

WHERE TO NOW?

Brian Kamanzi

Engineer and Cape Town-based Poet

I can't say I've really felt at piece with my direction,
Whether at the University or with flow of my Profession.

What I do know is that for some time now the lies that have been spun to me over time, have begun to unravel.

What is a "safe" life?
A good life?

There are all the temptations and suggestions of what it would mean to contribute to a world which at the same time seems to prefer that my "true voice" remains invisible, leaves me asking time and again..

Where to now?

It's one thing to sing, protest. Debate, rant and chant about the changes one would like to see exist.

Indeed,

"Rhodes Must Fall"

- Yet,

The reality is that long before I was born and long after I have left.. The Old Man Rhodes will still stand tall.

It is so intensely grating to be held in check by an environment that cannot keep to speed with the consciousness of my brothers and sisters. The inertia of our Markets and Institutions alienate us from the opportunities we need to grab a hold of.

What should I do? Quit my job? Change my research?

How am I to continue focussing on abstract issues of technology?

We live in a time of heightened anxiety, and once again the framing and mission of a generation has begun to shine clearly through the fog of uncertainty.

What was good enough yesterday, can no longer stand today.

We want change now.

We can no longer breathe.

We can no longer focus on empty dreams sold as weak tales inbound with White epistemologies.

But,

Where to now?

In amongst this disorder and anarchic passion that has continued to quicken the blood to my veins there has been the restrictive weight of reality crushing my body closer to the floor as I push forward.

How will I survive?

If I make radical decisions, my family cannot support me. I am in debt, for my studies, owned by the shadow of the White economy.

There will be no songs to protect me when I make my decision.

No protests to be had when my parents face the reality of a child who desires to chase instability.

There will be no protection, beyond your free mind when you are standing alone.

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Time will tell.

Who knows what lies beneath the shattered rainbow?