

TWO POEMS
BY GREGORY KAMWENDO

SOUTH AFRICA

Since things have fallen apart in South Africa,
Her sons and daughters are
No longer at ease,
Even girls are at war!
This earth, my brother, knows no
Easy walk to freedom — just imagine:
A black mother watching her progeny
Die of gunshots, knives, "necklaces," etc., etc.
Are these the joys of motherhood?

However, consoling silent voices speak:
Weep not, my child;
Fear not the petals of blood that you see now,
It's just a question of power
That propagates this carnage.
Have hope (stubborn hope?) that
One day South Africa shall be free;
But it's no easy task.

BLESSED

Blessed are thee
That avoideth promiscuity
For thou shall not contract AIDS.

Blessed are those politicians
Who iron out differences
Not by use of machine guns (and even tanks!)
But through contact and dialogue,
For the world Shall call them peacemakers.

And blessed are people
On whose land bullets flower not,
For tranquility and economic boom
Become the order of the day.