

# NVision

**Poems in isiXhosa, Afrikaans and English**

**from students at  
Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University**

**Selected and edited by  
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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 Rholihlahla 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

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.

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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 ndinigqogqagqogqe  
Iindlebe zenu lutsha lwangomso,  
Khanindivumeleni ndikhe ndityatyadule  
Indlela yethu ibemhlophe nangomso.  
Khanindivumeleni ndikhe ndinixelelele  
Ngenkunzi 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**

Nelson Mandela, tata Madiba onothando kumntu wonke. Siyakhahlela, siyabulela kuwe ngomusa othe wabanawo kuthi. Siyakubulisa Ngqolomsila, ovela bembhetsele.

Ah! Dalibhunga, ndoda ethobekileyo , esoloko inoncumo maxesha onke, othanda abantu kunye nesizwe sakokwethu. Siyakuthanda, sithi enkosi ngezinto othe wasenzela zona, ukuba zange usinike inkululeko ngesingekho apha ngoku ngesingenazo ezi zinto sinazo. Ngesingafumenanga le mfundo siyifumeneyo. Ndithi ngalo mazwi, I salute you. Siyabulela ngenceba yakho. Nangomso uze wenze njalo, usishiye nemfundo enkulu.

## **Khangelwa Bunu**

## **Ugqatso ulufezile**

Ugqatso ulufezile, inkululeko uyenzile, ubukho bakho kwisizwe sabantsundu bunjengetyuwa ekutyeni. Ifuthe lakho liyavakala nangoku ungasekho ngokuba kaloku inkululeko ize nawe, namhlanje sinemfundo kungenxa yakho, sikhululekile siya apho sifuna ukuya khona, namhlanje sinamalungelo kungenxa yakho Dlomo, Sopitsho, Yem-yem, Nguboengcuka, nkosi yamaThembu. UThixo siyambulela ngokudala umntu onguwe, abazali bakho siyababulela ngokwenza umntu onguwe, ingqeqesho yakowenu siyayibulela ngokwenza umntu onguye. Uthando ubunalo ngomntu wegazi lakho belilikhulu, ude wancama ixesha lakho ngokuthi uhlale entolongweni into engangeminyaka engamashumi amabini anesixhenxe, washiya ikhaya lakho ukuyokulwela isizwe esintsundu, wabeka umphefumlo esichingeni ukuze umntu omnye naye abenexabiso. Ke ngoko siyakubulela sithi uliqhawe lamaqhawe.

## **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 zookhokho bethu bekukwenza ubuntu  
nolwabelwano  
Kubantu abamhlophe  
Kanti asilazanga elidlalayo  
Banjengengcuka ezambethe isikhumba segusha  
Ubuntu bethu babonwa ingathi yinto yokuxatshazwa  
Baqala ngokufuna iinkomo 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 mpulaphuli 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 ndashiywa ngumlomo kodwa inkululeko yiyo le  
Amadoda amakhulu asebenza abila ibunzi inene  
bemhokamhokana

Nale nkululeko 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 uRholihlahla, uSopitsho, uNgqolomsila  
Imkile into kaMadiba mfondini  
Ithemba lomzi omnyama  
Yazi siza kuba ngabakabani na?

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

Uliphakamisile inqindi lakho usithi amandlaa!!  
Wahlokoma uMzantsi Afrika uphela  
Saqina isizwe esintsundu salwa nocalucalulo  
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



*ii.*

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, ulufezile ugqatso, uyidlalile indima yakho ngemisebenzi yakho emihle sinjenjenje kungenxa yakho sikhululekile nje zizenzo zakho.

Ndiyazingca ngebala lam ngenxa yemisebenzi yakho, ndithi ndiyabulela ngemisebenzi yakho emihle siyaziqhenya ngawe, Tata. Awu!!! Dalibhunga, Ngqolomsila, Yem-yem, Vela bembhentsele, lala ngoxolo qhawe lamaqhawe siyabulela.

## **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 wyskede  
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  
moeilikheidsmaker het jou vader jou gedoop,  
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  
Qhawendini 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 uxatyisiwe  
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 uxatyisiwe.

**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  
verwurgdes  
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 vriende 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 wasilwela kwingcinezelo yamabhulu sade saphumelela. Sanesizwe esiphumelelayo, saze sangabantu abanoxolo nothando njengokuba nawe wawunoxolo nothando.

Yaze iAfrika yonke yazala uxolo nothando ngoku singabantu abanothando abalinganayo, kodwa sithe sisavuyela ubukho bakho phakathi kwethu sicinga ukuba izizukulwana zethu ziya kukubona, kodwa suke walifulathela eli, kodwa siyavuya kuba usishiye nelifa lenkululeko. Wena ubuliqhawe ngaphezu kwamanye  
Huntshu! Tata Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela Yahaaaaaa!  
Mb'ingwenya.

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  
ugqatso ulufezile  
Ukumela inyaniso nokungagungqi kwakho walimela ilizwi  
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 kwiintshaba 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 lamaqhawe.  
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 Rholihlahla Mandela**

Fafa olude olungakreca izulu, mdaka omnyama ongeva sepha, ngungcambaza xa ehamba ingathi akafuni kunyathela emhlabeni. Zandiza iinqwelo moya zibonisa ubukhulu bakho. Ilizwe laqaqamba ngenxa yakho, lwaphela ucalu-calulo ngobukho bakho tatomkhulu.

Isiqithi siyakwazi, ndityibela wena Madiba, Ngqolomsila, Yem-yem ankenteza amazwi akho xa esithi “ucalu-calulo maluphele kweli lizwe, umanyano ngamandla, imfundo mayibe yinto eza kuqaqambisa esi sizwe”.

Umzimba wakho ubuzele izivubeko, ukulwela inyaniso kodwa ngalo lonke elo xesha khange ujike, ulwe kwasekugqibeleni. Badibana abamnyama nabamhlophe ndawonye walubetha lwee saa ubandlululo, imfundo yasimahla yavela. Sifunde lukhulu kuwe, sizuze nto wabubonisa ubukhulu sowunabele uqaqqa. 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**

## **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 somz'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 Rholihlahla 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**

Kuyinyani oku kuthi intyatyambo entle iyakhula edakeni. Ngenyani ke elam ixhego layibonisa le into.wazalwa ezilalini apho bungekho machibi. Imfundo ethe yadlula eyabamhlophe njengoBiko owabona indlela yempumelelo nge mfundo.

Uphumelele emagqabini kothuka amaqala kunye nemfundimani. Wathi imfundo sisitshixo sempumelelo, wabona ingcinezelo esikuyo singabebala elimnyama. Kuloo mpatho imdaka wasizama ukusivasa sabampuluswa. Igama lakho likhulu, liyakha. Sakuhlala silikhonza.

Rolihlahla, Rolihlahla, ngubani ofana nawe? Usibonisile indlela ngoko ke kukuthi ukuba sihambe emhlabeni ekhondweni lakho, singaqubhi eludakeni. Ngoko ke siyabulela.

## **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, nguMthikrakra 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 ukubanekamva 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.

Wakhetha ukuphila ubomi obunzima kuba ufuna ilizwe lethu liphumelele. Kwakubuhlungu kuwe tata uhleli entolongweni uhlelele abantu abamnyama, ubulwela uzama ngandlela zonke ukuba soze uncame ilizwe lethu lingaphumelelanga. Ubusebenza nzima nto yakwa Rholihlahla Mandela.

Ndiyabulela Mandela, Ngqolomsila, Velabembentsele. Sifunda namhla ngolwimi lwethu, nguwe tata. Ngaphandle kwakho kunye nabalingani bakho ngesingento. Siyazidla ngawe tata. Enkosi bawo ndiyabulela.

## **Anathi Mavengana**



## **uMandela**

Indoda yamadoda!!! uMzantsi 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**

## **IsiXhosa**

Andazi nokuba mandithi lala ngoxolo qhawe okanye  
Ndithi hamba na Tata ngoba kum ubuyinto yonke.  
Tata usikhulule kweloMzantsi, siwafumene onke  
Amalungelo ethu ngenxa yakho. Ndithi siyabulela  
Yem Yem, Vela beambhentsele, Dalibhunga.  
Ngoko ndithi hamba kahle Tata uyibekile induku.  
Ebandla.

## **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 ingummangaliso. 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 bambhentsele

## **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**

## **Nelson Mandela**

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**

Nkosi yabaThembu, Dalibhunga, Yem-yem, Ngqolomsila umzamo omhle uwuzamile ugqatso ulufezile. Iminyanya ikuvulele amasango asezulwini ngezandla ezishushu kwanentliziyo evuyayo. Usilwele singabantu abantsundu wade wagwetywa iminyaka engama-27. Kunamhlanje siyatyiswa ezikolweni, sihamba sikhululekile.

Bekuyizolo oku siphila kwixesha elinzima apho indoda ibiphila ngokugoloza kodwa wena fafa olude wayilwela inkululeko yethu. Udenza ndabawela ukufana nawe, undenze ndalahla iinkcuku nekratshi. Intliziyo yam ilihlwili ngokushiywa nguwe kuba ubungu tata woMzantsi Afrika uphela. Ndiyazidla ndizethembile kwanje ngomntwana wase- Afrika ndithi, “Enkosi ngeenzame nangendima oyidlalileyo kuthi.”

Lala kakuhle ke Mntande, silo esithetha kuhlokome izizwe ngoko oko ndithi, “Enkosi tatomkhulu uMandela, “Madiba, Rholihlahla, Nelson”.

## **Liyema Mdilitwana**

## **Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela**

Siyabulela kuwe gorha lamagorha. Izinto osenzele zona zingummangaliso akekho onokukwazi ukulwela ilizwe lakhe njengawe. Uyilwele inkululeko sinamalungelo namhlanje kungeenxa yakho. Waxolela ukuvalelwa entolongweni. Siyazingca ngawe namhlanje siyakwazi nokuqhayisa ngeqhayiya nebhongo lwethu loMzantsi Afrika.

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

Sithi enkosi Dalibhunga, Yem Yem, Ngqolomsila. Ugqatso lwakho ulufezile. Enkosi siyabulela.

## **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 . . . .

**Zizopho 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 kweli lizwe.

## **Olwethu Mfelane**

## **Isincoko ngotata uNelson Rholihlahla Mandela**

Isibonelo esihle sibhekiselwa kulowo ihambo yakhe nemisebenzi yakhe kunokujongwa kuyo ukukhulisa nokuqeqesha abo basakhulayo kunye nontangandini. Utata uNelson Rholihlahla Mandela ndingalitsolisa ndithi le ngcaciso itsho kuye kanye. Ngoko ke othetha ngaye njengesibonelo esihle uya kube echan'ucwethe.

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

Ekulweleni kwakhe inkululeko zange kube lula, wawenyuka amaxethuka nentsunguz'ezimnyama kodwa oko akwenza walibala ngabantu bakhe nephupha awayenalokukhulula abantu bakhe phantsi kwesandla soontam'olukhuni. Imfundo yakhe ayimenzenga ukuba alibale ngabantu abantsundu koko imenze wakwazi ukwabelana ahlulelane ngoko anako nabantu abafana naye. Oku kuphenjelelwe nakukuba engumntwana wegazi nto leyo emenze wazazi ukuba yena ungoniyuliweyo, 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 kwakhe entilongweni iminyaka engamashumi amabini anesixhenxe kungqina ubunzima athubeleze kubo khon'ukuze umnt'endinguye abe nobomi obungcono.

Ngethuba asentilongweni utshaba lalucinga ukuba lingqibile 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.

Ubukho bakho bubo obu benze sakwazi ukubeka u “nxi” wokuqala silulutsha nabemi boMzanti Afrika ngonyaka wama-1994. Satsho sangcamla okutsh'ebomini safumana ukulingana ngamalungelo, imfundo kunye nenkolo. Tata Madiba sohlala sikukhumbula, akumkanga wedwa, simke nawe ngokomoya. Uthando lwakho lulo oluya kusenza sikhule.

## **Hini Mkhusele**

## Idiba elide

Mazibizwe zonke  
Iinkonde zelali,  
Zingalibaleki nezifundiswa,  
Kuba nants'ingxaki ixakamaxhego  
Ebuhlanti

Madoda le ngxaki masiyi  
Zinzele ngobunene  
Ayifuni uphathwa  
Ngazandla zigadalala.

Ifun'ingqiqo, ingcamango  
Nobuchwepheshe.  
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  
Ingxaki 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 umana 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 liphela  
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**

Tatomkhulu wethu Nelson Rholihlahla Mandela. Nkokheli yethu exasimelayo kwidabi lengcinezelo. Wancama ubomi bakho, wancama imfundo yakho ngenxa yethu. Wathothoza iminyaka emininzi kuba ufuna ukhulula ilizwe labantu abamnyama, elathatha ngegazi kuthi. Wena tata zange ubenoloyiko waqina inyanda wasilwela sazuza impumelelo ngenxa yakho namanye amaqabane.

Ngubani ebesazi soze sikhululeke kwezazibhovubhovu zasentshona. Sazuza imfundo eyiyo emva kokuba sikhululekile kweli lethu. Ndiyabulela ngayo yonke into osenzele yona. Uhambo lwakho lusothusile, kwaye sohlala sikuthanda.

## **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,  
fine 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 zimphath' emanyeni  
Ameblo ethu masingawasusi kuye  
Ewe! Nditsho the greatest artist of all  
The beast a lion, wena Ngqolomsila  
Mhlanganisi wesizwe, mthunzi wethu welanga  
Kaloku ubumnandi bomzuzwana  
Bonwatyelwa ziziyatha nezituxa buphinde buduke.

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 Ndedwa**

## **Qhawe lamaqhawe!**

Gorha lamaGorha, Gorha!  
Qhawe lamaQhawe, Qhawe!  
Nditsho umfana wakwaMadiba uRholihlahla,  
UDlomo, uSopitsho, uNgqolomsila, uYem-yem, uVela  
bembentsele,  
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 wazishiya izihlobo nezalamane iminyaka,  
Uye wawashiya amaqabane omzabalazo ebindekile,  
Uye wazishiya iinduli neentaba zakowenu,  
Wena ubuhleli phakathi kolwandle njengentlanzi.

Into engoyiki ngokoyikiswa ekholwa kukuzibonela,  
Ulwe amadabi amaninzi kodwa waphumelela,  
Ubuziphosa emsini noba sowuqhuma kangakanani,  
Khange usithengise kubantu abamhlophe,  
Uye wazenza ingonyama kezinye izilwanyana,  
Wena ubuzenza udyakalashi ungaphelelwa cebo.

Baphi ooChris Hani nooSteve Biko namanye amaqhawe?  
USteve Biko weza neBlack Consciousness,  
UChris Hani naye ebekhona emzabalazweni wesizwe,  
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 zibhiyozela 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 itshoba, wawunabela uqaqqa,  
Kaloku kukho usuku lokuzalwa oluza novuyo,  
Kaloku kukho usuku lokufa oluza neenyembezi.

Thuthuzelekani zihlobo nezizalwane, zalamane nani  
maqabane,  
Ndifuna ukunibopha 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 ngokushiya 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,  
its 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,  
wondering 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.

Namhlanje siyakwazi ungena kwindlu yangasese nabantu abamhlophe. Ukuba wawungazange uchithe iminyaka emininzi entolongweni ngesisahlala kwilizwe localucalulo, kodwa ngenxa yento owayenzayo siphila kwilizwe lenkululeko. Kunga ilizwe lizale ngabantu abafana nawe.

## **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 ugqatso, 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 kwiingcaphephe  
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, ukuqiqa 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 epidemie, die uitdaging,  
`n ware merker van sy mylpaal.

Hy het gestaan vir die etiese,  
die nie-vergeet.  
`n Nederige man,  
`n vader,  
sy waardes,  
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  
gedoen 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  
geween 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**

## **Plosives**

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  
peels 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 onself ons eie latte pluk

**Charles Tait**

## **Amazwi ombulelo kutata Mandela**

Ugqatso ulufezile tata indima yakho uyidlalile kubomi bethu, zininzi izinto osiphumelelise 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 sakhululeka.

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 kakuhle ngakumbi esikolweni sitya ukutya kwaye sifunda kakuhle ngolu lwimi sifuna ukufunda ngalo.

Siyakubulela tatomkhulu ngokusenza thina bantu bamnyama silingane nabantu abamhlophe kuba siyangena kwindawo besingangeni kuzo kwindawo ezinjengokubheka 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  
emphefumleni.

Kuvowutiwe wena walufeza ugqatso waphumelela  
Ugqatso ulufezele 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.

ii.

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 Rholihlahla 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 wesizwe 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 owusishiye nawo. Wena uliqhawe leli lizwe Umntu ubulela njani ububele obungaka ngaske isizwe Sibe nje ngawe kubekho abantu abanobubele abafana Nawe Qhawe lamaqhawe.  
Enkosi!

## **Beulodine Williams**

## **Nelson Mandela**

Awu! UNelson Mandela utata uMadiba owayelwela inkululeko yabantu abamnyama, elwela ukuphalala kwegazi labamnyama nokuphathwa gadalala kwabo. Mandela lo owayezama ukuba sikhululeke baphele bemvalela entolongweni kuba bembona nguye okrelekrele, abantu abamhlophe bambamba neqela lakhe ootata Sisulu nabanye.

Le ndoda iyihlalile iminyaka ilandelelana entolongweni bephethwe kabuhlungu kodwa besazi ukuba bayasweleka bakufela umntu omnyama ophetheke kabuhlungu nabafayo. 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 Rholihlala Mandela**

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

## **Sinentlahla Zono**