

THREE POEMS

by Jackie Rukuba

Black Migrant

In ourselves only
Can we find our freedom
From the hand of the oppressor
From the chains of our own ignorance
The seeming eternity of our lives
Stand! Stand my black brother
Take your stand in the fight
Against those who would plunder
Plunder your culture
And steal your wealth
And reduce you to nothing
Nothing more than a migrant in your own land.

1985

Deeper Feelings

My world has gone and changed its face.
Nothing here remains.
Nothing the same
You cry too of your emptiness,
of some pain I cannot replace.
You ask for more than lover, more than friend.
You want me beyond what I am.
Past the blood of brother or sister.
You want me torn apart and open,
your hand in the center of the making.

One day perhaps,
now my world has gone and changed its face,
and you have fled.
Below, the deeper feelings lay dead.

1987

Pain

When you look into my eyes
you see nothing but a thousand wounds
and a mask of pain, hunger, anger and death.
You dont see a person,
a black woman,
you see history and revolution.
Apartheid blood spilled
till the whole person is gone,
and then you bury the wounds,
and the mask
and the pain
and the hunger and anger
in a thousand boxes
and call it courage.

1987