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Inaugurating Caddaan Studies

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Haash-Taag Caddaaneed

Anoo haruur gurtoo sita haan caanuhu ka huluq leeya
Ku ma hamin inaan ka hadlo haash-taag caddaaneede
Balse ha moodin hadal la'aanteyda inaan hurdeysnahaye
Waa hubaal Safiyooy in halganka loo hanweynnahaye
Hambalyaanna idin wadaa iyo hal iyo nirigteede
Iga hooya hadiyadaad ku hanateen hash-taag caddaaneedka

Weynu hor degnaa hadeey korodho halista dagaalladu e
Hoobiye kol leysku garaacayo ka ma hakano duulaanku e
Kamana hibeysano hud-hud ku hanjama heer aqooneede
Oo yiri hodanta 'Humanities'-ku waa hal bacad lagu lisaye;
Waa kuwii hore u haqbiyey hanad-qaadka dhaqankeena e
Heeb-soocana u hiigsaday hal abuurka ummaddeenna

Dulli Caddaaneed

Dooddi socotay waayahaan iyo wixi leys duqeynayey
Damiinkaba soo tuuw gartay dabka la inaku soo daaray
Iyo dabinta noloo dhigoo la yiri daadku idin qaadyey
Ama la doonay in nalaku daro dibusocodyadi tageye
Maxaa na daba dhigay duruustay dhigeen dulli caddaaneed

Dalmar aqoon ka kororsaday dibedda iyo dalkiisi hooyo

Dareenkiisuna xambaarsanyahay dardaaranka ummaddiisa
Dulmi haduu arko loogama digo dardarrada cadaaweede
Doqon lumay wixii dan ugu jiruu diiradda la waayaaye
Wax la dugsado miyuu leeyahay daneyste ku dabargooyaya

#CaddaanStudies

Out of drunken stupor
Lepers last night opened
Malodorous can of worms
Sullyng the kiln of learning
With this cunning confession:
We mastered, and mustered
The horrendous tactics
In the colonial books
We borrowed the best of leaf
From the brilliant fathers
Who branded blacks primitives
A people barren of thoughts

Condoning suppression
Not condemning oppression
Feeds from
Our ambitious project
Of a super white
And a sub black
It even sets
The sacred rules
Of what is science
And what is not,
Who is genius
And who is not,
In our monopoly
Rebranded recently
Caddaan Studies Association

In every conceivable #tag

On Humanities Butt

From a mouthful of words
A colonial kid belched:
Be you a Harvard grad
A top notch from York U
Lafoole, SIDAM or Makerere
Sitting on your butt all day
For little valued Humanities
Shuts you,
Novice of the Horn,
Out of the condo reserved
For the social sciences genius

Suffice it to say
Then,
That the formula of thought
Is situated in the algorithm
Of *Caddaan* Studies
So the wider Horn society
May venerate forthwith
The pride of culture
In the social sciences

Of Unpropitious Albinos

Hana the harlot had mothered
An albino baby too bogus
In the naming ceremony, lo!
Conflict among the concubines:
From Elizabeth's land came
A petition too urgent
Uncle Sam's son emerged

With another one astonishing
While a trio of the Horn
Pushed a plea to the elders
Who overruled earlier verdict
To make albino an African
By way of *Caddaan Studies Association*

Out of the impending frustration
A *caddaan* umpire sought
Traditional midwife's advice:
Should we name albino
By his blue eyes too pale
Or should we place the name
By the black of his skin!

Hash-Tag Sage

Oh youth of the Horn
You intimidate knowledge
With unremitting lethargy
Neither is that tone offensive
Nor do I mean it wrong
But you may fathom not
The worth of a *Caddaan* sage
Custodian of intellect
Gatekeeper of all Knowledge
Virtues and wisdom
A social scientist
Against a lethargic bard
Engaged in learning
From long dried up
Ponds of the Humanities

Imagined Racism

After all that the Horn had said

What is in a color, anyway?
What should race mean to you?
Yes, race!
Should mean nothing to you
Like it means much to me.
Suppose I am a racist
Oh, no! Don't suppose
But take it I'm one
Why should it dig deeper
Into your dark soul?
Why do you hate me
For what I was made?
What I have learned
From the pioneer who
Came from Eliz's isle?

Caddaan Studies Classroom

In our Caddaan Studies classroom
We learn big knowledge
Big knowledge too heavy
Too heavy to carry
In the pupil's mind
We talk about social sciences
The best ever social sciences
That praises Caddaan Studies
As superb colonial success
Over the colonized communities
In every session we meet
They obligate us to master
A Caddaan Studies syllabus
That says too little of Africa

They lash us to shun
Reading our Humanities

They assign us essays
In honor of Caddaan Studies
While the pride and culture bestowed
Upon the African civilizations
Are buried deeper than
Our tender brains can dig into

Then at dispersal time we sing
Too loud songs of praise
To honor the social sciences
And philosophers of Caddaan Studies

Hearsay Drama

She concocted a hearsay drama
Into a finely-tuned academic fiction
Fooling in that attempt the learned
And unlearned of her kin rogues

In the One-Clan-Narrative Court
She appeared in a judge's attire
An outfit too hollow and awkward
Like her misjudgment too bedeviled

When asked about the anomalies
In her ill intended verdict
She invoked obsolete readings
Legacies from colonial luddites

Her corroded mentality suffers
From indulgence impregnated
With tattered imperial tutelage
Experiments from Caddaan Studies labs

The other day they tweeted on social media:
She owns a cosmetic male concubine

To swathe her obsession with flabby females
In the queerly kingdom
She calls collaborative commons

Wisdom Abuse

In the creation of man
God incarnated His wisdom
But man abused wisdom
In the advance for interests
God bestowed ingenuity
With human brainpower
A grace we little adore
But in abuse and misuse;
Such was the indoctrination
Africa inherited
From studies ordained in
Every Caddaan Studies textbook
Despite it not being
The ultimate study
Articulated
In our traditional ethos

Like a racist's admiration
For the social sciences
Like his oversight of
The aesthetics engrained
In the intellectual world
Of the Humanities;
An ambience empty of intellect
Abuses adorability,
All that is admirable
Like human achievement

Mooryaan Mentality?

Mere physical growth warrants not
Mental maturity
When rationality remains absent
From the faculty of reasoning
For
Misconception betrays
The reality of things human
Yet
Misconceived thought repudiates
The nature of human evolution
Testimonies across time and space
In the fertile meadows
Many an erudite took
Learning to task.
Not long ago the loose drops
Of ludicrous language
Lured lyrics of lamentation
From the lecture halls
The libraries
And every learning center

Absurdity in the Making

Is human culture encapsulated only
To what is subsidiary to human science,
Or archaeology sub standard to sociology?
Is a study of the religions lower than politics,
Or philosophy a vague learning in the academics?
How dare that a racist thought underrates
A study of history to anthropology,
Literature and languages to Linguistics?
Which social science genius ever studied
Linguistics or language sciences,

Culture or theological studies
With the unlearning of language?
Alienation of the disciplines intoxicates
the inspiration of august learners
endeavoring to achieve excellence
in designated areas.
Choice of the Humanities or the Sciences
rests more in one's affection
than your misjudgment of abilities and inabilities;
thus your demeaning of one's intellect
attributes to academic absurdity

Loopholes

Sometimes we tickle a child for the fun of it
Other times only to a stubborn child
To make him pay for unchanging behavior
The obnoxious scholar is not an exemption
We dare his underdone genius into the test:
Where would you place Communication Studies,
In your underdone category of the Social Sciences
Or your misology of the Humanities?
Along with anthropology did your forefathers
And contemporary students of your time
Learn history of the social sciences
Without borrowing from history itself?
Denigration of the disciplines denotes
Devastations doggone dangerous:
Demotion of African didactics
Under domination of Caddaan Studies;
Demolition of the Horn's dignity
Devaluation of dedicated youth

Orientalism Ideologized

Under the shelter of Axumites we initiated
at will
an academic platform to stage-manage the Horn
and the in-erudite youth of its future.
Like the illusive political institutions we erected
to reign over their sovereignty,
Caddaan Studies empowers our colonial associates
in the Horn to exercise our authority equally
de facto and de jure.

The immediate intent of the institution informs
our illegitimization of Horn youth involvement
in what is Horn Studies.

The global aim underpins our ideology:
Recolonization of Emergent African Studies.

The strategy informs to discount any
symptoms of the white privilege dogma from the scene;
obscurity of the subject and object of orientalism
in the eyes of the idiots in the Horn, huh huh huuh.
They sit on their butts for non-scientific nonsense:
literature, performance arts, religion, philosophy,
archaeology, history, culture, languages;
butt painning studies we call stupid studies
designed in the syllabi of the lazy man's Humanities.

The Results

Today they announced
the results of the pseudo research by the grandchildren
of the colonial guru dubbed
the father of Horn of Africa Studies.
It attributes lack of young social scientists to generation gap;
immediate resource generation as another correlation
among the scapegoats the report invented;

and a high percentage of idleness as a good attribute.
We helped avert them from studies in the high sciences.
Upon their discovery of the ills in the strategy
we can eliminate our errors easily on vertical ends:
horrid but indispensable while we make
the little done undone
and the undone little done
to dispense virtual confusion to their small brains.
Under the shelter of the little good done earlier by the few of
us,
a lot of evil was infused into their mind to handicap
the efforts of the money-mined
knowledge-deprived youth of the Horn.