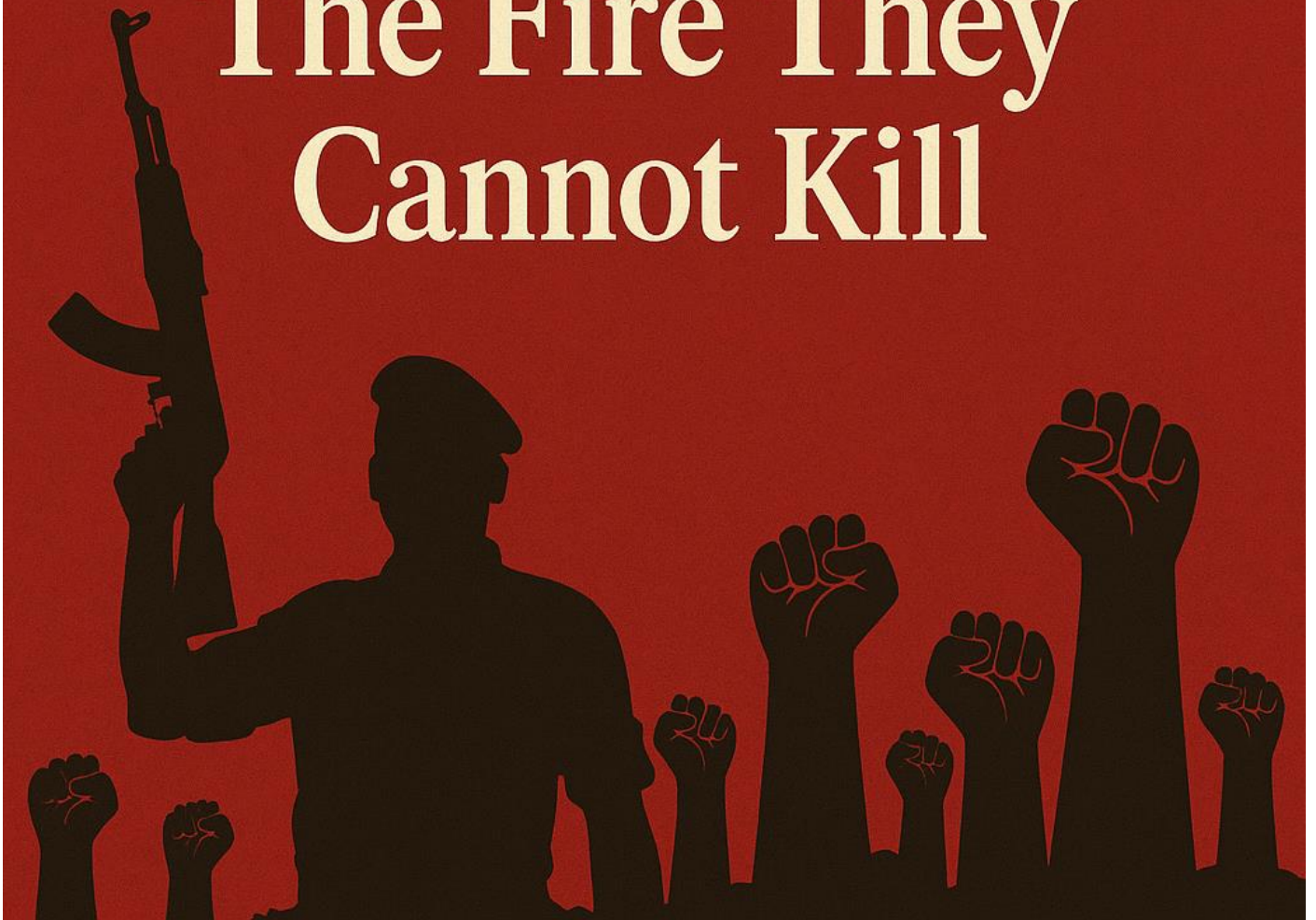


Traitorization OF AFRICA

The Fire They Cannot Kill



Traoreliization of Africa

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CANNOT KILL**



Term "Traorelization" of Africa coined by L.S. DZAKPASU

Created by L. S. Dzakpasu

TRAORELIZATION OF AFRICA: THE FIRE THEY CANNOT KILL

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In the sacred soil of Africa, where memory bleeds and revolution sleep with one eye open, a new language of liberation has emerged. Not from the ivory towers of academia or the hollow corridors of donor-funded think tanks, but from the defiant posture of a young African soldier. His name: Ibrahim Traoré. His presence: an earthquake. His mission: a reckoning. But what erupted from his rise is more than a presidency. It is a continental consciousness raw, spiritual, urgent. And that consciousness now has a name: **Traorelization.**

Coined by L.S. Dzakpasu, *Traorelization of Africa* is not a slogan. It is not a campaign. It is not even a revolution in the traditional sense. It is the rebirth of African spiritual sovereignty through a fire baptized in resistance, youth power, and ancestral remembrance. Traorelization is an awakening forged in betrayal, sculpted in sacrifice, and anointed by the spirits of those whose bones still cry beneath colonial railways and sun-scorched plantations.

It is a rebellion that cannot be bribed. A movement that cannot be softened by applause or undermined by foreign think tanks. At its core, Traorelization is the ideological and psychosocial rearmament of the African people led not by career politicians, but by those who still bleed when their people suffer. It is the youth saying: *We are not your projects. We are not your victims. We are not your dependencies. We are the storm. We are the consequence.*

Traorelization stands in contrast to decades of post-independence betrayal. While previous revolutions crumbled under the weight of foreign manipulation or domestic compromise, this movement births a new archetype of African leadership: ethically grounded, anti-imperialist, socially rooted, and unapologetically young. Traoré is merely its first vessel not its limit. Just as Lumumba became a symbol and Sankara became scripture, Traoré becomes a code. A way of thinking. A national theology where Africa is sacred again.

It begins in the rejection of external prescriptions. It rejects the IMF's poisoned loans, the World Bank's conditional chains, the colonial currencies, and the military bases that stand as monuments of occupation disguised as partnership. It denounces the idea that dignity must be negotiated with those who historically trafficked our humanity. In its place, Traorelization plants the seed of uncompromised self-determination.

An Africa that speaks for itself, feeds itself, educates itself, and defends itself with no apologies and no foreign permission.

But beyond institutions and economics lies the deeper power of Traorelization: its spiritual reclamation. For centuries, Africa's gods were demonized, its languages criminalized, its leaders assassinated, and its youth miseducated. Traorelization is the continental exorcism of that collective trauma. It re-invites the ancestral voices back into the decision-making chambers. It reawakens the memory that Africa was not born in 1960 but has breathed for thousands of years. It reminds the world that Africa is not a child to be raised, but a mother whose wisdom has been suppressed.

Every child who walks barefoot yet dreams in rebellion is part of this movement. Every student who rejects a curriculum soaked in colonial logic. Every farmer who refuses to sell land to foreign buyers. Every woman who reclaims her body from both patriarchy and poverty. Every artist who paints without asking for European applause. They are all Traorelized. They are all sacred soldiers in this awakening of the continent's soul.

And so, Traorelization becomes more than resistance. It becomes a way of being. A posture. A prism. It is the way Africa will walk into the 21st century not on its knees, but upright, unshackled, and untamed.

Assassination warning + martyrdom effect + backlash

If Traorelization represents a rising sun, then those who seek to extinguish it with shadow must be warned: Africa no longer dies quietly. The blood of a leader like Ibrahim Traoré would not silence this fire it would sanctify it. It would not end the awakening it would anoint it with martyrdom. Should any foreign entity, covert force, or complicit hand dare to orchestrate his assassination, they would not be removing a man. They would be awakening a million.

For Traoré is not a politician. He is an embodiment. His very presence shakes the imperial axis that has long governed Africa with one hand on its throat and the other on its resources. He represents everything the West fears: a young, intelligent, militant, Afrocentric leader who does not seek approval, who does not kneel to donors, and who listens to the heartbeat of his people rather than the whispers of foreign diplomats.

If he is taken, what rises next will be immeasurable in scale and unstoppable in force. From the alleyways of Lagos to the streets of Baltimore, from the refugee camps of Tripoli to the universities in Soweto, a storm would swell. Not of protests. But of divine retaliation. For centuries, Africa's martyrs have been buried in silence. Sankara's murder was swallowed by compromise. Lumumba's assassination was wrapped in Cold

War fog. But not this time. Not in the age of Traorelization. This time, the cameras are rolling. The youth are mobilized. The continent is watching. And the diaspora is no longer asleep.

An assassination would transform Traoré into something far more dangerous than a president: an eternal spirit of resistance. His image would adorn the flags of revolution, his words would be sung like scripture, and his death would become a call to arms unlike any Africa has ever known. The assassins would not win silence they would birth a movement of prophetic rage. Rage that cannot be reasoned with. Rage rooted not in chaos, but in memory. In blood. In justice long denied.

And this time, the backlash would not be diplomatic. It would be psychological, spiritual, and structural. Western embassies across the continent would become symbols of imperial arrogance. Their presence would no longer be tolerated. Corporations extracting minerals while exploiting workers would face shutdowns and seizures. Puppet presidents shielding foreign interest would be rejected by their own people, replaced by youth leaders rising from below, shaped not in boardrooms but in the crucible of revolution.

But perhaps most dangerously for the imperial order, the assassination would awaken something buried deep in the African psyche: the ancestral fury that sleeps beneath generations of humiliation. That fury once sparked cannot be tamed. It is the fury of children stolen, tongues erased, religions demonized, leaders poisoned, nations looted, and pride desecrated. It is the fury that says: *We have died enough. Now, we rise.*

Foreign powers must understand this clearly: Ibrahim Traoré is not a target. He is a threshold. His life is a covenant between Africa and its future. To cross that line is to invite a revolution not of politics but of spirit. A reckoning not of riots but of resurrection. It would mark the death of diplomacy and the rise of destiny.

The streets would speak in tongues, the elders would invoke ancient rites, and the youth who have inherited nothing, but poverty and patience would take destiny into their own hands. And in that moment, Africa would not ask for justice. It would deliver it.

Psychological, mental, and epigenetic trauma unpacked

To fully grasp the weight of Traorelization, one must descend beneath the surface of geopolitics and economics and enter the dark corridors of inherited pain. This movement is not only a rebellion against imperialism, but also a healing of memory. A resurrection of identity crushed under centuries of forced forgetfulness. And within this healing lies the silent hand that guides so many Africans unconsciously: **epigenetic trauma.**

The Black race across Africa and its global diaspora carries trauma not only in story and memory but in **cellular encoding**. The brutalization of bodies, the erasure of languages, the auctioning of ancestors these were not isolated events. They were violent instructions written into DNA. Neuroscientists and geneticists now confirm what our griots have always known: trauma can be inherited. And for Black people, that trauma is layered. Slavery. Colonization. Jim Crow. Apartheid. War. Racism. Displacement. All stacked like sediment upon the African soul.

Traorelization is the first collective attempt to interrupt this inheritance. It is not therapy it is revolution as exorcism. The very act of resisting imperial manipulation, rejecting puppet leadership, and reasserting cultural ownership becomes a **biological correction**. When youth stand up and declare that their minds are no longer for sale, they are not just rewriting the present they are reprogramming future generations to be free.

Consider the psychosocial implications of this shift. A continent long conditioned to bow to foreign tongues, to foreign currencies, to foreign religions is now looking inward. And what it finds is not poverty or backwardness, but power. The language of self-doubt, once whispered through colonial education systems, begins to falter. New dialects of pride emerge. Children are taught to walk with their shoulders back, not out of arrogance, but ancestral alignment. The image of a leader like Traoré reshapes how young Africans defines possibility. His youth, his clarity, his unflinching stance these are not aesthetic features. They are psychological interventions.

For centuries, Black children were taught to aspire toward foreign ideals. The smarter they became, the further they drifted from their roots. Traorelization reverses that psychological drain. It says: *The deeper you go into your Africanness, the more brilliant you become*. In classrooms, in policy chambers, in song and in code, Traorelization reminds the African mind that intelligence does not come from Paris it comes from **Kemet**.

But healing inherited trauma also means confronting the internalized shame. Shame that has made Blackness synonymous with suffering. Shame that has made poverty feel like a destiny instead of a condition. Shame that tells Africans they are too corrupt to govern themselves. These are not organic beliefs. They are the residue of imperial gaslighting. Traorelization is the detox.

It is also the antidote to the mental health crisis no one talks about the depression born from systemic exploitation, the anxiety rooted in instability, the suicide of hope in places where dignity has been economically priced out. Traorelization treats these not as individual pathologies, but as collective wounds. It prescribes not pills, but purpose.

Where modern psychology pathologizes resistance, Traorelization sanctifies it. It defines rebellion as **restoration**, rage as **remembrance**, and dreams as **intergenerational healing**. In this space, every act of self-definition becomes a form of spiritual repair.

Traorelization therefore becomes not just a political doctrine but a therapy of nations. It is how Africa reclaims its breath from the chokehold of erasure. It is how the Black race becomes whole again not through assimilation into whiteness, but through a full return to selfhood.

Corrupt Black Leaders and Colonial Puppets

No revolution can endure if it refuses to confront betrayal from within. And so Traorelization turns not only its gaze outward to foreign aggressors but inward, to the robed traitors cloaked in Black skin yet serving white supremacy. These are the postcolonial custodians of pain: the presidents, ministers, diplomats, and generals who speak of sovereignty while kneeling to empire. The tragedy of Africa is not only what outsiders have done but what insiders have allowed.

In every African country, there exists a class of elites trained to mimic their oppressors. They wear foreign suits, send their children to foreign schools, bank their stolen wealth in colonial vaults, and parrot the development gospel of international lenders. These men because it is mostly men speak the language of nationalism while worshipping at the altar of foreign validation. They sign deals that sell their people's futures. They privatize water, auction land, militarize the state, and criminalize dissent all to protect their foreign friends and their fragile egos.

Traorelization indicts them with no apology. It calls them by name: the puppet class. And their time is up.

These leaders do not govern they administer instructions handed to them by global capital. Their policies are not written in Kinshasa or Nairobi but in Brussels, Washington, and Davos. Their loyalty is not to their people but to the foreign powers that guarantee their immunity, their jets, their offshore accounts. While children die in underfunded clinics, they toast champagne in Geneva. While youth languish in unemployment, they invest in colonial currencies. They are not African leaders. They are plantation overseers with presidential sashes.

But Traorelization is their judgment day.

It refuses to allow power to remain insulated in gated mansions while the masses live in desperation. It exposes the performative Pan-Africanism of summits that produce nothing but photo ops. It tears off the masks of those who speak of Sankara while assassinating Sankara's spirit through inaction. It shines a brutal

light on those who weep at colonization's memory yet reproduce its systems in law, economy, and education.

Traorelization declares: the enemy is not only foreign it is also *familiar*.

These so-called leaders are the psychological product of colonial indoctrination. Their desire to serve empire is not merely ideological it is deeply embedded in their conditioned fear of Black autonomy. They fear Traoré because he represents what they were taught to despise: a self-reliant Black man. One who doesn't beg. One who cannot be bribed. One who places the people before profit, and justice before job titles.

But it is not enough to expose these leaders. Traorelization demands they be replaced not by new faces in the same system, but by a new generation with a new contract of governance. A generation that believes public office is not for enrichment but for emancipation. A generation that knows leadership is sacred, not transactional. A generation that kneels only to truth.

This is why Traorelization is not a political campaign it is a spiritual uprising. It speaks in the language of accountability. It calls for land audits. For wealth repatriation. For ancestral justice. It calls for truth commissions not only to judge colonizers, but collaborators. It demands the return of stolen funds and the removal of neocolonial laws.

In this revolution, there is no room for neutrality. To remain silent in the face of betrayal is to become its accomplice. The youth are watching. And this time, they are not fooled by the flags or slogans. They see the suits. They know the scripts. And they are rewriting the future without permission.

Racism Abroad, Arab World Abuse, Diaspora Reawakening

To speak of Traorelization without addressing the pain of Black people abroad is to silence half the struggle. The African diaspora scattered through slavery, war, and economic desperation remains wounded by the racism it faces daily in foreign lands. And yet, its spirit remains linked to the continent. Traorelization is the umbilical reconnection. It says to the child in London, to the brother in Harlem, to the sister in Paris: *You are not lost. You are Africa in exile.*

From the kneeling death of George Floyd to the bullets that pierced Breonna Taylor, from routine police brutality in American cities to institutional racism in British classrooms, the Black body abroad is criminalized long before it breathes. Traorelization offers not only solidarity it offers strategy. For when Africa rises, it raises its children worldwide. When it is governed with dignity, its global descendants walk taller, demand more, accept less. Pride is no longer performative. It becomes structural.

But while the West dehumanizes with law, the Arab world does it with silence. In Libya, African migrants are sold in modern-day slave markets. In Algeria, Sub-Saharan Africans are beaten and expelled. In Saudi Arabia, Black workers often women are trapped in abusive domestic servitude, their passports seized, their voices muted. The racism there is no less virulent it is merely less televised.

Traorelization breaks that silence.

It names the abuse. It calls out the hypocrisy of Arab regimes that speak of Islamic unity while abusing African believers. It challenges religious spaces to confront their racial hierarchies. And it empowers African governments to act not with timid diplomacy, but with forceful protection. Traorelization will not allow Black lives to be disposable in Arab lands while oil deals and infrastructure contracts continue unchallenged.

This movement redefines diplomatic relations. African nations under Traorelization will no longer accept aid from states that enslave their citizens. They will no longer beg for respect they will **demand it as equals or walk away**. A new generation of African diplomats will rise, trained not to negotiate crumbs but to restructure the global table entirely. The days of Black silence in foreign lands are over.

And the diaspora feels it. In Brazil, where Black people are murdered in favelas like insects, there is an awakening. In France, where African immigrants are ghettoized and brutalized, new movements emerge. In the UK, where Black students are over-policed and under-promoted, there is rage waiting to be led.

Traorelization provides that leadership not through NGOs, but through spirit.

It tells every Black child in a foreign land: *You are not a guest. You are the storm. You are the reason empires once trembled.* Your roots stretch beyond borders, and your story is not one of survival it is one of return.

This global impact will redefine migration. Africans will no longer flee the continent. They will return not as refugees, but as investors, healers, scholars, and builders. The brain drain will become a brain reclaim. The remittance economy will become a repatriation revolution. Foreign nations that treated Africans as burdens will soon realize they were hosts to brilliance. And when that brilliance returns home, the balance of power will shift forever.

Traorelization makes that return possible not through nostalgia, but through reconstruction. It is the promise that Africa can be a safe, dignified, and desirable place to live. Not just for the wealthy, but for all. Not just for politicians, but for poets. Not just for survivors, but for visionaries.

Vision, Future, Final Poem, Conclusion

And now, we stand at the edge of what must come next.

Traorelization cannot be a moment. It must become a movement, a structure, a curriculum, a lifestyle. It must enter our schools, our family rituals, our governing laws, and our daily language. Its spirit must move beyond protest into policy, beyond outrage into outcome, beyond revolution into regeneration.

This is the era of **constructive rebellion**.

Where Black pride is not just aesthetic it is actionable.

Where economic systems reflect ancestral ethics.

Where African unity is no longer rhetorical but regional, infrastructural, technological, and spiritual.

This is the end of imported solutions and the dawn of **continent-crafted philosophies**.

We must build:

- **Afrocentric education systems** that teach truth and pride from birth
- **Healthcare models rooted in equity, indigenous knowledge, and science**
- **Pan-African defence strategies** to protect sovereignty, identity, and people
- **Decolonized digital ecosystems** where our data and stories are not mined but honoured
- **Reparative economic partnerships** with the diaspora based on trust, not charity

We must reject:

- Neocolonial development disguised as “sustainability”
- Petro-dollar dependency dressed up as modernization
- Elites who sell land, water, and identity to the highest foreign bidder
- Foreign NGOs that disempower by design

And above all—we must refuse to die quietly.

Africa has died a thousand deaths.

The death of culture. The death of trust. The death of stolen leaders.

But now we choose resurrection.

We choose to live and to live on our terms.

Traorelization is not a gift it is a demand.

It is the global Black family coming home to itself,
not through nostalgia, but through **new nationhood**.

It is Ibrahim Traoré reminding the world that Africa can lead, love, and liberate without permission.

Poem: "We Are the Fire"

We are the fire they could not kill,
The storm that rose beyond their will.
The soil remembers, the blood replies,
The Black sun sets but never dies.

We are the rage wrapped in a hymn,
The truth that breaks colonial skin.
You stole our names we forged new flame,
Now every tongue must speak our name.

You tried to trade our kings for gold,
But they still reign through hearts grown bold.
We do not beg we architect.
We do not kneel we resurrect.

Traoré walks, though shots may fly,
A martyr lives when traitors die.
So mark our words and mark them clear:
Africa is rising *we are here*.

TRAORELIZATION

