



*Mi Sidumo Michael Hlatshwayo*

**AMBITION** I wanted to be a poet, control words, many words; that I may woo our multi-cultured South Africa into a single society. I wanted to be a historian, of a good deal of history; that I may harness our past group hostilities into a single South African history.

**AGE/WORK** After 34 years of hunger suffering, struggle, learning and hope, I am only a driver for a rubber company. Because the racist system designs that I with other millions of black children of misprivileged class be rendered powerless in making South Africa a pride of Africa, an envy of foreign powers and a wonder of the world.

**EDUCATION** When I left school at standard 7 I cried and cried. I cried because a natural instinct of judging told me that I was not equipped to shape my country into a land of plenty.

**HOPE** Yet I still have hope. I have hope because I with other millions of the working class are beginning to unite, to organise and to learn — about ourselves, about our power, about others, and about our land.

# We workers are a worried lot!

Racist Racist Racist  
Wake up!  
Workers are a worried lot  
we thought  
we work  
to fight injustices  
— a common foe  
we thought  
we work  
to fight unemployment  
— a common foe  
we thought  
we work  
to fight against starvation  
— a common foe  
we wanted

to conquer peace  
— a common friend  
we wanted  
to win equality  
— a common friend  
Kodwa Hawu!  
to you, our friends  
are foes!  
to you, our foes  
are friends!  
We workers are a worried  
lot.

Racist Racist Oppressor  
Wake up!

Let us see  
West in West  
and East in East  
let us wave-off  
mass dismissals  
let us wave-off  
mass unemployment  
we can all be Neil Aggetts  
we can all be Helen  
Josephs  
we can all be Neil  
Alcocks  
— disciples of justice  
Yes, in Africa  
let us be Africans  
fear is a fallacy  
now  
let us tread on your un-  
touchable sacred ground  
to be forged by FOSATU  
to be saluted by  
CCAWUSA  
to struggle in CUSA  
what a march

of people's congresses  
to come!  
together we would  
stave-off Star Wars  
together we would  
build empires without  
bombs  
together we would  
put power in maize fields  
not missiles  
together we would  
give respect to God and not  
to dollars  
oh, even the soil  
shall sing praise hymns

Racist Racist Racist  
Wake up!

We can discover  
the secrets of Africa  
we can discover  
the splendour of Africa

we can discover  
the pride of Africa  
covered by sand dunes  
of history  
covered by sand dunes  
of exploitation  
covered by sand dunes  
of colonialism  
And Maye!  
Africa  
the Eden of Nations  
the pillar of the universe  
shall now  
lead the world  
and deliver the world  
from its hunger  
from poverty  
— of minerals  
— of morals  
— and of love  
Workers are a worried lot

Racist Wake Up!



## WORKERS' POETRY COMPETITION



Send your poetry to the Workers' Poetry Competition.

The winner gets R100 worth of Ravan Books (at worker discount). The winner will be chosen from 10 finalists at the 1985 FOSATU EDUCATION WORKSHOP (20 July 1985) by audience applause.

Closing date 30 June, 1985. Send your poetry, your name, address and union's name to:

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Phone: 6425313/6425235

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