They came knocking
like the sound of a drum
and grabbed him by the arm
my brother Zizwe

I stood at one corner
of the room
and watched them treat
him like dirt
While at another corner
mama wept
I felt like spitting in
their faces

They left for good
and I said
"Mama dont cry
He'll come back some
other day"

Nomvuyo Mzamane, aged 8