

BE STRONG MOTHER

*I wish you courage
Behind the shattered window panes
under the cracking asbestos
with the rumbling of tummies
of the ever hungry little ones
whose miserable tears never cease
to spoil their innocent smiles
I wish you the best I can.*

*I wish you courage
In that house of sadness
When madly hammering knocks
crushing of merciless boots
and growling of uncouth voices
prelude each coming dawn
to leave you bitter and naked
I wish you steadfastness
In that house of sadness*

*When your heart jerks and tumbles
with each vision of me
to the lens of your brains
I wish you not sorrow
I wish you not grievous tears
I wish you not to focus on me
but the presence that follows
the absence of my presence
I wish you resolution mother*

*I wish you confidence
In the coming of your son
who stately explores the lands
to salvage the lost freedoms
of the helpless and dying lots.
But then, if his flesh disappears
Freedom and justice will appear
I wish you good pluck mother.*



— BILLY MATLALA