

HYPERREALITY IN THE COLONISED WORLD

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Hyperreality.

The inability to differentiate. To distinguish.

Reality.. From a simulation – An imitation.

Hyperreality.

What is real? And what is fiction?

Hyperreality is the space where both collide.

Making it impossible to know where one ends. And the other begins.

That is *Hyperreality*.

Now.

In the Colonised world.

We live in a time many have decided to called Post-Colonial.

We celebrate, now timeless, tales of struggle for freedom.

Remember Madiba. *Nelson Mandela*.

The right to vote. The right to participate. The right to shape.

New found emancipation. Brought to us by legend worthy parties that seized power through National Liberation.

The Post-Colonial world.

Is a *Hyperreal* fantasy.

At the level of the individual.

My self hatred. Hypermasculinity. Internalised racism.

Is real. Or as real as anything else I can comprehend.

Whether or not it leaves the safety of my head. And goes unsaid.

I'm aware of it.

So when I walk the streets near my home.
Or when I am trapped in an office Cafeteria.
Forced to listen to White men lecture me. About Africans.

I have to pretend.
You see, I don't always have the energy to defend.
Just smile and maybe slightly bow your head.
It's not always so tough. After all His superiority is beaten into my psyche.
My skin is dark enough to hide the frustration on my face. Red.

And yet,
How can I deny?
Even if I try.
To say that things have not improved.

There is a semblance of the illusion of freedom in ways that exist today.
That certainly didn't yesterday.

Yet I struggle to bite back against the feeling that the [gears of separation](#) continue to push us apart.

“Africa Rising”

Looks and feels.
Hyperreal.

Our cities are growing. Into concrete jungles.
Simulating. *Emulating.*

Once again.

Is this not an unbroken line of colonisation?

McDonalds.
Music.
Language.

Hell sometimes even African-American slang.
You name it. You choose it.

This is the Post-Colonial world. They say.

Hyperreal.

...

Isn't it tempting though?

If you can?

To buy your sweets and meats from pretty stores with clean floors.

Choosing to ignore.

The unbroken lines in the sand.

Drawn into the Earth. Into our living land.

If you could choose. Wouldn't you rather enjoy tea in the old British manner's garden?

Why ponder. And wonder. That it was built by slaves. And tyrants. Who plundered.

If you can get lost in the world of the Post-Colonial.

Why wouldn't you seek a better world. More surreal.

Who cares if it's real?

Why wouldn't you choose the *Hyperreal*?