



Z A P U
ZIMBABWE AFRICAN PEOPLES UNION



8 Rudd Road, Northend, Bulawayo.
+263771577637 / +263782444020 / +263784240585
<https://zapu.org>

09 July 2025

ZAPU: A Party Delayed But Not Derailed

By Ruth Memeza Ncube, ZAPU Deputy Secretary General

Power to the People — and One Day, that Power Will Ring True

ZAPU is not, intrinsically, a poor party. To label it as such is an insult — not only to the party but to the memory of its visionaries, the strength of its people, and the sacrifices made in pursuit of justice and freedom. In the early 1980s, ZAPU stood as a beacon of strategic leadership. Its investments in property, infrastructure, and human capital weren't mere party assets — they were the foundations of a future nation-state. ZAPU was already operating as a government in exile, with systems in place that any rising nation would envy.

This was no accident. It was leadership. It was foresight. It was nation-building in its purest form.

But then came betrayal.

ZANU PF knew the threat ZAPU posed — not militarily, but structurally, intellectually, and economically. ZANU knew that a resourced ZAPU was a government-in-waiting. And so, the strategy became clear: weaken ZAPU at its roots. Strip it of its economic base. Confiscate properties. Steal farms. Dismantle enterprises. Erase legacies. One by one, the ZAPU dominoes began to fall — not through failure, but through calculated sabotage.

And when economic sabotage was not enough, terror was unleashed.



Gukurahundi.

The ultimate weapon to silence, subdue, and traumatize a people. It was not merely about defeating ZAPU politically — it was about shattering the spirit of Matabeleland, ZAPU's perceived stronghold. What followed was not just political oppression. It was cultural assassination. Generations were taught fear. Survivors still bear silent wounds. And ZANU PF's machinery continued to operate — acting as though nothing had happened. As though the blood in the soil had no voice. As though God is silent.

But God is not silent.

ZAPU, against all odds, remains.

Its name still stirs hearts. Its history still commands respect. And its future — though uncertain — is not written by thieves, but by those who still believe in truth, justice, and people power.

That ZAPU is now called “poor” is the greatest insult of all. The same hands that looted its wealth now mock its struggle. Yet they do not realize — poverty of pocket is not poverty of purpose. Our resolve is unshaken. Our spirit remains. And our faith — though tested — endures.

Let this be known: ZAPU was not destroyed. It was plundered.

But what was stolen can be reclaimed.

What was broken can be rebuilt.

And what was silenced will one day roar again.

The greatest tragedy is not that we are struggling. The greatest tragedy would be if we gave up. But we haven't. And we won't.

Yes, we need a strategy.

Yes, we need resources.

But above all, we need truth to be spoken boldly — and the world to remember what Zimbabwe tries to forget.

To the people of Matabeleland — your cries have not gone unheard.

To the young in our midst — you are the torchbearers of ZAPU's true legacy.

To those in power — your reckoning is coming.

And to those across the world watching — the blood in our soil is still crying out.

Power to the People. One day, that power will ring true.