As Aimee Césaire has observed in *Discourse on colonialism*, they became schizophrenic towards themselves and their people. Nay, they turned into zombies, losing the creator and inventor in them. But why do I speak in the past tense? These schizophrenics and zombies are still with us today and have multiplied under

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(Call and Response)

Fortunately, we also know that there have been survivors and that they, along with the new visionaries, are going to become composers of the type of narrative that Carole Boyce-Davis would call an ‘uprising discourse.’\(^9\) So, let us leave the court poets alone, singing praise poems inside or outside the gates of statehouses. Let us remember that there were always at least three types of intellectuals: dinosaur conservatives, chameleon liberals and dissident progressives. We, of the intellectual community, are a happy mixed-grill and never a homogeneous collective. Whatever our designation, I see a lot of work ahead of us if we are to breathe new life into our institutions of higher learning. So, for those who would be authors of ‘uprising discourses,’ may the spirit of creativity possess our imaginative faculties and set them on fire, releasing unstoppable energy that bursts into flowering dreams and eternal visions.

(Call and Response)

As our dialogical journey touches palaver three, we specifically turn to the question of curriculum in the new university of our dream. There is no denying it: throughout history, knowledge has always been one of the most contested sites of human achievement. This is to say that the classroom and the curriculum are critical aspects of whatever visions we emerge with in imagining the universities of our dreams.

**Palaver Three: Deconstruction/reconstruction of knowledge**

The construction of a compulsory course for deprogramming the mind of every university student must be a high priority, preferably during the first year of admission. Such a course should aim at interrogating the dimensions, dangers and cost of the *kasuku* syndrome, while seriously searching for alternative and lasting solutions. Whether titled, ‘Deconstruction and Reconstruction of Knowledge,’ or ‘Knowledge as Power,’ the aim of the course should be to bury, once and

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for all, the kasuku syndrome at the undergraduate level. Only after that will the learners’ minds open up to pursue creative ventures, ultimately emerging with empowering paradigms. Once this kind of self-empowerment is achieved, it will turn our students into authentic agents capable of production and dissemination of knowledge. It will also hasten the end of the pertaining equation of knowledge, development and civilisation with Western cultures, which is but a dangerous myth.

(Call and Response)

**Palaver Four: Engendering knowledge**

Having deconstructed knowledge and embraced it as a universal human gift rather than a handover from the West, we will be duty-bound to engender it as well. For, throughout history, knowledge has come to be associated with males. Women who have dared to enter this world have encountered all types of resistance: physical and psychological intimidation; misrepresentation; stereotyping; discrimination; abuse and much more. I remember how in my mother’s days, educated women, or rather, women who dared pursue an intellectual path, were depicted as ‘loose,’ (malaya), or as ‘wild.’ In my time, I can provide two revealing illustrations of stereotyping, both insulting, but, ironically, meant as benign by the unwitting perpetrators.

A male colleague who was acquainted with my writing and who had looked forward to meeting me at a conference, for the first time, walked up to me and greeted me. He then told me that he was surprised to see what I looked like in person because from my ideas, he had expected to meet a ‘masculine’ looking woman. At first, I was lost for words and then, a devilish idea flashed through my mind. ‘Well,’ I quipped, ‘you were not wrong.’ He looked puzzled. I kept up the suspense. Then, with a wicked smile I said, ‘You see, I actually only shaved my beard this morning!’ That took care of that one.

(Call and Response)

On another occasion, a male colleague and friend of mine came forward to congratulate me at the end of a speech I had given. Shaking my hand vigorously he told me, ‘You did us proud! You spoke like a man!’ Just imagine. Inherent in this harmless sounding comment is the notion that men have a monopoly of intellectual power.
Therefore, in our innovative educational curriculum, we must introduce another course named, ‘Gender Education,’ or ‘Engendering Education,’ or whatever. It must be so introduced that all departments across the university incorporate it into their schedules. This will not do as an affair based in Women's Studies alone. Moreover, in our innovative paradigms, affirmative action must be extended to women students and other peripheralised groups. This will go some way towards providing equity in the face of years of systemic gendered discrimination and exclusion, while privileging males.

At the administrative level, we must include more women in high-ranking positions, sufficiently well placed to advocate, as well as implement, this type of revolutionary change in the curriculum. I say, the administrative structures of our universities are too male-centred at the senior level, be it in the departments, the faculties, or the non-teaching sectors. Consequently, the curriculum remains very patriarchal. So, in our envisioned new universities, gender tokenism must cease. The pattern of a rare woman vice-chancellor here, a deputy vice-chancellor there and a registrar someplace else, will not do.

However, even as education and administrative powers cease to be perceived as prerogatives of males, in our dream universities women who enter these male terrains must be trained to rid themselves of patriarchal socialisation. If this does not happen, we will have a scenario in which a male concedes monopolised space only to be replaced by another male-like occupier, who only happens to carry a woman’s body.

Palaver Five: Indigenous knowledge

Innovative higher education will need to confront another very damaging myth: the conceptualisation of knowledge as Western (even white) and therefore, an importation to Africa. The internalisation of this myth has had a devastatingly negative influence on our psyches. The irony is that in antiquity and medieval times, Africa was one of the most vibrant sites of knowledge. To understand
how mistaken this notion is, just take time to read Cheikh Anta Diop,10 Ivan van Sertima,11 Martin Bernal,12 Frank Snowden Jr,13 Chancellor Williams14 and others.

I want to suggest that to date Africa still offers very rich sites of knowledge. All they await is rediscovery, research, systematisation and technological updating by innovative scholars.

In a meandering manner, what I am suggesting is the addition of another course on the core curriculum, entitled, ‘Indigenous Knowledges.’ If possible, all disciplines should be made to include it as a core, or to incorporate aspects of it. We need to urgently turn to our own world and rediscover, if not re-invent it.

(Call and Response)

As things stand now, jua kali practitioners, most of who hardly have any formal western education to speak of, are emerging with more inventions than the ‘mimic men and women’ that are being churned out of our universities. Perhaps it is time we brought these inventive artisans onto our campuses to conduct workshops and give us tips on creativity. Alternatively, what is wrong with apprenticing our students to them? The Ford Foundation asked me to deliver an inspirational address that was daring and provocative: to dare dream wild dreams. Well, I am daring to dream them.

(Call and Response)

As for all those griots, gurus, musicians, artists, medicine persons and learned male/female elders in our communities, why can’t we bring them up to the ivory tower more often than just once in a while? We mostly seem to go down to them, armed with tape recorders and other intimidating pieces of equipment that mesmerise them into quickly surrendering their information to us. Believe me, many of us academicians and researchers are nothing less than ‘brain harvesters.’ I am arguing that we must find ways of forming intellectual partnerships with our communities so that ordinary people become participants

and generators in knowledge production.

(Call and Response)

Researching and writing a book on Field Marshal Mūthoni wa Kīrīma, a former Mau Mau freedom fighter, I have learnt so much that I am amazed at how much untapped knowledge is sitting out in the villages, towns and cities of our respective nations. I now know what Amilcar Cabral meant when he is purported to have said that with every African elder that passes away we lose a walking library. Mau Mau freedom fighters had come up with incredible discoveries in an effort to survive in the forests of Kirinyaga and Nyandarua. They could break wood without making noise; walk without leaving tracks behind; light fire without matches; carry live charcoal in bags for weeks; preserve food to last months; tame wild animals; perform operations; make guns from pipes, etc. Today, all these skills could be refined and improved using current technological know-how such that they become transformed into extraordinary inventions.

(Call and Response)

This reminds me: there used to be a man in Kenya, by the name of Gacamba, who was said to have made an airplane that could actually fly – well, let us say, at least take off! Whatever happened to Gacamba? What did our engineers do with his talent? Today in Rwanda and Burundi jua kali practitioners are making wooden bicycles that seem to perform wonders even on bumpy roads. In fact, they operate as matatus between markets, shopping venues and the hirers’ destinations. The only problem is that they seem to use a lot of human fuel and quite frankly, I am not sure that I would be courageous enough to take a ride on one of them, especially down a slope. Nonetheless, I stand in complete awe of this ingenious invention. What are we as intellectuals doing to match or improve on such efforts?

(Call and Response)

Our dream universities of the future must find ways of accessing and harnessing all these and other knowledges, with a view to advancing them. Ordinary Africans have become very inventive. They only require the backing of the intelligentsia in order to consummate and technologise their skills. If this knowledge remains untapped, or the skills frustrated, they are very likely to be misapplied. For instance, I understand that in Zambia, wananchi have found ways
of ‘liberating’ copper from telephone wires and that, consequently, the bulk of landlines are non-operational as we speak. Apparently, those who do not own cellular telephones are in trouble coping with distance communication.

‘Let me tell you something for nothing,’ to borrow an expression from one, Mr Sando, a Zimbabwean musician. Unless we become inventors and come up with products that are uniquely African to take to the international conference tables, the rest of the world will never respect or take us seriously. In other words, we will remain consumers and copycats and lest we forget it, however well we copy, ours will always be a carbon copy – never the real thing.

(Call and Response)

An old adage counsels that need is the mother of invention. I want to think that all the pain that Africa is going through; all the crying needs that are forever screaming in our sore ears; all the deaths we are witnessing daily, mostly caused by poverty and, unfortunately, wanton war- mongering, etc, will yield lessons. One lesson had better be that sheer need ought to force us to probe deep into ourselves and learn to answer the vocation of all human beings: to struggle to reach the height of our potential. This can only happen when we dare to be ‘audacious and inventive’ to borrow from Maya Angelou advocating the need for women writers to be more assertive, daring and ingenious during a discussion with other Black women writers in a documentary by Phil Donahue.\footnote{Phil Donahue, \textit{Black women writers}, Films for the Humanities and Sciences series, Princeton, New Jersey, 2005.} I say: all the tragedies around us ought to make us wake up. If we don’t wake up this century and invent with a vengeance, we deserve to sleep forever – in pieces!

(Call and Response)

Palaver Six: Connecting with our communities

This is a tributary of some of the forerunning streams of major palavers above. The simple issue is that our intellectual work should aim at resolving the practical problems facing our people and our societies. The cult of intellectuals who are so removed from their people that they live on islands of seclusion and privilege, only driving into the landmasses of dispossession to look at inhabitants through tinted glass windows, has to end. African intellectuals have to stop acting like ‘pouting children,’ to echo Okelo Oculi who maintained that these academic
tourists only go back to their villages to eat the last egg or hen from their mothers’ and even grandmothers’ chicken runs. This is of course in the face of hungry *kwashiorkor*-smitten children looking on with salivating mouths. Our dream universities will have to produce better graduates than these ‘pouting’ adolescents: mature people who are ready to serve and sacrifice for their nations.

(Call and Response)

**Palaver Seven: Focus on the youth**

There is a story, true or fictional, one never knows, of an Anglican bishop and a Roman Catholic cardinal. The former had a dwindling congregation, while the latter’s church was bursting to the seams with worshippers. One day, after watching this development with a mixture of envy and perplexity, the Anglican gathered enough courage and approached his Catholic counterpart. ‘Cardinal,’ he said, ‘how do you manage to retain and attract so many followers?’ The cardinal drew closer and in a conspiratorial whisper told the bishop, ‘Aaah! The secret is: we catch them when they are young!’

Inventive higher educational institutions must find means of ‘capturing’ the youth early enough. All sorts of ventures can be dreamt up, ranging from institutionalisation of mentorship programs in schools; formation of ‘big sisters’ and ‘big brothers’ clubs whereby university students ‘adopt’ high school pupils and groom them for high achievement, etc. In this connection, universities must dream up non-punitive youth service projects to replace most of the current ones that are based on a disciplinary or punitive model. Instead of drilling students, calling them names and trying to ‘break’ them through harsh discipline and hard labour as happens, or has happened in many youth-service programs, let us tap their creativity. Let us send them out to the villages, towns and cities on literacy and ‘numeracy’ campaigns. I am sure that a lot of philanthropic foundations would only be too happy to fund such campaigns.

Walter Rodney\(^{16}\) reminded us that the most precious resource is the human being. The youth of Africa constitute the bulk of Africa’s population and our neo-colonial systems seem to have thrust them into a cruel world, mortgaging their lives before the young people have a chance to take their place in the world. Our innovative institutions of higher learning must find ways to restore the robbed dreams to Africa’s youth.

Palaver Eight: Democratisation of corridors of power

University classrooms and administrative structures must become more democratised, more gendered and more liberated from the ‘big boss’ mentality. At one stage, especially in the mid-1980s, it was assumed that placing academicians in high administrative positions would bring the academic and administrative arms of academia closer. Unfortunately, although we seem to have succeeded in a few cases, we have failed miserably in terms of the majority. The administrative arm has tended to act as an agent of the state. I am familiar with the scenario of the proverbial piper’s payer calling the tune, but surely, the university top brass is supposed to be a collection of more than mere ‘pipers!’

Even worse is the inaccessibility of the ‘big bosses’ and their offices. The spaces they occupy are so forbidding and so intimidating that they have become frontiers of terror. I say, such an undemocratic environment is no soil in which to sow seeds of creativity and visionary innovativeness. People cannot think when their minds are frozen by fear and/or lives stifled by emotionally/psychologically harrowing existence.

Palaver Nine: Networking, collaboration and exchange

Without networking, collaboration and exchange, we will remain islands of self-isolation and however innovative we think we are, we will never realise our full potential. We will be wasting resources that could stretch much further if we pooled them together. In responding to this challenge, we must not only focus on overseas connections and networks: our primary targets should be our continental partners. It is paramount that we accelerate these linkages.

(Call and Response)
Palaver Ten: Pending palavers in point form

- Focus on distance education
- Promotion of cultural activities such as community theatre to reach the people
- Confronting and preventing the nightmare of brain drainage
- Initiating and supporting efforts in economic, political and state democratisation as these are critical bases for either blocking or promoting innovations in higher education.

Point of Exit and closure

Poem: ‘Intellectuals or Imposters?’

Refrain: Aha! Intellectuals of imposters?!

When problems
translate into
deep seas
daring
philosophical diving
deep seas
daring
skills in
floating
swimming
surfacing
show me those
who emerge
treading water
walking the shores
breathing courage
and conviction
scanning the horizon

a horizon extended
unto eternity
an eternity
of enquiry.
Show me those
who cast
a penetrating eye
disentangling
a maze of problems
defying all solutions.

Show me these
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.
Show me those
who walk the shore
firming the earth
on which
we stand
shaping up visions
visions that
clearly define
who they are
whom we are
where we are
when we are
how we are
how to be.
Yes, show me these
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain

Show me those
who cross
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gluing seas
seas of confusion
those who build
connecting bridges
bridges of understanding
those who traverse
dividing gorges
gorges of alienation.

Show me those
who leap-frog
with human grace
hurdles of
ego-tripping.

Friend, show me these
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain

Show me those
who break
icicles
of silence
those who untie
stammering tongues
those who teach
articulation
articulation of
the authentic word.

Show me these
and I will tell you
who are the intellectuals
and who are the imposters.

Refrain

Tell me too
tell me
where they stand
whether on the soil
of liberating knowledge
or upon the sands
of unfounded learning.

Tell me

tell me whether
they fan the furnace
of living wisdom
that generates the heat
of probing dialogue
and teasing ideas.

Tell me this
and I will tell you
how I know them
how I see them
where I place them.

Refrain

Tell me
tell me
whether they stand
to the north
to the south
to the west
or to the east
of the compass
of our people’s lives.

Tell me this
and I will tell you
where they are
coming from
and where they may be
headed to.

Yes, tell me this
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.
Refrain

Draw me

the circumference
of the circle
that surrounds them

Show me

where they have
positioned
themselves
whether they be
at the center
or on the periphery

of pro-people
human rights debate.

Draw me
this circle

and I will tell you
whether they truly stand
or decorate the fence
of abdicating neutrality.

Friend, tell me this
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain

Capture me
capture me

the podium

the podium
from which

they deliver
their treatises
of academia
whether they deposit
engulfing piles
of alienating information
or micro-examine facts
through the mirror
of reflected
and tested reality.

Yes, capture me
the scene
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain

Capture me
capture me
this grandiose scene
of academia
with its dons
and their wisdom

Capture me
the scene
and I will tell you
whether the missiles
of their ideas
hit the target
or bounce back
on an overlooking
blank stone wall
of incomprehension

Friend, capture me
the scene
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain

Tell me
tell me
whether they are
perched
statue-like
on the high chairs
of bureaucratic
stuffiness
pushing heaps
of reluctant paperwork
heaps that solidify
into immovable boulders
sitting on forbidding
mountains
of accumulated
red tape
Tell me this
and I will tell you
why they bake
themselves
in stuffy Anglo-American
and Franco-German suits
in the heat
of Africa’s problems.
Yes, I will tell you
why the madams
choke themselves
with chains of gold
around sagging necks
while our children
writhe with the agony
of crippling hunger
and the diarrhea
of malnutrition.
Friend, tell me this
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.
Tell me whether
they penetrate
the forests of intrigue
and the bushes of lies
planted by
stampeding elephants
and buffaloes
who mercilessly crush
our people’s lives under their hooves
making minced meat
of their lives

Yes, tell me whether
the reels of theories
they abstractly kite-fly
remain suspended in the sky
or make a landing
on people’s earth

whether they sit
solitary confined
inside the cells
of incarcerating
academia

or whether they flower
like ripened plants
bearing the seeds
of education for living.

Yes, tell me this
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain

Tell me
tell me whether
their theories
are active volcanoes
erupting with
fertilizing lava
on which to plant
seeds that will
germinate
with self-knowledge
seeds that will
cross-fertilize
into collective being
Knowledge become
actioned theory
Knowledge become
living testimony
of our people’s
affirmative history
liberated herstory
Actioned theory
inscribed as
a protest
manifesto
re-aligning our people’s
averted humanity
Yes, tell me this
and I will tell you
whether they are
intellectuals
or imposters.

Refrain