NVision

Poems in isiXhosa, Afrikaans and English

from students at
Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University

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Introduction

I wanted to write you a poem

_Lutho Matiwane_

Some of the poems in this collection were published in the _Ntinga Magazine_, a creative writing project run by the isiXhosa section in the university.

The isiXhosa poems, as well as the Afrikaans verse, reflect contributions from both the general public and students of the university. These poems address a variety of subjects pertaining to the life and times of Nelson Mandela, as liberation movement cadre and, in his later years, a judicious president of South Africa.

Mandela’s _ubuntu_ philosophy, as one of his hallmarks, runs as a golden thread through these poems. This collection is a worthy effort to yet again recognize the works of a great African leader in Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela!

The English poems in this text reflect a different mood, or voice. These emanated from a series of workshops and editing sessions arranged by Arts and Culture, and facilitated by the poet Brian Walter.

Unlike the poems in the other two languages, the poets could choose to write on any theme, and about any issue that concerned them. Thus, while the poems in isiXhosa, and in Afrikaans, reflect the _imbongi_, or praise, tradition, the poems in English tend to express concerns of young writers engaging in society. They speak, sometimes, of the horrors of violence, particularly gender violence, and the difficulties of love, or of writing.

In order not to “privilege” any the voices from these various strands, the poems have been arranged alphabetically, using the surname of the poets. The resultant text, read as a whole, is like a tapestry, weaving thoughts of reflection, hurt, anger and of

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praise, gratitude, admiration . . . This brings to the fore a balanced reading of young voices.

We chose “I wanted to write you a poem” from the poem by Lutho Matiwane, as an apt quotation to head this introduction.

Firstly, it captures the dedications of the poems to Mandela, the sense of praise and honour; but it also captures the spirit of dedication to you – the reader – from these emerging poets.

Poetry is a living art form. And these poets do, indeed, wish to write for individuals or for a wider readership. Yet there is a sense of this desire being frustrated. This exasperation is caught in the past tense that Matiwane uses: “I wanted to write you a poem. . . .”

And this sense of wanting to write and of that desire being frustrated – of the ideal and the hard reality – reflects the two roles of the poet. Thus we have the poet of praise and celebration, looking towards ideals; and the poet as critic and mirror of fallen times, the poet frustrated in the face of broken ideals.

We feel that this collection captures the spirit of both these roles and reflects the dreams and ideals, as well as the frustrations, of this generation of student writers from the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University.

Dr Linda Kwatsha
Dr Brian Walter
Particles

It astounds me to find
that it only takes a particle of my heart
to understand all of yours

but it’s horrific to know
that all of your heart
cannot unravel
even a fragment of mine.

Ammaarah Abrahams

Hope

It’s remarkable how her heart
can store all the destruction
that lurks everywhere and nowhere
through the hollowness of her soul

and yet
still accommodate love
every minute
every second.

Hope
was her solution.

Ammaarah Abrahams
Oblivion

And even though I could not love
my sceptical instincts
falter
as he explores
the soft edges embedded
around the rough curves
of my forbidden heart
that only he could seize.

Do I not acknowledge
that he will help anchor
my weighing ship of worries,
and all things of nothingness
can and will be eased

like an antidote to a deadly illness
which poisons my heart
with the venom of my mind?

Ammaarah Abrahams

Ironic

It is in fact quite sad
how her goals became dreams
and how her nightmares
became her reality

Ammaarah Abrahams
Love

One word can
aggravate hundreds of agonies
torture thousands of wounds
destroy a million bits of happiness.

She drowns her hurt
with tears from her blurred eyes:
her heart aches with brokenness.

She learns to speak
through silence.
She recognizes love
through pain:

it’s the way
she knows it is real.

Ammaarah Abrahams
Confession

The forceful push
against the hard brick wall;
his colossal fists
knock my fearful
living corpse,
with blood down my face:
the edge of weakness curls up in me;
he surrenders me, crippled.
Daily.

My fragile feelings
are torn
by words which lie beneath
the sharp lips
that he seals with lies.

He leaves me hanging
on almost death.

Ammaarah Abrahams
Mandela (tata wesizwe)

Eyooo!

Khanindivumeleni ndikhe ndiniggqogqagqogqe
Iindlebe zenu lutsha lwangomso,
Khanindivumeleni ndikhe ndityatyadule
Indlela yethu ibemhlophe nangomso.
Khanindivumeleni ndikhe ndinixelelele
Ngen kunzi malanga, ndithetha ngaye
uNelson Rholihlahla Mandela.

Shu, xhokro ubuhlungu ndakuthetha ngaye
Intliziyo yam ayinakutyhafa noko,
Ndakucinga ngaye kuba yena usinike inkululeko
Hamba kakuhle tata wesizwe nobunganga.
Eyoooo!

Nasi isizwe esimnyama, dudula uvule indlela
Kuba sakunyathela kumanyathelo akho,
Utata wenze umntu wangumntu ngabantu
Hamba kakuhle wena Rholihlahla, Dalibhunga, Vela
bembentsele,
Hamba kakuhle wena tata wesizwe
Eyooo! Qhawe lama qhawe eyooo!

Msondezi Adonisi
**Be Strong**

*For the girl who was told to be strong*
*and not to talk about being gang raped.*

Don't hear the sudden stop of their van.
Don't see them approach like bloodthirsty jackals.
Don't feel the gun against your head.
Don't think of where you are going.
Don't look at your current location.
Don't feel them push you onto the ground.
Don't feel the thorns grab hold of your back.
Don't feel them tear off your clothes.
Don't feel your muscles go into spasm.
Don't think of the air leaving your lungs.
Don't feel their hungry thrusts into you.
Don't feel your flesh tear.
Don't think of your mumbled prayers.
Don't feel their warm semen drip onto your abdomen.
Don't hear their laughs and mockery.
Don't feel their saliva on your face.
Don't smell the scent of your vanishing innocence.

Just be strong.

**Anand Brown**
For the Khoisan – Son of Man

Were you there in 1652
when the Drommedaris sailed in
and the Dutch came war-armed and eager?

Did you hear women scream,
or know the interchangeable dust
in their offspring?
Were you there?

Did you see men bleed
to protect their own?
Were you there?

Did you run after the Boesman child
who ran from the barrel of guns?
Children running from the pinch of white men.

Did you offer a hand to a battered Khoi
while he was kicked around and broken?
Did you feel his pain?
Did you watch him lose himself?

Now, coloured man,
like a fool you grope at cultures all a-miss,
a lost soul betrayed by history,
just standing around.

Were you there
when the San used to smile,
when the dancing feet of shamans
drummed a sacred beat
moving through the body
from the feet,
hope, peace and grace,
when the Kalahari still was a place?

Smile brown child,
be there.

Anand Brown
Tata Nelson Mandela


Khangelwa Bunu
Ugqatso uluzezile


Lubabalo Busakwe
Inkululeko

Khanindibolekeni iindlebe mzi ontsundu
Khe ndinabele ngembali yeli lizwe
Bambonzeleka abantu beli kweli silimiyo
Bafika belusizana, bembuna bengenandawo yokufihla intloko
Sasikwa yinceba nemfesane sabapha indawo yokuhlala
Injongo zooxokhoethu bekukwenza ubuntu
nolwabelwano
Kubantu abamhlophe
Kanti asilazanga elidlalayo
Banjengencuka ezambethe isikhumba segusha
Ubuntu bethu babonwa ingathi yinto yokuxatshazwa
Baqala ngokufuna iiinkomo zethu besinika iqhosha elingenamngxuma
Banyuka nengalo bahluutha ubunewu-newu bethu, imihlaba kunye nemfuyo
Yalala ikati eziko isehlo zange senzeka phambili
Urhwaphilizo, udlame lwanda
Salamba emzini wethu
Laphalala igazi
Iintsana zashiyeka zizinkedama
Le nceba yethu zange ithathelwe ngqalelo
Yanga ingathi umzi ontsundu ufulathelwe nguMvelinqangi nditsho nkqu neminyanya
Hayi kaloku mpulaphul womzi kaPhalo
Andizanga zokuvusa uchuku nendzondo
Nto nje ndisuke ndanyela entliziyweni
Mandigqobhozele kuloo ntliziyo yakho wena udakumbileyo ndizise
Uchulumano nethemba
Ndipholise apho kuthunakele khona ndizise impiliso noxolo
Ndilalise uboya umsindo engekadwanguzeli
Ndithintithe kuba kaloku ndizisa isiza sempumelelo nethemba elitsha
Ndisuke ndashiwywa ngumlomo kodwa inkululeko yiyo le
Amadoda amakhulu asebenza abila ibunzi inene bemhokamhokana
Nale nkuleleko siphantsi kwayo
Ndithetha ngotatomkhulu uBiko, noMadiba, no-OR Thambo nenqumrhu labo
To fill up the gap of 1652 until 1994 it’s not a child’s play
From 1994 to 2014 there is a lot to be done
Slowly but surely we will succeed with patience because
It is indeed a mother of success.

Matroos Busisiwe
Iqhawe lomzantsi Afrika

Kowu!! Ukufa
Kufa ubathathile esithembele ngabo
Ngoku uthatha uRhohlihlaha, uSopitsho, uNgqolomsila
Imkile into kaMadiba mfondini
Ithemba lomzi omnyama
Yazi siza kuba ngabakabani na?

Ulufezile uqatso lwakho
Wawukhulula uMzantsi Afrika emakhamandeleni
Uwagawulile amatyholo satsho sakhululeka
Bakuvalela kwelaseRobben Island
Bakuqoba bakucholisa amatyhe
Bacinga bayakubulala kanti bakunika amandla.

Uliphakamisile inqindi lakho usithi amandlaa!!
Wahlokoma uMzantsi Afrika uphela
Saqina isizwe esintsundu salwa nocalululo
Ngenxa yakho Ngqolomsila
Sithi tshotsh’ubekho
Sithi sisizw’esimnyama enkosi
Awu!! Ngqolomsila.

Pamela Damane
we, her

i am
because
you are
because i am,
we are
because
you and i are
because we are

even though
we might be jarred
and bombarded
by the scars
caused by
our thousand black brothers
dying behind bars.

you are in me
and i breathe through you
with you
for you
for you are part
of this being,
being who
what we are
and aspire to be.

even though
we are faced
by this phase of aids
teenage pregnancy
illiteracy
yet we are not frightened
nor fazed.
that is you and me,
us, we;
today, tomorrow.
in the presence of her holy heavens.

Azola Dayile
What if

What if
the stars were god’s eyes
all seeing
only when it is night time
blind during the day,
in the dark
coming alive
to see who kneels
to pray
or pays
tithes for blessings
to loan sharks
debt collectors
and priests in dismay

I say

What if
the sun and the moon
were illegitimate twins
of a love affair
between Galalai
and an angel with broken wings
and a twig
in her eyes

What if?

Azola Dayile
The fly woman within

She cries, announces to the world her arrival,
she cries for the loved ones she's had to let go,
she cries tears of joy at the first sound of her new born
  she is the woman within
  let her cry: for her tears bring healing

Her fears rooted deep in self-doubt
born with no surname, nor mother to learn from,
her epiphany . . . love and truth begin with self,
constantly told she cannot be
when it’s her light they fear most.
  she is the woman within and
  she does not fear loving unconditionally.

She labours, first to rise and last to rest,
teacher in good faith with no credentials:
domestic; nurse; a career woman . . . superwoman,
unappreciated, undervalued, but highly sought after
  she is the woman within and
  labours tirelessly for her loved ones.

She knows betrayal . . . a father denied her,
a mother left her for another man,
her husband brought her children from friends,
the church shamed her for separating from abuse:
  she is the woman within
  she forgives: but dare not ask her to forget.

Every parent’s nightmare, she’s the lady
of the night selling pleasure she never enjoys:
Lucifer's art of temptation and seduction,
lies have her laying down, her seduction to succeed:
  she is the women within
  and her sexuality does not define her.
Womanhood has taught her to cry and heal;
not to fear her own power;
to love unconditionally;
forgiveness as a nurturing feminism.

    Dear fly woman,
    first love yourself.

Nombuyiselo Anthea Duma
Umbulelo kutata uNelson Mandela

Ulitshintshile ilizwe lethu tata wethu Nelson Mandela uncame izinto zakho washiya usapho lwakho ungazi ukuba lutya ntoni? Okanye baphethwe njani ngabantu abamhlophe ngexesha lengcinezelo.

Uncame konke ubunako abantwana, abazali bakho nenkosikazi yakho kuba ufuna ilizwe lakho nempumelelo nothando noxolo njengawe kuba ungumntu woxolo nothando.

Uhleli entolongweni wachitha iminyaka emininzi ushiye ngasemva ubomi obumnandi nexesha lakho, ukonwaba nosapho lwakho wedwa, ubonisa ukuthanda kwakho abantu. SIYABULELA TATA NELSON MANDELA. LALA NGOXOLO UPHUMLE NGOKU UYENZILE INDIMA YAKHO ULIFEZILE UGQATSO.

Anelisa Dwaru
indecisive

The journey is driven by the day:
strong winds are fighting
strange clouds are coming
rain is periodically falling
the sun still shining

and it’s transparent

the weather is screaming whispers

of sleepless nights,

and the turmoil of

indecision.

Megan-Jayne Elworthy
Waking

The crescent
moon nurtures my happiness
and freedom
of movement, of motion
dancing to songs
with insane rhythmic tendencies.

It’s good to be free,
free to say
“I hate the way you judge me.”

On my way
I stop at the sea:
duties on hold for
a man
almost waiting for me
says
he’s born in the 50s
much to tell
too many opinions
so we pray
about struggle
and gratitude.

The sea gets rougher
as the wind carries our words

and I am reminded
that to be free
is the responsibility
to sometimes carry
the burden of a smile.

Megan-Jayne Elworthy
Cloth

i.

the cloth hit the surface
with a light thump,
soft and versatile:
the colour unknown to me, pink
or some variant of it, holey
so it can absorb the liquid
it uses to clean

no hands to fulfil its purpose
it lies there, lifeless now
bundled up and waiting . . .

like my generation
my pen
travels beside my post-its
so I can make notes about this
and that,
depends on what I notice
and practise.
Now I am just exhausted.

Too much in life
drains my creativity,
drains my objectivity

and so my post-its look like
a cloth with nothing to clean

and my pen looks like
a cloth after a party

with so much to do
but somehow just waiting . . . .

Megan-Jayne Elworthy
Nelson Mandela

Nelson Mandela qhawe lamaqhawe, Dalibhunga, Yem-yem, Vela bembhentsele, ulufezele uqatso, uyidlalile indima yakho ngemisebenzi yakho emihle sinjenjenje kungenxa yakho sikhululekile nje zizenzo zakho.


Simthembile Faba
ikoon vir ewig
(Skatpligtig aan Nelson Mandela)

18 Julie 1918
reeds is die datum volmaak
‘n dag wanneer die gode
jou aan die aarde skenk
jy wat die wêreld sou verander

nee, bang sou jy nimmer wees
jou skalkse glimlag versteek ‘n skatkis vol wyshede
sewe-en-sestig jaar
het jy die land... die heelal gedien...

hermes en hebe sou waarlik trots wees op jou
vreesloos, vooruitgang, vergifnis
die fondament vir jou kragtige innovasie
moeilikheidmaker het jou vader jou gedooop,
maar jy het die boom se grootste takke gebreek en gesnoei
en jou plat op die aarde essensie aan dit geskenk

jou taak was volbring
die boom sterk aan die bloei
geen uithoek onaangeraak

en op ‘n warm somersdag
het die tuin met heimwee
vir sy dienswerker en tata
vaarwel gesê

Marnu Fourie
**Utata wesizwe**

Waqhawuka ujingi abantwana bedlala
Wawa umthi omkhulu
Yemka inkanyamba
Wahamba umkhululi woMzantsi Afrika

Ngangalalandini enemvakalelo
Phambi kokuba awe lo mthi
Uqale waqokelela zonke izilwane
Emveni koko wawa lo mthi

Phambi kokuba imke le nkanyamba
Iqokelele lonke usapho luphela
Emveni koko yemka inkanyamba
Nkanyambandini ediliza ucalucalulo

Tatandini uxatyisiwe!
Bawondini wena uyathandwa
Ta’mkhulu wena uhlonitshiwe
Qhayendini wena uyaKhunjulwa

Mkhululi wamaxhala
Makhi woxolo!
Themba labantu!
Lizwi labantu!

Anivanga ukuba imkile into enkulu?
Aniyibonanga ukuba ayisekho?
Aniwubambanga umphefulo wayo?
Ekuthiwa yi”Madiba Magic”!

Yemka into elufafa olude
Yemka into ende
Wemka utata wesizwe
Wemka umdilizi wocalucalulo!

Nihleli kodwa imkile into enkulu
Yahamb’inkanyamba
Loyika utshaba
Ngoba imkile into enkulu!

Hamba kakuhle Madiba omhle!
Hlal’usazi wena uyathandwa
Wena uxyatysiwe
Kwaye wena soze ulityalwe
Anivanga ukuba imkile into enkulu?
Anivanga ihambile inkanyamba?
Anivanga yehlile?
Inkosi ngokuzalwa.

Ayaqubuda ama-Afrika
Ayabulela ama-Afrika
Ayakuncoma ama-Afrika
Tata wena uxyatysiwe.

Luxolo Gosani
Tata uMandela

Ndenzakele ndawoni? Sundibuza
Ndonakele phi? Sundibuza
Ndikrazukile ndawoni? Sundibuza

Ndonakele ndawoni? Sundibuza
Ndiyalila yintoni? Sundibuza
Ndiva buhlungu yintoni? Sundibuza

Ndilahlekelwe yintoni? Sundibuza
Yaophukile intoni? Sundibuza
Limkile intoni? Sundibuza

Ndiyakhala yintoni? Sundibuza
Ndiyancoma intoni? Sundibuza
Ndiyabulela intoni? Sundibuza

Ndomkhumbula ubani? Sundibuza
Kodwa ndizomkhumbula ubani? Sundibuza
Ndiyamncoma ubani? Sundibuza

Ngoba impendulo inye kule mibuzo
Ithi utata wesizwe
Utata uNelson Rolihlahla Mandela!

Luxolo Gosani
After the war

What do we do
with the guns and the tools?
What do we do with the dead bodies?
What do we tell the families?

How do we fall in love again
with the person we see in the mirror?

Do we hide the guns
and tools under the river?

Just for in case the war starts again,
we will have them near
and they will be sharper
and more dangerous than before?

Do we take them to the mountain top
and forget they ever existed?

Or do we frame them
and reminisce once in a while?

Do we put them in a safety deposit box
where our kids will see them one day?

After the war,

after we conquer the twenty-one year
abstinence limit set by our society,
then what?

Do we lose it the night after?
Or wait until we get married?

What happens when it’s all said,
and done?
When butterflies no longer take the stomach
by storm when we smell familiar cologne!
You know, after the virginity
is gone and our bodies crave for sex no more,
what happens then?

When the urge to be cuddled dies?

How do we close this one door
when we don’t know what stands on the other side?
When it’s all said and done.
Then what?

Nolwazi Gumenke
When bodies drop dead

When bodies drop dead for beliefs that never existed.  
Makes no sense!  
I wish to travel back to my grandfather’s time.  
Turn the clock back  
to an atmosphere of fifty years ago  
of real men, where age didn’t define maturity.  
Where a man’s ego didn’t depend  
on how many panties he’d dropped down.  
Nor on the amount of blood he had shed.

I long for that place  
Where people were one, so united  
the entire neighbourhood felt like home.

When bodies drop dead for beliefs that never existed.  
Hurts my soul!  
Makes me feel for the next generation.  
Cripples my smile,  
knowing my kids will grow up with no solid man.  
Drains my strength.

Our society is shallow, with unconfident men  
seeking contentment by hurting others.  
Hurts me  
to see arrogance replacing peace and harmony.  
Tears me up  
knowing that people drop bodies dead  
for beliefs that never existed.

Nolwazi Gumenke
Unhealed

I can feel the atmosphere
heavy on my shoulders,
I can't take the stuffy air of silence

I wish I could find the words
to start a simple conversation
'cause I can't stand this tension between our eyes,

but words are paused before even uttered,
my troubled heart doesn't have the courage
to process them
'cause a million nights ago,
many secret tears were dropped

a million tears ago
many things were left unsaid,
a million heartbeats ago
many wounds were left

unhealed

Sinesipo Jojo
Reconnecting

When I trace tears back
I find that they come from somewhere in my heart.

I find they are water drops
from a roof leakage,
in a room shut and neglected ages ago.

It's been long since
I have opened the door,
and been in the dust of this room.

So hold my hand.
Let’s get this place clean.

Sinesipo Jojo
Hard to find

Words are everywhere
daily
we read them, and they fly out
like nobody's business when we are provoked . . .

but there's always something hard to understand . . .

they are hard to find
when they are needed by the heart;

when the heart feels,
words hide like they are not part of life.

While words are busy playing some twisted game
my heart looks sadly through the glass windows
as the raindrops slowly slide down, gently
on a cloudy lifetime,
hoping that one day,

words will realize what my heart wants to say.

Sinesipo Jojo
Samaritaan

*Vir Nelson Mandela (1918-2013)*

In die jaar van onse Heer 1918 is ’n seun gebore helaas nie in ’n stal – maar in ’n modderhut met die vee wat geduldig in grasvelde Wei
Geen engel het die blye tyding gebring maar vir Afrika was dit ’n blyhartige dag – ’n koninklike word besing.

Veewagter was jy wel – leier wat sy trop bewaak so word jy beskermheer van vertraptes verwurges vyande van die apartheidstaat.

Soos Napoleon word die voorbok na die eiland verban waar wag en staat oor hom kan waak met die kap van wit klip word dae verwyl terwyl die land bloei op die okersand van Afrika.

Kommunis! Terroris! Humanis! sewe-en-twintig is tog immers net ’n getal twee tiene en ’n sewe hoe lank moes jy nie wag vir jou finale oordeelsdag.

Vyande word vriente in die jaar van onse heer 1994 Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela Meneer die president

Maar verganklikheid is gebiedend En op ’n somersdag in Desember word jou vaderskap verruil vir ewige vryheid Empireum met engele groet jou met palmtakke
Madiba
Tata
Pa

Vaarwel

Dewald Koen
Tata Mandela

Tata uMandela wena wasiwela kwingcinezelo yamabhulu sade saphumelela. Sanesizwe esiphumelelayo, saze sangabantu abanoxolo nothando njengokuba nawe wawunoxolo nothando.


Lala ngoxolo tata yanga amazulu angavuleka umoya wakho uphumle ngoxolo uYesu Krestu akuphumze akuvuze mgemisebenzi yakho oyenzileyo akwamkele ngezandla ezivulekileyo.

Ah! Dalibhunga!

Akhona Kopsani
Nelson Mandela

Nelson Mandela singumzi ontsundu siyabulela ngawe uqqatso uluzezile
Ukumela inyaniso nokungagungqi kwakho walimela ilizwi kunzima kunjalo.
KwezobuKrestu ubuvezile ekulawuleni kwakho singuMzantsi Afrika siyabulela
Ngawe.

Ushiye usapho lwakho ukumela ilizwe noba sekumnyama entla ukutyala
Uxolo nothando kumzi ontsundu naxa abanye babefuna
imfazwe ekulawuleni kwakho, kodwa wena watyala uxolo
nothando kwintshaba waza wakhuthaza usapho lwakho
isizwe esiNtsundu ukuba masibaxolele. Imbali yakho
ayisayikulibaleka izohlala ikhona nakwizizukulwane zeli
lizwe.
Lala ngoxolo tata wena uzondwa zintshaba zingakwenzi nto.

Sithenkosi Labase
**Tata Mandela**

Ah! Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela
Qhawe lesizwe, qhawe lamaqhahe.
Usilwele wena wabonisa inkathalo,
Wancama ubomi bakho entilongweni
Uncamela isizwe sakwa Xhosa
Xhegondini siyabulela!

Abantwana bakho, izihlobo zakho,
Kwanenkosikazi yakho wabashiya
Iminyaka bethembele kuwe kodwa
Wena awuzange usilele ekuncedeni
Isizwe sakho sabantu abamnyama.
Xhegondini siyabulela.

Sithi huntsu Velabembentsele,
Qhubeka usenza njalo nasemazulwini.

**Sisanda Landu**
Nelson Rhohlihlala Mandela


Umzimba wakho ubuzele izivubeko, ukulwela inyaniso kodwa ngalo lonke elo xesha khang eujike, ulwe kwasekugqebeleni. Badibana abamnyama nabamhlophe ndawonye walubetha lwee saa ubandlululo, imfundo yasimahla yavela. Sifunde lukhulu kuwe, sizuze nto wabubonisa ubukhulu sowunabele uqaqaqa. Siyabulela tata wethu!!!

Nolufefe Linda
Teacher

You didn’t need to breastfeed
to be a Mother,
nor bring a candlestick
to be a bright light.
You didn’t have to be a constructor
to help build Knowledge.

Or a map,
to help discover our lost selves.

You didn’t have to be Christmas
to leave joyful memories;
nor the sky
to show us that there are no limits.
You didn’t have to stay forever
for us to realize our infinite duties.
Nor be scaffolding
for us to gain strength.

Precious Mahlangu
Cold rape

The eyes have not yet seen,
the ears have not heard
and the mouth never spoke:
the heart stopped beating,
her fingers were in a motionless grip.

Her body died, still
between the earth and his hands.
The warmth of tears
confirmed the last piece of life in her.

A man she once called friend,
the coldness of his hands,
like a snake, travelled from keeping her mouth shut
to divide her legs, apart,
groaning in satisfaction; it smelled like hatred.

Lucifer inside me
stoned my innocence,
the price of my father’s cows,
the pride of my mother’s joy,
society’s measurement of decency in a woman,
my future husband’s faithfulness,
as cold as death.

Precious Mahlangu
Died inside her body  
_for Saartjie Baartman_

A beautiful African woman,  
well formed, found her nakedness imprisoned,  
was watched like an animal  
and then labelled abnormal.

She became money-making material,  
a test of human-animal sciences  
reduced to a tool  
of workmanship, enticed  
from one country to the other.

She shut her eyes to be in darkness.  
Their voices gave sight to her heart.  
Told her body to die, as their hands  
explored her caves and the edges  
of her womanhood, privacy, her majesty.

They carried her body shape in shame,  
neglected her strength in every penny they paid:  
well-formed and created by God,  
yet owed and sold to and by men.  
The look in their eyes as painful  
as the labour pains she never had.

And then she died  
of a disease called blackness  
and an overdose of womanhood,  
with bits placed in the soil of her fathers:
her pain and shame told
from one generation to the next,
living in tongues and literatures

that pray that the soul
of an African Queen be laid to rest.

Precious Mahlangu
Makasi, Nasiphi Mandela

Aah!! Wena faf’ olude Mthikrakra
Wena dizadala kade bemqongqotha
Wena thambodala kade bemkhwahlaza
Ulimele ilizwe lakowenu.

Sinobom nje nguwe
Sinekamva nje nguwe
Soba yintoni na ebomini ngaphandle kwakho
Isizwe som’ontsundu sibuyele eMbo
Ngenxa yakho.

Aah! Wena Mthembu omhle!
Sithe sisakubukele usisiquququ
Uphithizela usebenza
Kodwa suke kwee gqi
Ilifu elimnyama lakwahlula nathi.

Kowu soba yintoni na ngaphandle
Kwakho, soba ngamajacu,
Soba zimpula zikaLujaca,
Siza kuba ziinkedama.

Kodwa hamba ke wena
Mthikrakra umzamo uwuzamile
Sobonana kwelizayo, tsii
Kwee xhokro kum.

Nasiphi Makasi
Tata Nelson Rhohlihlala Mandela

Kowu! Ndisuka ndizive ndingenamagama emlonyeni wam xa ndiza kubonga ndibulele eli gorha lamagorha. Tata siyabulela ngokusikhulula kumakhamandela ebesikuwo thina Mzantsi Afrika nangona ngoku sibona ukuba ingathi sibuyela kuwo loo makhamandela kodwa ke sibulela iimfundiso zakho osinike zona.

Sibahle Manengele
**Mandela**


**Aphiwe Manki**
Hamba kakuhle Madiba

Limkile iqhawe lethu
Mz’ontsundu sophelela phi
Na bethu. Le nto ingathi siza kuba
Yintlekisa ezizweni
Siza kufana nabantu abanxibe
Amajacu kweli lizwe.

Hoyina! Hoyina!
Aphi na amadoda okwenyani
Amela inyaniso emsulwa
Iqhawe elihle nakuabantu abamhlophe.

Le nto ikukufa yinto engenantlonipho,
Le nto ikukufa yinto engemsulwa
Namhla siyatabhata, sibik’imbiba
Sibik’ibuzi, kodwa sogawula sibheka

Aa! Zweliyashukuma!

Luvolwethu Matititi
I wanted to write you a poem

Beneath the bridge of metaphors
I wanted to write you a poem,

but I got scared
that it would mould and bend,
give sight to the blind,
heal hearts that are broken.

It would reveal secrets,
tell stories untold
of unconditional love.

My hands would be uncontrollable.

It would tell of sciences
unprovable.

I wanted to write you a poem.

Lutho Matiwane
Things lost in the fire

I still remember the fire.
I was six,
too small
to have lost it all.

His cunning made it easy for him
to lock me into that room,
It is inexplicable. I felt
affliction akin to labour pains.

My hands had gone limp
and I couldn’t fight.
I watched it burning all I had.
Meekness and kindness,
love and care,
gentleness and all.

Pride and future destroyed by his blithe actions.
He managed to bring me to his do,
his voice soft and cajoling.
I still remember the fire, burning all my tomorrows.

I thirst to sleep, to sleep forever.
A coma would do me just fine,
to get rid of these whispers, nightmares.
Did he rape my thought too?

I thought the memories would fade, but I remember all.
The movements, whispers.
I can feel their weight on my chest.
That fire
lives in me,
something burning every time I close my eyes.
How do I forget?
This man has made part of me fertile.

Lutho Matiwane
Nelson Mandela

Ah! Madiba wena Yem-yem, Ngqolomsila, wena faf’olude wadela amabhulu nengcinezelo yawo, nguMandela lo, nguMthikakra owazincamayo ukuze akhulule ilizwe lakowethu ngokusithanda kwakhe isizwe sabantsundu, usilwele wasikhulula phantsi kwengcinezelo yamabhulu.

Tat’omkhulu siyabulela ulisebenzele eli loMzantsi Afrika, sifunde lukhulu kuwe tata, sifunde ukuzimela nokuzilwela, siyabulela ngeemfundiso zakho othe wasifundisa zona. Wena tata udibanise abamnyama nabamhlophe, sohlala sikuthanda.

Nosive Matshikiza
Amazwi okubulela kutata uMadiba

Ndenza amazwi ombulelo kutata uMadiba ngokuncama ubomi bakhe walwela inkululeko yethu, siyabulela Madiba omhle ngobukho bakho nangokuncama usapho lwakho nothando lwakho ngelizwe lethu. Sithi enkosi Ngqolomsila, Yem-yem ngaphandle kwakho ngesingekho kule ndawo sikuyo singabantu abamnyama.

Sithi enkosi ngokusinika inkululeko sasingayazi ukuba namhlanje ukuba sobe sikhululekile ngenxa yakho Yem-yem, sith’enkosi ngokungazenzisiyo, ubengutata welizwe lethu wasibonisa ububele bakho wasilwela sakhululeka sakwazi nathi singabantwana abamnyama ukubanekekwa eliqaqambayo. Enkosi tata ngayo yonke into.

Enkosi Madiba omhle uyingangalala!

Sibahle Matsolo
Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela

Umbulelo ongazenzisiyo kuwe tata, sonwabile nje kungenxa yakho. Siphila kweli lizwe siphila, kulo nguwe tata. Zinzame zakho zokufuna ukubona abantu abamnyama bephila kwilizwe elingenangcinezelo nje kungenxa yentando yakho.


Anathi Mavengana
Mawabeni, Sibusiso

Mzantsi Afrika lilizwe ledemokrasi zonke izinto zenzeka ngendlela elungileyo ngenxa katata wethu lo wasilwela ukuza sifumane impumelelo. Ndithi enkosi tata uMandela ngoba ukuba zange ubekho ngekukubi apha kweli lizwe laseMzantsi Afrika. Kodwa ubukho bakho buze noxolo nothando phakathi kwabantu abamnyama nabamhlophe ndithi enkosi kakhulu kuba ngoku uyakwazi ukuyenza kanye le nto sifuna uyenza. Ndithi lala ngoxolo tata uMandela sizohlala sikukhumbula.

Sibusiso Mawabeni

Lukhanyo Mayekiso
Umbulelo wam kutata uNelson Mandela

Aa! Dalibhunga
Yemyem
Ngqolomsila
Vela bembhentsele

Ukufa kwakho kusothusile tata nangona sisazi ukuba ibiyinto elindelekileyo kuba ugulile wena Yemyem. Zibuyile iingqele obusebenza phantsi kwazo eRobben Island zizo ezi zibulale umntu oqinileyo, zibulale igorha, ikroti.

Ndiyabulela tata ngenceba yakho oyenzileyo wafela isizwe, waya kuvalelwa ejele phantsi kweemeko ezibuhlungu obusebenza kuzo, kodwa wena wanyamezela kuba usazi ukuba ufuna ntoni. Indlela osithanda ngayo isizwe sakho kunye nabantu baso ingumangaliso. Ububethwa ejele ngenxa yethu kuba ufuna uxolo nothando phakathi kwabantu abamnyama nabamhlophe into leyo ethe yafezeka.

Ndithi kuwe tata enkosi ngenceba nothando olubonise kuthi. Aa! Dalibhunga
Yem Yem
Ngqolomsila
Vela bembhentsele

Lukhanyo Mayekiso
Nelson Mandela

Tata uNelson Mandela qhawe lamaqhawe. Wena tata sathi sikwingcinezelo yamabhulu wasilwela, waxolela uyokuhlala entolongweni iminyaka engama-27 kodwa zange udinwe ngabantu base Mzantsi Afrika.

Siyabulela ke tata wethu ngento othe wayenza kuba akekho umntu onokwenza njalo, kodwa wena wazibonakalisa ukuba uyawuthanda uMzantsi Afrika.

Wena wenza into enkulu ufanelwe kukubongwa kwaye ufanelwe ludumo kuba intle into oyenzileyo.

Chwayita Mayo
Aah! Dalibhunga, Vela bembentsele, Ngqolomsila, Yem-yem.
Tata uMandela, tata wesizwe
Awu abadala bathi sitya esihle asidleli
Awu hoyina Thixo ukhawuleze wakuthatha sisabuka
Kanti umhlaba unjani na bakowethu?

Isizwe besisajonge kodwa ukhawuleze waluvuma ubizo lwakho.
Iintlungu zikutyile zalo mhlaba oko usilwela inkululeko
Sikhululekile namhlanje, inkululeko ikuthi ngenxa katata uMandela.

Baninzi abebesilwela le nkululeko yeli loMzantsi
Baninzi basishiyile kodwa wena unyamezele
Aphi na amadoda eli lo Mzantsi azomela inyaniso?
Magwalandini qubulani igqudu nilwele inkululeko.

Akhona Mbolekwa
**Inkulu yelizwe**

Ewe ntonga Dalibhunga,  
Wena mkhululi wesizwe  
Wena uze nenkululeko  
Wena uze nokukhululeka

Siyaphila kamandi nguwe lo,  
Siyabonga Dalibhunga.

Siyakubulela ngenkathalo yakho  
Siyakubulela nangokusinika inkululeko.

**Babalwa Mbolekwa**
The world is too much with us

Life is so thin,
thickening with implied time.

We pave our way ahead
layer by layer
– sometimes we cry.

The world around us seems
further away than in blindness.

One gives in,
but the afterimage is tattered,
barefoot in his heart

– neither backward nor forward –

the road is always rough:
the bitterness, the saltiness
always stain.

Sandiso Mboyi
Black sheep

I look up at the mountain,  
the circumference of my sight,  
while lanterns glow within,  
blinking my thoughts.

Downstream  
my imagination floods  
and onlookers, like waves,  
shout for my saviour.  
In silence imagery prevails.

Sandiso Mboyi
Nkosi yabaThembu


Liyema Mdilitwana
Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela


Kule minyaka idlulileyo yengcinezelo ubunathi wangumangameli omaziyiyo umntu. Sonke sifuna ukufana nawe kuba ungumzekelo omhle ebantwini. Isizwe siyavuya ukufumana iqhawe elifana nawe. Ugulile kodwa khangane ufe mandla ngesizwe sakho.


Nandipha Mdolomba
Remember me?

Do you remember me

in the altitudes
amongst multitudes
with different attitudes

conflicting with your motives?

You sent your guards
to fire guns on our grounds,
even though we did not possess any arms:

our minds were about to bring harm.

We couldn’t rest
for our families were in need
of care, but you couldn’t care less,

because of the expense.

Lives were sent to rest
forever,
because of mere greed, and hunger.

If you had listened to our cry . . . .

Zizipho Mfazwe
Friendship

In this ship of friends, cruising.

Silence is too loud, as we gaze at the stars.

The sky seems so far, we say we are going.

In every action pushing each other in the right direction;

laughing with tears, we lift our eyes unto the skies.

For beyond the obstacles, we tell ourselves we’re going,

wide awake in our dreams, determined like the ocean.

Zizipho Mfazwe
Township

Born and raised in these streets
we find ways to survive.
It’s either you adapt, or die

in this natural selection
 exacted by humans
where daily blood spills
into the soil:
dust to dust and ashes to ashes.

Young souls fight over territory
not for any future:
only the toughest survive.

Whistles and quarrels crowd the streets,
loud screams and gunshots. Then silence.

Every day we live in fear,
finding ways.

Zizipho Mfazwe
Beneath the garbage heap

Surrounded by filth,
the only place called home.

Tiny, fragile soul
less than a month old

in need of love and warmth.

With no clothes on
garbage hides the nakedness.

The silent winds blow up the cover.
With the winds caressing her skin
and the rains with unexpected showers,

the cry gets weaker,
whoever has an ear.

Zizipho Mfazwe
Hamba kakuhle tata

Limkil’iqhawe lamaqhawe
UNelson Rholohlahla Mandela
Igorh’elancam’usapho lwalo
Lisilwel’inkululeka.

Zonwabil’iintlanga ngeentlanga
Zihla zinyuka zigqib’uMzantsi Afrika
Buphelil’ubuhlanga abamnyama nabamhlophe
Bahlamban’imiqolo.

Ngonyaka wama-1994 umntu
Omnyama wafuman’inkululeko yokuvota
Okokuqala, kungenxa yakho wena Rholihlahla
Wanga ungaphuml’aph’uleli khona
Sithi ngxatsho ngendima oyidlalileyo kwelizwe.

Olwethu Mfale
Isinoko ngotata uNelson Rhohihlahla Mandela


Lo ka Mandela walwela, wahalwayela, watyala uxolo kule kunye nje ngomthunywa kaThixo nanjengoko phambi kobuso bukaThixo kubalulekile ukuba abantu bahlalisane ngoxolo. Utata uMandela ukuba ebengekho ngesingekho kwimeko esizibona sikuyo kule mhla siphila kuyo. Oku wakwenza ngokuthi aqale alwele inkululeko.

Ekulweleni kwakhe inkululeko zange kule bula, wawenyuka amaxethuka nentsunguz’ezimnyama kodwa oko akwenza walibala ngabantu bakhe nephupha awayenalo lokukhulula abantu bakhe phantsi kwasandla soontam’oluhuni. Imfundo yakhe ayimenzenza ukuba alibale ngabantu abantsundu koko imenze wakwazi ukwelwana ahlulelane ngoko anako nabantu abafana naye. Oku kuphenjelelewe nakukuba engumntwana wegewazi nto leyo emenzeni wazazi ukuba yena ungonyuliweyo, usisicaka sabantu.

Ndithetha ngoMadiba owalwela isizwe sakhe, washiya usapho lwakhe ngenxa yesizwe esintsundu nangenxa yokuba efun’uMzantsi Afrika ube sisizwe ekuxhamla wonke ummi walo ngokulinganayo. Ukuhlala lwakhe entilongweni iminyaka engamashumi amabini anesixhenxe kungqina ubunzima athubeleze kubo khon’ukuze umnt’endinguye abe nobomi obungcono.

Ngethuba asentilongweni utshaba lalucinga ukuba limqqibile limbambe apho amncinci khona kanti alazi ukuba limhlupheza ngakumbi. Oku kutsho ndibe nombono woncumo lwakhe mhla ephuma esiqithini saseRobben
Island, etsho ngengqindi elaliqinisekisa obukeleyo ukuba awundenza nganto, amandla asengakum. Ubomi bentshontsho engcungcuthekiswa ngamabhulu entilongweni wawunokuthi buyintsomi x’ujonge loo nkangeleko yakhe, ikwenze nawe uzive unqwena ukuba inganguwe lo wenze lo msebenzi mhle kangaka.


Hini Mkhuseli
Idiba elide

Mazibizwe zonke
linkonde zelali,
Zingalibaleki nezifundiswa,
Kuba nants’ingxaki ixakamaxhego
Ebuhlanti

Madoda le ngxaki masiyi
Zinzele ngobunene
Ayifuni upathwa
Ngazandla zigadalala.

Ifun’ingqiyo, ingcamango
Nobuchwehesh.  
Size siyicazulule
Size nechiza.

Abantu basemzini
Bayawuthatha umhlaba
Wobawo. Sithe sibanika
Isandla banyuka nengalo.
Ngoku sokwenza njani madoda?

(Latsho liphakama iDiba)
“Poverty is not an accident
Like slavery and apartheid, it
Is man-made and can be
Removed by the actions of human beings”

Ndivile mna Diba elide
Inxaki madoda ngubani
Oza kuthi asincede sisisizwe
Sika Phalo?
Nguban indoda eyakuth’
Ibeke ubomi bayo esichengeni?

Ukubuyisa
Uxolo emhlaben wobawo
‘It is an ideal which I hope to live for
And achieve but if needs be, it is an
Ideal for which I am prepared to die”

Ahh! Bhungalipheli, Yem-Yem
Diba elide wena uncancisa
Usana ngebele lungapha
Komlambo
Amazwi, nemisebenzi yakho
Nqwa notshongo

Ndiyabulela, Siyabulela
Diba elide

Thobela Mnamatha
Umyalezo kuNelson Mandela

Siyakubulela tata Madiba ngoko uthe wakenza kwesi sizwe sethu,
Ukwenzile okuhle uma ukutshintsha eli lizwe laseMzantsi Afrika, waphelisa ucalucalulo ekwakungekho themba ukuba Lungaphela, ngalo nto sithi enkosi.

Wena uliqhawe lokwenyani, uzabalazile uzabalazela
Ukukhulula eli lizwe labantsundu kwimpatho gadalala
Yamabhulu, wena ungoyena mntu sinokujongela phezulu Kuye, uyinkokeli enamava kwaye ezingcayo ngomsebenzi Wayo.

Sibusiso Mnguphane
Child in the street

A drained face with no smile,
a flattened tummy,
his body half-covered with cardboard boxes:

sheltered by a bridge,
eating dustbin meals,
barefoot with bruises.

He loiters about the streets all day
looking for food,
he coldly begs:
his skin cracked and thin.

Shame comes over my heart.

What if he makes a clean start?
His need is care;
a person to love him,
and
to be there.

Sisanda Mrwebi
I am what I am

a black beautiful woman, I am
a bold pretty woman, I am
from an African family, raised
by both loving hands, told
what’s good and bad;
I am what I am

they say black is beautiful;
like a chameleon I become colourful
with my mates, because black is beautiful,
so colourful, powerful and wonderful;

I am
what I am

Sisanda Mrwebi
My soul

My soul can’t rest,
my mind can’t resist desire.
I’m addicted to demoralisation.

As they insinuate,
murmuring men
make it more of a pity

and make my heart fall:

acting tough,
I pull myself back.

Threats won’t
get them satisfaction.

Sisanda Mrwebi
Nelson Mandela

Aa! Ngqolomsila!  
Ndingaqala ngaphi ngobomi bakho  
Ndingaqala ngaphi ngomsebenzi wakho  
Ma-Afrika masiqineni siqonde  
Imiqondo eyaqaqanjiswa liqhawe lethu.

Nditsho wena Rholihlahla  
Wadibanisa abamhlophe nabamnyama  
Saxolelana sililizwe liphele  
Salahla ikratshi nokuzicingela  
Sathandana sonke singabantwana bakaThixo.  
Namhlanje siyazingca ngawe  
Nditsho wena Yem-yem  
Ngoba wena wasilwela  
Wadala umanyano eAfrika.

IQunu iyazidla ngawe  
IAfrika iyazidla ngawe  
Ngoba wena wasilwela.

Samkelo Msizi
Nelson Mandela


Putuma Mveleli
Untitled

heavy sacks swing
one for each day

ragged, old and gaping
and still weighty
pulling down on woven peg

swinging carcass

poles bow
the line dips
forming a vicious half-mocking
crescent smile

surging carcass

a gavel banged
by a cold hand
snatched the breath out of you
you-sagging-heavy-bag

swinging carcass

here, you are equal
weakened by man
loaded sacks swinging
side by side

dead

Olwethu Mxoli
Protest

Matchstick and petrol
erupt in the hot deadly kiss

a ring sears the street,
in the wet sticky embrace of death:

men chant
to the feared scrape
of the panga on tarred ground:

they sharpen the edge
to slit the throat

Olwethu Mxoli
Glass

the stupidity of you
is delicate glass
crafted by clumsy hands
"it will not break" – they chorus:
the cracks
map the surface,
deep lines
sketch the convolutions of a life
once young
not yet alive

but old age
is queen:
the glass crumbles
to dust, and she binds the dust
with tears;
and oh, the form that rises...
sculpted by the pains of letting go,
letting go of the stupidity, the fragility
once suckled from innocence

to leave behind those days
to scatter as sand
on the shore
to be pulled and let go
by treacherous waves of hope

is the beauty of life,
the greatness of glass

Olwethu Mxoli
becoming invisible

the days are longer
hours stuffed
into crowded hampers

faces have blurred
into one sticky mess
voices wade
through the muddy air

conversations seem rehearsed
– she'll toss her hair now,
and she does –
I am sickened by the bubblegum smell

the corridors
are empty
clogged with heavy silence
and the mute thud
of his boots
on the tile floor
fading into the walls

Olwethu Mxoli
Siyabulela

Khawuvule amehlo, nangakumbi mzi wakuthi
Sijonge kuye, uliwonga kaloku kuthi elafunyanwa
Ngenzondelelo nomonde koko ubukho bakhe masingabu-Gxavuli ngobu huxu simgqagqanisa.

Masiyeke ukumnyemba ngamanyala simhlaza simngcikiva
Masithabathe eli thuba sikhe Sithi xha ngale mikhwa
Ingenancasa tyhini! Vuka mzi wakuthi sinyathele
Apho abekekhona, asishiye khona
Izenzo zethu azimkhalisi kwezo ntaba anxakame
Kuzo ntonje zimpahth’ emanyeni
Amehlo ethu masingawasusi kuye
Ewe! Nditsho the greatest artist of all
The beast a lion, wena Ngqolomsila
Mhlanganisi wesizwe, mthunzi wethu welanga
Kaloku ubumnandi bomzuzwana
Bonwatylwa ziziyatha nezituxa buphinde budeke.

Masahluke ngoku mzi ontsundu, zininzi izinto
Zokwenza ezilungileyo. Khawuphuphe mzi ontsundu
Amaziko ezemfundo alithathe, khawufunde mzi
Wakuthi, ululwile yena idabi lwentonga
Masiqhube mzi’wakuthi. Sibulela kuwe tata Mandela.

Siphosethu Ndedefwa

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Qhawe lamaqhawe!

Gorha lamaGorha, Gorha!
Qhawe lamaQhawe, Qhawe!
Nditsho umfana wakwaMadiba uRholihlahla,
UDlomo, uSopitsho, uNgqolomsila, uYem-yem, uVela bembentele,
Umfan’omhle, ulinene lamanene mfo kaMandela.

Wena usikhulule ezandleni zikaFaro,
Wena usikhulule koondlebe zikhany’ilanga,
Wena usikhulule kooziswana zikhulu singenabani,
Wena wasifela wazenza uYesu emnqamlezweni,
Kaloku unyana kaThixo wasimela wasithethelela,
Wena wazenza idini koondlebe zikhany’ilanga.

Uye wawuzila umphandle iminyaka engama-27,
Uye walushiya usapho lwakho lungenabani,
Uye wazishiyi izardelobu bezalamane iminyaka,
Uye wawashiyi amaqabane omzabalazo ebindekile,
Uye wazishiyi iinduli neentaba zakowenu,
Wena ubuhleli phakathi kolwandle njengentlanzi.

Into engoyikeni ngokoyikiswa ekholwa kukuzibonela,
Ulwe amadabi amaninzi kodwa waphumelela,
Ubuziphosa emsini noba sowuqhumha khangakanani,
Khangeni usithengisa kubantu abamhlophe,
Uye wazenza izingonyama kezinye izilwanyana,
Wena ubuzenza udyakalashe ungaphlelelwano cebo.

Baphi ooChris Hani nooSteve Biko namanye amaqhawe?
USteve Biko weza neBlack Consciousness,
UChris Hani naye ebekhona emzabalazweni wewiswe,
Oomama bayiqhankqalazele idompasi kwema ngabo,
Abafundi nabo beqhankqalazela imfundo yabo,
Naye uMadiba engahlelanga ephuma amaphulo.

Halala! Halala! Halala! Halala!
Yangena inkululeko ngonyaka ka-1994,
Bayimikrozo abantu beyokunyula uRulumente wabo,
Yatsho intsholo yeentaka zibhiyozelana inkululeko,
Akhululeka ama-Afrika kwizandla zomtshutshisi,
Laqala ulonwabo, imincili, uvuyo nothando.

Wena Madiba soze uphele emilebeni yethu,
Watsho noZahara wathi ‘Baba Mandela
Uyaziwa eTshayina, eMelika, ndibala ntoni na,
Uyaziwa jikelele kwihlabathi lonke liphela,
Yafika inqwelo egoqoza ubusuku nemini,
Lalala umbethe itshiba, wawunabela uqaqaqa,
Kaloku kukho usuku lokuzalwa oluza novuyo,
Kaloku kukho usuku lokufa oluza neenyembezi.

Thuthuzelekani zihlobo nezizalwane, zalamanane nani
maqabane,
Ndifuna ukunibopa amanxeba ndinithuthuzele,
Kaloku le mini yasekwa kwamhla mnene,
Ngoko ke kumele samkele, simkhulule agoduke.

Yonela M Ndzelu
Nelson Mandela

Utata uNelson Mandela, utata wethu, owayilwela inkululeko kunye nabanye abantu. Tata Nelson Mandela uwenzile umsebenzi wakho wade wagqithisela, silaphanje sifunda ezikolweni kungenxa yakho, siyabulela tata wethu.

Ilizwe lilahlekelwe ngutata, iingelosi zifumene iqhawe ndiyathemba ziyavuya apho ukhona uhleli ecaleni koThixo. Sikukhumbula tata, akakho omnye umntu onokuthatha indawo yakho. Hamba kakuhle tata uNelson Mandela!!!

Nkuthalo Ngcibi
Tat’ uMadiba

Inkul’ indima edlalwe nguTat’uMadiba kulo Mzantsi Afrika uwonke, uhleli amashumi amabini anesixhenxe entolongweni ngenxa yokuba elwela thina ukuba sibe nenkululeko ingumntu ngamnye abenelungelo. Ndithi mandithathe eli thuba lokuba ndimbulele uyidlalile indima enkulu kwaye uliqhawe elikhulu kuluntu lonke jikelele.

Wenze umsebenzi omkhulu, sibulela ngokungazenzisiyo into engasoze yenziwe nangubani na, kodwa ngenxa yokuba ufuna sibe nenkululeko weva intlungu, wahlala entolongweni. Siyabulela Rholihlahla!

Sisipho Ntiso
Cobweb

In a cobweb of lies
we despise
the truth.

Thoughts mislead.
Malicious words
sink.

Materialistic trends
tend to blur
visionaries:

sink, lies
that bite
back and forth,

I swim
in a pool of lies.

Mawalchazole Cinga Nyatela
Prodigal

Is he dead?
No.
Where is he?
I don’t know.
Does he know you?
I doubt that.
Do you want to know him?
Yes.

What’s his name?
Africa,
is the name of my long lost brother.

Africa !!
What a beautiful name.
It’s wealthy
and strong.

Mawalchazole Cinga Nyatela
Museum

Our small museum gazes
on white history

if there was ever a black remains
a mystery:
schools teach pure puppetry.

I stand tall like the statue of liberty
scraping the sky with flames of fury
gazing with eyes filled with animosity

I ask why?
Are we not a part of this
historical vicinity?

The stone throwers of Despatch
cooked and dispatched red bricks,
built historical monuments
and fearlessly fought in the struggle;

in 1985 natives
fought with stones
against guns,

sons of the soil
coiled in anger,
savagely attacked

and burned Nomathamsanqa down:
a frown
painted on the faces of the wise.

Mawalchazole Cinga Nyatela
**uNelson Rholihlahla Mandela**

Wena uyingedlengedle yoMzantsi Afrika  
Wena uyingonyama yokukhusela lo Mzantsi Afrika  
Wena wathabatha inxaxheba ngokhusela lo Mzantsi Afrika.

Ilizwe liyadandatheka ngokushiywa yile nkonde  
Ilizwe liyanxunguphala ngokuhamba kwale nqanawe.

Le yinkosi ukusikhusela kwayo ibenovelwano nomnye  
Le yinkosi yakwaXhosa ooDalibhunga, OoYem-yem  
Le yinkosi eyadala ukuphumla kwabamnyama.

**NguMkhululi Nyodi**
It is a white bird

A shriek
in your soul –

and a discontent
you cannot wave away
or scratch;

life is never full.

You were put here
to experience the lonely setting
of suns:

nothingness
is a white bird.

Sisonke Papu

Were words enough and I more creative
I would write myself next to you
in this poem
and be with you forever

Sisonke Papu
Black bodies

My agony manifests
in an invisible thyroiditis
when I contemplate poems
about the desecration of the black body
for dissertations are no longer plausible
and mass protests are death
I have seen these bodies
scattered like dandelions in the wind
and reduced to ancient dust

the burden of our lives makes us all artist
and historians, squabbling about our things

Sisonke Papu

Poetry

What weight does a poem hold
when ghosts lament their lives
and infants bleed,

and the bickering gods
settle their scores?

Sisonke Papu
Beauty

I have learnt that beauty is queer
and is often brutalised
by the unreceptive eye;

that it has nothing to do
with holding,

but a lot with credence
and with letting go

Sisonke Papu
Madiba

Madiba, die spore wat jy in ons land gelaat het,
Die mense wat jy aangeraak het
in ons land Suid-Afrika
wêreldwyd,
oral oor.
Jou drome dat almal saam as ‘n reënboogland kan leef,
in vrede, liefde, hoop,
’n helpende hand na mekaar
kan uitreik.

Van kaalvoetkind tot ons ikoon van inspirasie en hoop
Het jy ons geleer van vergewe en vergeet,
Om saam te werk en saam te staan
In ons unieke land Suid-Afrika.
Vir altyd sal ons strewe na jou visie en hoop,
Madiba, vir jou sal ons altyd onthou.

Eliska Rabie
I said

Before I resigned from my job and came to study in South Africa, my best friend and nephew, Abodi, tried to dissuade me not to do so. This is our conversation.

He said:
Oh, my uncle, do not be a child again.
Do not return to high school madness.
Do not ruin our life,
resign your job, abandon your flat,
and leave your friends.

Banks by instalments sell cars;
flats they offer too.
Brides for grooms are waiting.
Buy a car, take a wife, make children
and die a warm peaceful gentleman.

School days are over, time will not come back.
Hide your baldness in a wife.
Be wise and grownup.

I said:
Nay, my nephew,
I am not for these.
I will travel and see the world.
I will not wear my life away here
until death decides my pilgrimage.

I will not die in a cold hospital room
where nurses issue formal death papers
and bored translators disagree about my name.
Worms will not feed upon my corpse,
nor their little ones play in my ears.
I will die amongst eagles on mountains
or in ocean's daughter's abdomen;
and let them translate whales' songs.

Mohamed Rahmtalla
Ah, if she comes quickly

This poem is transferred from the hieroglyphs into Arabic and I translated it into English.

Ah, if she comes quickly . . .
as a royal post
impatiently waits
for the master’s letter,
the stables prepared,
the horses in the field,
the chariot set for exodus.
On the road it wants no lingering.

Ah, if she comes quickly . . .
like a royal horse
chosen from a thousand wild horses,
jumping around its pasture.
The jockey know its legs
and when the lashes crack
it has no waiting.
The lover's heart is dancing.
She is no longer far.

Ah, if she comes quickly . . .
like a deer running in the desert,
it's legs all around
and its body feeble.
Fear is in its heart.
A hunter and his dogs follow.
They cannot see its dust.

A miracle! She looks
at her resting place.
If you visit her cave
four times she kisses your hand.

Mohamed Rahmtalla
Demon

Last night as sleep captured me
a snake, huge and ugly,
swerved and shook the wind,
battling a man
with armour of gold.

I felt the trial of a demon
fought off and erased from my life.

I felt the light of a new day,
a new beginning,
a new me.

Someone was battling for my life,
fighting the claws of death.
I stood by, scared, my legs weak.

The glare of the armour captured my sight.
I didn't run until the snake was slayed.

Now I am awake in bed
shaken and sweating,
wanting what has just happened.

Am I delivered?

Tawona M Ranganawa
On a clouded moon

The sky painted in dark misty blue.
Heavy hearts echo in the dark.
Chattering and wails embrace the atmosphere.
Now we wait, with questions: what happened?
What did we do wrong,
or not do?

A harvest of tears, folded hands,
forced laughter from the back.
Head on head, an inevitable collision.
It was time, nobody could stop it.
A bullet to the heart, a missed call.
It’s now a clouded moon with little light shining.

We are lost. Wondering how the world works,
our judgment blurred.
Is it our time or His time?
We are puppets. We brew in our anger,
we don’t know what happens next.
Curiosity drives us to travel the sad road.

The knowledge kills us.
We want to know, but ignorance ambushes us.
Forever we will remain in the dark.

The good Lord shared only some secrets of life.
It’s forever a clouded moon, hanging.

Tawona M Ranganawa
Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela

Kuyo yonke into othe wayenzela isizwe soMzantsi Afrika, ndifuna ukuthatha eli thuba ndikubulele. Wahlala entolongweni iminyaka emininzi ukuze sifumane le nkululeko sinayo namhlanje. Sikhululekile nje singabantu abamnyama kungenxa yemisebenzi yakho emihle owayenzela thina singabantu abamnyama. Namhlanje singabantu abamnyama siyakwazi uhlala endaweni enye nabantu abamhlophe.


Nomathamsanqa Runeli
**Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela**

Utata uNelson Rholihlahla Mandela
Wayesaziwa lilizwe jikelel engenxa
Yemisebenzi yakhe emihle encomekayo
Wayenzayo apha eMzantsi Afrika.

Utata uMandela wayelithanda ikhaya
Lakhe eQunu kwaye wayebahlonipha
Abantu ukuqala komncinci ukuya kutsho
Komdala kwaye wasenza saba nenkululeko
Apha eMzantsi.

Dalibhunga ndiyamhlonipha kwaye ulilo
Nyhani iqhawe lamaqhawe.

**Sinomtha Senala**
**Intetho**

Liqhawe uNelson Mandela zininzi izinto asenzele zona waze wasishiya esenzele yonke into, inkulu into asenzele yona. Uliqhawe lam, qhawe kuthi usenzele yonke into ubufuna ukuyenza, wahamba singakulindelanga ukuba uzosishiya kodwa sizohlala sikukhumbula tata wethu. Ulufezile uggqatso, iimfundiso zakho zizohlala sizazi. Uye wahlala ixesha elininzi entolongweni singayazi ukuba uzophuma kodwa ukwazile ukumelana nezinto zentolongo. Inkulu into oyenze eMzantsi Afrika tata Nelson Mandela. Usishiye sowumdala, ixesha elininzi ulihleli entolongweni kodwa ukwazile unyamezela usengxakini, usishiye sizimbolambola ngawe singayazi ukuba usishiyela ntoni, usishiya sizokuhlala nabani?.

**Thobeka Sidina**
Nelson Mandela

Awu! Inkunzi madoda,
Inkonde yeenkonde,
Ingcaphephe kwisingcaphepe
Namhla, vulani indlela
Nantsi ingelosi yethu.

Masihlambeni izandla
Masibuyele eMbo,
Yona kanye inkonde
YoMzantsi Afrika,
Umbulelo esinawo
Kukulangazalela.

Usishiye nento ebomini,
Inkululeko izophuma iziqhamo
Eziqhamayo, ukuqqa esinako
Kuyawuphuhlisa, uMzantsi Afrika.

Awu!! Dalibhunga Rholihlahla
Nelson Mandela uya kuhlala
Uliqhawe loMzantsi Afrika.
Enkosi.......

Ongezwa Sipunci
In Postmodern times

the poets are going to hell
for not telling the whole truth
(but truth does not exist!)
for sorely exposing the ugly
aspect of life (hey, we are in dystopian times)
and its limping legs
and its old skin
that's flaking away
like sprinkling confetti (that’s my reality)

the poets are going to heaven
for telling the beautified lie
for solely eulogizing roses
whilst eschewing the cruel
and the raw facts of life.
they are going to hell
they are going to heaven
“yes, that is right, there is no toilet
and there is no kitchen,” a friend said.

Unathi Slasha
Bad luck

Never allow her to weep.
If she cries
then trouble comes.

And when that happens
you better be holding the baby.
Her tears

are of an old soul.

Unathi Slasha
Value

The newspaper
the radio
the television
the internet
all of them
tell me
about bombings
killing thousands
of innocent
women,
men
and children
in Gaza.
However none
of them ever tell
about the crisis
in Congo
or the conflict
in Somalia.

I leave home
for the mall
for the shopping centre
for church
or the shebeen
everywhere
people are carefree
like they have never
watched or read
the news.

Unathi Slasha
This is not my reward

I planted a plantation of potatoes

but when harvest time arrived

I reaped bags of thorns

Unathi Slasha

In a dream

Here trees & flowers
are sentient
(man, you chop them down with an axe
and they bleed a sticky substance that
resembles sap)

Here
the wind walks like a hologram
and the clouds weep
giant drops
hit the ground.

(Neters, the humans quiver
when the earth
trembles.)

Unathi Slasha
No visitors

Many days poems don't come
or saunter within
the boundaries of your comfort;
don't blame them.
You have to step out
and go get them,
grab them by the neck
frog-march them
onto the pages
of your existence.

Unathi Slasha
Tata

Die lyne op sy gesig,
sê alles.
Die stryd, die epidemicie, die uitdaging,
`n ware merker van sy mylpaal.

Hy het gestaan vir die etiese,
die nie-vergeet.
`n Nederige man,
`n vader,
sy waarde,
iets wat
ons kan bewonder.

Al was ek in `n kamer met kettings,
al was ek gemartel,
al was ek `n krimineel,
al was ek siek.
Tog kon niks my psige vermorsel.
My doel, was my doel, want alles lyk moeilik voordat dit
gedoен is.

Eindlose kontoere van heuwels
op sy voorkop.
`n Beeld vir ons van `n aanhouer.
Sy hemde, die sinergie
ek sien daarin ons erfenis, ons gelykheid,
ons kultuur en ons moontlikhede in die land.

Hy het geweet,
ons het geleer.
Soos `n moeder wat kraam,
ons gelukkigheid kom na die pyn.

Deur Tata se beeld wys hy
dat ons altyd keuses het.
Die ikoon van vreugde en sukses.
Die lig in die donker.

Ons aanhouer,
Ons Tata!

Davian Stokes
sint rolihlahla

hier in londen kort ek
'n sterk koppie koffie
sint rolihlahla
om oor jou te kan skryf

hier waar op die rooi tapyt
voor flitsende ligte oomblikke
na die ghrend première
filmsterre en prinse
na hul asems snak

gehuil het
geweet het
oor die man wat goddank nie
sy naam gestand gedoen het nie

en ek wonder of jy destyds toe jy met
jou kleiosse langs die rivier speel
kon droom
dat jy die wêreld sou verander

Wessel Stoltz
In this dark cloud
I'm trying to breathe,
the air seems heavy:
what's a person to do?

Questions block my thoughts.
I’d supposed that things of this earth
were meant for us
who live here.

I find myself asking
whether I’ll ever see a picture perfect
pendulum?

But pandemonium
paralyses pondering,

preventing progress;

then the pressure of peers
peals away principles

to expose pessimistic ideas.

Sinako Stuurman
Lesson

You don't know what the Lord has bestowed upon you; those piercing eyes, that infectious smile, couple to form the face that brightens the room. Your spirit beams with the joy of the break of dawn.

You bring lessons, carrying life-changes to the lives you touch. This learning comes from within, where a stone has been replaced by a fiery heart.

So thank you: you and your family will find room in the Lord's house, the resting place of souls.

Sinako Stuurman
Mandela se nageslag

as ’n vader ’n saadjie is wat groei
soos ’n wingerdstok
om die bene
deur die are van elke kleinburger
kan ons ’n kruis uit jou stam kerf
vir as die donkerwolke weer
op die horison saamtrek om menswees te versuip
wag jou kinders weer
vir ’n stokvegter om die skape te jaag
of hoor hulle jou soos die wind deur die gras sing
en dan vir onsself ons eie latte pluk

Charles Tait
Amazwi ombulelo kutata Mandela

Ugqatso ulufezele tata indima yakho uyidlalile kubomi bethu, zininzi izinto osiphumelele kuse kuzo singenabuchule kuba kuya kuze kulunge ngaphambili, siyabulela ke tata kuwe ukuthi sikwazile ukukhululeka kwingcinezelo zabamhlophe.

Kule mihla siphila ubomi obumnandi sinezindlu, amalungelo, imfundo, siyaphumelela kuxhomekeka kwabo bangenandlela zokuziphatha. Siyabulela tata nangokuthi kuko konke okwenzileyo ukwenzela thina, siyabulela ngokuthi ukwazile ukusinyamezela usilwela, ubomi obuninzi sibuchithe kwingcinezelo zabamhlophe ngoko siyabulela naxa sithi singabamnyama sihluphana, kodwa wena uhlala usomeleza izinto uzenzile saphumelela siyakubulela ke tata.

Sinazo Tom
Nelson Mandela

Ah! Dalibhunga intsimbi
Ayigobi igobha eyigobayo
Ntsika emiselwe phezulu lijelo
Lamanzi awanika isiqhamo
Kwilizwe loMzantsi Afrika
Uzibonakalise njengenkonde yomzabalazo.

Sibamba ngazo zozibini
Kuwe Nkulumbuso Nelson Mandela
Wena ujike izinto zeli lizwe
Lethu. Uhambe izizwe ngezizwe
Wabuya nodumo notshintsho
Kubantu bonke satsho sakhluleka.

Uwele imilambo ngemilambo
Abamhlophe bekugxalathelisa bekwenza
Bekwenza umntu ongenanto phakathi
Kwabanye abantu kodwa akuzange woyisakale.

Aviwe Tshetsha
Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela

Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela siyakubulela tata ngokusinika inkululeko yeli lizwe kuba yonke into ihamba kakahle ngakumbi esikolweni sitya ukutya kwaye sifunda kakahle ngolu lwimi sifuna ukufunda ngalo.

Siyakubulela tatomkhulu ngokusenza thina bantu bamnyama silingane nabantu abamhlophe kuba siyangena kwindawo besingangeni kuzo kwindawo ezinjengokubhekha edolophini.

Sibulela tat’omkhulu nangamalungelo esinawo apha eMzantsi Afrika kwaye nemali osinika yona, imali yenkamnkam ngokuba iyasinceda kakhulu, sithi halala tat’omkhulu ngento osenzele yona.

Siphiwo Tshikini
**Dalibhunga**

Dalibhunga, Delakufa, Yem-yem, Vela bembentsele.
Wena uliqhawe lomzabalazo kweli labantsundu
Wena wambathi’ngub’egusha ngokulunga
Wena uliqhawe lenene
Uphakanyiselwa nangabant’abasemazweni

Kuba kaloku unesidima ngokwenene
Kuba wajingiliso ulwela abomzontsundu
Kuba waziwa nanguthathatha ukuba uliqhawe
Ngokugula kwakho wenze bakhathazeka bonke kweli
hlabathi
Ukusutywa kukufa kwakho kusenze saxheleka
emphefumlweni.

Kuvowutiwe wena walufeza ugqatso waphumelela
Ugqatso ulufezile umzamo uwuzamile
Lala ngoxolo Madiba lala ngoxolo.

**Siyanda Tsholoba**
In the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan Art Museum

_in memoriam: Jenny Fabbri_

_i. Henry Moore_

Ha! This gallery’s got six reclining figures by Henry Moore — my old heavy-weight of inspiration, with his huge earth spirits, his essences of weight, gravitational down upon their plinths, form-mastered to shape, rounded human-idea brought forth:

and here a sketch, a coloured lithograph, six figures: you are to me as a canvas to the soft excited breast of first love.
Here’s Graham’s *The Artist Turns his Back on the Bay*. Though I’ve seen this before I’ve never seen it well, this way. I’m fresh from the South End Museum, that *memento* of the pain one human can give another, of cluster-people smashed in their families, houses down, driven off, and here’s that hurt again, or anger, sadness, defiance, as the artist walks away from the very ruins of place, and community. And like Auden’s horse, his *Icarus*, life goes on regardless in the very flutter of that apartheid flag, and the tugboat busy, busy on the dark blue sea.

And through these ruins of spirit and place the artist leaves; defiant, back-turned, carrying his own soul and visions and completed canvasses: and over his shoulder his brushes of new sights, new creations.

He steps out like a matador, while the crowds jeer and roar their farewells, derisive – one bares an awesome bum. He strides past the women, and out of the sin of the ruined land, wasteland, the wilderness of this city I’m in.
iii. On Finding a Chagall Angel in the Bay

In the dark, dark, dark swirl of brushstrokes
a beast, with comic-effort, somehow grounded,
strains away. And, somewhere, wings

and a halo-round golden sun-face . . .
till I find, in the ink, amongst the somewhere
butterfly locust wings a windswept angel

afloat in front of the horse,
looking backwards,
serenity just on her face;

as though a splat of art,
a feather fallen from Chagall,
has drifted somehow down to settle the Bay.

iv. La colombe à l’arc-en-ciel

The dove like a phoenix flaps in still-life
across the rainbow, frozen. No feather
moves, tufts inert around its claws,
artificer-made, all dead on the sky-page
of imagination, and monumentally stiff
on its flat rainbow:

only, I feel
the dove-head – fragile in its storybook
self, and storybook feathers – is delicate,
alive, alert, sensitive, real.

Brian Walter
Utata Rhohi lhlahla Nelson Mandela

Ndiyabulela ngendlela owuzinikele ngayo kuloMzantsi Afrika wade wachitha iminyaka eli-27 uhlala Entolongweni ngenxa yokulwela inkululeko yethu bantu bamnyama.

Ndithi mandibulele ngothando kwaye ndivume ukuba unguTata wesiwze wena uye wasidibanisa sizintlanga ngeentlanga kuba ufuna silingane sibe ngabantu abanye singohlulwa ngemibala yethu okanye ngentlanga zethu. Ukuba ubungekho apha emhlabeni beisngasokuze sikhululeke kwaye ndibulela nendlela oziphethe ngayo wena ungumntu ulutsha anojonga kuyo kuba ungumntu olungileyo onobubele ogcwele uthando.

Ndithi apho uhleli khona usijongile siza kugqibezela Umsebenzi owusishiyie nayo. Wena uliqhawe leli lizwe Umntu ubulela njani ububele obungaka ngaske isizwe Sibe nje ngawo kubekho abantu abanobubele abafana Nawe Qhawe lamaqhawe. Enkosi!

Beulodine Williams
Nelson Mandela


Le ndoda iyihlalile iminyaka ilandelelana entolongweni bephethwe kabuhlungu kodwa besazi ukuba bayasweleka bakufela umntu omnyama ophetheke kabuhlungu nabaayo. Yaphuma le ndoda emva kweminyaka emininzi kangaka, kodwa yaba yimini emnandi kakhulu emntwini omnyama ngoba yonke into yayisenzeka ayinakuba iphinde yenzeke.

Sibulele Yali
Nelson Mandela

Tyhini! Tyhini! Madoda nanku umntwana wakwaXhosa owenza ummangaliso ngokuthi axolele ukubeka ubomi bakhe emngciphekweni walwela ukwenza ubomi bomntu omnyama bhetele, bangajongelwa phantsi zezinye iintlanga ibe ngathi abazi nto. Ube ngomnye wabantu abakrelekrele bangenza nantoni ukuba ubomi bomntu omnyama buphucukile, loo nto ubuvile ubunzima bemfazwe ebekuwo nabanye waye banjwe nabo entolongweni. Iphupha lakhe nelabanye lafezeka sonke isizwe sajonga phezulu kubo nakuye, uDalibhunga waliphatha ngendlela ilizwe lakhe kungekho namnye okhalazayo ngaphandle kwabo babengamfuni, umnumzana uNelson Rholihlahla Mandela akakhonzwanga nguMzantsi Afrika yedwa namanye amazwe ayamkhonza.

Luthando Zonke
Nelson Rhohlihlala Mandela

Siphila kwilizwe lenkululeko aqho ukwaziyo ukwenza into ofuna ukuyenza akhomuntu ungenamalungelo. Le nkonde yayiyenye yeenkonde neenkondekazi, ezasiphathela le nkululeko sizando ngayo kule mhla siphila kuyo. Kule mhla siyakwazi ukuthetha ngelizwe esihlala kulo, siyakwazi ukuqhayisa sizando xa sihleli nabanye abantu bamanye amazwe sithi “thina sisuka eMzantsi Afrika.” Siyakwazi ukuqhayisa sizando nangemvelaphi yethu. Siyabonga, siyabulela Dalibhunga, Yem Yem, Ngqolomsila, Vela bembhentsele. Enkosi!!!

Sinentlahla Zono