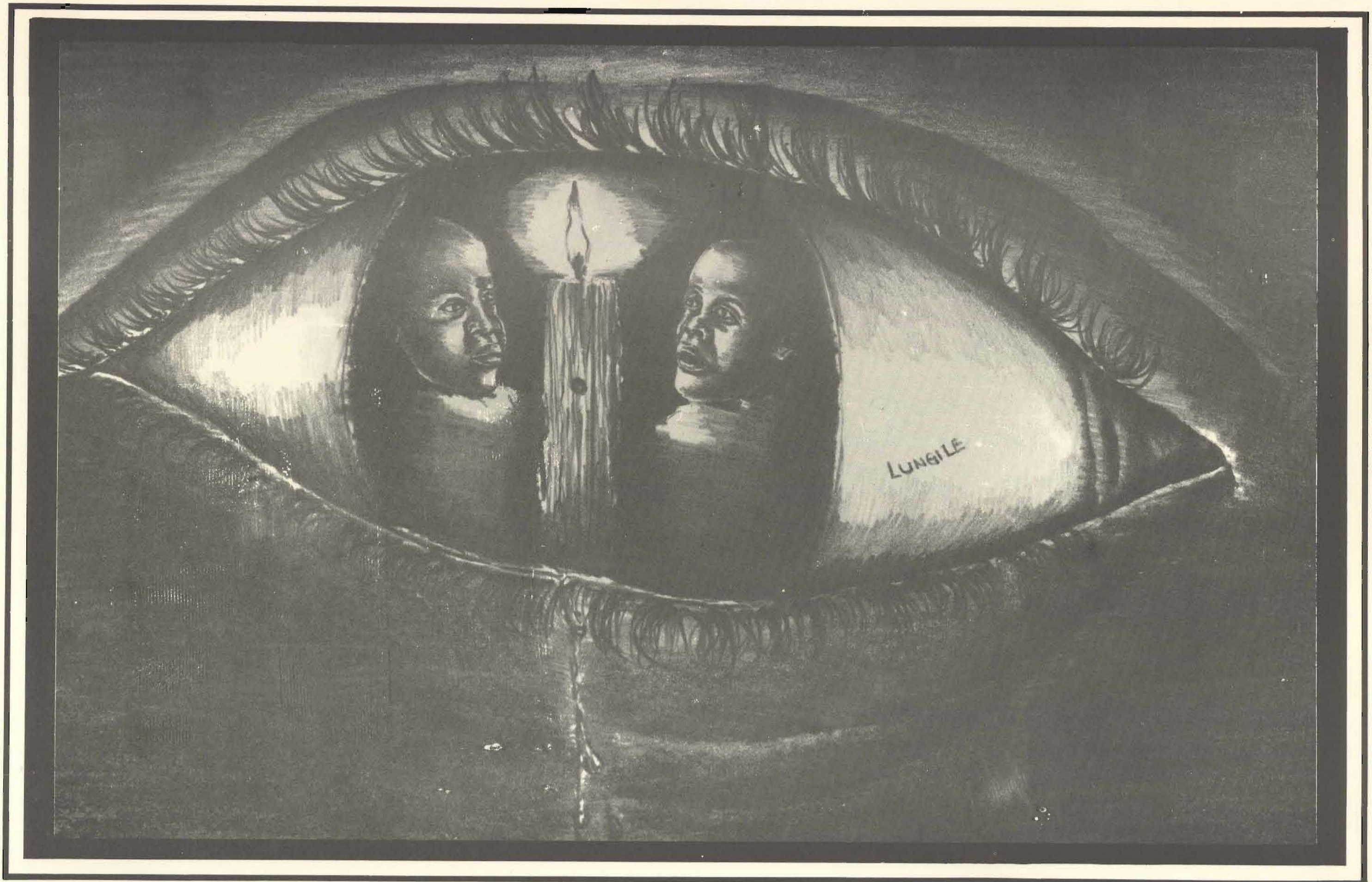


Mpho and Mphonyana



My eyes are flooded with tears
as I pray for you
My heart pounds
at the thought of you
My womb feels like rupturing
giving birth to a gift
A gift that changes
from shock to surprise
from bad to good
from faithless to faithful
from unknown to the known
from a curse to a blessing

No doubt the Master of the universe
is talking to Sophie and I
to the man and the woman
to the priest and sinner
to the rich and the poor
to the leader and the led
to the superior and the inferior
to a friend and the enemy
to the parent and the child
to the learned and the unlearned
oh yes Mpho and Mphonyana
to the white and the black
All under the command of the Master of the universe

I pray every second at the thought of you
Mpho and Mphonyana
Like your joined heads
my prayers and Sophie's
join at the rise of our spirits
in appeal to the Master above
to be in control of the situation
I choke as I want to say
"Let thy will be done"
for I may be a sinner with
faithless heart that could
hinder the miraculous operations

But, I'm convinced
Our loving and caring Father can never fail us
He loves you Mpho and Mphonyana
like all the children of the world

You Mpho and Mphonyana
are innocent
The question lies
with me and Sophie
with the gutless and fearful Papa
And with the man who when God gave men
brains to use to his maximum benefit
to save mankind

chose who must learn what
where, how and why
your chapter
the chapter of your birth
and survival was not thought of

Bless you Mpho and Mphonyana
God will see us through our struggles

Bless you Mpho and Mphonyana
for you were born
to humble, poor, homeless
struggling, downtrodden, unlearned Sophie

For God speaks to us through
his servants that serve Him
in their own humble ways in every
time of their lives
with no excuses

Mpho and Mphonyana
When a new chapter in medicine
had to be written
you didn't give excuses
and like faithful and obedient servants
you marched forward

Now to Sophie ...
Sophie, fear not
for no state leader
has ever taken such an oath

You were chosen
not by greater numbers
of men and women
who claim their rights over
what comes from natural supplies
yet, they don't fear the supplier

God chose you out of his love
Mpho and Mphonyana are like
mirrors for us to look ourselves in
If Mpho and Mphonyana
are joined in unity and share life together
Can We?

With kind thoughts always
Boitumelo Makhema and son Kano
24.10.1987

(This poem was written in the middle of the night
when suddenly I was engaged in a conversation with
my God, in search of answers and solutions to the
plight of Mpho and Mphonyana and their mother Sophie
Mathibela.)