

Revolution is...

revolution is...
when the first ray of light
slashes night and day asunder

revolution is...
when a woman gives birth
with her thumb raised high
urging "Amandla!"

revolution is...
when a child marches from a womb
with a raised clenched fist
saying "mama we are on our own!"

revolution is...
when consciousness tears the mask
hiding my sister's beautiful face
redeeming her blackness

revolution is...
when pick-axes and ploughs
pause to determine the worth
of sweat on labouring backs

revolution is...
when a forest rises to sharpen
its branches like pencils
then poverty will inscribe
the song of the river in ink



Fragment 17

in the sun
the anger of the earth
shaking the maroela trees

in the sun
the anger of the trees
hurling venomous flowers

in the sun
the anger of the flowers
breaking stubborn cataracts

in the sun
in the anger of the cataracts
splitting obdurate rivers

in the sun
the anger of the rivers
flooding forest fields

in the sun
the anger of the fields
spreading rapacious fires

in the sun
the anger of the fires
shuddering the grass roots

in the sun
the anger of the grass roots
awakening my country...

tomorrow let no man say we were asleep

