

M O T H E R

You sit, on star - sprangled night,
The silvery moonlight made harsh
By unblinking, hostile flood-lights,
Talking to neighbours, spared.

Night closes in, quickly, ruthlessly.
You move indoors, where silence reigns
Cospicuous by its very noise - chilling.
Loneliness the monster has claimed its prey.

Two years since, with all your children
around the fire. Glorious evenings spent
laughing, jostling, talking even fighting;
The now silent house pregnant with life.

How many sons, daughters do you have, mother?
Two, three or even five? All gone?
Yes, you are lonely but wonderfully dominant,
Is consuming burning, choking pulsating Pride.

Yes Pride, For in the heart of Africa
Your sons working in the sun, muscles rippling
laughing, jostling, talking, always singing
Determined brave cadres of Umkhonto we Sizwe.

You are solaced, for though never again held in arms
they live so fully, that there is no higher degree,
You know they live and if need be
Will die so that mankind will be free.

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