

BLAC

Black Literature and Arts Congress Vol. 1. No. 2.

Refugees, Welcome!

(Frelimo enters Lourenco Marques, September, '74)

Refugees, brothers of man,
You're welcome!
Welcome to the land of sunshine
Welcome to the land with sharp contrasts
But do pardon our domestic conflicts
Its part and parcel of every home
That has to face to life's realities
But you're welcome all the same.
It is only in time of need
When you know who's your brother's keeper
He'll provide you with the seed
That may spread good relationship
When it is dipped in fertile soil
And have good prospects for the reed
Welcome needy neighbours, once more,
In times of strife
Provide for the needy
Who is thy neighbour
When one is in destitute?
South Africa, the sunny south,
Must extend its warm hand
And bid you welcome.
Yes! Bid you welcome
Because your pigment is right
That gives you priority
And when you're settled
Take no heed of the warnings on buildings
Because you're White
That's O.K.-
'Europeans Only'
'Bantu Females'
'White Gents'
Make sure your hue
Is genuine
Lest it causes another coup.
'Do not linger'
The freedom of the City is yours.
No need to panic.
'2nd Class Taxi'
Take precaution-
You might be taken for a suspect
for an Immorality Act allegation
on a lovely spree to wonderful Soweto
Sandwiched between two glamorous Black chicks
Chanting-
'Black is the prize baby,
Are you with it?'
Do enquire
About these strange signs
lest you find yourself in a quagmire
Remember, they're foreign to you.
'Bushalte vir nie-blankes'
'Native Boys and Tradesmen!
These signs should not cause you a nightmare!

Oh no for heaven's sake
They're our daily guides to our lives in Joh'burg
This cosmopolitan city.
Being a 'foreign Native' in your own land
We're still in the throes of cleaning our 'home'
Don't mind being ushered through the kitchen
We're still cleaning the 'sitting room'
Where dialogue can be held one day
So that for you,
dear refugee,
The best is yet to be!

sol rachilo

While It Poured

While it poured,
We lay naked
In our scant shack.
My blackbird and I lay naked in the day
Under worn-warm blankets
On the old, old reed-mat,
While it poured outside.

We were folded,
Reading each other;
Listening to dark deep-running - gutter-water-
The cold wind coming from under our door.

My frightened blackbird and I were - folded-
Held immobile in sweet-crowned - purity-
When sated earth was gorged
And wet-heavy foilage was stripped off.

Then in that lightning-winking
Of your awful eyes
I saw

How my love could moult,
And was sore-afraid ...

You started, and smiled rainbow-radiant
When my electric hands
Imparted a shudder to your soul.
And I wept
Because then our love was so good.

long

**BLAC acknowledges the role
AQ played to make
the magazine possible.**

no exit

james matthews

"It was in the time of darkness, when all was secure, that it happened," said the arm resting against thigh and leg.

"But we all knew it would happen," torso said hollowly from its stomach as it sprawled across the centre of the floor. "When light made its move by piercing a tiny hole through the fabric of our security, like a needle piercing flesh, it heralded the beginning of our end."

In the opposite corner a leg curled its toes and tapped the floor in confirmation.

For an instant no one spoke and their silence drew them together

The arm resting against its corresponding neither limb held out an open palm in supplication. "Yes, we allowed ourselves to be fooled in those long years before light made its entry and started our collapse leading us to where we now find ourselves."

A tapping of toes signified that the leg in the corner wished to add its sentiment.

"But could we have done otherwise?" There was no reply as they desired him to put into words that time, or rather light, had decreed their rationality an idealism not required in its master plan. "We held onto a belief that those with whom we are dealing would accept the ideal that in the land that is also ours, we should be treated as one and that things would not be taken from some while retained by others."

Head gave a contemptuous laugh and the fingers that encircled it raised head's position as if to query its mirth that smote like a cathedral bell sounding in a match box.

"We are fools, like our fathers were fools!" said head, and the contempt his laugh held was revealed in his voice. "Light has shown us from the start that it never had the intention of allowing us, and the other shades, to earn a fair share of what is rightfully ours. We should have learned from the failure of our fathers. Power then was with another light. A light that wasn't much different from the light that has made us powerless. And when our fathers appealed to that greater light who had power over the destructive light that rips us apart they were refused aid because the greater light was beset by its greed to obtain the wealth of our land. Let us learn from that! The power of our release rests in the gathering together of all shades of darkness so that like a huge, black blanket we will absorb all light and only then would all be treated as one, even the light that shreds us into slivers."

Head's words sent their thoughts cock-roaching away from self-search.

"How long have we been here?" arm asked leg on the other side.

"I don't know," leg replied with an agitated clack of toe nails. "I think it was a day in spring when we were picked up. Or was it summer?"

"I tried to keep score of days by counting the number of times we were interrogated," said torso, "but I couldn't hold onto the number of times as they changed the period of their comings and their interrogation brought on a contraction of my stomach."

"It would serve us better if you hold onto your stomach," head said sourly. "We have to suffer the mess after their visits."

Torso's stomach, as if in sympathy with torso's apprehension, let off an audible whistle which drew a baleful glare from head.

"I wish we had a bird in here," said arm, wistfully stroking leg. "Do you think they'd let us have a bird if we ask them?"

Arm's suggestion sent thoughts in flight of things outside; of children at play and youthful laughter, of streets filled with people, a warm bed and a woman with her head on the pillow, the changing of night into day and the passing of time and flowers growing - of life.

"I can remember," arm said softly, "the time I went to the beach. I always went early morning with the beach deserted of others and the sea had wiped clean the footprints of those who had been there the previous day.

"I would watch the seagulls effortlessly riding the wind and the low murmur of the sea as it sends waves to caress the sand. I can't think of a scene freer."

"Has my woman forgotten about me?" orso boomed sadly. "I can remember her, when I got home from work, in the kitchen with table laid. And then after we had eaten, we'd sit on the stoep and watch the young ones walking in the direction of the park, and she'd give me a knowing look and we'd smile - our thoughts on the times we used to walk in the same direction."

Leg hopped excitedly over the sprawling torso.

"Yes, yes." he said. "I straddled my little one on my knee and she'd make belief it's a horse she's riding. Her eyes would be closed and her cheeks wet with her joy."

"Stop it!" head shrieked, his cry almost making arm drop him from arm's palm.

Their flesh quivered as if lashed.

"Fools! This is what they want. All of you thinking of what you did and how you lived before you were brought here. They know kicking you in the gut wouldn't produce results but keeping you penned, your love

would whip you. You with your seagulls and waves, and you with your woman, and you with your child - you break yourself!"

Head's censure of their yearnings silenced them and he continued.

"To survive, you must stifle love!"

A clatter at the steel door and a cyclopic eye of light found them.

"George Jackson!" the voice of the warder roared then the cyclopic eye returned them to themselves as the warder's footsteps retreated down the passage.

The truth
for me
is not the singing birds
the wispy bees
the astonishing radiance of sunset
the ethereal beauty of dawn
the truth
in near-meatless bones
is wandering
among the birds, the bees
sunset and daybreak
skeletons
who talk without voices
see without eyes
cry without echoes

Come!
poets, philosophers, writers
birds and bees are expensive
let's flow together
let our truth be one big river
flowing through our pens
dreching our people with it
let's flow together
let osmosis take place
let's flow together
we must heal the fragmented selves
that lie stagnating
in the dongas of our townships

let's flow together
give our people to themselves

let's flow together
let our truth
be written on our banks:

PEOPLE of BONDAGE

STOP

RUNNING

FROM

YOURSELVES:

christine douts

Dudu: in love with thanks

in our universe of dusty paths called roads
in
murky conglomerated sections
people live.
in our world
of dirty kids
swollen lips
barbeton sores
in half light zones
in small part roles
there is humanity,
patched and faded like old denim
but worn
knowing we have nothing else.
in our world
of trains that are like sardine cans on conveyor belts
in the graves tended by hands that cry
here we struggle.
in holding each other
we have sacrificed tomorrow
for the solace of now
because the reality standing outside cannot wait
for tomorrow
because its tomorrow dies each day
when the street lights are extinguished.
in your smile
in future unborn children
in past hidden tears
in tears
in joy
in symbiotic happiness
in all our yesterdays dreams
in all our nows
there is your monument
black women.

neil williams

Published by Black Literature
and Arts Congress,
1 Long Street, Mowbray.

the black word

mongane wally serote

I am going to say a lot about a cat I know; this cat was standing there on the stage behind a mike-standing, awkwardly, as if he was going to drop down and die any minute. His face, if we can call it a face could have been a child crying, a bewildered woman, a blues-filled man, all of them wanting to go now and leave their home, yet, they also knew they could not go. No one would let them go, and they had nowhere to go!

That cat said, "tonight, is the night of the word according to the way black cats see the word". I was standing right next to this cat, very, very close to him. I could even see that his whiskers were not even standing on edge, they were hanging as if they were wet. I even saw his eyes, small, in the way they lay in their holes, huge in the way they were pushing out, maybe to see, and also weep for the last time. This cat balanced on thsoike, that thin unreliable metal, but he leaned on it as if it was a huge, old, oak tree. And, he could not stand still.

"Let those who will hear the word, hear it", he said. I remembered, as he said this, that he, like me, know that very few people listen, or hear the word, purely because they don't want to hear it. I don't know what has happened to the works this cat wrote. They were published, spread around, but seemed never to have made their destination. I have hardly read a single word of it. The cat went to the mud, lay there, sank and sank, and sank, and he is a very short person, this cat.

Then we heard the word again, I hope he was not silly to be so optimistic, so as to think we had changed, that we would hear the word. Something called 'Cry Rage' came out. The Lord knows what we did to that word. Before then there had been, 'Sounds of a Cowhide Drum', 'Yakhal' inkomo', and many, many other cats were making the word. We who had to make the word, know how the word was received. I wonder if those who received the word, know what we think really happened. I am sure, and here I say that because I take the responsibility of talking for others; I am sure that when word came about the word, we, who made the word, listened. Yes, we did. We had to. First, because it is nice to hear what people say about your face and things, and, most important, because if we make the word, we are all the time at school. The word about the word came.

That is where the word is at. The black word. Mad. Frustrated. Frantic. Frightened. Weeping. Filled with despair. Desperate. Dangerous. Loving. Tender. Gentle. Primi-

tive. Raw. Caring a bloody lot. And, it is ensnared. Let white people accept that.

To speak for myself. I have learnt a bloody lot from the black American word. Hence, I am able to breath for now. I am, now and then, terribly reckless in the way I pick up the white word. I am in a hurry, you see. I have seen people die, in all sorts of unenviable poses. If one can dare think about envying the way people die. I, myself, have been too close to death. I am in a hurry, you see. I have to learn, and learn very fast. I know it is not enough to have a good intention, but it is good to know we have such intentions because in our hurry, while we do things, we are going to learn. My pace for wanting to learn is faster than my way of absorbing. Just too bad! But, that makes me the more to want to listen, watch, talk, and do things.

Alexandra has taught me so many things, so many things. I shake cold when I think, once, I was an ambitious student. Johannesburg is really not a bad place, I realised the other day. I was fascinated by the way the cement, here, wears its flowers at night. But that is how far I can go. Then there is Cape Town. The sea. The mountain. The trees. Then there is Durban. Took me by surprise in many ways, including that South Africa is a home of Indians, too. There is South Africa, it has no secrets anymore.

All these contribute to the word. Black. They do it in the way that every child will learn to talk when he sees, hears and walks. But then black children saw, heard different

things and walked different paths from other children. There are two worlds now, the Black and the White. And Blacks are beginning to be responsible about that world since they are so silent. Brave word that! Silent. Whites know what they did, and it is no secret to us.

So, how does the White world listen to the Black word? I don't know! I know how I listened to the white word. That is all!

'Militant', 'Bitter', 'Black Consciousness element', 'Is this poetry?', 'Black or White, does it matter?', 'Black Power', and some non-sense words like 'banal' whatever that means, 'Sentimental', 'Self Pity' came out from some mouths and pens. White, of course! no Black in his right sense would ask such a thing.

And, 'very good', 'non-white', 'Tom', 'Hoor, hoor!', 'Expensive book', 'What terms did you get with the publisher', 'you lack dynamism', 'dynamic' and some downright shit words like, 'tell them brother, tell them', came out from all over the ghettos.

I am a very cynical man. I wonder how people read. I can't. I can't read. But I know that moods, feelings, of words mean a lot to me. And whenever any one says anything about the word I made, I know when he has read that word. I hope I am going to be able to accept that very, very few people read. But I hope also, I wish, that people could do what they can. Leave what they can't do to other people.

When James Baldwin says, "This world is no longer white, and will never be white again". Okay, get bloody frightened if you want to, but know that if you shout about that, you look very very silly indeed. However, that word by James Baldwin changes gaits in the ghettos, changes the way people look at other people, and to the sensible, they become very quiet. That is what the Black word can do. Most times, nothing nice to the comfortable. I hope, thoughtfulness to those whose necks are under. And a willingness, I hope, to those who care. Not to make this world Black, there is nothing like that, but to bring about that change decently. That, that is where we are, God, that is where we are, God, that is where we are! Decently.

I am being very decent if when I walk around town, I walk straight and look at everything as I should, straight, because it is mine, or mine too! But, if I get hurt because I did that, that is another story. I have been under a long time, because I am black; because I am black, I am going to walk around decently, and if I have the time, remind some people that I do need a chair to sit on. That was the 50's and 60's Black South African style.

I caught up with that, that mood, when Nat Nakasa was blowing his saxophone. Through him, I knew I had to look for Zeke Mphahlele, Can Temba, Bloke Modisane, Lewis Nkosi, Harry Mashabela, Stanley Motjwadi, Casey

Motsisi ... Now I happen to know that there is someone called Keorapetse Kgositsile, Alex la Guma, Mazisi Kunene, Molefe Pheto, names and names, lists growing ... South Africans are real bad adults. They hide books from children. However, we caught them blushing, if they were not pretending to be blushing.

The sound of Nakasa's sax-horn taught me something. I hope, this is to say to those adventurous, daring people who say, "now there is a wave of black poets", I hope I am saying to them if you think this is a whirlwind, children, be wary of wreckless guesses. And I hope I am saying to them, time moves forwards and backwards, and ahead. Nakasa knows who I am, and I know who Nakasa is. That is all!

When I read Nakasa, and, now, when I look, or rather, feel out Nakasa, the mood of his word reminds me of someone mad and frustrated. What we have come to call 'non-white'. Lord help us! That was the time when white people called Blacks 'nice' black children'. Took generations and generations of Black grey heads to build, instill, kindle, chisel in the hearts of their posterity kindness, and I must confess, now and then, that cue embarrasses me. Caught in that light a Black person almost becomes a stranger in this world. I am not saying there was nothing too cockeyed about some people thinking that Blacks are barbarians. No! Blacks are human after all, and, there has not been anything to make me think that humans are not tragic beings.

Anyway, Nakasa ... the mood of his word, and that of his contemporaries, is warm, nodding and saying, but at the round table. Can was taut, in the heart, biting in his gentle paws. He knew the street, but knew the varsity, too. So was Lewis Nkosi. While Bloke, doing his father's work, about his father's land, sounded bewildered. Now and then, learned. He knew the street. I wonder where he learnt the mmm of education.

Some, like my cat on the stage, with wet whiskers, are old, so 'have borne the worst', are young, and so have changed the word. Jimmy Jimmy Matthews is my cat. He joins the 50's and 60's and we met in '72, knows what to say and do, has all the clues and cues. He has been the only one among us who could say in the right way, "shit", because he is so loving.

My friend, Jimmy, my cat, stood straight now, adjusted the mike, and began to read the word 'according to the way black cats see the word.' There was dead silence. I thought I would hear a tear droplet falling on the wooden floor. Jimmy read the word. I heard people sighing. It was a large, large Black audience. It sighed. There were only four whites. I counted them. They don't come these days. Behold, Nakasa. Wherever you are, my father's son. Jimmy read the word. Something broke. I heard noises. Those

whites moving out. Nobody chases them away. My cat read the word standing straight like a pole. Nobody applauded. It was not silent anymore. Nobody said a word. Everybody was forced to listen this time, as long as they managed to keep their seats.

My cat took a step back, steps back, sat down and rested. All of us gave the word that day. Then, somebody came to the mike. He said, "Good, good. Today, we know, we know that, there are people, who, when they say shit, they say shit!" Only then was there an applause. Something managed to break itself. There was relief in the hall.

From that moment on, I never saw Jimmy sleep, not that I had seen him sleep before that day. He had started to remake the word.

Some lady, Black, stood up and said, "why

In Defence of Black Consciousness

i am getting fed up of seeing
logical sequence go missing
in what is to be
or not to be
concerning our national disposition
& cultural vortex
where not to agree
with creatural gestures of a robot
nature
is taken for weirdness
by those blacks
who speechify stalling devices
against change
who tarry with the toil & toil
of cybernetics
amidst swigs at private bars
if my neutral stand
is a thing of privileged choice
then i'm not neutral;
again if i find the partial stand
i've taken renders me neutral,
the stand means nothing
(in a world of swiss neutrality
long ousted by the dollar,
by political thugs & tabloid whores)

it is time those blacks
who build superflow excuses
about intellectual neutrality
realized that they dry-rot issues
in preserved juicelessness
(dried apples do get spoiled!)

let them stop
dapping phrases of white goodwill
not understanding all the years
our great great-grandfathers
had the right smiles
had the fitting quips
& tons of uncoloured goodwill
they should cease
creating big heft out of ideas
that forestall our freedom
in their mercenary opposition
to white injustice
little knowing all the time
they've been miscommunicating

mafika pascal gwala

don't Black poets write about trains or flowers?" The way Jimmy stood up, I thought he was going to fall. You can't stand up in a hurry like that. He sat down after saying something. And then, people stood up. They were not politely saying: shut up to that woman.

I held Jimmy by the hand when we walked into the dark. I felt unsafe and lost. But, I knew Jimmy had been in this before. He was not going to sleep after all. I wanted to sleep desperately.

I also felt we were, in a way, failing to portray the word. Black. And the Black word was restless in the heart. Games had been played, rules made, many of us bewildered by the future, and the word Black was not made yet. Taking shape okay. But not made. And, it is going to be made.

Oh, Black Woman

Oh, Black woman
your naked breasts
are full and screaming
for my hairy chest.

Your significance,
your beauty,
your power
do not lie
between your legs
but in your colour,
in the way you
were brought up
and in your awareness.

Your experiences are shown
in the expression on your face,
in the way your hips are formed,
in the condition of your hands.

And I am proud of you.
But! All your qualities
I cannot enjoy
Because my confinement holds me solitary

Willie Adams

Die Lokasie-Bewoner

Verflenterde broek en baadjie,
sy meubels is verslete en verniel deur dekade se verskuiwings
van pondok na pondok.

Sy hele gesig is ene landkaart van diep kloue van
snye en verdriet wat hy moes verduur al die jare.

Sy eie grond ge-oes deur sy eie sweet is van
hom ontnem.

In hierdie verligte twintigste eeu staan
hy ont-stem, ont-mens en onteien,
hy's nou 'n lokasie-bewoner
onseker van sy tuiste,
onseker van sy lewe
want Vrydag en Saterdaggaande
moet hy bewoos wanneer Oom Tas en Lieberstein
begin lewe.

leonard koza

Relief Me Not ...

Relief me not
of my sufferings,
White man.
For on that day
I'll be dead.
Yes
Emotionally dead.
Words such as
Blackness,
Solidarity,
Commitment,
Aspirations,
will be no more
than mere words to me.
(A stage I pray
I shall never reach)
I want to dream,
I want to inspire other Blacks,
I want
to be emotionally part
of the oppressed group,
because
it gives me satisfaction,
something to cling to,
something to live for,
Black people
to care for,
something to admit to.
that is -
my sufferings will come
to an end and also you.

willie adams.

Demands

Saying I love my tribal background
is half truth.
Telling my people
schooling has complexed me
against them is white chauvinist arrogance.
Lies. Deciding for my people
where they should live or love
is oppressing. Apartheid has no human
quality. And subduing a people
demands their physical resistance.
My Lala ancestors
were proud warriors;
The Lalas did respect
the quest for national unity
that Shaka released from the Nguni warriors.
Bhambatha did not fight for Lala resistance
alone. Nqetho scoffed at cowards,
at sellouts.
Life moves on. With the people.
I am not going to be a Zulu
for Zulus only.
I love life; I cherish freedom.
I aspire to liberation.
For that Azania is for all Blacks;
I am a son of Azania.
Which makes me want
to be a true South African.

mafika pascal gwala

The Return of the Soldiers

Someday
you'll return my fighter brothers.
Back from exile
Back from the slums of London
Back from the kerbs of New York
Back from the gutters of Harlem;
You shall bring back
the core
in the many-sided truths
that led you away
from the bleeding land
of your birth.
We are one
in the solidarity of struggle
from Cairo to Cape Town
from Lagos to Dar es Salaam.
With you on Africa
with you against racist lies
with you against the sugar candy bluff
with you against pillage
the oppressed world mourns
the starvation death of our Afrika children.
When you return
Afrika will shout "Uhuru!"
We shall receive your return
together with the children of Vietnam;
Where Saigon shall no longer
be a Coke & Pepsi town.
mafika pascal gwala

I weep for the fruit of my womb
my belly a field flush with the
seed of my man
and I moved heavily; a tree laden
with fruit
a morning's benediction the smiles presented
as I walked the village streets
there was rejoicing in my heart when
the harvest produced a proud plant
but the soil like the soil
of the villages of sorrow
could not sustain the fruit my
belly bore
and the tears are for my dead
fruit
like that of the fruit from the
many wombs of women
ploughed back into the soil
of the villages of sorrow

james matthews

Strokie van 'n Pen

Uit mossienes was hy verdryf met die strokie van 'n pen,
gewoel en onteien tot in nat Florida se vlei in.

Uit Skilpadvlei moes hy vlug van sy geswoegde
aarde, en nou gedompel in bliksekema waar hy braai in
die somer en bibber in die winter.

En tot nou is die duiwel met hom nie klaar nie,
as hy nie kan bou nie verloor hy sy eiendom
soos 'n boom 'n droë blaar.

Sy protes was met 'n bybel versmoor
en sy siel met Group Areas-doring deurboor en daarmee is
eiendom en liefde verstoer.

Deur apartheid is Florida se hart vir witman
Goor, Goor, oor en oor Goor.

leonard koza

Phases: Awareness:

Phase One:

Oh! Lord
Hear my here plaint
The morning threw into my hangovered tracks
A stave-poverty-burdened-age
Tripping over her rheumatic soul
just an eye-wink step

I pass-walked dutifully
Without counting the approach
To human-sired heart.

Phase Two:

Oh! Lord
Let the leaves finger the patterned plaint
In the cords of my vital conscience
For Eloff Street harboured insolently
A parcel stump-legless beating rhythm
Of hunger to temper my generosity

Eyes I closed the soul against this burning heaven
A cruel sight; lamb evil
That looks with a dare when slaughtered
Pride insulting certainty
A price hereafter
Ugly you reckon ... the lamb
Beating the hungry lion at it
That claws-groans for survival

I pass-walked dutifully
Cents jingling reproach.

Phase Three:

Oh! Lord
How many have we passed
Flying over their souls birds aloft
Casting only a cloud we hope to intercept

We never look except with the eyes
To satisfy our art to fame

And if we chance to touch that vital
We burn, burn, burn
And kick, kick, kick
Only to succeed living in tombs.

Phase Four:

Oh! Lord
We never complete our lines
Which we destroy by moving without seeing
And when given to dream of it
We never open our eyes to look back
Into the filth of time wasted

Every time we are discovered discovering
Dogs we pushed out of existence
And when they bark in limbo
The sound is noted in heaven
And the abyss becomes more wary
When we remain without dimensions.

Phase Five:

Oh! Lord
You tell me I must find answers to the pit
That'll ladder me up to heaven
But I tell you
I need discovery
Jacob dreamt
But I dream about dreams.

Phase Six:

Oh! Lord

How many times have we espied faces
Not to see but be seen
And every time the disappointment we transfer
And the circle cannot be filled
And what is more
Nobody will tell me to undo
And keep me alive.

Phase Seven:

Oh! Lord
Why is truth
Measured by the strength of fangs
And the lawmaker
Always caught between pages of statutes

Why is evil
Given only to the honey
We can't avoid
To hoard and support with spears

That star nearest you
Should twinkle an answer.

Phase Eight:

Oh! Lord
I don't expect hell to be within bounds
To share the harbour with escapees
But a definition please
For those who ban us
Lest they burn for us.

Phase Nine:

Oh! Lord
The streams are teeming baboons
And the trees crocodiles
And fire-eaters drink water
And children carriers of folk-tales
And students are teachers
And osmotic prowess leafwards

WHY?

Phase Ten:

Oh! Lord
When I die
Nobody should ask me to stop
Before I get to heaven
I have tasted hell pigmented.

winston ngondo

Die Grens

Die hele blou lug is besoedel deur die geklap
en gekraak van outomatiese masjiengeweer wat nou
die geluid geword het van Afrika se oerwoud.

Die vrugbare aarde is nou besaai met rankende
ondergrondse pampoene wat lewe en voertuig op blaas
soos stof.

Langs die koel Zambezi oewers word net
menslike bondeltjies van bene aangetref van
gewese onverskrokke soldate, soldate van 'n stetsel van
selfsigtigheid wat jongelinge se sentimentele harte laat
verlang het om die swart gevaar te demp - en nou -

Met Jannie en Pieter verskeur deur rooi vuur
wie gaan nou die plaas erf?

leonard koza