Made Kuti

Made kuti the child destined for the crown
Played alongside his father for the first time
Only at five years old
At the New Afrika Shrine,
A musical home build by Femi Kuti
In honour of Fela Kuti
Now Made's time has come
To lift the building blocks
Continue to pave the way
Sow new seeds elsewhere,
While being aware
That home is always
Where the first stone has been placed

I pray that his ancestors
Stand in a long line behind
This young king,
Hundreds of hands
On his shoulders
Head held high
Make him stand up tall
Share the weight as
This child carries death in his pouch
And life as a spell on his tongue.
His only task in life is to move foreward,
Carry on.

He's bold, wise
Introverted yet
Never shy on stage,
Watch his
Dancing feet as
Spirit takes over
Continuing to make sure
Afrobeat will travel
Across MANY MANY border

His words a compass
Guiding you through
The land of the ignorant
Greedy and misinformed,
Never misguided, bribeable,
Longing soul in search of
Unification, soothing tones
Remedy for miscommunication
Pleading for no more war,
No more war, No more war

A Pan-Africanist at heart,
a protector, a provider of a silenced
language
in the land of oil, no electricity and
corrupted government
The one who sees
The bridge between the divided tribes,
The surviving the tribes,
The fuck the amagalmation tribes,
For he does not let the colonizer
Dictate his borders
Doesn't follow the orders of
Crooked police or politicians,
Just like his papa, you see
We are raising our own doctors,
philosophers and ingineers
No need for foreign expertise.

Nothing's more important to him
Than family and community
He carries compound,and
Tradition on his back,
Makes elders and youngster hold hands
Make am dance, make am dance
In times of police brutality, kidnappings
And injustice,
Weaving a cloth of knowledge, introspect
And love,
Covering us up with gentle words,
And thoughtful questions
Rubbing red oil and sheabutter
And honey on a illiterate scars
Voice caring and soft like a
Mother's prayer.
Organizing her children
To sing powerfull praise & inspiring hymns

This prodigy kid born and raised in the land
Of rich storystelling, gather around the
compound, come and see, watch and learn
Is not only influenced by
the ancestral giants,
he is a giant.

Made his way abroad
To learn about swing and blue notes,
Complex chords
Only to be reintroduced
To his father's works
Call that call and response

His voice a vessel to a travelling spirit and
his body and fingers a vehicle for rich
rhythms influenced by classical tunes
How his hands caress the snares of the
bass, glide over piano, trumpet and
saxophone keys,
carries the weight of the band on the drums,
Telling the story of an ancient history

Take it all in
Take it all in
Take it all in before
the lights go out

And please please remember that
He will always be the head, never the tail
Words of a mother who birthed the child
That walks with royalty
Future ancestor brings joy to you and me
Sing along to otherworld poetry and prose
Experience through movement,
Listen to message
Pass it on to the restless
Of this world

My dear people,
From this moment on
Made Kuti
Is all yours.