

A Fraction of Human Indiscretion

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"How can you be trained by someone
You cannot communicate?" the motor1
Trainer said. The only question I asked,
Why did I enter into motor training after
All? It was an interesting Saturday
Afternoon in February 2007 at the
Outskirts of the main Kigali City
I had asked a friend to accompany me
To a cyber café. I wanted to check my e-mail
I had suspected that there should
Have been a response from a lady friend
From Kenya whom I loved, although I had
Not made any intimate advance. As I came
Out of the cyber café, which I paid only
Two hundred Rwandese francs, we
Wound our way along the Amahoro Stadium
I was shown some of the Heng Heng places
Where the local police round up prostitutes
On favourable terms. Then to Kacyiru
We entered a genocide memorial site
We met the dustman and the charwoman
What is the news on their faces?
You feel a little disappointed, surely
Did it happen? You climb up the first
Staircase into the inner corridors of
A display kept alive by technology

This the face dismembered by a machete
This the face blown by a grenade
This the face passed by a bullet
This the face strangled by a heavy hand
The brutality of a generation bring about
Smithereens of broken souls across
Your eyes, then you feel betrayed
You decide to descend down and
The good was short, the evil bigger
Testimonies on the walls; the innocent
That loved football; the innocent
That loved Mützig²; the innocent
That remained with the wiping out
You replay the video on the wall, but
You hesitate because the first face
Resembles someone you loved so dear
The classmate you last saw at lunch break
You turn around, a machete is at your neck
But you brazen it out because you cannot
Escape the follies of humanity; you conclude
That just but a fraction of human indiscretion
1 Motor is a motorcycle
2 Mützig is a brand of beer