

## SIX POEMS

By

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### *METAMORPHOSIS*

*I have seen  
Someone I know  
Stabbing stonedead  
Someone I knew*

*I witnessed the hokum  
With cud bitterness  
Without understanding.....why?*

*But brother  
That day*

*I saw  
Someone I don't know in camouflage fatigues  
Shooting to death  
Someone I knew*

*And brother  
That day*

*I flew  
A flag*

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### *TIMES*

*These are times of times  
times when one  
vomits scorpions  
times when one  
sweats fire  
times when one  
shits thorns  
times when one  
writes verse with  
the blood of the oppressor*

\*\*\*\*\*

AFTERS

after the thunderous thunder,  
the cloudy clouds calm calmly.  
a rainbow runs reluctantly  
across crisscrossed segregated skies...  
down downy downtowns  
floods furrowed forgotten faces,  
screamless shouts stormed stubborn silence,  
buzzing batho<sup>1</sup> buzzed busy  
bilious business...  
but,  
after the rain  
a voice, a child  
ah! the rainbow

\*\*\*\*\*

MUCH IN COMMON (to palestinians and azanian students)

wha kinda man are you?  
writing; her or no one  
when at home another in the long list  
of casualties is registered--ELSIES RIVER<sup>2</sup>

wha kinda man are you?  
screaming at the world; not without her  
when at home the kneset  
endorses the flinching of EAST JERUSALEM

wha kinda man  
am i?

\*\*\*\*\*

BIRTHDAY MESSAGE (To Mpai)

daybreak, afar  
a far face...  
the day,  
remembrance of this life...  
the blue of the sea, the  
green of our days; distant happiness.  
hands, your hands, my hands,  
our hands; distance usurpers.  
comradeship  
an embrace of tomorrow  
and tomorrow and tomorrow...  
our homeland, our love  
the red in the rainbow.  
happy birthday!

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TO FUNO, FOR AZANIA....FOR YOU

*Our kisses, wet simple kisses  
Have been an inspiration and respiration  
To township izimbongi<sup>3</sup>*

*Our embraces, warm embraces  
Unforgettable to birds, to man  
As life...*

*Yet made short, by man  
By teargas, by gun, by exile  
As human breath...*

*Yet my love, your love  
Home in my eardrum  
Precious, registered as my people's resistance*

*Yet your tears, my tears  
Flicks in my eye's retinae  
Long, salty as my people's struggle*

*The people will...*

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<sup>1</sup>batho = people (Sotho).

<sup>2</sup>Elsies River is a black ghetto in Cape Town.

<sup>3</sup>izimbongi = poets (Zulu).