## VERWOERD, VERWOERD, THEY CRY

## A Poem Dorothy Hewitt

No doves for you, Verwoerd, The doves won't fly There's only blood In the African sky

A twist of bones
And a smell of death.
Blood in the dust
Of the wild wind's breath.

In the compounds of the Kimberleys
The diamond miners say,
'These diamonds glitter with our
blood,
White, white as death are they.'

In the hot, white streets of Africa, Black, black with bullets' rain, The ghosts who died at Sharpeville Rise up to die again.

The brave, young men of Africa Come marching out to die, Their footprints thudding in the dust, 'Verwoerd, Verwoerd,' they cry.

Come marching for you Verwoerd, Down freedom's angry road, Cry 'Evil' on you Verwoerd For whip and gun and goad. Cry 'Evil' on you Verwoerd, Cry 'Evil' from the sky, The bloody skies of Africa Where even doves won't fly.

A bullet in a flogger's neck
To hold a head awry.
An echo on an angry wind,
'Verwoerd, Verwoerd,' they cry.

For death and whip and hunger pair Down in your diamond mine, They're coming for you Verwoerd And all your dirty kind.

The women in the shanty towns, The babies stumbling blind, They're coming for you, Verwoer And all your craven kind.

And all the roads of Africa
Are thick with marching men.
For every man that's shot to deat!
A man will rise again.

There's doves for us, Verwoerd, They wheel and fly. Red with the dawn In the African sky.

White is our bone, Red is our death, To make us a song For the wild wind's breath.