

PRESIDENT JACOB ZUMA'S PRAISE POEM

"Stand aside, I have arrived!"
The bull that they once gored in parliament
The people rose up and said,
"Horns away from our beloved bull!
Our dear bull from Mpindamshaye!"
He's for MaYengwayo, he's a child of MaMzobe
If you gore him once more, you'll be spraying him with a fragrance
He shall be an intoxicating perfume to the people.
You have gored Ramaphosa and Winnie with your cunning
Gored Buthelezi with a vote
Gored even Billy Masetla, stirring the hornet's nest
You can gore all the gorables
O real men and women of my country,
Would you hunt me the betrayers of Chris Hani?
The only bull that disappeared from the kraal of Mpindamshaye
He disappeared to Robben Island,
He disappeared to exile,
He disappeared for the struggle,
The calf that once bleated at Zondeleni
The Shange's and the Nxamalala's have seen it
It was seen bleating at Mgontswaneni
And heard bleating up Mabengela
It came down Mabengela until it crossed the Nsuze
It was seen journeying across the grassy plains,
They saw it climbing mountains,
Until finally, it entered Swaziland

The Swazis investigated
They discovered that this was the son of Gcinamazwi
They said, "Yenabakitsi, wentani lomuntfu agila tiga!"
(What is this miraculous surprise doing here?)
Others said, "Ngumfan' eNkosi lona mphatseni kahle!"
(Protect him as he is the son of a king)
The calf was heard bleating at Nomahasha
Until it reached Mozambique
And there they said, "Mokomana wa nwina!" (This is our son in law)
It was heard bleating at Lusaka
They said, "Ke monna wa lefatshwe!" (He is the man of the hour)
This is the big story of the South
The massive tidings I fear to rumour
This is the news that was spoken about at the OAU and UN
The hide that surmounted even the skin-flayers

It defeated the apartheid regime in South Africa
Vanquished Verwoerd from the oppressive minority
Conquered Vorster from the suppressive grouping
Surpassed P.W. Botha's repressive rule
Triumphed over De Klerk and the divisive system
It mesmerized the notorious bench of judges at Pretoria,
It transcended everyone
Hear our cry Nxamalala!
Do not eat on the rocks like a honey-bird
That sips alone from the golden flower
Poverty still walks all over us, the poor
We, who stood in winding lines,
With our hopes for a better life,

We are still crying in need of development
Hunger swirls in our empty bowels like a dancer
We, who held night vigils fighting with passion,
Watch with saliva dripping from our mouths
As tenders evolve around the chosen few
Crime and corruption give us sleepless nights
Assemble your strategies and gather all the men in blue
Help us reclaim the nights from the deprived ones
Let streets be free for women and children
Help us reclaim our identity, our ubuntu, our essence!
The crafty one that out-did the other crafters
The fox that sneaked past the hounding dogs
The pathfinder that showed the way for South Africa
Opening the gates of reconciliation
It was heard bleating at Ulundi
It bleated searching for iMbabazan' emahaqa, (Mr. Buthelezi's praise line)
to lead him to uBhejan' ephum' esiqiwini! (King Goodwill praise-line)
The colourful butterfly of Gcinamazwi
The bull that was heard bellowing at his ancestral KwaNxamalala
The people of his name said,
Congratulation, great Thukela River!
Congratulation, great Ntunjambili Mountain! Congratulation, dark forests of Nkandla!
Congratulations, fountain of fighters!
He who gave courage to the martyrs,
The Young Lions and uMkhonto weSizwe
Your name dances upon the tongues of analysts
The world and the nations clicked their tongues in disbelief,

Baffled by your innate political wisdom
Mother MEDUNSA honoured you with a mantle of intelligence

You, the heroic warrior of Maphumephethe (Zuma's clan name)
The humble recipient of accolades and crowns
The humble giver of salutations, the son of Mdlovu (Variant of the clan name)
The calf that saluted people at sunrise
The disciplined calf that saluted at noon
And still saluted at the setting of the searing sun
He who won at eGoli (Jozi/Johannesburg) and saluted
He who won at Mphithi (Pietermaritzburg), and saluted
The Golden Horse ambled, and he saluted
But mind the hand that 'giveth'!
It's full of cramps and secret agendas
Never slip into dreamland, son of Mdlovu
The world is full of Judas Iscariots
The champion of brawny Mnyakanya (Zuma's grandfather's name)
Even guns opted to be coy at your sight
They turned coy at the violent Thokoza (Alberton township)
Mandela can't beat about the bush
They turned coy at brutal DRC
Mbeki too, could not turn a blind eye
Once upon a time somewhere in the South
A spiritual prophet showered praises,
In his spirited visit to the land of the departed
He proclaimed,
"The spirit in me says, never hate Nebuchadnezar, (biblical king)

For God will show His power through him,
He will do it for you, Maphumephethe!"
Arise and anoint him!
Arise, for he is a true warrior!
He won under the Mphafa tree
He conquered under the Zinqawe trees
Again, he championed under the Zisasane trees
Even the bulls outside the kraal of ANC know the story It was seen by Yekethisa Sithole of
Vimbimbobo
He bellowed, "This is politics! They are playing games on Zuma!"
Seen by Mthetheleli Zindela of Hlelo
It was seen by Ntshebezishoyo Sibisi of Mvumangoma
He hoofed the earth and bellowed,
"I, I, I, sm...smell conspiracy! It is, is, is, s, directed against him!"
Seen by Zihogo zikaSathane Mlambo of Vimbimbobo
It was seen by Nqaga Langa of eNqabeni
Not to mention Nhlahla Mtshali of Thandweni at Mhlathuze
For he foamed at the mouth and pawed the earth
The eagle that beat its wings, falling walls

Cavort to your best Msholoz!i
Cavort for your accolades from Fort Hare University
This is the black bull that brushed aside the white one
It bellowed, "You can't crown that one!"
Cavort to your best Msholoz!i
Cavort with your accolades from University of KwaZulu-Natal
Congratulations, father of orphans
You brothered even International leaders

Under dark skies you gave them comfort
You made them smoke the pipe of reconciliation
Cavort with your colourful shield
Because of you, enemies dance together
Negotiations give birth to unity
And in different languages they begin to speak
Burying the hate of yesterday
Bridging their divide, today
Like Mntungwa's (traditional ancestors) of the Khumalo clan
Who does something while pretending not to
And I say, "MaKhumalo you married him,
and made him look like the Khumalos!"
You fought Mbeki's tactics with a smile
Anointing Bulelani in the name of Mlambo-Ngcuka
I like the way you beat their malice
Having woven the conspiracy in Dubai
Topping it with a loose damsel
I like the way you beat Kasrils's scheming
Brushing him aside with his damsel
I like the way you beat their hypocrisy
You beat it together with the union of the world's informers
You beat it,
Judge Willem van der Merwe concurred
Beyond facades sits a reality within a man
There are two bulls in the kraal!
Zavolo (Zuma's father) who milkcows for my children The other one for Mzizi (Mbeki's clan
name
No one knows whose horn would break
Our maize is braaied (BBQ) on the dunes

Unlike that of Matanzima, prepared at the hearth
It is sooty and clumsy to eat
It constipated my stomach
And I farted excessively
The trap is set for you, my manhood!

Help me fight the temptations of this world
One move, and my father's name will be gone
The snake-beater that never spared its head
The buck-hunter who polished it off together with its skin
The massive story that broke!
It was heard at Johannesburg High Court
Judge Willen van der Merwe ruled
Ubumnandi mabuphindane! (Let the enjoyment continued)
The guzzler of chunky meat before the eyes of the foes
They who were left sucking their thumbs
Makhilimba (Zuma's nickname from youth), who ate black and white perverts
NPA went to and fro
Like the short-pants of the loose one
He devoured them like his MaYengwayo's pumpkin-porridge
Beans have been spilled in the presidency!
For they have been spilled by Rev. Chikane
Hooking on a tooth like a muscle-meat
Saying the humble man has an iron-fist
Like Hitler from Germany
Throwing tantrums like a spoiled brat
Having a chinwag on 8 days in September
The removal of his idol
Arise, President of South Africa

The insects smashed on your wind-screen
Even the clever Lekota smashed against you
While dreaming of stirring you like gravy
And a reticent bishop smashed against you
Forgetting the main prayer,
"Forgive our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us"
Taking steps backward
Does not mean cowardice to the ram
But a greater leap ahead
The woman that chose Seme (once ANC president), and never quit him
When besought, she never quit
Even when they pressed her to love the one from KwaPhindangene (IFP leader's home)
She disagreed
The flower that once fell,
The patriots watered back to life
It fell, and they watered it, Mageba!
It fell, and they watered it, Nondaba!
It fell, and they watered it, Nxamalala!
The fire that surpassed grass and papers

It became bonfire
Even during Thechard and Mauritius
Stubborn flames were burning, still
The pumpkin-mother that stretched out to nations
Even today they still eat the pumpkins you produced
Pumpkin creeper that coiled around people's hearts While others coiled around tree-branches
The warrior whose arrow is carried by the unkempt J.K. Kemp

While his bow hangs on the shoulder of Michael Hulley The hauler of hippos and buffallos
He who weathers scheming academics and sly hyenas
The heavenly-anointed hero
While others are anointed at universities,
Some even in dark corners
The conqueror that breaks frontiers
The beating of drums from his counterparts
Trying to snatch away what is his
Putting him on the platform of the nation
Raining him with myriad lucks
The sycamore they cut, and it grows again
They cried, "What's your aroma, son of Mnyakanya?"
For they threw snakes at him, but the slithering ones turned on them
The Ngcuka's can testify to this
For they set dogs on you,
And the bloody mongrels turned against them
The day they turned on Pikoli
He danced in a paraffin pool
Leave that bee-hive Pikoli,
It is nested by a snake!
The ancestral snake of luck, the undescrivable one
They tried to coil it but it uncoils itself
The patriots warned again and again
Saying, "Leave that one Makhosini Nkosi,
You've got no authorization from Mdlovu!"
Leave it, so that we cannot take our shields
For us not to blow our war-trampet
For us not to sing our war-cry
The song that gives goose-bumps to weaklings

Leave the son of Nkandla alone!
The hellish fart made out of water and sugar
It descended on the weakling, and he ran
May you isolate him at Olumanzabomvu (Pongola's nickname)
He has shot at his own nest
When it descends on you, Panyaza

You will have plagues
For you never ate amagonsi (wild fruit)
What madness possessed you, Panyaza?
Marching on the warpath to Mpindamshiye?
Hear our cry Msholoz!i
Do not cavort on the rocks like a honey-bird
This intractable poverty feels like
e a second skin
We, who stood in long queues, Banking on the hope for a better life,
We are still crying in need for the right to land
Hunger moves in our empty bowels like a raging animal
We, who shouted slogans for freedom,
Watch with our hearts hurting
As life becomes a small heaven for the chosen few
Crime and corruption pull the country back
Assemble your cabinet and call the ministers
Help this country grow economically
Fill all the people of this land with patriotism
Help us bury our divisions and embrace unity!
The puzzlement caused by Hillary Squires
Seen by Volovolo, the columnist of Isolezwe
It was written about by Fraizer Mtshali of UmAfrika

It vexed Zapiro, the cartoonist
It confused Qap's and, he drew nothing
It mystified Mbeki
Why did Squires never give this clarification earlier?
For some in the media misdirected me to Tarshish,
Turning the Nzimande's, the Mbalula's and the Vavi's against me
One by one workers' unions striked
By so doing pushing Mhlanganyelwa (Zuma's other name) up to the sky
The slippery one that cannot be caught
The spear that wounds the sorcerers
Where are the likes of Simon Mpanza?
Where have the other men disappeared to?
The warrior who fights wearing a smile
While others are clad in hides of hate
Walk with your eyes wide open, Msholoz!i
Many plans have been drawn
Watch out for Ntoyom'ntu ndeyami! (Sly and hypocritical people)
Zombies are scarce at Mahlamba-Ndlopfu (Union Building)
S'gananda Shezi's death is following me
Samora Machel's death follows me
Chris Thembisile Hani's death is following me

Please come back, my aunt from KwaShezi! (Zuma aunt's in-laws)
Please come back Ninongatshelwa! (Zuma's aunt)
Come and intercede for me with the ancestors
The great great fathers have turned their backs on me
How wise are you, agile stick-fighter

For you've accepted the sacred holy cross, Strengthening it with your warriorship
The versatile destroyer of apartheid
The clever one sharpened by the great lion of Maritzburg
The no-nonsensical Harry Gwala
The bull that knows no reverse gear
The wise one from our kraal cannot be trapped
They caught him with his horn, it slicked
They caught another horn, it slicked again
The silence of Mandela is deafening
They roared to him but he bellowed them into bushes
The Shangaan said, "Do you know Zuma, the one who will teach you a lesson?"
He who grew in the hearts of maskandi artists
Thokozani Langa, son of MaShabalala, approved of him
Bhekumuzi Luthuli, son of MaMhlongo, chanted of him
Mgqumeni Khumalo, son of MaMseleku, approved of him
IKhansela, son of MaNzimande sang of him
Even Tsunami, the struggle band, celebrated him
No need to talk of Izingane Zoma, the children of MaSibiyi
He who naturally danced with a woman
Invoking a tirade of condemnation from Parliament What tied itself will untie itself Mlazana at
Budodeni
The thunder of Gcinamazwi escorted by lightning
This deadly thunder is formed at Ntunjambili
Overflowing Nsuze and uThukela
Felling even the strongest trees they touch
The cow that releases its milk even to its enemies

When they want it by force it submits
I yearn for that day when it kicks back
Gallop, you white-horse of Shomvu
Gallop, inviting ululations celebrating the beginning of new life
Gallop for the growth and prosperity of our country
Ululates MaNcwadi Mavundla, the mother of Nobhekisisa
Ululate, the three women of Mnyakanya from KwaZondi
Ululates the respecting MaSaphula Chamane of Mnyakanya
Ululates the beautiful MaNgubane of Mnyakanya
Ululates the cute MaXulu of Mnyakanya
Ululates MaBhengu of Mnyakanya

He who beat blindness with wisdom
Ululates MaYengwayo of Gcinamazwi at Mpindamshaye
Ululates MaMzobe of Gcinamazwi at KwaDakwadunuse
How bitter and tasteless this scorpion is, even when braai-ed
Lend an ear to a voice from afar
Calling; "Msholoz! Msholoz!"
The land keeps prints of the feet that scratch it
Let truth be bared, it's a sin for people to wallow in ignorance!
The firewood that caused boils to officials
We thought it was boils, but these wounds were
Making them walk in a weird manner
The artistic-kisser to those he loves

The meeting that gave bith to a court case
The case that made him the apple of the peoples' eyes
The grave that cannot be pointed at, for your hand shall shrink
It shrank for the man from Dutywa, and so he cried
I am being devoured by the matters of my heart,
The doctors can't diagnose it,
Mistakening it for HIV
The soft-breezed sunny weather
If it can change its colour maybe it could cause deaths The power-clinging one, who fought the
Nxamalala's For he was scared of Gaddafi
Be careful of the words you roll out from your mouth
They can put you in the corner
If you despise him that much
Just knock on his brow, and say, "You're a boy, my son!"
All I can tell you
You eat from the sty
While I eat from my father's wooden-plate
"Shomvu who ate the tree of strength
The healer of the sick cows
He who milks cows for my children
The beauty of KwaZulu is no more
People are crammed in a pig sty at Machubeni
The centipede that twirls, twirls and twirls"*

*(Jacob Zuma's father's praise phrase)

The spitting cobra of Nokubhekisisa
That makes people see things in another way
The president of the Shaka's and the Mshoeshoe's

The Sekhukhuni's and the Sobhuza's
The Matiwane's, the Hinsa's and the Mzilikazi's
The man with sturdy thighs
The lap that holds the whole of South Africa
His Majesty King Shaka never had it
The one we swear to, like the Mighty King Cetshwayo
In joy we touch the Zuma ancestor
"I swear to Gedleyihlekisa at kwaDunusa!"
In pain we touch the Zulu ancestor
"I swear to Gedleyihlekisa at Nkandla!"
Grow with the alacrity of speed!
There comes the abomination of the uncultured
The uneducated intellectual
He who was beaten like nothing on earth
And received thousands of transient handshakes
From the living and the departed
The igwalagwala bird of Ntembeni (Name of Zuma's place) is like Bhejane
The one that blankets the whole of South Africa with charm
He who receives fame even from far-away mountains
Is like a woman with a long breasts
Breastfeeding the child from across the river
But he comes not from the Shange clan
He who beats a person to where he comes from
He who snatches somebody's belonging.
But he comes not from the Langa clan
The political-coloured isakabuli bird
He who can fart to hearts of the villain
He who threatens like ominous dark clouds
He threatens nobody blameless, only enemies

The muti that was made by two persons
The black rivulet that was not drunk by animals
But by traditional doctors and prophets
Mbangiswa who is not a king
The confusion is even there in Zuma's kingship
He is high for he was at Robben Island
The sweetest caliber of old Shomvu
A woman murmured under her breath
"Come, let me give you a kiss of appreciation!"
The traditional incisions that looks like water dripping
The joke-cracker that is creasing out stomachs
"My son has grown into a man of the world,
I shall have calabashes and grass-mats in numbers
My neck shall be full of laces!"

The walking stick that walks the nation
You got the walking stick from the Khumalo's
You married and it became strong
You got the walking stick from the Dlamini's
You got married and it became strong, then it cracked
You got the walking stick from the Makhunga's
You married and it became strong, then it got rotten
You got the walking stick from the Ntuli's
You got married and it became strong,
You got the walking stick from the Madiba's
You married and it became strong
Even the Mhlongo's lady respects the kraal of Matomela
You got the walking stick from the Ngema's
You married and it became strong
All the Nxamalala's are interconnected
The Mkhathini's love brought lots of noise
Agitating the sleeping great great fathers

Assemble your children from the mountains
Let them grow at your kraal and receive blessings
Msholozhi cannot love secretly
Truly, the child will be there
Failing ways that are not natural
He who gives brotherly-love can never be touched
Disapproving the separation of houses
You grew like a love-potion
You cavorted raising particles of dust in the air
NPA stop prosecuting him!
Nkandla forest is blanketing its son
It blanketed you in cold-weather of Johannesburg
It blanketed you in searing suns of Mphithi
The fleet of buses never stopped ululating
Never did they cease whistling
From the dark forest they had come
The forest that wore the skins of tiger and lion
It wore the hide of buffalo and elephant
It wore python's and the black mamba's
It wore the scorpions
Van der Merwe knows the story
For he witnessed the battle of Mpikayihlulwa and Qhinqasikhundleni
Shake your hands and bury the story of your battles
Hear our cry Mhlanganyelwa!
Do not eat on the rocks like a bird of prey
Poverty still stalks us like a starved lion

We who cast our votes at the end of the line
Pinning on you our hopes for a better life,
We are waiting for the long cold night to end
We, who held night vigils fighting ferociously,

Watch with saliva dripping from our mouths
As tenders evolve around the chosen few
Crime and corruption give us sleepless nights
Assemble your strategies and call all men in blue
Help us reclaim the nights from the depraved ones
Let streets be free for women and children
Help us reclaim our identity, our ubuntu, our essence!
The mushroom that was found by Madonela of the Zuma family
Hambisa (Zuma's brother) brought it to Tambo as his name
The athletic enforcer who doesn't mind the tall grass
He solved the teething troubles in the ANC
While others are fallen by the small grasses
In childish tantrums changing political organisations
You stole the hearts of provinces
You stole the hearts of the women's league
For they called your "sty" their kingdom
And the green shirt blew
Angie Motsega, led the way for them
The resilient bull that wears scars of humiliation
Has blunted the horns of adversaries
The robust leader of the Impikayihlulwa
He fought with Vavi of the expansive COSATU
He fought with Nzimande of the expressive SACP
Who fought with Mbalula of the outspoken ANCYL
Having roped in the rebellious Malema
He fought with Manamela of the sociable YCL
He fought with Motsega of the companionable ANCWL
He fought with Kebby Mapatswe of the up-front MKMVA

The delegates' hearts warmed at the name of Msholozhi The delegates' hearts selected
Motlanthe over Dlamini-Zuma
The delegates' hearts chose Baleka Mbethe above Netshitenzhe
The delegates' hearts went for Mantashe rather than Lekota
The delegates' hearts pointed out Thandi Modise atop Didiza
The delegates' hearts decided on Phosa afore Mlambo-Ngcuka & her hubby
The unfettered celebration of Limpopo
That resounded in the whole of South Africa
They resounded causing a syndrome that went undiagnosed
At Mhlongo's house in KwaDukuza

The terror that sang Mshini Wami by force
He was not an isibhanxa (a fool) when his mouth cut
Our sick comrade who took mental dysfunction to Ntembeni
You laugh like a summer sun
Come close you men and women
The ignorer who sees everything
I like him calling home the hurt and the down-trodden
I like him calling Derrek Hanekom
I like him calling home Sipiwe Nyanda
I like him calling Mathew Phosa
I like him calling home Tony Yengeni
I like him calling Cyril Ramaphosa
I like him calling home Winnie Madikizela Mandela
I even liked him calling Madlala Routledge

And even liked him calling home Billy Masetla, the intellectual
He never forgot Yvonne Johnson and Vusi Mona, the bean-spiller
Son of Mafukuzela who preached peace after pain
The reverend that enjoys tranquility
Son of Luthuli who shone from the dark
I liked him shining with his leadership
While other leaders are
Hiding behind their thumbs
The hunter who holds the shield firmly
Jiyane and Holomisa got tired
Terror and Shilowa went weary
Roelf Meyer disappeared
Hiding behind their thumbs
Today their mouth are zipped
The Mnyezane tree with many shades
It shaded both males and females
The veteran that was supported by a struggle
While some bank on paper and pen
He can hold the guerillas like a locust swarm
For he believes in the spirit of Mabhida (struggle hero)
For he believes in the spirit of Xhamela (Walter Sisulu)
Leaving men with their mouth wide open
The good and the tidy son of MaMzobe
Ophalaze ngovelabahleke waphalaza ngovuma (Traditional herbs)
He who should receive the cake before everyone
Today Meshoe honours him
Tony Leon honours him at Argentina
Even Zille honours him

She said, Zuma opens his hands
With grace he opens our mouths
The education trust answers our needs
His generous heart hears our calls
We, the orphans created by misfortune
Nieces of Nomkelemanee too, sing the same song
The hunter who wore the lion's skin from Limpopo
Wearing it together with its fats
The maize that was put in and out of water,
They then steam it to make the malt
The traditional yeast that makes a powerful brew
The powerful beer that froths of love
It was given to the whole country
To quench the thirst of the dry wintry season
I like what Zuma is hiding
For when he reveals it, it will be nation building
The nation that draws from the rivers and the streams
You have changed the overflowing Sikhwebezi from Mahlabathini
Changing it to a snaking rivulet
Its waters ran to Nsuze neighbouring Mabengela
The Reverend's collar loosened in shock
Watching Magwaza-Msibi gnawing at his fame
The Prince watched his kraal dwindle
Leave those cattle, Mntwana, they are no longer yours!
They were borrowed from Mafukuzela
This is the time to build the nation
In votes, the Greytown was ingested
While you commiserated with Nkandla, and you said
It's true, this son of Gcinamazwi is the cause of my headaches

The IFP confided after thorough cogitating
The traditional one of Shaka and Senzangakhona
The butt of laughter from the comedians and cartoonists
The uncivilized cadre with etiquette manners
Donning ibheshu (part of traditional attire) over his trousers
You summoned men of villages to your kraal
I remember that month of January
The month of cruel sun and brutal rain
The unforgiving rain that stole happiness
Msinga never danced
Next time, ask the exorcists of thunder to beseech it
Let them deal with it, opening ways to glee
He won, the caller of the shades of the Mountains
Michael's brother won

Won the brother of Ngekengithule
You who sit over Mountains
That Mountain you ride now, its grass touches the heaven
Over there, there are many scary animals
You who plant the greatest of fields
Plant that home of Mahabane
It appears from the weird tall grass
This weird grass that existed in the time of Seme
You, who honours people,
Honour the one who fired Zuma
For he made him accede to the throne
He gave him the chance to propose to the nations
He who was handsome even when unemployed
And wearing court cases
As he laughs, my stomach is filled

When he laughs, I feel satisfied
The loyal cadre who keeps the secrets
Fears the shedding of the people's blood
Mboyimboyi's bravery is the scariest one
It enters Mzwemfihlo's brother while the state was against him
Even Zulu warriors never fought with their Kings
You dance with your shield in the open
Like the Nhlambamasoka, the Mamboza (King Cetshwayo's famous regiments)
Happy are you, the creator of sandals from Mangcolosini (local shoe maker)
You will make the one for the President at Mahlath'amnyama (Nkandla)
Even your forefathers never made one for Botha
Four-eyed Mdlovu
You who have the eyes of a debtor
Those eyes that turn the corner
Who saw blood of the people on the side of mountains
You are full of fame, you who criticizes no one in politics
Who proposes with his mindset and kindness
Until the lady says;
I will love Zuma for he criticizes no one
Even Ndosi and Mthimkhulu must emulate you
Your flooding prayers, you are unconquerable
The Zion prayed and prophesied
Shembe prayed till ancestors spoke through Tat'omkhulu
The Lutheran Church prayed and left
And the Z.C.C tried to pray and Mnyakanya's son ran

Many congregations prayed for him
MaMkhize from Mashunka Bathenjini prayed

She prayed until she was heard
From kwesikaNgoz'akakhokhobi, akanjengoMacingwane
Yen'okhokhobel'izinkomozamadoda (Msinga-the place of the number one Zuma supporter)
Cavort, daughter of Xaba,
Cavort, Phindisile with your never dying strength
Even Ellen Khuzwayo dances,
Lillian Ngoyi cavorts,
And Victoria Mxenge cavorts
Our traditional healers prayed with intelezi (traditional protective medicine)
And the weather changed to deep darkness
MaMzobe's S.A.U.C.C prayed their hearts out
I am scared of pride removed from your victory
Traditional healers proclaimed their influence
Blowing their trumpets in the name of Msholoz
Preachers claimed for their congregations
Many cooks now spoil the broth
You sold many newspapers, blowing no whistle
You sold them but were not paid
When you retire they will sell no more
You who gathered the ancestral spirit of Dlungwane
Clear the mess between KwaPhindangene and Nyokeni
And play the most loveable historical act
For son of Magogo (M.G Buthelezi's mother) to look on its braising colours
And oNgangezwe lakhe to glance on it
To laugh in unity forever
Lead the country, you who hates liquor

You who hide your head like a woman and beat like a man
Women's garments that flew high in Durban hold stories
Give him a country, the one who bought cane-knives
Today you cavort with your fighting stick in the desert
You found Pitshana and made him fall
And found Downer and made him fall
You found Tlali, the impaka (a kind of badger) and made him fall
And found Mpshe and made him fall
And found George and made him fall
And found Lesufi and made him fall
And found the apologetic Nkosi
The highly secretive leader
Mdlovu does not speak for he is mouthless
Talk, Mdlovu, to hear your heart out
What happened to the intelligence in exile?
Is it the elect of Nkandla, intellectual of intellectuals?
Tell the enemies and your allies

Tell your heart out like Chris Nicholson
Even you, all MaKhumalo's,
You must always brew our indigenous beer
To drink of intelligence
While dealing with matters of country
With the legislators of Mpikayihlulwa (Zuma's "regiment")
Even the SACP twin must not be assassinated
Even the COSATU twin must not be assassinated
In the veins of those twins, the ANC blood flows
These twins are my parents

Mdlovu, I look at you shyly and steal glimpses
Shoulders that carry false stories
The disgruntled members don't complain
I look at you and cry myself out
Shoot my machine gun!
Some are at their mothers back
Who was lit and burned like fire
Who pushes his head to danger
While others push their legs
Khwezan'abafananant'izuluselifikile (be protective sticks of the thunder for it has arrived)
The thunder that struck over the home of the capitalist
And they all were shrunken
He who is protected by the ancestral man of kwaLanga (poet's family name)
He who finished the assassins
Who removes the heavy load from the people
For he saved men and women
He who beat the others after the others
While beating the others, he beat the others
Who got in Mahlamba-Ndlopfu, the field of Qhingqa-
You took it with Mgabadeli and Mapholoba, the body guards
And you took Mahlamba-Ndlopfu with Goge, the body guard too
Now you sleep at Mahlamba-Ndlopfu with your knees up
Msholozu you are the talk of the town
All nations speak about you
The midnight star that shone to people's talk
In the sun and the moon
Moon became the piece, the round, be cut

And died in your talk
Jon Qwelani the journalist said a word
He agreed with you Maphumepethe
Madoda Fikeni the analyst agreed with you
Even Protas Madlala concurred with you

Saying the crown is yours at Limpompo, Mdlovu
Tsedu got frightened
The one who sacrificed his life for the people
The man that confused the journalists at Radio 702
What do you do after peeling an onion?
They all paused and asked you to sing Mshini Wami
You never sang it, for you never received either
He was scared of the bad singing of the journalists
He neither trusted Tim Modise
Shomv'oth'ukubhulwa wanjengesona
Wathi ukubhulwa wanjengesikhonyane
You spreaded like a rash
Msholozhi the listener shines
Shine the surveyor of the bad people's cages
There is a lady animal hidden there
At the overseas cages, bring her back
For her to tell all the conspiracy-truth
The Mnyakanya's fire-fighter
Who doesn't get tired of the little elephants fires
Those Nkandla flames
Burn even at Luthuli House
But they burn you and kneel down to you
You are the welcome Mnyakanya for you welcomed even this one
But be careful history does not repeat itself
You who won the hearts of the taxi industry

They gave you the herd of cattle to wear
He who goes himself to the people is happy
Where others are not
A drop of Indian medicine is enough
For they heal with a left hand
You catch and break like a lion
The rhino's urine that stings and causes pain
The honey-bird of Nobhekisisa that I will follow to death
And write a history on the rock
The shaker of the unshakeable
For you shook South Africa's judiciary system
And white judges resigned
They were scared of so-called corruption
The spear-man who solved no problem but the lawyers
Selebi's solved by Mbeki
The ANC spear that stabs the honourable and the useless
The spear collected from Limpompo to people's anger
He who sat well among South African people

He sat in the palm of the hand
Like water in the centre of the calabash
The killer who killed the honourable and the useless The ill-omen that is followed by another
It followed Nzimande to his family-in-law
While staying peaceful with MaNtombela (Blade's wife) at Babanango
While he lies about Mphephethwa
He tried to swallow it but failed
He also tried to spit it out, but failed
Finally he died!

He woke to COPE like an aberrant ancestor
The uSuthu' olumabh' esh' ankone (praise name of Amazulu FC) ran
Don't kill that lightning bird!
If you kill it the thunder will strike.
The bull that slept with its knees up
While others slept like dead
Jokes about him resounding all over the country
But John Vlismas never made one about Msholozzi
David Kau never told one about Msholozzi
Ayanda Msweli never dared make one about Msholozzi
The bull that fights like mad
We will run out of referees
Stab them by the back of the knife, Msholozzi
To remove them from your chest
Don't stab them directly
You will take their eyes out!
For we want them to see you walking on the red carpet
Which they swear you won't step a foot on as president
And you ride on a donkey like Jesus
The battle of the two shepherds
Louis Harms punched to Cris Nicholson
Annoyed by Zuma's win
Hani's wound is still bleeding in my heart
Succeed in finding me the true assassin
Carry the S'lovo's view in your mind,
"The one who killed Hani is not
The one who pulled the trigger!"
You remind me of the Shona's proverb,
"Happana chisingaperee" (Nothing last forever)
The MaBhengu's charmer

Who was a charmer even after being afflicted
By the dark cloud of court cases
For he was loved by the Chinese

The Germans loved him
The Italians loved him
The Indians loved him
The Americans loved him
The Jewish business personalities
Developed trust and loved him
They loved him for they wanted
To make him their brother in-law
Gordon Brown in Britain is a witness
He wanted a photo with the son of Mnyakanya
Mhlengwa of Nobhongo wezulu eliphezulu (relative of the poet who is a father-figure)
The Langa people loved him
Lethukuthula Xulu from kwaChwezi agreed
Mdumiseni Mabizela, the mathematician from Thalen, agreed
Nathi (Nashna) Ndebele, the scientist from Newcastle, agreed
Vusokuhle Mvungande, the poet from kwaGadediniwe, agreed
At Ntabenemnyama, all the warriors agreed
At Buswenibenkawu, all the warriors agreed
MaShange Langa of kwaSizwokwakhe,
Chose ANC for Mhlanganyelwa
Kholwa Zuma from Nyoniyezwe at Mabomvini
Cavorted to his best for Zuma
All the poets cried their throats out
Themba Zwane from Zuka at Mnambithi praised the man

Bhekani Ndwandwe of Mpangeni shouted praises Young Philani Buthelezi from Nyoni bleated
Madlizinyoka, the political activist from Mpangeni bellowed
The art-endowed Themba Masinga from KwaShembe recited
Poets from Mthatha took the podiums
While others wrote in newspapers, poetically
S'phamandla Xaba from Jozini praised him for ANC
The artistic one who descended at the kill scene
Claws outstretched like an opportunistic scavenger
Clothed in a white robe of fortune by his ancestors
The eloquent poet that surfaced at dinner
He who cavorted on the rocks like a honey-bird
Bhoza from Isolezwe asked a rhetorical one
"Where the hell was he in cold days of court cases at Maritzburg?"
Isolezwe's Masaka asked the same question in confusion
And Madula's lip-meat choked his throat
At Nkandla, they stood arms akimbo
Others capping their hand over their brows
Searching for the son of Mdadazi
The shuddering of umncwado

He who strikes even when thwarted
With fly-by-night poets
At Parliament they sabotaged him with Xaba
The opportunistic scavengers that surfaced at dinner
The one cavorted on the rocks like a honey bird
They who were scared of the battles of the High Courts
When even the exorcists could not foretell the future

Poets with great zeal at lunch
Zeal that shuttered when the Nxamalala sky was dark and gloomy
That dark cloud of City Press journalists
They peeked at Themba Zwane doing suicidal act
They peeped on Nomkeleman being led to the scaffold
The King has inaugurated, Msholozzi
Give thanks to those that deserve it
The war is still on, Mdlovu
If you attack with cowards, there will be more deaths
Even those from across the ocean say;
“Inauguration day, sabotage is at its highest form!”
Late Tim Ncube roamed all over Pretoria for accreditation
Shabalala, the taxi-owner from Nongoma cried out from his converted BMW, resplendent in
his beautiful traditional attire
Roamed the whole of Pretoria for accreditation
They cried of Izingane Zoma, and part of history was buried
They cried of Shiyezendawo, and part of history was buried
They asked for Izingane ZikaMsholozzi, and history was buried
They asked for Tsunami, and part of his story was buried
They asked Pastor Dube for holy words, and history was buried again
They asked durable Nomkeleman,
The selfless one of Mdadazi,

Who braved ice-cold weathers of Maritzburg and Jo’burg’s High Court,
But valuable history was buried
Worms eat the edible maize
While people are rammed with the inedible
Many voters are for you, my father
They are yours, son of Gcinamazwi
Fully creamed sour-milk of the calf
Eaten by Mpangelekhali’ igijima (ANC activist)
Eaten by Elvis Msane of KwaSibhamu at Mthunzini Saying, “If they spill it, the vulture will
scream!”
An ocean of enemies is fighting over you, Matomela!
Crawl along softly like a spider
The insect is caught by the web

The shooters can never shoot the gentle man of Lugaju
They remain in tortured hunger for the blood of Makhilimba
You feed the stone to Kaddafi's mouth
You made him masticate the scorpion in the eyes of the AU and UN
Come back Msholozhi, you've made history
You left the hippo's with their mouth open
The crocodiles gone to the mountains
The animal that ambushed people in the tall grass
S'kelewu's shield was left in the mountain
The lucky charmer of the virgins and the matured ladies
All your hopeful rivals propose using your name as a charm
The porcupine with sharp quills
I have looked for your back
But it I could not see it

I only saw the assembly of voters
Measured in the worms of a dead elephant
The person I've seen and shivered for
And I said, "Oh! Mhlanganyelwa,
Msholozhi is your true ancestor"
Joy is all over sprawling Nkandla
Mothers from the Zuma family ululated
MaYengwayo Zuma of KwaThembitshe ululated MaXulu Zuma of KwaDunusa ululated
Their ululation filled the dry air of great Nkandla
The firstborn Velephi ululated with a brown bottle in her hand
The lastborn S'bongile ululated with a hoarse voice
The life is so good!
I too shouted out my restrained felicity
Seeing Nkandla slanting
The story was evidenced by S'busiso, son of Sibisi
He said; "You must tell Msholozhi,
Chwezi too, is still part of Nkandla!
Development must be seen taking place!"
I said, "Duzenezulu! Mahlase!"
Even Nhloshane is still Nkandla,
Mandaba and Matshenezimpisi,
Manawe too is Nkandla!
The dog that relies on its power of biting
The one that bites out a chunk from the flesh
When others set off mongrels to maul him
He bit at Malema, removing a chunk
Even today, his wound lay agape, with no one to heal it
Maybe April Fools' advice from Isolezwe can help
For it wrote about the National Economic Liberation Congress

Even at Limpompo they barked at him
He removed a chunk in response
Hear our cry Nxamalala!
Do not eat on the rocks like a honey-bird
Sipping the solitary golden flower
Poverty still persecutes us poor people
We, who stood in winding lines,
Voting you our hope for a better life,
We are still crying for the development
Hunger gnaws in our empty bowels like a starving dog
We, who chanted slogans for equality
Watch, the saliva dripping from our mouths
As tenders evolve around the chosen few
Crime and corruption give us sleepless nights
Assemble your strategies and rally your troops
Help us reclaim the nights from the depraved ones
Let the streets be free for women and children
Help us reclaim our identity, our ubuntu, our essence!
I offer these words, submerged in suspense
Not knowing if I am still the son you love
Or maybe wearing the cloak of misfortune
For I know the inaugurator of a King
Does not reign with him
I, the fighter who fought and won the many battles
Risking rejection and scorn from the cowardly ones
Who looked through their fingers
While their jaws were locked in silence
In the season of trials, tribulations and troubles
At the end of the long ominous time of assorted pains
When the gloomy clouds had released
the hostage sky
Mushroomed your once enemies

Wearing skins of lambs
One by one they were rewarded and crowned with you
Now they look down on us in disdain,
Looking at us, the true soldiers who gave their lives
While roaring lambs' mouths burst with shame,
Packed with scoff, scorn, sneer and snigger
But worry not, Msholoz
Life is like that lady of kanga!
MSHOLOZI!
MAPHUMEPHETHE!

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