

# FOR MM

Can we remember him perhaps  
and dare to conjure his image  
in our minds? Thinking let us  
think and lift our hands and  
grasp in him the carved statue  
of strength he created and left  
in our hearts

Can we remember him perhaps  
as he spoke words flowing  
like rivers of his childhood  
in a blasphemed country of wide  
lakes and yellow dongas and green  
sedge which clung to the spokes  
of Thornville wagons drawn by  
patient donkeys that clopped on  
the parched ground that we will  
claim  
are now claiming with weapons  
and  
words that kill

Can we remember him perhaps  
when we smiled at his hoary frost  
and the moustache he sometimes  
nibbled  
spitting out imaginary bits of  
tobacco

Can we remember him perhaps  
as a worker a soldier a Communist  
a transcender of all things that  
cause men to scratch their heads  
at night

Can we remember him perhaps  
as things are happening  
as things are happening  
now  
as his giant fingers are clenching  
into this fist that is hammering  
the edifices of injustice

Can we remember him perhaps  
Moses Mabhida man soldier  
fighter moulder creator  
father brother comrade-in-arms  
lover  
Communist

Can we remember him perhaps  
**AND DO SOMETHING!**

JAKE SHANGE

