

2018 volume 1

AMAZWI

trilingual poetry magazine

MANDELA THEMED POEMS
and others





CONTENTS

MANDELA-THEMED POEMS

	Poet	Page
1. [hier is ons]	Luan Staphorst	3
2. What Freedom is this?	Thandolwethu Ncedo	6
3. [truth be told]	Ofentse Manne	9
4. Ukuzalwa kwenkululeko	Mzoli Mavimbela	12
5. May be ...	Mosili Mphone	14
6. An Open Letter to Nelson	Keneilwe Natu	17
7. Mandela After 1994	Samantha van Eck	23
8. Women of the Future	Thandolwethu Ncedo	26

OTHER POEMS

	Poet	Page
9. These questions	Xolela Madlanga	29
10. Fairly Melody	Dillion Mostert	34
11. Twenties	Muzomuhle Ntuli	36
12. What I was not taught	Michaella Ndaye-Ndaye	39
13. [I saw u]	Sinomtha Matoli	40
14. For my Grandfather	Siphiwe Mayekiso	47
15. Undressed	Chelsea Brown	49
16. [the dusty sands of Limpopo]	Amokelani Amoré Baloyi	52
17. Sky	Shadley De Lange	53
18. Days	Anathi Tshabalala	54
19. Torn	K Tladi	55
20. Sijika! You are also a place	Okuhle Diko	58
21. Mzontsundu kwanele	Ncedo Pongwana	61
22. Andizange ndimngcwabe	Mzoli Mavimbela	64
23. Wie is jy?	Ronalda Malgas	67
24. My ID	Ronalda Malgas	70
25. Pesticide	Christina Brazzale	72

*Translators: Luan Staphorst, Andiswa Bukula,
Bulelwa Mjila, Tsepiso Nzayo*

Nelson Mandela University
School of Language, Media & Communication

Editor Prof. Marius Crous
marius.crous@mandela.ac.za

Designer: Tarryn Rennie





hier is ons

1. hier is ons - Luan Staphorst

hier is ons
met skouers gebuk onder die las van onself
hier is ons
met net die velle om ons lywe
hier is ons met net die naam
Mandela om te mond
Mandela
drie lettergreepig
is dit `n woord in ewewig soos die woord ewewig, Madiba, Menslikheid,
asemhaal, wesenlik
`n greep
vokale deurgrief van soveel
onsse
deurgrief van
wat ons eens wou wees
deurgrond
van ons hierheid
maar tussen vokale glip verby
die soveel ons
die meemakend meelewend ons
glip verby in die skeur tussen jou en my

grypend na konsonante
is die enigste verhaal
tot `n omhaal van die keelkiewendheid
tussen die hierdaar onsse

so
so
by watter naam word daar in die bresse getree
by watter naam kan ons meer na-aan-mekaar gee

here we are

here we are

here we are
with shoulders bent under the burden of ourselves
here we are
with just skin wrapped around our bodies
here we are with just the name
Mandela to mouth
Mandela
three syllabled
it is a word in harmony like the word harmony, Madiba, humanness, breathtak-
ing, becoming
a grasp
of vowels engraved with so much
ours
engrieved of
what we once could have been
knowing
of our hereness
but between vowels slips past
the many ours
the togetherring ours
slips past into the crack between you and me

grappling for consonants
is the only defence
against this throatcleavingness
between the here-there ours

so
so
by what name do we reach the other in defence
by what name does the being-more and being-near enter the present tense

silapha

silapha

silapha

namagxa agobileyo phantsi kwemithwalo yobunzima bethu

silapha

nezikhumba ezombathise imizimba yethu

silapha negama qha

Mandela emlonyeni

Mandela

Igama elohlulwa kathathu

Ligama elivisa kamnandi wonke umntu njengegama elivisa kamnani wonke umntu, Madiba,

ubuntu, ukuphefumla, namanqindi

aqinisiweyo

okwezikhamiso zamagama ezibhalwe ngokucacileyo

ngathi

kubhalwe ngokucacileyo

ngezinto ebesinokuba zizo

sisazi

kwindawo esikuyo

kodwa phakathi kwezikhamiso kukho imbali

yethu thina bantu abaninzi

kolumanyano lwethu

kuphuma imbali yeyantlukwano phakathi kwam nawe

ukhuphiswano lwamaqabane ezandi

lulo kuphela ukhuselo

phakathi kwamazwi aphuma emqaleni

phakathi kwethu kunye nabo

ngoko

ngoko

leliph iigama esiza kufikela kulo ukuzikhusela

Leliph iigama esiza kulisebenzisa ukuqinisekisa ukuba imbali ayilitywala ngenxa

yokwenzekayo ngoku



What Freedom is this?

2. What Freedom is this? - Thandolwethu Ncedo

Grow up, be kind, don't talk too much
Most importantly don't question everything.
They call you democracy and I don't know you.
They told me you caused them pain.
They said you were hard to find.

They kept on saying you were like gold
So, they had to dig and dig hoping they'll find you someday.
My grandfather fought for you.
Makhulu had to carry the burdens alone.
She had to lick her wounds and those of her children too.

Freedom!!!
Freedom of speech
Freedom of education
Meaning go to school, get those grades and be better than your classmates.
Go to college, graduate and remember be better than any of us in this village.

So, what?
What is the purpose of being better than your own
If it will never make things better for your people.
Democracy why are you dividing us, why is our youth depressed?

Freedom I shall write a letter to Mandela to tell him
You have not kept your promise of liberating us.
I wanted to write and say you are good to us
And that you are so giving, but every time you give you take a piece of us with you.
We are no longer the same.
We are no longer complete.

Yenjani le inkululeko?

Yenjani le inkululeko?

Khula, yiba nobuntu, musa ukuthetha kakhulu.

Qaphela, musa ukubuza yonke into.

Bathi uyinkululeko mna andikwazi

Bathi kum ubahlungisile.

Bathi uze nzima.

Bahlala besithi wawufana negolide.

Ngoko bagrumba begrumba ngethemba lokuba minazana ithile baza kukufumana.

Utat' omkhulu wam wakulwela.

Umakhulu kwafuneka ethwale umthwalo yedwa.

Washiyeka ezikhotha amaxeba, kunye nawabazukulwana.

Nkululeko!!!

Nkululeko yokuzityanda igila.

Nkululeko yemfundo.

Yiya esikolweni, ufunde ugqwese uqaqambe kwabo ufunda kunye nabo.

Uye esinaleni uthweswe isidanga, ubengcono kunathi basezilalini.

Ke, ngoku?

Yintoni injongo yokuba ngcono kunabanye?

Xa ingenokwenza ngcono ubomi babantu ophila nabo.

Demokhrasi kutheni usenza iintsalu, kutheni intsha yethu izele lunxunguphalo?

Nkululeko ndiza kubhalela uMandela incwadi ndimxelele.

Awukhange usigcine isithembiso sakho sokusikhulula.

Bendifuna ukubhala ndimxelele ukuba usiphethe kakuhle

Ndimxelele ukuba uyimvuze-mvuze, kodwa wasoloko unika ucuntsula kuthi uthathe-la kuwe.

Asisafani

Asisagqibelelanga inkululeko enjani le?

Watse Vryheid is dié?

Watse Vryheid is dié?

Word groot, wees vriendelik, moenie te veel praat nie
Belangrikste moenie alles bevraagteken nie.
Hulle noem jou demokrasie en ek ken jou nie.
Hulle het vir my vertel jy het hulle leed aangedoen.
Hulle het gesê dat jy moeilik is om te vind.

Hulle het aangehou sê jy's soos goud
So, hulle moes spit en spit hopen hulle vind jou eendag.
My oupa het vir jou geveg.
Ouma moes die las alleen dra.
Sy moes haar wonde lek asook dié van haar kinders.

Vryheid!!!
Vryheid van spraak
Vryheid van opvoeding
Bedoelende om skool toe te gaan, daai punte te behaal en beter as jou klasmaats te wees
Gaan universiteit toe, gradueer en onthou om beter te wees as enige van ons in hierdie dorp

So, wat?
Wat is die doel van beter wees as jou eie
As dit dinge nooit beter vir jou mense sal maak nie.
Demokrasie, waarom verdeel jy ons, waarom is ons jeug so onderdruk?

Vryheid, ek sal `n brief aan Mandela skryf om hom te vertel
jy het nie jou beloftes gehou om ons te bevry nie.
Ek wou skryf en sê jy is goed vir ons
En dat jy so vrygewend is, maar elke keer as jy gee neem jy `n stuk van ons saam met jou.
Ons is nie langer dieselfde nie.
Ons is nie langer heel nie.



[Truth be told]

3. [Truth be told] - Ofentse Manne

“I fought against white domination,
I fought against black domination.

I have cherished the ideal of democratic and free society in which all persons live
together in
harmony and equal opportunities”

Truth be told

Life after `94

Everyone aspire to be like him but no one is ready to be like him.

A black man is doing what a white man did to a black man to a black man.

maragana teng a bana mpa.

We still grind teeth and pull faces.

Rainbow colors are separating.

Daily struggles of women and children fighting for their lives.

LGBTI community is exhausted of fighting, they die left and right.

Life after `94

The promised land of milk and honey is lava land.

From a frying pan into the fire.

Life after `94

Equality is a myth

Some are more equal than others.

Previously privileged still privileged.

Previously disadvantaged still disadvantaged.

24 years later.

Life after `94.

First preference is just words on paper.

Black is still black and white is still white.

“As long as poverty, injustice and gross inequality persist in our world, none of us
can truly
rest.”

[Injaniso]

Ndalwa nolawulo lwemgcinezelo kubantu abamnyama.
Ndiyayixabisa imbeko yentando yesininzi nentlalo ekhululekileyo apho bonke abantu
bahlala khona
ngokuvisisana namathuba alinganayo “

Inyaniso mayithethwe
Lubomi emva ko- `94
Wonke umntu ebezibona efana naye kodwa engekho olungele ukufana naye
Umntu omnyama wenza izinto ezenziwa ngumntu omhlophe kumntu omnyama
maragana teng a bana mpa.
Sisatshixizisa amazinyo sifing'intshiya
Imibala ye-Rainbow iyohlukana
Umhla nezolo abantwana namanina banoxanduva lokuzikhusela besilwela ubomi
babo
LGBTI idiniwe kukulwa, bayasweleka umhla nezolo
Ubomi emva `94
Bathembisa abantu ngelizwe lobisi nobusi
Bakhutshwa ekuqhotsweni ngepani basiwa emlilweni
Ubomi emva ko- `94
Ukulingana ngamampunge
Abanye balingana ngokungalinganiyo kunabanye
Izityebi zisatyebile
Amahlwempu asahlwempuzekile
Emva kweminyaka engama-24
Ubomi emva ko- `94.
Ukuxhamla kuqala ngamagama ephepheni
Abamnyama basemnyama, abamhlophe basemhlophe
“Kusekho ubuhlwempu, ukungabi nabulungisa kunye nokungalingani okugqithiseleyo
kwilizwe lethu, akukho namnye kuthi onakho ngokwenene
kuphumla. “

[Om die waarheid te sê]

"I fought against white domination,
I fought against black domination.

I have cherished the ideal of democratic and free society in which all persons live
together in
harmony and equal opportunities"

Om die waarheid te sê

Lewe na `94

Almal aspireer om soos hy te wees maar niemand is gereed om soos hy te wees nie
`n Swart man doen aan `n swart man wat `n wit man aan `n swart man gedoen het.
maragana teng a bana mpa.

Ons kners steeds ons tande en trek gesigte.

Reënboogkleure is besig om te skei.

Daaglikse stryd van vrouens en kinders wat veg vir hulle lewens.

LGBTI gemeenskap is uitgeput baklei, hulle sterf links en regs.

Lewe na `94

Die beloofde land van melk en heuning is lawaland.

Uit `n braaipan in die vuur.

Lewe na `94

Gelykheid is `n mite

Sommiges is meer gelyk as ander.

Voormalig bevoorreedes steeds bevoordeel.

Voormalig benadeeldes steeds benadeel.

24 jaar later.

Lewe na `94.

Eerste keer is bloot woorde op papier.

Swart is steeds swart en wit is steeds wit.

"So lank armoede, ongeregtheid en erge ongelykheid voortbestaan in ons wêreld,
nie een van ons kan rus nie."

Lewe na `94.



Ukuzalwa kwenkululeko

4. Ukuzalwa kwenkululeko - Mzoli Mavimbela

Waapitsho-pitshoz' uSopitsho bamkhonkxa ngamakhamandela.
Wath' osezintanjen' uyaxok' uzobhadl' akubanjwa.
Wabanjw' uDalibhunga suka wenyuka nengal' eqhankqalaza.
Bafunga bathi somqonkq' iSiqithi, suka waqingq' uMadiba.
Bamthi nka ngamashum' amabin' anesixhenx' etsala nzim' okwenkamela.
"Freedom is coming tomorrow," Watsh' enethemba.
Lwazabalaz' ulutsha noomama, uD Klerk wayinyenyis' imikhala.
"Khululeka Rholihlahla, awuhlehli, namhlanje ndiyakukhulula," watsh' erharhaza.

Yaphum' int' enkul' izirhuq' iinyaw' isindwa yiminyaka.
Aqhumis' ethsuthsuz' amagqirh' enqul' iminyanya.
Yazalw' inkululeko ngo-1994 satsho satanasa.
Bangqin' ePalamente bathi yingw' uMadiba, bamwonga ngesikhundla.
Zamkhahle' iinkosi nezikumkani zamvava ngeminweba.
Namhlanje siyachamaz' enkululekweni sibulel' uTat' uMandela.

The birth of freedom

The birth of freedom

They arrested and cuffed him
The then ruler said he will sort him out
Dalibhunga was arrested even though he was refusing
They said the island will destroy him , instead Madiba was stronger
27 years oh hardships and pain in prison
"Freedom is coming tomorrow," he said, with hope
The youth revolted and De Klerk felt the pressure
"Go out Mandela, today I release you" he said.

A giant got out carrying years of suffering and pain
Ancestors were appeased
Democracy was born in 1994 we became free
Mandela was a president
Kings and Queens gave him honour
Today we are free we thank Nelson Mandela

Die geboorte van vryheid

Die geboorte van vryheid

Hulle het hom gearresteer en geboei
Die destydse heerser het gesê hy sal hom uitsorteer
Dalibhunga is gearresteer selfs al het hy geweier
Hulle het gesê die eiland sou hom vernietig, maar Madiba was sterker
27 jaar van ontbering en pyn in die tronk
"Vryheid kom môre", het hy gesê, met hoop
Die jeug het in opstand gekom en De Klerk het die druk gevoel
"Gaan uit, Mandela, vandag laat ek jou vry" het hy gesê.

’n Reus het uitgekom en jare se pyn en lyding gedra
Voorvaders is tevrede gestel
Demokrasie is gebore in 1994 het ons vry geword
Mandela was ’n president
Konings en Koninginne het hom eer betoon
Vandag is ons vry ons bedank Nelson Mandela



May be ...

5. May be ... - Mosili Mphore

We talked about these days.
 These days, we sat around a round table
 To boast and toast about,
 And to our freedom.
 Yes! We are the young black youth,
 Learned all we could from those before us.
 See, we can dance now,
 And protest with our feelings, splashed!
 Across the body of boards now,
 We are free!
 Mandela fought for our kind,
 To be part of the blanket,
 We now call the rainbow nation.
 Do you see us?
 We are no longer at the corner of the flag,
 We are the middle.
 We have rights now. We vote.
 We note, our importance in this reconciliation brand of a country.
 The years before 1994 are stained,
 With the stains of pain,
 We intend to vanish.
 What can we do after all, but "trust pink and forget stains".
 Then, we'll sit around bigger round tables,
 And brag about the inspiration Mandela is.
 That we too,
 Left a bunch of good in South Africa,
 Without looking to America.
 Litter the world with the forgotten spirit of Ubuntu,
 Do away with racism,
 Tolerance is never enough.
 Look at it!
 A shadow,
 Lies and says we are getting closer,
 And then end up with the likes of shallow, waters.
 Be the free Desmond Tutus,
 Praying and believing for a freer and looser,
 South Africa - where we are all equal,
 And not just a replica of what could be.

Mhlawumbi ...

Mhlawumbi ...

Sithethile ngazo ezintsuku
Intsuku apho sihleli kwitafle engqukuva sixoxa
Sibhiyoza, siqhayisa
Ngenkululeko yethu
Ewe, silulutsha olumnyama
Sifundile konke kwabadala kuba inyathi ibuzwa kwabaphambili
Ukuze sikwazi ukonwaba namhlanje
Kwaye siqhankqalaze siveze indlela esiziva ngayo
kuye nakubani na
Sikhululekile!
UMandela walwela abantu abafana nathi
Ukuze sibe yinkxalenye yesizwe esinye esimanyeneyo

Ingaba niyasibona?
Asisavalelwa ngaphandle sibekwe ekugqibeleni
Nathi sikumbind wabantu abathabatha nabenza izigqibo.
Sinamalungelo ngoku. Siyavota
Kuyaphawuleka ukubaluleka kwethu kuxolelwaniso lwelizwe olubalaseleyo.
Iminyaka ephambi kowe-1994 yiminyaka yosizi neenyembezi
Amabala amdaka eentlungu,
Sinqwenela ukuba siwalibale
Singenza ntoni? sixolele silibale
Sihlale kwiitafle zengxoxo siqhayise
NgoMandela nendlela ayinkuthazo ebubomi babantu.
Nto leyo eye,
yalifuthe lokushiya abantu abaninzi abalungileyo
Singakhange sijonge nakumazwe afana neMelika
Singcolise ilizwe ngefuthe elilityelweyo loBuntu,
Siphelise incinezelo
Kuba unyamezelwano lulodwa alonelanga.
Khanijongeni!
Isithunzi,
Ubuxoki bokuba sisondele,
Obusishiya sinzulu okwamanzi esiziba
Masikhululeke njengotata uDesmond Tutu
Sithandaze kwaye sikholelwe ukuba uMzantsi Afrika useza kukhululeka
Sonke silingane

Mag wees ...

Mag wees ...

Ons het gepraat oor hierdie dae.
 Hierdie dae, ons het om `n ronde tafel gesit
 om te spog en `n heildronk daarop te drink,
 En tot ons vryheid.
 Ja! Ons is die jong swart jeug,
 Het alles wat ons kon van dié voor ons geleer
 Sien, ons kan nou dans,
 En met ons emosies protes aanteken!
 Regdeur die bank
 is ons vry!
 Mandela het vir ons soort geveg,
 om deel te wees van die kombes
 wat ons nou die reënboognasie noem.
 Sien julle ons?
 Ons is nie meer in die hoek van die vlag nie,
 Ons is die middel.
 Ons het regte. Ons stem.
 Ons merk ons belangrikheid in die versoeningsbeeld van `n land
 Die jare voor 1994 is beplek
 met die vlekke van pyn
 Ons beplan om te verdwyn.
 Wat kan ons tog doen, behalwe om “pienk te vertrou en te vergeet van die vlekke”.
 Dan, sit ons om ronde tafels,
 en spog oor die inspirasie wat Mandela is.
 Dat ons ook
 goed in Suid-Afrika agtergelaat het
 Sonder om na Amerika te draai.
 Verrommel die wêreld met die vergete gees van Ubuntu
 Doen weg met rassisme
 om te verdra is nooit genoeg
 Kyk daarna
 `n Skaduwee
 Lê en sê ons kom nader
 en eindig dan op met die gelyk van vlakwaters.
 Wees die vrye Desmond Tutu's
 Bid vir en glo in `n vryer
 Suid-Afrika – waar ons almal gelyk is
 En nie net `n namaaksel van wat kan wees nie



An open letter to Nelson

6. An open letter to Nelson - Keneilwe Natu

Dear Nelson!

Your country is preaching 21years of Democracy,

yet not out of the chains

Chains of colonized education

Chains of racism

Chains of corruption,

Yes, the taste of political freedom I personally can tell you about

But not of economic freedom,

It's a plate of a perfectly cooked meal I can see only from a distance

The aroma I smell from a far,

It's playing picture perfect on my mind

as I'm staring at my own dry plate of ...

NOTHING! NOTHING Nelson!

I am starving ...

Oh! how I'm yearning for DEMOCRACY!

This democracy we're preaching today serves as a blind folder to our harsh reality

See what I'm trying to tell you is that your nation is crying

Your nation is not free yet...

Protests after protests!

Deaths after deaths!

Because of the lack of unity,

This democracy serves as a blind folder to our harsh reality

Oh! By the way hello Nelson,

I am a concerned black child

I hope you are resting in perfect peace.

However, I'm still on my ink and paper...

Years back you were fighting war against apartheid

Today there is too much hunger

Your black brothers tell me although apartheid was so cold and brutal

But hunger was not as much as it is today

Leaders they trusted are greedy and self-centered

Nelson what you fought for has turned into shredded pieces
You people no longer believe in the African National Congress
For it has turned into a house of lies and thieves
You mentioned once that education is the key to success
So, tell me Nelson, was the key given to a black child only for primary and high
school schooling?
I don't wanna talk about success,
the key was never even given to a black child
Nelson, they hid the key from a black child
My black brothers and sisters are holding matric certificates but yet going nowhere
Also, Nelson we live in fear in our own land
Children and women are raped
Black people are killing each other through mugging and hijacking

This is my cry to you father of the nation!
I have nowhere else to turn to,
When I speak the truth, they say I'm being brutal!
Will this cry wake you up?
In conclusion, land is important to a black man
Just so you know Codesa 1 or 2 denied a black man the opportunity
To have a taste of their own fruits!

Sincerely
Concerned black child

ʼn Ope brief aan Nelson

ʼn Ope brief aan Nelson

Liewe Nelson!
Jou land preek 21 jaar van Demokrasie,
maar is nog nie uit die boeie nie
Boeie van gekoloniseerde onderwys
Boeie van rassisme
Boeie van korrupsie,
Ja, oor die smaak van politieke vryheid kan ek jou persoonlik vertel
Maar nie van ekonomiese vryheid nie,
Dis ʼn bord met ʼn perfek gekookte maaltyd wat ek slegs van ʼn afstand kan sien
Die geur ruik ek van ver,
Dit speel prentjiemooi in my kop af
soos ek afstaar na my eie droë bord van ...
NIKS! NIKS Nelson!
Ek is sterwend van die honger ...
O! How smag ek na DEMOKRASIE!
Die demokrasie wat ons vandag preek dien as ʼn blinde doek van ons harde realiteit
Sien wat ek jou probeer vertel is dat jou nasie uitroep
Jou nasie is nog nie vry nie ...
Protes na protes!
Dood na dood!
Oor die gebrek aan eenhied,
Die demokrasie dien as ʼn blinddoek van ons harde realiteit
O! By the way hallo Nelson,
Ek is ʼn besorgde swartkind
Ek hoop jy rus in volmaakte vrede.
Tog, ek is steeds by my ink en papier ...
Jare terug het jy geveg teen apartheid
Vandag is daar te veel hongersnood
Jou swart broers vertel my dat alhoewel apartheid so koud en brutaal was
daar nie soveel honger soos vandag was nie
Leiers wat hulle vertrou het is gulsig en self-gesentreerd
Nelson, waarvoor jy geveg het is aan flarde
Jou mense glo nie meer in die African National Congress nie
Want dit het in ʼn huis van leuens en rowers verander
Jy het eens opgemerk dat opvoeding die sleutel tot sukses is
So, vertel my Nelson, was die sleutel aan ʼn swartkind slegs vir laer- en hoërskool gegee?

Ek wil nie oor sukses praat nie,
die sleutel was nooit eens aan ˆn swartkind gegee nie
Nelson, hulle het die sleutel van die swartkind weggesteek
My swart broers en susters hou matrieksertifikate vas maar gaan nêrens heen nie
Verder, Nelson, leef ons in vrees in ons eie land
Kinders en vrouens word verkrag
Swart mense vermoor mekaar deur roof en kaping

Die is my uitroep na jou, vader van die nasie!
Ek het nêrens anders om myself te wend nie,
Wanneer ek die waarheid praat, sê hulle ek is brutaal!
Sal die uitroep jou wakker maak?
Ten slotte, grond is belangrik vir ˆn swartman
Net sodat jy weet, Codesa 1 of 2 het die swartman die geleentheid ontken
om te proe aan sy eie vrugte!

Met agting
Besorgde swartkind

Ileta eya kuNelson Mandela

Ileta eya kuNelson Mandela

Nelson obekekileyo!
Ilizwe lakho lishumayela iminyaka engama-21 eDemokhrasi
kodwa alikhululekanga ematyathangeni
Amatyathanga emfundo yabacinezeli
amatyathanga engcinezelo
amatyathanga obuqhophololo
Ewe, inkululeko yepolitiki siyingcamle yona
Kodwa hayi inkululeko yezomnotho
kukutya okuphekwe kwaqholwa kodwa ndikubonela ndisiva ivumba lako ndikude
Ngumfanekiso omhle ovela engqondweni yam
noxa ndijamele esam isitya sokutya okomileyo
AKUKHONTO, AKUKHONTO Nelson!
Ndiyalamba...
Owu! Indlela endiyinqwenela ngayo iDEMOKHRASI
IDemokhrasi ekuthethwa ngayo namhlanje iyasimfamekisa singaboni neemeko zobunzima
esiphila nazo
Uyabona ndizama ukuxelela ukuba ilizwe liyalila
Ilizwe lakho alikakhululeki
Uqhankqalazo mihla nezolo!
Ukufa mihla nezolo!
Ngoba ilizwe alimanyenanga
IDemokhrasi ekuthethwa ngayo namhlanje iyasimfamekisa singaboni neemeko zobunzima
esiphila nazo
Oh! Gxebe molo Nelson,
Ndingumntwana omnyama ongavumiyo ukuthula
Ndiyathemba ukuba ulele ngoxolo
Nangona kunjalo ndisaphethe usiba nephepha...
Kwiminyaka edlulileyo wawusilwa incinezelo
Namhlanje kukho indlala
Abantakwenu bathi nangona incinezelo yayibuhlungu
kodwa indlala yayingekho nje
linkokheli abazithembileyo ngoohlohlesakhe
Nelson, konke owakulwelayo kujike kwalilize
Abantu bakho abasenalo ithemba kumbutho we-ANC
Kuba ujike yangumzi wamaxoki namasela
Wakha wathi imfundo sisitshixo sempumelelo

Ngoko, ndixelele ke ukuba ingaba eso sitshixo basinikiwe na abantwana abamnyama kumabanga asezantsi naphezulu ?
Andifuni ukuthetha ke ngayo impumelelo,
isitshixo sona azange sinikezelwe kumntwana omnyama
Nelson, basifihla isitshixo kumntwana omnyama
Abantwana abamnyama banebanga leshumi kodwa akukho apho baya khona
Kwakhona, Nelson siyoyika kwilizwe lethu
Amanina nabantwana bayadlwengulwa
Abantu abamnyama bayabulalana

Esi sisililo sam kuwe tata wesizwe
akukho apho endingaya khona
Xa ndithetha inyaniso bathi andinabantu
Ingaba esi sililo siza kuvusa?
Ukuyiqukumbeka, umhlaba ubalulekile ebantwini abamnyama
Ukuba ubusazi i-CODESA 1 neCODESA 2 zabavimba abantu abamnyama elothuba
Lokungcamla iziqhamo zemisebenzi yabo

Ozithobileyo
Umntwana omnyama ongakwaziyo ukuthula



Mandela after 1994

7. Mandela after 1994 - Samantha van Eck

In the prison cell
where others gave in to hell
there sits a certain person
breathing education and important information
He did not give up Hope,
Using education as a way to cope

Then, come the year 1994
where he opened a lot of doors
to be free of the idea of prejudice
against any ranks, class and race
stratification he wanted to destroy
as inequality removes people's joy

for he had what a great leader enquire
Fighting with peace rather than with fire
Encouraging the rainbow nation
to accept one another's culture and imagination
for he knew we were all unique
and we should avoid subjectivity

From giving lessons to inspirational quotes
To giving and the truth and also hope

Mandela emva ko 1994

Mandela emva ko 1994

esiseleni
apho abanye babencamile benikezele
ukhona umntu owayehleli
ephefumla imfundo kunye nolwazi olubalulekileyo
azange alahle ithemba
esebenzisa imfundo njengesixhobo sokuziqinisa

Wafika u1994
Wafika wavula iingcango ezininzi
Zokukhululeka nokungamjongeli phantsi omnye umntu
Ngokwebala, isini, nendawo akuyo ekuhlaleni
Iyantlukwano wayefuna ukuyitshabalalisa
Nanjengoko ukungalingani kuhlutha uvuyo ebentwini

Kodwa yena iimpawu zenkokheli wayenazo
Esilwa enoxolo engasebenzisi mbhayimbhayi
Ekhuthaza ilizwe esithi malimanyane
Ukuba bamkelane banyamezelana iimbono namasiko abanye
Kuba esazi ukuba singabantu abangafaniyo
Ngoko ke kufuneka sicwezele ekujongelaneni phantsi

Wasinika iimfundiso kunye nenkuthazo
Wasinika inyaniso nethemba

Mandela na 1994

Mandela na 1994

In die tronksel
waar ander toegee aan die hel
sit daar `n sekere persoon
wat opvoeding en belangrike inligting asemhaal
Hy het nie Hoop opgegee nie,
en gebruik opvoeding om uit te hou

Toe, kom die jaar 1994
waar hy baie deure oopgemaak het
om vry te wees van die idee van vooroordeel
teen enige rang, klas en ras
hy wou stratifikasie vernietig
want ongelykheid vernietig mense se geluk

want hy het wat `n grootse leier nodig had
Om te veg met vrede eerder as met vuur
Om die reënboognasie aan te moedig
om mekaar se kultuur en verbeelding te aanvaar
want hy het geweet dat ons almal uniek is
en ons moet subjektiwiteit vermy

Van lesse gee tot inspirerende aanhalings
Tot vrygewing en die waarheid en ook hoop



Women of the Future

8. Women of the Future - Thandolwethu Ncedo

She turned her *can't's* into *can's*
And her dreams into plans.
She is a woman of many abilities
A woman of many possibilities.

She is not afraid to fail neither is she afraid to fly.
She blossoms and flourishes in each and every season
Picking up each and every piece of her that seemed to
have fallen during her downfall.
She's driven by the undying spirits of her ancestors, her warriors.

See she's kept awake by the voices of her heroes
The voices of Tata Mandela, uDalibhungaa.
The voices of Walter Sisulu.
Powerful voices of Oliver Tambo and Chris Hani.
These were voices that were silenced so she can speak
And cry even louder her beautiful nation.

She's kept awake by the beautiful, melodious voices of her heroines
That died with beautiful but yet unsung songs.
In her she possesses, Winnie Madikizela Mandela's voice
She arrives like Mam Sisulu, strong and powerful like Lilian Ngoyi.
She is a woman that is fearless, a woman whose presence demands attention.

She arrives and forever remains in the hearts of those she touched.

Amanina angomso

Amanina angomso

Wenza izinto zenzeke
Amaphupha wakhe abengumkhomba-ndlela
Akukho nto imxakayo
Zonke uyazifezekisa

Akakoyiki kohluleka engoyiki kuntingela phezulu.
Uhluma agqame maxa onke.
Uyaziqokelela azingcibe xa ethe wawa.
Uqhutywa ngumoya ongafiyo wezinyanya, namaqhawe wakhe.

Amazwi wamaqhawe wakhe amgcina ephaphamile.
Amazwi ootat' uMandela, uDalibhunga.
Amazwi ooWalter Sisulu.
Amazwi anamandla ooOliver Tambo kunye nooChris Hani.
Lawo ngamazwi avalwa umlomo khona ukuze akwazi ukuthetha.
Alile ngakumbi elilela izwekazi lakhe.

Uphaphanyiswa yintsholo emnandi yamaqhawekazi wakhe,
Athi abhubha neengoma ezimnandi ezingazange ziviwe
Kuye kunkenteza ilizwi likamama uWinnie Madikizela Mandela
Uthi gqi njengo mam' uSisulu, uqine njengo mam' uLillian Ngoyi.
Ulinina elingoyikiyo, ubukho bakhe buthi ndijonge.
Uthi esakufika ifuthe lakhe livakale lihlale ezintliziyweni zabantu.

Vroue van die Toekoms

Vroue van die Toekoms

Sy verander haar kannies in kanne
En haar drome in planne.
Sy is `n vrou van vele vermoëns
`n Vrou van vele moontlikhede.

Sy is nóg bang om te faal nóg bang om te vlieg.
Sy blom en bloei uit in ieder en elke seisoen
Terwyl sy ieder en elke stuk van haar optel wat blyk
om af te geval het tydens haar ondergang.
Sy's gedrewe deur die onsterflike geeste van haar voorouers, har vegters.

Sien sy word wakker gehou deur die stemme van haar helde
Die stemme van Tata Mandela, Dalibhungaa.
Die stemme van Walter Sisulu.
Kragtige stemme van Oliver Tambo en Chris Hani.
Stemme wat verswyg is sodat sy kan praat
En uitroep selfs luider as haar skone nasie.

Sy word wakker gehou deur die mooi, melodieuse stemme van haar heldinne
Wat gesterf het met skoonheid maar liedere ongesonge.
In haar besit sy Winnie Madikizela Mandela se stem
Sy arriveer soos Ma Sisulu, sterk en kragtig soos Lilian Ngoyi.
Sy is `n vrou wat vreesloos is, `n vrou wat se teenwoordigheid aandag opeis.
Sy arriveer en bly verewig in die harte van die wat sy aanraak.

These questions

9. These questions - Xolela Madlanga

These questions, these questions
 Have not been answered
 These questions have never left the mind
 These questions linger in waiting
 These questions have no reply
 These questions bring pain, bring tears to my eyes, and sorrow to my heart,
 Leave wrinkles on my skin, scars in my mind and frowns to my lips
 These questions bring cries to my soul, hurt to emotions, confusion to my
 Thoughts, hate to my love and frustration to my peace
 These questions, these questions
 These questions burn holes in my truths
 They lie to my ethics, deny my emotions
 These questions delight in my anguish, trample my trust, laugh at my wishes,
 my dreams, my requests, my answers
 They leave no joy, no peace, but darkness to my eyes, silence to
 my ears and death to my heart
 These questions, these questions
 These questions trap me
 These questions undo my rights
 These questions mute my song
 These questions banish my voice
 These questions leave me dry, take life from me and steal my breath
 These questions tear down my walls, drown my visions, bury my wisdom,
 scorn my knowledge, they tame my weapons, they tarnish my sleep and
 attack my dreams
 These questions, these questions
 These questions embrace my distress, they debate my defenses
 These questions see no end
 These questions crush me, depress me, bind me
 These questions toy with my patience, passion, my decisions, my beliefs
 they defy my motives and cut through my spirit, they go unseen, unheard
 These questions tie up my plans, downsize my tries, block my courage, trample my
 feet, they feed on my strength, feed on my will

These questions, these questions
 These questions have lived too long
 These questions have no rest
 These questions make me weak with fear and dread
 These questions are mine but they are not me
 These questions blur my path, they suffocate my steps
 These questions, these questions
 These questions must be answered!

Le mibuzo

Le mibuzo

Le mibuzo, le mibuzo
 Le mibuzo ayiphendulekanga
 Le mibuzo izinzile engqondweni
 Le mibuzo ilindile ngomonde
 Le mibuzo ayinampendulo
 Le mibuzo indivisa kabuhlungu, izisa inyembezi emehlweni, kwanosizi entliziyweni
 yam
 Igugisa ulusu lwam, ishiya iziva engqondweni neentandabuzo emilebeni yam
 Le mibuzo izisa iinyembezi emphefumleni wam, yonzakalisa iimvakalelo zam,
 ishiya iingcinga zam ziyindindi, indenza ndiluthiye uthando kwaye iphazamisa inzolo
 yam.
 Le mibuzo, le mibuzo
 Le mibuzo itshisa ishiye imingxunya kwinyaniso yam
 Ingamampunge kwindlela endenza ngayo izinto, ivalela iimvakalelo zam
 Le mibuzo iyandichulumancisa xa ndikhathazekile, ikwatyumza ithemba lam, ihleke
 iminqweno,
 amaphupha, izicelo kunye neempendulo zam.
 Ayishiyi gcobo naxolo, kodwa ubumnyama emehlweni, inzolo ezindlebeni kunye
 nokufa entliziyweni.
 Le mibuzo, le mibuzo

Le mibuzo iyandikhonkxa
Le mibuzo inyasha amalungelo am
Le mibuzo icima ingoma yam
Le mibuzo indivala ilizwi
Le mibuzo indishiya ndomile kwaye indibulala umphefulo

Le mibuzo idiliza iindonga, itshonisa iinjongo zam, ingcwaba ubulumko bam,
Ijongela phantsi ulwazi lwam, ithomalalisa izikrweqe zam, iphazamisa ubuthongo bam itshabalalise
amaphupha wam
Le mibuzo, le mibuzo
Le mibuzo yanga inxwaleko yam, iphikisana nokhuseleko lwam
Le mibuzo ayipheli
Le mibuzo iyandityumza, indinxunguphalise, indikhonkxe
Le mibuzo idlala ngomonde nezigqibo zam
iinkolelo zam
andisazazi ngenxa yale mibuzo

Le mibuzo ayindiniki thuba. Ibulala konke endikucwangcisileyo, inditheza amandla.

Le mibuzo, Le mibuzo
Le mibuzo ihleli ixesha elide
Le mibuzo ayiphumli
Le mibuzo indishiya ndibuthathaka ndinoloyiko
Le mibuzo yeyam ingendim
Le mibuzo iyandisitha endleleni yam, ifixanisela amanyathelo wam
Le mibuzo, le mibuzo
Le mibuzo mayiphedulwe!

Hierdie vrae

Hierdie vrae

Hierdie vrae, hierdie vrae
Is nog nie beantwoord
Hierdie vrae het nog nooit die gedagtegang verlaat
Hierdie vrae talm en wag
Hierdie vrae het geen antwoord
Hierdie vrae bring pyn, bring trane na my oë, en seer na my hart
Laat plooi op my vel, littekens in my gedagtes en fronse na my lippe
Hierdie vrae bring huil na my siel, seer na emosies, verwarring na my
Gedagtes, haat na my liefde en frustrasie na my vrede
Hierdie vrae, hierdie vrae
Hierdie vrae brand gate in my waarhede
Hulle lieg vir my etiek, ontken my emosies
Hierdie vrae verlekker in my worsteling, vertrap my vertroue, lag vir my wense,
my drome, my versoeke, my antwoorde
Hulle laat geen geluk, geen vrede, behalwe duisternis vir my oë, stilte vir
my ore en dood vir my hart
Hierdie vrae, hierdie vrae
Hierdie vrae vang my vas
Hierdie vrae ontdoen my regte
Hierdie vrae demp my lied
Hierdie vrae verban my stem
Hierdie vrae laat my droog, neem lewe van my en steel my asem
Hierdie vrae breek my mure af, verdof my visioene, verberg my wysheid,
verag my kennis, hulle tem my wapens, hulle verbleik my slaap en
val my drome aan
Hierdie vrae, hierdie vrae
Hierdie vrae omhels my angs, hulle debatteer my verdediging
Hierdie vrae ken geen end
Hierdie vrae vermosel my, onderdruk my, bind my
Hierdie vrae speel met my geduld, passie, my besluite, my oortuigings
hulle daag my beweegredes uit and sny deur my gees, hulle gaan ongesien, ongehoord

Hierdie vrae bind my planne, verkleineer my pogings, blok my moed, vertrap my
voete, hulle voed op my krag, voed op my wil
Hierdie vrae, hierdie vrae
Hierdie vrae leef al te lank
Hierdie vrae ken geen rus
Hierdie vrae maak my swak met vrees en angs
Hierdie vrae is myne maar hulle is nie van my
Hierdie vrae verdof my pad, hulle versmoor my treë
Hierdie vrae, hierdie vrae,
Hierdie vrae moet beantwoord word!

Fairly Melody

10. Fairly Melody - Dillon Mostert

My mouth is not my own.
 I sit in agony as the numb pain works its way to my eyes and down my cheeks
 in butterfly waves.
 Oh to control words like the all-seer of Thor's spoilt kingdom!
 Why is there no harmony? No free?
 Free birds to sing must be pleasing to the ear, for it is their ear that guides them,
 not the utensil of a queer man that divides and dismembers.

The teeth sway and move until they stay.
 Used to the rape of their lives, forced to remain in place.
 They behave.
 Why be afraid when we know truly what our ears are attuned to?

Oh to be free birds to our own tune!
 Oh to be overseers of our own kingdom too!
 Oh what a bad day at the dentist!

Iphantse yasisandi sengoma

Iphantse yasisandi sengoma

Umlomo wam ayingowam
 Ndihleli ndingcungcuthenka zibe intlungu zizenzela emehlweni ukuya ezidleleni zihamba
 okwebhabhathane.
 Ndilawula amagama njengekumakani ebukhosini
 Kutheni kungekho ukuphumla ? Kutheni ndingakhululekanga ?
 Khululani iintaka zicule kamnani ezindlebeni, nangoko izindlebe zazo ezizikhokelayo
 Hayi izixhobo zendoda engaqondakaliyo ezidala iyantlukwano

Amazinyo ahla esenyuka ade azinze
 Ade aqhele ukuxhatshazwana , anyanzeliswa ukuhlala endaweni yawo.
 Aziphatha ngendlela ethile
 Kutheni sisoyika kodwa siyayazi ngokunyanisekileyo umculo ekufuneka uviwe zindlebe zethu ?

Ukuba zintaka ezikhululekileyo kwingoma yazo!
 Ukulawula ubukumkani bethu !

Amper Melodie

Amper Melodie

My mond is nie my eie nie
Ek sit in angs soos die verdoofde pyn sigself skuif van agter my oë af oor my wange in
skoenlapperbewegings.
O om woorde te beheer soos die siener of Thor se bederfte koninkryk!
Waarom is daar nie harmonie nie? Geen vry?
Vry voëls wat sing moet bevredigend vir die oor wees, want dit is hul oor wat hulle lei,
nie die werktuig van 'n vreemde man wat opdeel en opbreek.

Die tande beweeg rond tot hulle stilsit.
Gewoond aan die verkragting van hulle lewens, gedwing om in plek te bly.
Hulle gedra hulself.
Waarom bang wees wanneer ons weet waarvoor ons ore bestem is?

O om vry soos voëls op ons eie deuntjie te wees!
O om daarby opsigters van ons eie koninkryke te wees!
O wat 'n slegte dag by die tandarts!



Twenties

11. Twenties - Muzomuhle Ntuli

I pull a cigarette from the twenty
Light it up, take a puff
And reminisce on my twenties.

Twenty this, twenty that. I am twenty something!
As I harken back to my arrival here,
Fresh from my teens with mistakes, failures and regrets
And now I am subjugated to this decade.
Enslaved by these twenties, forced to pay this debt
A huge portion of it was my inheritance.

You see I was born with nothing,
So, it is only now that I am able to carve my path
But the sharp axe of black tax cuts away all that I build.

These years like society, are demanding.
They don't understand that I am black and poor.
The twenties don't give a fuck.

As I recall it has been a life unlived,
And each day that goes by
I feel the gravity of the thirties pulling me closer.
I am not ready.
But at the same time
I don't want to die young.

I-20s

I-20s

Nditsala umdiza kwengama-20
Ndiwulayite, nditsale
Ndicinge ngeminyanka yam kweyama-20

Ama-20 le, ama-20 leya. Ndineminyaka eyingamashumi ama-20 anento!
Ngoku bendingxamile ndibuyela ekufikeni kwam apha,
ixesha lobutsha bam elineempazamo, ukungaphumeleli kunye nokuzisola
Ngoku ndiloyisile elo xesha
Ndilikhoboka lexesha leyama-20 , ndinyanzelwe ukuba ndibhatale amatyala
Isixa esikhulu ebesililifa lam.

Ndazalwa ndingenanto
Ngoku, kuxa kungoko apho ndikwazi ukuzivulela indlela
Kodwa izembe elibukhali loxanduva lixabela konke endithe ndakwakha.

Le minyaka njengendawo esihlala kuzo, lifuna ukuhoywa
Abaqondi ukuba ndimnyama kwaye ndilihlwempu
Eyana-20 ayizidubi ngalo nto.

Xa ndicinga obo bubomi endingazange ndibuphile
usuku nosuku oludlulayo
Ndiyalisa ifuthe leminyaka engamashumi amathathu linditsalela kufutshane.
Andikakulungeli
kodwa ngaxeshanye
Andifuni ukufa ndiselula

Twintigs

I-20s

Ek trek `n sigaret uit die pakkie twintig
Steek dit aan, vat `n trek
En dink terug aan my twintigs.

Twintig dit, twintig dat. Ek is iets-en-twintig!
Soos ek terug verlang na my aankoms hier,
Vars uit my tienerjare met foute, flaters en berou
En nou is ek onderdanig aan dié dekade.
Ingeboek deur die twintigs, gedwing om die skuld te betaal
`n Groot deel daarvan my erfporsie.

Jy sien ek is met niks gebore nie.
So, dit is eers nou dat ek my eie pad kan uitkap
Maar die skerp byl van swart belasting keep weg alles waaraan ek bou.

Die jare soos die samelewing, is veeleisend.
Hulle verstaan nie dat ek swart en arm is nie.
Die twintigs gee nie `n fok om nie.

Soos ek dit herroep is dit `n lewe ongeleef,
En elke dag wat verbygaan
voel ek die swaartekrag van die dertigs wat my nader trek.
Ek is nie gereed nie.
Maar terselfde tyd
wil ek nie jonk sterf nie.



What I was not taught

12. What I was not taught - Michaela Ndaye-Ndaye

Sometimes I feel like I am swimming through my life.
I can't swim.
Never learned.

Endingazange ndakufundiswa

Endingazange ndakufundiswa

Maxa wambi ndiziva ngathi ndiyaqubha ebomini.
Andikwazi kuqubha.
Andizange ndakufunda.

Wat ek nie geleer is nie

Wat ek nie geleer is nie

Somtyds voel ek ek swem deur my lewe
Ek kan nie swem nie.
Is nooit geleer nie.

[I saw u]

13. [I saw u] - Sinomtha Matoti

I saw u
 Magnificent nature
 Calmly rising. . .
 Laid out the Brown
 A Welcoming spread and crowns
 A remembrance of me

Smooth granulated beginning
 A scent of profound nature
 A Roar
 Waving a greeting to the weary, the happy
 A call
 A Divine call to the pondering, the lonely, the sad, scarred, sick and broken

At the borders of the land of Kemet, Libya, Ethiopia
 Sea lives

Calmly rising
 You take your time with your brilliant minds to care for this family
 A bosom too steep, too strong
 Home to species and species, where all journeys end
 These hands are the first to embrace giving
 Healing to my complicated life.

I know of your loud scream, I heard it, too loud for my ears to dare doubt

Sea lives
 It hurts like a base inflicted by sombre rays
 bruised, I carry these scars that are a reminder of my dear life woes,
 I pardon myself of my weakling soul
 my already weakling soul
 I searched, a vivid of a upside question mark becomes a reply
 Their gaily front awaiting my succumb
 My world has become a dump
 I seize to inhale the air which I hoped would be promise to my coming after

I'm sick, too sick to seek my true being, my history, my hidden story that would be my cure

You followed me and took away you fisherman, what I treasure, what I provide a roof over
I keep silent though it hurts like base inflicted by rays.

I smashed a rock
Breaking it to pieces, I share it with my sisters
To hit you so hard
Until you met me, and saw my sharpness and my coat
You bleed
Calling all the sharks to hither and take you away

Sea, keep your head above the water
Know your worth, do not cause destruction to your own greatness

You sea, when I looked at you I remembered she lives
Your dignity, your spirit, your beauty.
I remembered she lives.

Turn me into a great or a loser
I desire to walk towards the sun.
But the rays seemed to have blinded me before I could meet the sun
Forgive me
I thought meeting the sun might wash my sins away
But I was fooled by petty wrinkles which were visible in my own dark eyes

I walk away
You embrace

Dragged me back to remind me you are there
Traced by the dear friend
A remembrance of the encounter
I remembered you

By the time I look up you have me soaked in you.
Your smile, your laugh, your kindness

You are home.

When my eyes soaked in you I saw your pain.
I witnessed your salty tears
Sea. You live

But like a decent lady she draws back and makes a beautiful sound.
Because she lives
Because you live. . .

Ndakubona

Ndakubona

Indalo emangalisayo
 Unyuka uzolile
 Ukhuphe umbala omdaka
 Ukusasazeka nokwamkela isithsaba
 Ukukhunjulwa kwam

Ukuqala kwendlela enamatye
 Iphunga elinzulu lendalo
 Ukugquma
 Ukubuliswa kotyhafileyo, kowonwabileyo
 Ubizo
 Ubizo lobuThixo ekucingeni, kolilolo, kwabanobunzima, kwabagulayo nakwabo bophukileyo
 emphefumleni

Kumasango amazibuko omhlaba waseKemet, Libya, eTopiya
 Ulwandle luyaphila

Unyuka uzolile
 Uthatha ixesha lakho kunye nengqondoyzakho entle ukunyamekela olu sapho
 Isifuba esinamandla kakhulu, nesomelelyo
 Ikhaya kwiintlobo ngeentlobo, apho zonke iindlela ziphela khona

Ezi zandla ziza kuqala ukuvuma ukunika
 Ukuphilisa ebomini bam obunzima.

Ndiyazazi isandi sakho esikhulu, ndakuva, savakala ndasiva ngezindlebe zam zinkulu, ndaqiniseka

Ulwandle luyaphila
 Ibuhlungu njengesiseko esabangelwa yimifula emnyama
 ndinyamekile, ndiphethe ezi ziva ezindikhumbuza ingxaki zobomi,
 Ndiyawuxolela umphefumlo wam obuthathaka
 umphefumlo wam obuthathaka

Ndikhangela, ngokucacileyo umbuzo onempendulo ecacileyo

Ukunyamekela kwabo kulindeleke ukuba ndilandele
 Ihlabathi lam liye layindawo yokulahla inkunkuma

Ndibamba umoya nendithemba ukuba kuya kuba lidinga kum emva kwam
Ndiyagula, ndigula kakhulu ukuba ndifune ukunyaniseka kwam, imbali yam, ibali elifihliweyo eliya
kuba lichiza lam

Undilandele ndakukhupha mlobi, into endiyixabisileyo, into endinika ukuphila
Ndihlala ndithe cwaka nakuba kubuhlungu njengesiseko esenziwa yimitha.

Ndaphule ilitye
Ndalaphula lazintsalu, ndabelana noodadewethu
Ukubetha wena kakhulu
Kuze udibane nam, ubone ubukhali bam kunye neengubo zam

Wopha
Ndibiza bonke ookrebe ukuza apha kwaye bakususe

Lwandle, nyusa intloko yakho ngapha kwamaza
lazi ixabiso lakho, sukuza nokutshabalala kubungangamsha bakho

Wena lwandle, xa ndikujonga ndiyakhumbula ukuba uyaphila

Isidima sakho, umoya wakho, ubuhle bakho.
Ndiyakhumbula ukuba wena lwandle uyaphila.
Ndiguqule ndibe nobungangamsha okanye ibhetyebhetye
Ndifuna ukuhamba ndiye elangeni.
Kodwa kubonakala imitha indiphanyazile phambi kokuba ndidibane nelanga
Ndixolele
Ndicinga ukuba ukuhlanguana nelanga kunokuhlamba izono zam

Kodwa ndabhanxwa yimibimbi eyayibonakala emehlweni am amnyama

Ndahamba
Wandiwola

Wanditsala wandikhumbuza ukuba usekhona
Ndikhunjuzwa zizihlobo zam ezisenyongweni
Inkumbulo yokudibana nawe
Ndakukhumbula

Ngeli xesha ndijonga phezulu undifake ngaphakathi kuwe.

Uncumo lwakho, ukuhleka kwakho, ububele bakho
Usek haya.

Xa amehlo endigubungeleyo ndibone intlungu yakho.
Ndabona iinyembezi zakho
Lwandle. Uyaphila

Kodwa njengenenekazi elihloniphekileyo ubuyela emva kwaye enze isandi esihle.
Ngenxa yokuba uyaphila
Ngenxa yokuba uuaphila. . .

Ek het jou gesien

Ek het jou gesien

Ek het jou gesien
Voortreflike natuur
kalm aan die reis ...
Die bruin uitgelê
`n Welkome strekking en bekroon
`n herinnering aan my

Glad gekorrelde begin
`n Geur van diepsinnige natuur
`n Brul
Waaierend `n groet aan die vermoëns, die gelukkige
`n Roep
`n Hemelse roep tot die bedenkende, die eensame, die hartseer, bang, siek en gebroke

By die grense van die land van Kemet, Libië, Ethiopië
See lewens

Kalm aan die reis
Jy neem jou tyd met jou briljante hoofde om te sorg vir die familie
`n Bors te diep, te sterk
Tuiste aan spesies en spesies, waar al reise eindig
Hierdie hande is die eerste om vrygewing te omhels
Helend vir my gekompliseerde lewe.

Ek weet van jou luide skreeu, ek het dit gehoor, te hard vir my ore om te durf betwyfel

See lewens

Dit is seer soos 'n bodem geïnfiltreer deur somber strale

gekneus, ek dra die littekens wat 'n herinnering is my liewe lewe se beproewinge,

Ek verskoon myself van my swak siel

my reeds swak siel

ek het gesoek, 'n skitter van 'n omgekeerde vraagteken word 'n antwoord

Hul vrolike front wat wag op my om mee te gee

My wêreld het 'n neersmytplek geword

Ek gryp die oomblik om die lug waarvoor ek gehoop het 'n belofte van my terugkom sal wees in te asem

Ek's siek, te siek om my ware wese te soek, my geskiedenis, my verbergde verhaal wat my sou genees

Jy het my gevolg en weg geneem, visserman, wat ek koester, wat ek berg,

Ek bly stil alhoewel dit seer is soos 'n bodem geïnfiltreer deur somber strale.

Ek versplinter 'n rots

Breek dit in stukke, ek deel dit met my susters

Om jou so hard te slaan

Tot jy my ontmoet, en my skerpheid en my jas sien

Jy bloei

Roep al die haai nader en neem jou weg

See, hou jou kop bo water

Ken jou waarde, moenie verwoesting aan jou grootheid saai nie

Jy, see, wanneer ek na jou gekyk het het onthou dat sy lewe

Jou waardigheid, jou gees, jou skoonheid

Ek het onthou dat sy leef

Verander my in 'n grote of 'n verloorder

Ek smag om sonwaarts te stap.

Maar die strale blyk om my te verblind voor ek die son kan ontmoet

Vergewe my

Ek dog om die son te ontmoet mag my sondes wegwas

Maar ek was gekul deur mooi plooi wat sigbaar was in my donker oë

Ek stap weg

Jy omhels

Sleep my terug om my my te herinner dat jy daar is
Opgespoor deur die goeie vriend
`n Herinnering van die ontmoeting
Ek het jou onthou

Teen die tyd dat ek opgekyk het, het jy my in jou geweeke gekry.
Jou glimlag, jou lag, jou vriendelikheid

Jy is tuiste

Wanneer my oë in jou geweeke het het ek jou pyn gesien
Ek het jou souterige trane gesien,
See. Jy leef

Maar soos `n ordentelike dame ontrek sy haarsel en maak `n pragtige geluid.
Want sy leef
Want jy leef ...

For my Grandfather

14. For my Grandfather - Siphiwe Mayekiso

The hushed sound of the dated radio
extends into the passages,
uncovering the smooth sound of jazz.

He relaxes on his cherished bed,
eyes shut and fingers neatly
intertwined on top of his belly.

His bald head seems to follow
the rhythm of the soothing music
and the muffled sound of humming
flows together with the melody.

What a wonder
to honour, to witness
this state of serenity
and persistent peace.

Vir my Oupa

Vir my Oupa

trek die sussende klank van die ouderwetse draadloos
in die gange af,
besig om die strelende klank van jazz te ontdek.

Hy ontspan op sy geliefde bed,
oë toe en vingers netjies
ineengeryg bo-op sy maag.

Sy kaal kop lyk
of dit die ritme van die helende musiek volg
en die gedempte klank van 'n gedruis
vloei saam met die melodie.

Wat 'n wonder
om te eer, getuie te wees
aan die staat van kalmte
en volgehoue vrede.

YekaTatomkhulu wam

YekaTatomkhulu wam

Isandi esizolileyo sikanomathotholo wakudala
side siyokutsho kwindawo yokudlula,
sikhuphela phandle isandi esimyoli somculo womngqungqo.

Ucambalele phezu komandlalo wakhe awuthandayo,
amehlo evaliwe iminwe icwalile
idityanisiwe phezu kwesisu sakhe.

Intloko yakhe enenkqayi imana ukunqwala
kwiisingqi somculo oluncuthu
kanye nesandi esigqumayo sokudumzela
konke kudibana noncuthu lwengoma.

Onje wona umangaliso
ukuhlonipha, ukungqina
enje imeko yoxolo
uxolo olungapheliyo.



Undressed

15. Undressed - Chelsea Brown

They undress her with their eyes.
Unaware, she sits in the comfort of the words,
Peaceful in her existence,
Serene as quiet water.

They undress her with their eyes.
Up and down they travel,
Along the map of her body.
Unaware she sits in the world on the pages.
They undress her with their eyes.
Laughter erupts like gunfire,
Ha ha ha.
Each syllable more deafening than the previous,
Ha ha ha.

They undress her with their eyes.
She sits naked yet shrouded in textile.
Riptides form within her bottomless lagoons.
She cannot return to her tranquil asylum.
She knows
They undress her with their eyes.

Ontklee

Ontklee

Hulle ontklee haar met hul oë
Onbewus, sit sy in die gemak van die woorde,
Vredevol in haar bestaan
Bedaard soos kalm water.

Hulle ontklee haar met hul oë
Op en af reise hulle,
Allangs die kaart van haar lyf,
Onbewus sit sy in wêreld op die blaaie.
Hulle ontklee haar met hul oë.
Lag breek uit soos vuurskote,
Ha ha ha.
Elke lettergreep meer oordonderend as die vorige,
Ha ha ha.

Hulle ontklee haar met hul oë.
Sy sit naak tog gehul in tekstiel.
Stormgetye vanuit haar bodemlose strandmere.
Sy kan nie terugkeer na haar rustige toevlugsoord.
Sy weet
Hulle ontklee haar met hul oë.

Ndikhululwe

Ndikhululwe

Bamqhiza ngamehlo abo.
Bengazi, ukuba uhlali kwintuthuzelo yamazwi akhe,
Unoxolo ngokuphila kwakhe,
Uzolile njengamanzi acwengileyo.

Bayigxeka ngamaso abo.
Behla besenyuka naye bekhenketha ,
Ngaphandle kwemephu yomzimba wakhe.
Bengazi ukuba uhleli phakwathi kwilizwe lamaphepha.
Bamqhiza ngamehlo abo.
Ukuleka kulwatyuza njengomlilo,
Ha ha ha.
Isandi ngasinye sinentsholo ngaphezu kwesidlulileyo,
Ha ha ha.

Bamqhiza ngamehlo abo.
Uhleli ngaze kodwa wombathiswe ziimpahla.
Amaza anobungozi ayamgubungela.
Akakwazi ukubuyela kwindawo yakhe yokhuseleko nokuthula.
Uyayazi
Bamqhiza ngamehlo abo.



[The dusty sands of Limpopo]

16. [The dusty sands of Limpopo] - Amokelani Amoré Baloyi

The dusty sands of Limpopo
are the foundation of many stories.
From the herd of cows that charge back to the kraal
to the tyre tracks left behind by these vehicles,
to the hopscotch drawings done by the children.
The dusty sands may have erased my memories:
I didn't.
Even the in Eastern Cape,
there lies a piece of Limpopo.

[Die stowwerige sand van Limpopo]

[Die stowwerige sand van Limpopo]

Die stowwerige sand van Limpopo
is die grondslag van vele stories.
Van die trop beeste wat terugstorm na die kraal
tot die karspore agtergelaat,
tot die hinkspeltekening van kinders.
Die stowwerige sand mag my herinneringe uitgewis het:
Ek het nie.
Selfs in die Oos-Kaap,
lê daar `n stukkie Limpopo.

[Isanti enothuli yaseLimpopo]

[Isanti enothuli yaseLimpopo]

Isanti enothuli yaseLimpopo
isisiseko senqwaba yamabali.
Ukususela kwimihlambi yeenkomo ezibuyiselwa ebuhlanti
ukuya kwimizila yamavili ashiywe zizithuthi,
ukuya kwimizobo womdlalo wemveli owenziwe ngabantwana.
Isanti enothuli ingabe kanti icime iinkumbulo zam:
Andilibelanga kwanto.
Nangona eMpuma Koloni,
ILimpopo ingaphakathi kum.

Sky

17. Sky - Shadley De Lange

grey sky hovers over our minds.
 we seem to be awaiting the final hour.
 rains
 expecting something to creep in.
 I can feel each cloud fall on my skin.
 these coats raggedy and old
 won't protect us.
 grey sky hovers.
 we wait.

Isibhakabhaka

Isibhakabhaka

amafu angwevu ajikeleza kwiingqondo zethu.
 sibonakala silindele iyure yokugqibela,.
 imvula
 silindele ukuba into ingene.
 ndiyakwazi ukuva ilifu ngalinye liwela kulusu lwam.
 ezi zambatho zibuhlungu kwaye zidala
 aziyi kusikhusela.
 amafu angwevu singqongile.
 silindile.

Lug

Lug

grys lug hang oor ons hoofde.
 lyk my ons wag vir die finale uur.
 reën
 verwag iets om in te kruip.
 ek voel elke wolk val op my vel.
 die jasse verslete en oud
 sal ons nie beskerm nie.
 grys lug hang.
 ons wag.

Days

18. Days - Anathi Tshabalala

My cup of coffee in the morning
Stirred, with droplets of innocence.
My soda in the afternoon.
But in the evenings,
She's my shot of whisky.

Dae

Dae

My koppie koffie soggens
Geroer, met druppeltjies onskuld.
My gaskoeldrank smiddags.
Maar saans,
Is sy my whisky shot.

Lintsuku

Lintsuku

Ikomity yam yekofu kusasa
Izanyisiwe, ngamathontsi obunyulu.
I-soda yam yasemva kwemini.
Kodwa ebusuku,
Uyiglasu yam yegranqa.



Torn

19. Torn - K Tladi

She loves me she loves me not.
She is my world into which I was born and given birth to-
She loves me.
She is the wonder to which I swear my allegiance to-
She loves me not.
She cuddles me with promise in the midst of uncertainty-
She loves me.
She ejects me into a life of uncertainty where nothing is promised-
She loves me not. She holds me close, warms me with her breath-
She loves me.
Like the boy who needs to become a man she sends me into the wilderness-
She loves me not.
I am hers but she is not mine-
She loves me.
She is mine but I am not hers-
She loves me not.
She loves me not-
She loves me.

Geskeur

Geskeur

Sy is lief vir my sy is nie lief vir my nie.
Sy is my wêreld wat ek gebaar het en waarin ek gebore is –
Sy is lief vir my.
Sy is die wonder waartoe ek wens ek my toevertrou het –
Sy is nie lief vir my nie.
Sy vertroetel my met belofte ten midde van onsekerheid –
Sy is lief vir my.
Sy verwerp my tot `n lewe van onsekerheid waar niks belowe is nie –
Sy is nie lief vir my nie. Sy hou my naby, verwarm my met haar asem –
Sy is lief vir my.
Soos die seun wat `n man moet word stuur sy my in die wildernis in –
Sy is nie lief vir my nie.
Ek is hare maar sy is nie myne nie –
Sy is lief vir my.
Sy is myne maar ek is nie hare nie –
Sy is nie lief vir my nie.
Sy is nie lief vir my nie –
Sy is lief vir my.

Ukungaqiniseki

Ukungaqiniseki

Uyandithanda, akandithandi.

Uilizwe lam, endizale ndazalalwe kulo-

Uyandithanda.

Ungumangaliso apho ndinqwena unyaniseko lwam luzinze khona

Akandithandi.

Undifudumalisa ngesithembiso phakathi kokungaqiniseki-

Uyandithanda.

Undilahlela ebomini bokungaqiniseki apho kungekho nto ithenjisiwayo-

Akandithandi. Uyandisondeza, andishushubeze ngomphefumlo wakhe

Uyandithanda.

Njenge nkwenkwana efuna ukuba yindoda undithumela entlango-

Akandithandi.

Ndingowakhe kodwa akanguye owam

Uyandithanda.

Ungowam kodwa andingenguye owakhe

Akandithandi.

Akandithandi-

Uyandithanda.



Sijika! You Are Also A Place

20. Sijika! You are also a place - Okuhle Diko

Ndawo edelelekile, ndawo yaseSijika
Phakathi kwakho kophuma umntu omkhulu
Bakhe balityalwa nah abantu?
Bakhe balahlwa okwezihlangu ezidala nah?

Osopolitiko, nabasemagunyeni balibele ngalendawo
Bacezela kude kuyo ngathi bababalek'ubhubhani wesifo
Bayikhumbula xakulixesha lonyulo kuphela
Hayi ke ngelo xesha, kuxa utsho ubone iinqwelo zileqana ukuya eSijika, siyogata ivoti phofu
Apho batshobakhumbule ukuba kukho abantu eSijika
Batsho baze noluhlu lwezithembiso , abandula bangazifezekisi

Usana olungakhali lufela embelekweni
Kunini lukhala eSijika akho uluhoyileyo!
Ingaba abaluva nah noba bathule ngabom ?

Ndisesesizalweni sikamama iSijika oko ikhanyisa ngamakhandlela
Ndiyintomb'endala ngoku kodwa tuu utshintsho
Oko belinde umbani kodwa hayi ukufika
Nabo ngoku sele bamkele
Kuba babonile ukuba balinde ukuza kukaNxele

Yhini ziNkosi zakwaBhaca , uyalila umntwana waseSijika
Naye kaloku ufun'uhoywa
Yhini ziphathamandla zakwaBhaca uyalila umntwana
Naye kaloku ufuna ukondliwa
Yhini sizwe esintsundu khanivakalelwe angade atshab'umntwana nisadla amazimba

Ndithetha nje andinanto indidibanisa neSijika
Nto nje ndisikwa yinimba, nto nje nam ndiyatyeka kuba ndingumntu

Sijika ungazideli, kuwe kophuma umnt'omkhulu
Kuwe kophuma umhlonitshwa
Nabakukibele bawubuye bakukhumbule
Sijika uyindawe nawe

Sijika! You are also a place

Sijika! You are also a place

Sijika! A place where people look down upon
 In you a person of importance will be born
 How can they forget people?
 How can they ignore them like old shoes?

Politicians have forgotten about the place
 They are walking far from it like running away from a deadly disease.
 They only remember it during elections
 That's the only time you see convoy of cars going to Sijika because they want votes
 That's the only time they remember that people are staying in Sijika
 They bring a list of promises that will never be fulfilled

A nation that does not complain it is taken advantage of
 At Sijika we have been complaining but our cries fall on deaf ears
 Are they not hearing us, or they are ignoring us on purpose?

Sijika has been using candles before I was born
 I am an old girl now but still no change
 I have been waiting for electricity but to no avail
 Sijika people have accepted their situation
 Because they have seen they will wait forever

Bhaca kings please hear the cries of Sijika
 Give them attention
 Bhaca authoratives the child of Sijika is crying
 The child want to be fed
 Black nation please hear our cries before it's too late

As I am talking I don't want to go to Sijika
 but I feel their pain because I am human

Sijika don't look down upon yourself.
 In you a person of importance will be born
 even the ones who ignored you will come back to you
 Sijika you are also a place

Sijika! Jy is ook `n plek

Sijika! Jy is ook `n plek

Sijika! `n Plek waarop mense neersien
In jou sal `n mens van belang gebore word
Hoe kan hulle van mense vergeet?
Hoe kan hulle hulle ignoreer soos ou skoene?

Politici het vergeet van die plek
Hulle wag ver weg van dit af soos om weg te hardloop van `n dodelike siekte.
Hulle onthou dit net gedurende verkiesings
Dis die enigste tyd wat jy konvooi motors sien Sijika toe gaan want hulle soek stemme
Dis die enigste tyd wat hulle onthou mense woon in Sijika
Hulle bring `n lys beloftes wat nooit nagekom sal word nie

`n Nasie wat nie kla nie word misbruik
By Sijika is ons lankreeds aan die kla maar ons uitroepe val op dowe ore
Hoor hulle ons nie of ignoreer hulle ons doelbewus?

Sijika gebruik van voor my geboorte af kerse
Ek is nou `n ou meise nou maar steeds geen verandering nie
Ek wag reeds tevergeefs op elektrisiteit
Sijika-mense het hul lot aanvaar
Want hulle het reeds gesien hulle wag vir ewig

Bhaca-konings hoor asseblief die geween van Sijika
Gee hulle aandag
Bhaca-amptenare die kind van Sijika huil
Die kind wil gevoed word
Swart nasie hoor asseblief ons geween voor dit te laat is

Soos ek praat wil ek nie Sijika toe gaan nie
maar ek voel hulle pyn want ek is mens

Sijika moenie op jouself neersien nie.
In jou sal `n mens van belang gebore word
selfs die wat jou geignoreer het sal terugkom na jou
Sijika jy is ook `n plek



Mzontsundu kwanele

21. Mzontsundu kwanele - Ncedo Pongwana

Kwenzenjani na maAfrica?
Kuba ngasa kuphalala igazi
Kuba ngasa imiphefulmlo engenatyala iyatshabalala

Ingaba lulo uhlobo esinokuphilisana ngalo na olu?
Mzontsundu Kwanele
Ingaba yintoni unobangela wokuba singanqandeki?
Bayaphi na ubuntu emntwini?

Kulemihla asisakwazi kulala obuhlayo ubuthongo
Kuba kaloku ixhoba elilandelayo awulazi
Mzontsundu Kwanele

Qamata siyangxengxeza sikubongoza ngenelela
nantsi inyewe yomele ephinini
Ukuba yindlela osithwaxa ngayo le noko mzali ngx
Sayaphi na isidima emntwini? , xa sinokwazi ukubulalana
Okwezilwanyana. Mzontsundu kwanele.

Lonke olu dushe luphembelwa leli qhoshha lingena
mthunja salifunjathiswayo ngaba semzini.
Kulemihla asisakwazi nokuhlalalana singabantu kuba kaloku
sithi sakuba nalo siyakhukhumala sihambele phezulu
okwentokazi yeBhulu.

Kusini na singabuyeli embo? Apho okhokho babemazi
ukuba umnutu ngumntu ngabantu
HUNTSHU!!!

Black nation it's enough

Black nation it's enough

My fellow Africans what went wrong?
Bloodshed is a daily norm
Innocent souls die every day

Is this the only way that we can live?
Black nation it's enough
What's the reason for doing this?
Where is humanity, my people?

Nowadays we have sleepless nights
Living in fear of being the next victim
Black nation it's enough

Oh Lord forgive us! We ask for forgiveness please intervene.
This situation is bigger than us
If this is how you are punishing us please have mercy.
What happened to humanity?
Why are we killing each other like animals?
Black nation it's enough.

Money is the cause of this violence.
Sharing is a myth. We worship money.
Why don't we go back to our olden ways.
The days of Ubuntu and humanity.

Swart nasie dis genoeg

Swart nasie dis genoeg

My mede-Afrikane wat het skeef geloop?
Bloedvergieting is 'n daaglikse norm
Onskuldige siele sterf elke dag

Is dit die enigste manier hoewat ons kan lewe?
Swart nasie dis genoeg
Wat's die rede hiervoor?
Waar is menslikheid my mense?

Deesdae het ons slapelose nagte
Lewe in vrees gaan die volgende slagoffer wees
Swart nasie dis genoeg

O Heer vergewe ons! Ons vra om vergifnis tree asseblief tussenbeide.
Die situasie is groter as ons
As dit is hoe U ons straf hê asseblief genade.
Wat het van menslikheid geword?
Waarom vermoor ons mekaar soos diere?
Swart nasie dis genoeg.

Geld is die oorsaak van die geweld.
Om te deel is 'n mite. Ons aanbid geld.
Waarom keer ons nie terug na ons ou maniere nie.
Die dae van Ubuntu en menslikheid.

Andizange ndimngcwabe

22. Andizange ndimngcwabe - Mzoli Mavimbela

Lathi rhwelele ngamafu kwangentsen' izulu.
 Yakhas' irhungq' isenz' iziqweng' inkungu.
 Wathi thu ethwel' umasikhenketh' endlwin' enkulu.
 "Iya phi n' indlela mnt' omkhulu?"
 Wandiphendula, "Ind' indlel' ising' eGoli Mzoli nyana."

Akubanga ntsuk' emkil' ekhaya yalal' ikat' eziko.
 Saxokomezel' amaxonya sixwebu-sithambisa.
 Ntri! Ntri! Watsh' umnxeb' esitsalela.
 "Ningakhathazeki bantwana bam ihamb' ibe ntle kum, ndiseMarikana."

Wayithob' imali yagwetyw' indlal' ekhaya.
 Qhuts' iziswana, puqa sazizutsuba kukumimitheka.
 "Bhut' utat' ubuya nin' eMarikana?"
 "YeyeNkanga ngoku mninawa kweyoMng' uyagaleleka."

"Gungq' amaf' amnyam' agubungel' umzi kabawo ngeCawa.
 Kruh! Kruh! Unomyayi entla kwendlu ndamhesha ndancama.
 Lwakhel' ucingo ndanamanwele, ndaluthi hlasi ndihlathuzela.
 "Ndiluzizi nyana uyihlo udilikelwe ngumgodi namhla."

Lwayi lwayi incilikithi, qithi ndathi cwaka ngumothuko.
 Bekunani na Baw' usixolise ngomzimba wakhe ubawo?
 Agqogq' ancama amakhanga omgod' unanamhl' oku awakambon' ubawo.
 Andizange ndimngcwab' ubawo Bawo buyis' umzimba kabawo.

I never buried him

I never buried him

Shadows dressed the sky early in the morning
Mist crawling
He appeared carrying a luggage
“Where is the road leading old man?”
He replied, “I am going to Joburg Mzoli, my son.”

Within days after he left poverty visited us at home
Hunger was the norm.
Ring! Ring! Ring! He called
“I have arrived well. I am at Marikana”

He sent money and things were better
Life was better.
“Big brother when is our father coming back from Marikana?”
“We are in August in December he is coming back”

Black cloud covered my father's house on a Sunday
A crow also visited and I chased till I got tired.
A phone rang and I had bad feeling but I took it.
“I am sorry son your father died on the mine”

I froze in silence in shock
Oh Lord! How about having a chance to bury him ?
They searched all over but his body was never found.
I never had a chance to bury my father . Please Lord bring back my father's bones.

Ek het hom nie begrawe nie

Ek het hom nie begrawe nie

Skaduwees trek die lug vroeg in die oggend aan

Mis kruipend

Hy verskyn draend aan sy bagasie

“Waarheen loop die pad ou man?”

Hy antwoord: “Ek gaan Joburg Mzoli toe, my seun.”

Bloot dae nadat hy ons verlaat het het armoede ons aan huis besoek

Honger was die norm

Tring! Tring! Tring! Hy het gebel

“Ei het goed aangekom. Ek is by Marikana”

Hy stuur geld en dinge was beter

Lewe was beter.

“Ouboet wanneer kom ons pa van Marikana af terug?”

“Ons is in Augustus in Desember kom hy terug”

Swart wolke het my pa se huis op `n Sondag bedek

`n Kraai het ook ons besoek en ek het dit verjaag tot ek moeg was.

`n Foon het gelui en ek het `n slegte voorgevoel gehad maar ek het dit geneem.

“Ek is jammer seun jou pa is dood op die myne”

Ek vries in stilte in skok

O Heer! Wat van `n kans om hom te begrawe?

Hulle het oral gesoek maar sy liggaam is nooit gekry nie.

Ek het nie `n kans gehad om my pa te begrawe nie. Asseblief Heer bring my pa se beendere terug.

Wie is jy?

23. Wie is jy? – Ronalda Malgas

Ek?

Wie is ek dat enige een my moet bejammer?

Is my velkleur so disgusting

dat jy my slegs so uitken?

Wie sê jy is wit en ek is swart?

Wie het anyway die kleure vir ons gegee?

Wie?

Wie het hom die power gegee

om te besluit wat ligter of donkerder is?

Wie sê wit is goed

en swart is ek?

Jy met jou rooi puil vel

wat my bekyk

asof ek gevra het vir my ou donker vel

Hoe moes ons weet dat die poorte net oop

is vir die met sproete?

Onse hemelse Vader het my ook lief

al is ek pitch black maroon

Hy't nie eers Adam en Eva

`n bleddie velkleur gegee

So wie is jy om my te laat vuil voel?

Onthou Kain het vir Abel laat vrek

So wie van ons het eintlik die gebrek?

Who are you?

Who are you?

Me?
Who I am that anyone should pity me?
Is the colour of my skin so disgusting
that you can only recognise me by it?
Who says you are white and I am black?
Who gave us colours anyway?
Who?
Who gave him the power
to decide what is lighter or darker?
Who says white equals good,
black equals me?
You with your red puffy skin
looking at me
as if I had asked for my old dark skin
Who knew that the pearly gates are only open
to people with freckles
Our heavenly Father loves me
pitch black maroon as I am
He didn't even give Adam and Eve
a damn skin colour
So who are you to make me feel dirty?

Remember Cain killed Abel
So which one of us is actually lacking?

Ungubani?

Ungubani?

Mna?

Ndingubani mna ba abantu mabandisizele?

Ibala lam luyanonyanyisa?

caba ukuze undazi kufuneka undazi ngalo?

Ngubani othe wena umhlophe mna ndimnyama?

Ngubani owasinika imibala kakade?

Ngubani?

Ngubani owamnika amandla

okukhetha yintoni ekhanyayo okanye emnyama?

Ngubani owathi ubumhlophe bubonisa into elungileyo,

emnyama ibonisa mna?

Wena nolusu lwakho olubomvu olundongondongo

Ujongene nam

ngokungathi ndalicela olullusu ludala namnyama

Ngubani owayesazi ukuba amasango aneperile ayakuvulelwa

abantu abanamachokoza ebusweni qha

uThixo wethu uyandithanda

ndintsundu ndinjalo

Akazange wanika noAdam noEfa

ibala lolusu

Ngoko ke ungubani wena ukundenza ndizive mdaka?

Khumbula uCain wabulala uAbel

Ngoko ke ngowuphi kanye kanye apha kum nawe ongaphelelanga?

My ID

24. My ID – Ronalda Malgas

My ID, watter fok is dit?
 Twee fokken letters bymekaar gebleddie sit
 Die groenboek, my dompas
 Plaas dit jou in 'n elite klas?
 Die bleddie groenboek wat ek moes dra
 Maar jy was die een wat my aanhoudend pla
 Nee baas, ja baas, asseblief baas
 Ek wonder of jy weet wie is nou Klaas
 Hulle sê die wat voor is sal agter wees
 As ek jy is, follow ek die lead

My ID

My ID, what the fuck is that?
 Two fuckin letters thrown together
 The green book, my dompas
 Does it put one in an elite class?
 The bloody green book I have to carry
 But you were the one bugging me
 No boss, yes boss, please boss
 Do you realise you are no longer the boss
 The first shall be the last, they say
 If I were you, I would follow the lead

Isazisi sam

Isazisi sam

Isazisi sam, bububhanxa bantoni obo?
Ububhanxa bamagama amabini agqayiweyo aze adityaniswa
La ncwadi iluhlaza, idompasi
Ibeka umntu emgangathweni ophezulu?
La ncwadi ndini kufuneka ndihlelinje ndiyiphethe
Kodwa nguwe obendimele, umane udikana nam
Hayi mphathi, ewe mphathi, ndiyakucela mphathi
Uyaqonda ukuba awusenguye umphathi
Kudla ngokuthiwa, abokuqala bazakuba ngabokugqibela
Ukuba bendinguwe, ngendilandela abaphambili.



Pesticide

25. Pesticide – Christina Brazzale

This rainy train morning
With both briefcases, for both jobs
A pocket of tarnished coins beside a spilled cigarette
The dead lice on his pillow

He walks back in the evening,
The streets are a ravished glossy neon
Under the holes in his shoes
Something flies into a yawning mouth
A moth searching for traces of light

He slips on the soft-termite-wood of the passage
It smells of loss and piles of unwashed dishes
He scratches his head with blood under his nails
And comes away with a piece of memory
Exposing a black carapace

Ityhefu yezinambuzane

Ityhefu yezinambuzane

Le ntsasa idyudyuza imvula
Neengxowa zempangelo zombini, kuyo yomibini imisebenzi
Ingxowa engecacanga yeenkozo zemali phakathi komdiza othe saa.
Iintwala ezifele emqamelelweni wakhe

Uyabuya kwakho ngorhatya,
Izitalatozonganyelwe kukumenyezela kwezibane
Phantsi kwemingxuma wezihlangu zakhe
Kwanambuzela into kumlomo ozamlayo
Ibhabhathane likhangela umzila wesibane

Watyibilika kumgangatho owenziwe ngeplanga elinezinambuzabe kwisango lokugqitha
Kunuka ubutyobo bemfumba yezitya ezingahlanjwanga
Wakrwela intloko yakhe ngeentupha ezinegazi
Nako ekhumbula
Etyhila elimnyama iqokobhe

Plaagdoder

Plaagdoder

Hierdie reënerige treinoggend
Met twee aktetasse, vir twee beroepe
'n Sak vol aangeslaande munte 'n vermorste sigaret
Die dooie luise op die kussing

Hy loop terug in die aand
Die strate 'n betowerende blink neon
Onder die gate in sy skoene
lets vlieg in by 'n gapende mond
'n Mot op soek na lig

Hy gly op die termietsagvloer in die gang
Dit ruik na verlies en opgehoopte ongewaste skottelgoed
Krap sy kop met bloed onder die naels
En kom weg met 'n stuk van sy geheue
Lé bloot sy swart karapaks

AMAZWI

FIN

<< contents