

Struggle Nostalgia □

arrived in the 'homeland'
on the putu-train
teachers
with forked tongues
warders of thought
punctually
perfunctorily
obediently
hack minds from bodies
unleashing the mutilated
made in their image
in preparation
for the second coming
another
HFV
in ubuntu guise

(HFV – HF Verwoerd)

Skirmishes after the War

the time is over
but
relentlessly
in restless beings
new to the quest
the struggle continues

devout, devotedly
noviciates
with soulful faces
behind banners
behind posters
behind pamphlets
young eyes
eager, anxious.

anticipated suffering
firing hearts,
raises a forest of fists,

Viva!

until canonizing
policemen and soldiers
come to confer
the crown
of thorns
to make
yet more martyrs
to a cause already won

The Reaper

behold her
single in the field
suckling breasts rampant
mother's milk flowing
with 'amandlas' and 'vivas'

unleashed from her hand
student comrades
armed with slogans
rage against the dogs of war
then flee
with broken heads and torn limbs.

willing horses
harnessed by genuine concern
post to the front line
to mediate
bargain for reprieve
of whimpering warriors
nestled in the bosom
shining white
statue of liberty
on a safe island

Have you not thought
of the reaper's
solitary mission
oh black brothers
to castrate?
is the making of comrades

the white woman's burden?

Albino Terrorist

get off the rack
albino terrorist
get off the rack!

you are not
the second coming
your blood
will not wash away
the sins of your tribe

cut the cord
umbilical cord
tribal cord
and BE

a revolutionary
free
of tribalism
free
to act
not react
free
from the desire
to control

your web of guilt
catches sacrifices
to your need
and enslaves

get off the rack
albino terrorist
get off the rack
this is revolution
not your private war

Freedom fighter

forgive my obtuseness
forgive my blindness
forgive my arrogance

I wanted to see
and saw you
free

Now I see
through your eyes
not mine,
and you are
your roots
fed
in predestined streams.

And I see
how deep
the search for sustenance
in desert wastes;
how fast
the hold;
original sin.

I beg you,
open your eyes,
look at your work.
Your labour
lifts you from the soil
of tribalism.
Join with your creation
and in this unity
find
free from ethnicity
your new identity.

The sins of the fathers
are the sins of the fathers;
you are a daughter
of the revolution.