

## JUNE 16 YEAR OF SPEAR

They call me freedomchild  
I am liberationbound  
My name is June 16  
But this is not 1976.

Freedomchild homewardbound  
With an AK47 resting in my arms  
The rivers I cross are no longer treacherous boundaries  
Throwing me into the frustrating arms of exile  
The rivers I cross are love strings  
Around my homeland and me  
Around the sun and the new day.

Who does not see me  
Will hear freedomsound  
Roaming the rhythms of my dream  
Roosting warmly palpable as breast of every mother  
spitting every day and night  
spreading freedomseed all over this land of mine

My mothers fathers of my fathers kinsmen  
Because I am June 16  
And this is not Soweto 1976  
I emerge in the asphalt streets of our want  
And because 'my memory is surrounded by blood'  
My blood has been hammered to liberation song  
And like Rebelo's bullets  
And Neto's sacred hope  
I am flowering  
Over the graves of these goldfanged fascist ghouls  
All over this land of mine

I am June 16  
As Arab Ahmad says  
*My body is the fortress*  
*Let the siege come!*  
*I am the fireline*  
*And I will besiege them*  
*For my breast is the shelter*  
*Of my people*

I am June 16  
I am Solomon Mahlangu  
I am the new chapter  
I am the way forward from Soweto  
I am poetry flowering with AK47  
All over this land of mine.

WILLIE KGOSITSILE