

NKOMO

by

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Nkomo !

The elephant son of the oppressed
The bulky looking son of freedom
The fearful one
The leopard which belches and pours bitterness
Who washes hands in hot blood
Whose hands shook the land, the land of the oppressors
The leopard which stretches its hands
And fire glows.

Nkomo !

The stains of blood on our proud crude
Cannons, bows, arrows and quivers
Need consolidated rains to wipe them
For painful pleasant histories.

Nkomo !

Let down the bulky arms of interiques
The child too innocent.
At the foot of your shrines I dare say
Let down your verno
And evoke your rains for our flourishing seedlings
As no one sane builds painfully a house
Only to let the fires make a harvest of.

The valley of smiles on the cheeks
Of the oppressors yawns
As your streams of interiques deepen her cause.

Nkomo !

Now our hero in women robes
I fear the chameleon hero
Poised to change our time and chance.