

GEMS (1)



Phillip Moloto

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Dedication

*To my Son,
Mpume'*

*To the pain,
The suffering and unnecessary
Death at the hands of treachery
And treason so many*

*To the lightning smile of my two beautiful daughters
Aged five and six, Modjadji and Hlelo
Who made it their business
To disturb me in every way during the writing of this book*

*That their riotous disturbances
Give taste and texture to this;
That their riotous disturbances
Give aesthetics and ethics to this*

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Author Biography

I was born in White-City in Soweto on 15 July 1952 as Phillip Doctor. Moloto. I started writing Black-Consciousness-based poetry and plays/drama/sketch in Forms-3 & 4. I matriculated in Morris Isaacson High School in 1974. Between 1969 and 1971 I studied with the Naturopathic College of South-Africa and qualified as a Naturopath. In 1976 I enrolled at Ongoye University in the then Zululand. However, during the 1976 Soweto Uprising I was detained and kept as a political prisoner in a prison in eMtuba-Tuba. I broke out of prison, taking along a fellow prisoner who was in solitary confinement with me, Charles Muzi Thembekwayo. We both joined the African National Congress and its military wing, uMkhonto we Sizwe by accident. We also both ended up on death-row in the ANC's detention camp, Quatro, in Angola. I did my initial military training in MK's Novo-Catengue camp in Angola. I also completed a Commando Course in Funda near Luanda in Angola. I have lived in Lusaka, Tanzania and Harare, Zimbabwe, and spent time in the United Kingdom where I worked as an artist. I returned to South Africa in 1992 and joined the South African National Defence Force. Presently, I am a happy pensioner who knows when not to complain.

Introduction

With your lovely naked or bespectacled eyes, kiss
These metaphoric or abstract lines and find bliss;
Find true reason to smile.
Don't worry about my deliberately sickening style
It will remain virulent, vitriolic and vile spiced with guile
As sociology and literature being younger
Are surprisingly wider, deeper, and longer than the Nile
And when you find that I did miss
This or that;
Or that I did not miss
This or that

Please

Don't be
Angry only with the world
But, with me
Too!

A poet never needs a reason to write!

Everything is Right in its Wrong State

Everything is right
In its wrong state
Just like the night
Is our fate; our fate
We celebrate
In the tender embrace of deep sleep
And flutter our ephemeral wings
In a dream
Dreams we seek to realize and keep
By courage
And the torch of day-break
For
Dreams without courage are angels without wings

Portrait

(to a poet)

A poet is a drum
Pregnant with rhythm
Pummelled during the Festival

And

Muted in mourning
Edge keenest urge
Urge keenest edge!
I paint with the alphabet
Steeped with passion

Deeped in love

And I write to revere
The hand that builds
And embraces with affection;
To honour a smiling face;
To fuel the flame
Upon kissing lips!

Summers Fly over Your Head

Summers fly over your head
Winters set over-head
And
It begins to hoar
As life's tumult break your oars
Along the river of life

Betterment

Could I withdraw the good poem
I wrote about you yesterday
Because you slipped today?

No-no...mmm...mm!

I write to apprehend the moment

Not a person

And

For this egregious ugly moment

An elegy

To kill...

To cauterise;

To cure today

To preserve the beautiful lustre of yester moment

To promote the birth of better moments

A Dumbbell

A poet is a bell
Jingles
Tinkles
Colourful
Like a ribbon
On the head of festivity
With its nimbly fairy fingers
Nibbles all hearts...

A poet is a bell
Peals
Tolls
Mournful
Like a crown of thorns
On the head of tragedy
With its metallic hands wrest, wrench
And rends all hearts...

Me too, am a bell
Without its tongue
(Much used by Musclemen!)

Poetry within Poetry

Prosaic
'xplanations
Destroy
True poetic
Joy
O' the gem bespangled poetic
Mosaic

Poetry's
Ethereal inner essence
's best
'xplained
By poetry...
Tho' You Complain...
Demanding dissertation!

Often Pushy They Are, My Puffy Angels

Often pushy they are my puffy angels

But

'tis not poetic martyrdom they seek...

Like deadly black spiders

My pushy puffy angels weave my yarn

Of Black day-dreams

Like an astute chameleon

Careful in the face of ever-changing fear;

A black spider's deadly sting breaks an abscess into health!

So that

My Black day-dreams be cupped

In the hearts of the trapped;

To trickle a treacle of hope from a nipple

In a squatter-camp

Or un-cripple

A charismatic spirit in Quatro or Camp 13!

And plant the beautiful smile of a Poet

Who does not worship at the altar of personality cults!

The Horror of Being a Poet

The horror of being a poet
Is that you don't only live on earth
You live out in the universe
And
In all things

You journey in all these universes
In all the systems
And in all these things;
When you fail
To return,
They declare you...
If you do return;
They claim you,
They hail
With pomp and cheer with you!

To A Still Painting

What is still in so much motion of shades and colour?

And stillness that un-shades the mind
As it sheds shafts of jabbing and jolting light

Often

Baffling

In its language of philosophy
Or by aesthetic comprehension

And say:

At this moment

At this time

At this moment and time

At this moment in time,

This was it!

Beauty deeper and diverse than rain-bow colours-


Swiftness that captures quintessential quietness:

A fleeting glance

That'd elude our senses is August stillness!

To A Poster

The scratch of an etching nip
The stroke of a brush
And colour combination rush
Bri-l-l-l-i-ant!
Song
'plushed
Splendrous
In paint in ink
In multi-million tongues
That speaks to listening eyes
Young and Old eyes
Black eyes, brown eyes
Blue eyes, green eyes
Billion eyes that peruse
A melange of marching meaning
To wake with wave-length
Import galore
And,



Who would worship words?
When paintings are displayed to ply the eye
And
Startle the sun!?

A Cat Without Grace

(To a green stone sculpture in London, Piccadilly Street)

Cast in cold cold stone
On man's artistic throne
Is feline grace...

How can we love sculpture?
So long it hides our cruelty
To the feline race

Or is it true to our character
To love stone-dead green cats

Without fur or purr
That we capture them
In stone-dead artistic moment
A frozen spark in the eye
And an icicle's touch

To express our cruel love for a cat without grace

A Crow's Criterion or Mudslinging

Two crows

Trysting at the top of a tall tree

Courting, carousing

Caring, croaking

Crow-a-crowing...

Suddenly, they hushed-harsh

Looking down below

Lovers strolled-by below

Curdling, hugging

Smiling, kissing

Monsieur Mann started to sweetly sing a serenade...

Suddenly, they hush-hushed

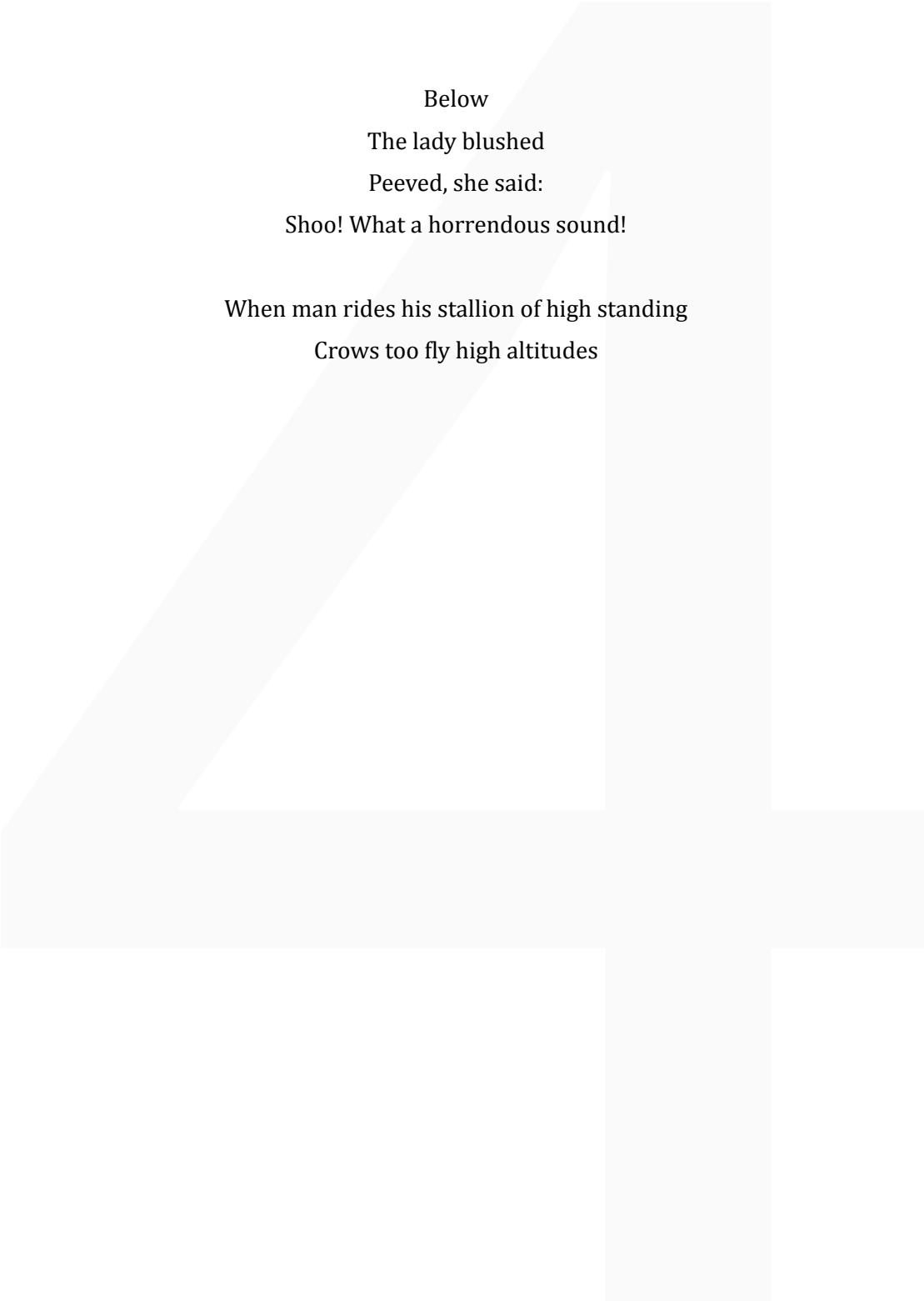
Looking up, up above

The crows croaked, disdainfully cursing

And flew away

Ms. Crow coquettishly saying:

Crooowh!...What a horrid sound!



Below
The lady blushed
Peeved, she said:
Shoo! What a horrendous sound!

When man rides his stallion of high standing
Crows too fly high altitudes

Stormy Petrel

Unspeaking, I weigh every arsenal in my mind;

 Weigh every wish;

 Every hope;

 Every contradiction;

 Every consternation;

 Every contestation

 Qualitatively

 Clench my decision

 Decorous and honest

 Gnash my thoughts-

(As I stand up On-A-Point-of-Order!)

 Just

 To raise a stink!

Grain

(To the revisionist)

Words poetic

Like prophetic

Truth inscribed once in blood:

Can't be washed-away

By flood

Strangled

Or licked into nothingness by conflagration

Nor wished away...

They can be distorted though

Just so,

Resides a grain of truth in a lie!

Character

A heart 'thout fear
An eye 'thout tear
A soul 'thout peer
An ear 'thout flare
(For slander nor airs)
But care for humanity nether and near

Comrade dear...
Your fearlessness
Your keen-heartedness,
Your tearlessness
Your keen-sightedness,
Your peerlessness
Your keen-spiritedness
...your care
I revere
Like we men
Like women



For character

We strive

And slip

And trip

And strive

White Song for the White-House

Respectable Americans
Clean-shaven, perfumed and powdered
In a State-Banquet,
Dressed in dark suits and be-costumed
Bow-ties and medallia
Capes and gowns
Bespectacled
Dignified...and puffed
Perfumed
Are served
Over-alls and dust-coats
And miners' helmets and gumboots
And broken Spirits
As they' raise glasses
To propose a toast to Capital!

When Above the Rest That Tests

When
Above the rest that tests
That at worst durst wound
Best thoughts
Blest thoughts
Assail
I hail
Those who mend wounds
The likes of the many You...

Then
(Below)
Distance makes your touch tenderest

Since You Left

Since you left, our eyes stare
And stare and stare unseeingly
Into the face of the sun
As unknowingly
To that of the moon
Stare at how you just took away
Our wink
Our tear
Our suppressed smiles
And left our hopes hopping transfixedly
Into a chaste void

Since you left
Fondness...

Fencing

My words don't dance
Anymore
Long lost is their chance
They twist, turn and twitch on the fence
As I fence with reality.
My poetry has gone hoary
For
It eschews the greenness of real active humanity:
The froth and bubble of my comrades' life and death action!

A friendly muse
May teach them the new prank and prance
Lase them a new chance...
Come! Dear woman, give us
A Kiss-of-Life!

Dry-Flowers

Here is a silent song to this very distant sadness

Designed and displayed
Not b'fore grinning skulls
And crossed bones
But living humanity,
Non-sour nonetheless

Instead of the laughter splashed
Across a flower-bed
Or even the guffaw of sun-flowers
Tossing their sun-drenched faces
Flushing their sunny smile
Some
Dry-flowers
Unlike cut-roses
That retains smiles in a vase
Are often worse than withered
Their display is dead
Fossilized

The Protea has a decadent grin tho'
Just like dust-laden plastic flowers
That never attracts a single bee!

Dear dry ones
Tending you is like running a morgue
It dissipates my truer love

They are soldiers too
Have their banners, pennants, streamers and songs
Teach us a lesson
Of a sad silent song!
Of contact-lenses
Of refilled teeth
Of condomed-cocks
Of legally terminated pregnancies...

Goodness, these ghosts
Are tomorrow's Spirit!

1976, Novo-Catengue, Angola

My Voice Quietly Thunders above This Real Thunder

My voice quietly thunders above this real thunder
Trying to reach my own tail
Like a cat chasing its own
Hopelessly
I never miss my poetic miaow
To caterwaul with
With comfort as short-lived as lightning and just as potent
I purr louder
Then
Thunder to the discomfort and disquiet of my crafty feline
folks
Who
Sprawled, supinely are stroked.
And stroked and stroked...by capital.
Then
Terrific lightning strikes down a graphic star
To the awaiting hoary magi

Whereas Violence is Not Kin to Smiles nor Kith to Kindness

Whereas violence is not kin to smiles
Nor kith to kindness
Growing grey in our youth, hatred is leashed
Understanding and forgiveness
Abounds

Humanity's errors are mine
Like her glory

Let's repair
Reconstruct
Renew
Relive
Honourable human-beings
To rekindle a kindlier light

Civic Blasphemies *en-passant*

Meet dolt years old Miss Mann

By innuendo

Unmarried

And

Implicitly undesirable

Or

A spinster chaste and untouched

By inference ignorant

Meet dolt years old Mrs. Mann

By innuendo

Married

And

Implicitly desirable

Or

A responsive house-wife and engaged

By inference a wench unchaste

Meet dolt years old Mrs. Mann

A divorcee

By innuendo

A reject

And

Implicitly distasteful

Or distrustful

By inference treacherous

Meet dolt years old Mrs. Mann

By innuendo

Remarried

And

Implicitly infatuated with matrimony

Or

Paranoiac as such

By inference: Watch-out!

Careful when dealing with her...

For civility and courtesy's sake

Why not...

Meet Sister or Mme Mann or even use the first name

By innuendo

Human

And

Implicitly sociable

Or

(If there be need) status to be touched upon acquaintance

By inference social thru and thru

Behest

S/he's not living
S/he in whose heart
The dead don't dwell
For
They die with us
Pocketed in their minds
Pursed in their hearts
In turn
In a heroic heart
The Dead
Doth in crypt and niche dwell

Green Politics

To thank the brain
For the much-needed rain
To thank the brain
For the long-awaited grain
Even more
For the reign of peace
To use my hands
Only
To make friends
Or
To lend a hand
Much-more
For man's revolution for man

Enigmatic

The University
Of Kenya

Closed by the government;

Makerere University

Closed by the government;

Ibadan University

Closed by the government;

The University
Of Sierra-Leone

Closed by the government;

The University
Of Zambia

Closed by the government;

The University
Of Zimbabwe

Closed by the government...

The asylum on the moon

Closed by loonies;

Mass in Heaven

Closed by angels...

And damn,

Damn!

Damn, the imperialist brain-drain!

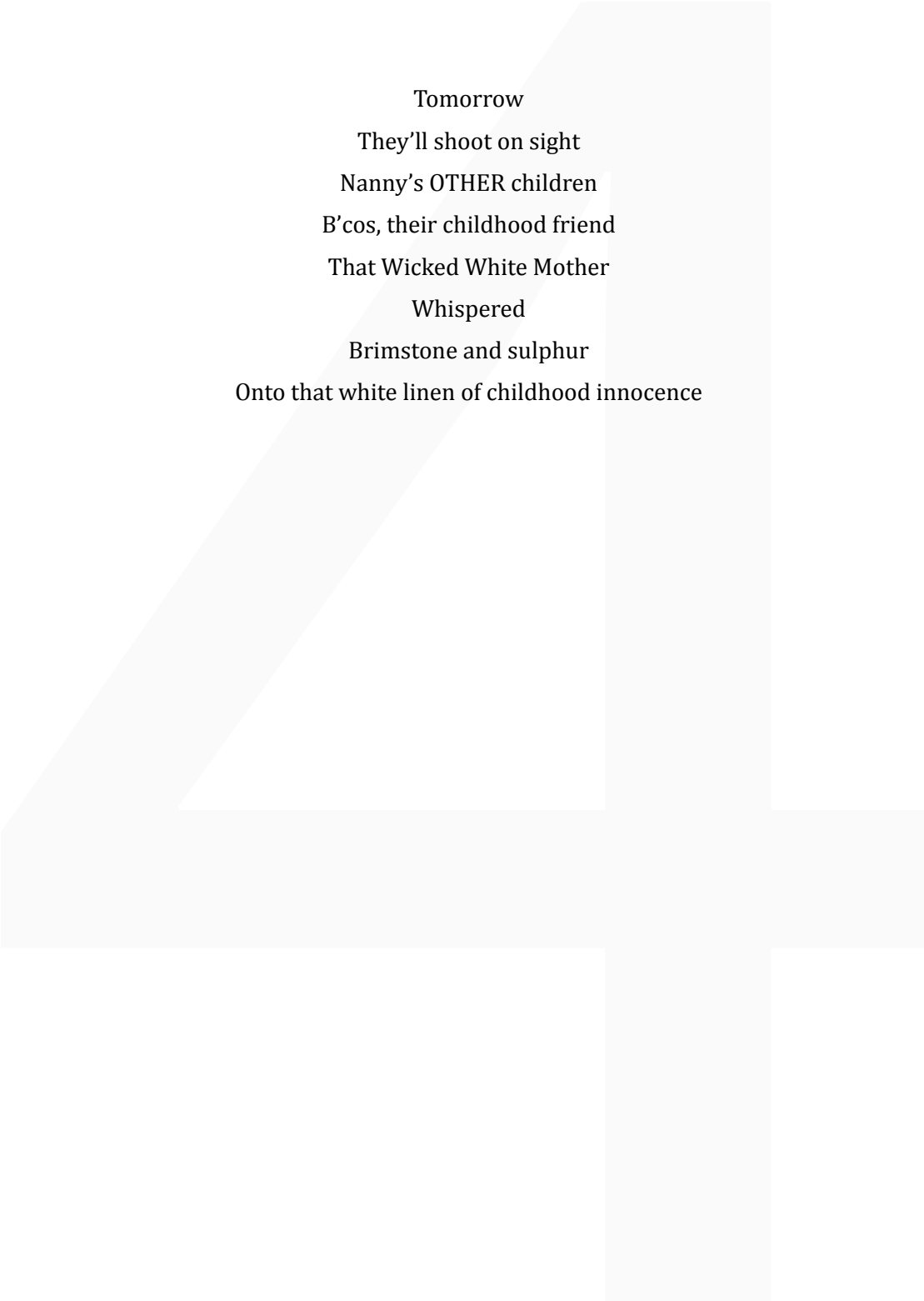
Iron-age

Old friend
Goodly steel, defend
Our families by bow and arrow
From the foe's
Unprovoked flood of anger;
And by the hoe,
Defend us from the friendship of hunger.

Goodly steel, old friend
That did defend
Our individual families by arrow
From fastidious foe,
We thank you by prayer
And, by Another prayer
The Family-of-Man demands more hoes
Now that the foe
Is angrier and hungrier,
To protect all of nature from the hunger
For Peace; for Friendship

To a White Mother

White children
Like
Black children
Like
Children anywhere
Love a mother.
White children call their mother, “nanny!”
From whose earthen black tits
They’ve suckled...they still do
The gold milk of human kindness
Or poverty even
Love upon whose apron
They’ve dried a tear-drop
And dressed knee-wounds sustained at play.



Tomorrow
They'll shoot on sight
Nanny's OTHER children
B'cos, their childhood friend
That Wicked White Mother
Whispered
Brimstone and sulphur
Onto that white linen of childhood innocence

Heavyweight

Ever felt the weight of an unrealized dream?

It weighs like soaked sod
On the lid of a closed coffin

Alike

On the head of a private

Or

President

Like love on an eyelid

To the Dead

The blanket of grief
Throttles our tattered hearts
Whole with an anaconda's grip;
Smothers our minds with slime
And strangle courage.
But, thro' the telescope of teardrops wiped
With a martyr's shroud,
We bow to kiss
The many many wounds
On the Dead
And see the foe's singular success
Ridiculed by maggots...
They themselves destined to die of natural causes...

See
Love boundless
See
Stubborn hope,
The sacred fire-flower:

Not flood, not fire
Nor fury of the wind
May 'xtinguish this fire-flower

Our flame shall burn
All conflagrations on earth,
For...
There...
Is...
No...
Fire
Fiercer than the life-giving sun!

We
Are
The sinews of the sun...!


Politicians Lack the Lustre of Stars

Politicians lack the lustre of stars
Stars that bespangle space
Fall in disgrace
Disintegrate
And dissipate their energies
Transcendental
To other forms such as nothingness-
A spatial reference denoting our ignorance

Politicians
Are dust
Not just
Dirt
Dust that formed Adam and the legacy to lie
Dust that formed all other fortuitous formations
In the firmament
Just
Politico-philosophical dust!
Epitomized by an inquisitive fugitive

Unexpected Outcomes

Ours is a war of surprises
Our attacks,
The enemy's too.
Tho' there be no thunder
Thro' frowning clouds
Someone dies
Unreported
From non-reporting guns!
We emerge from this purgatory
Cauterized
Some
With scars so scary and scabs so fearful
From humiliation
With illumination of every stripe and recipe:
Some
Turned into deities and others dehumanized
All
Supposedly equal Before the Law



Many
Uncertain Before Life
All certainly Equal before God!
All definitely Equal before Death!

“He scattered words like sparks of fire” Mazisi Kunene

(Dedicated to a muse, uMagolwane)

Words

Words that rip the loincloth of darkness
With gold talons of knowledge in harness

Culture carved in stone

Culture cast in iron

Culture curved in the curl and skill of the tongue

Culture captured in the turning and twisting of the hand

The astute twist of the quill

Culture contained in clenched fists

Ah,

Nimble One

Who listens in obeisance to prayers of the stomach

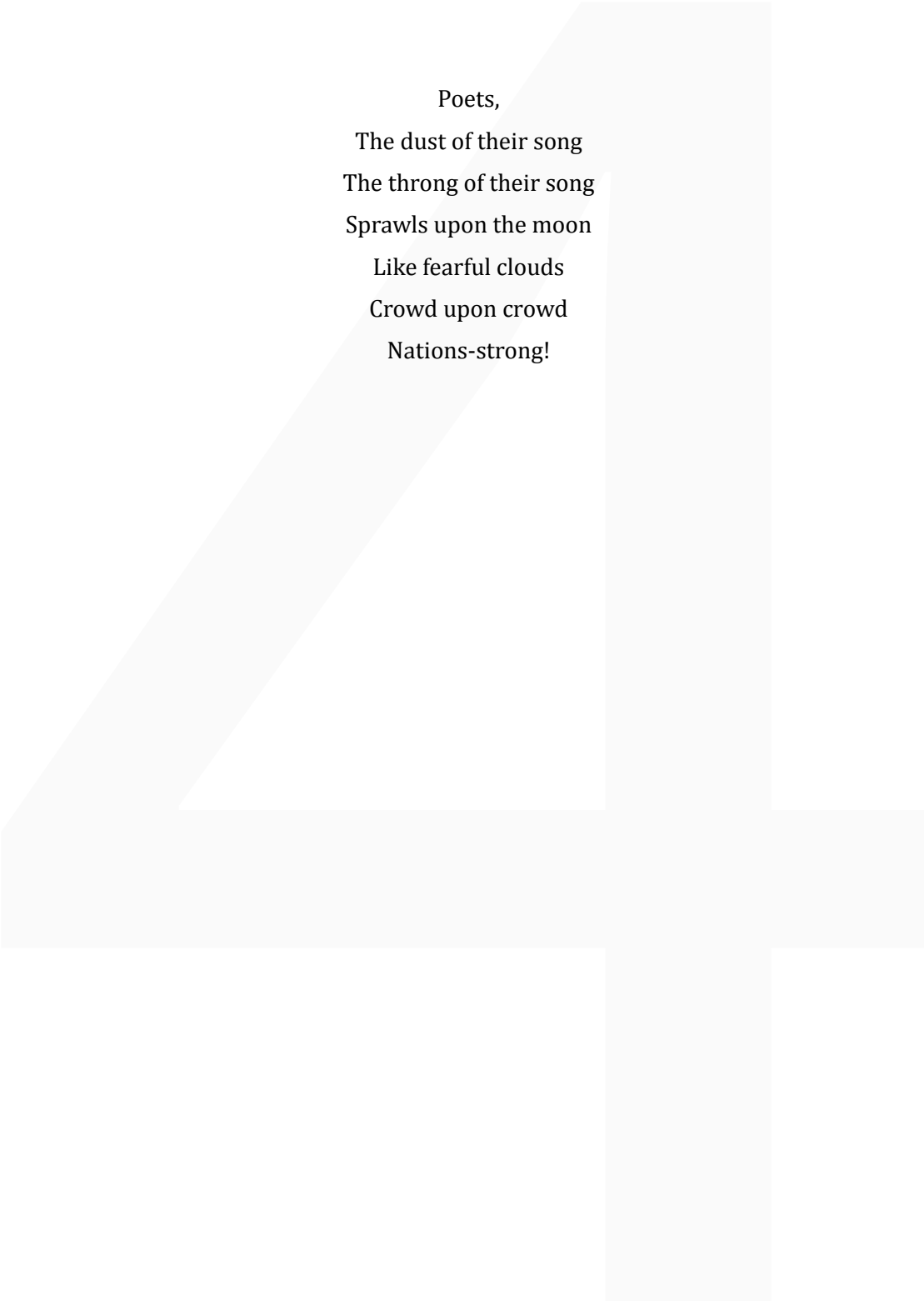
Who rides on the crest of a cloud

Who treads the tips of the tall trees of truth

Wade and float thro' the fumes of life

Broadcast the seeds of fire

Like a volcano incarnate inspire vast fields of courage



Poets,
The dust of their song
The throng of their song
Sprawls upon the moon
Like fearful clouds
Crowd upon crowd
Nations-strong!

The Devil's Plague

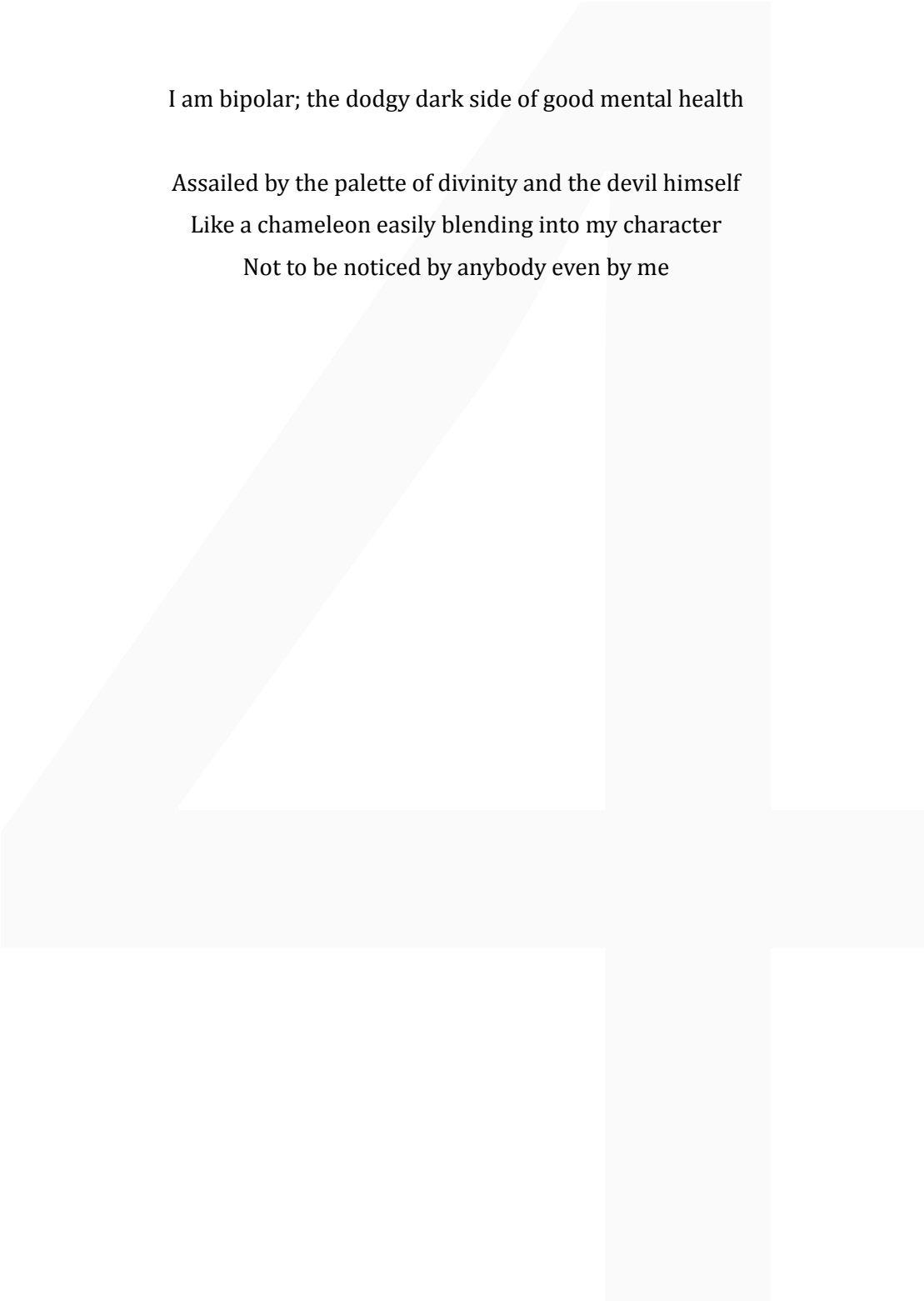
The terrible
And treacherous rain
Of sulphuric pain
Is not of my making
And not of my moulding
Though I own it;
The pleasing pleasure too,
Is not of my making,
Nor my liking
Though it too I own

I know
The insipid and sad tastelessness of happiness
That deceives like a chimera
Evaporates like mist shying away
From the sun and does not last
And
I know too
The sweetness of grief eternal

I know the happiness of grief
The grief of happiness
When the afflicted soul adapts and adjusts to pain
To survive life's cruel foot falls
That tramples the ant that is my soul
As I silently suffer from a soundless assassin
An assassin that You and I and Others
Can't see,
Can't touch,
Can't hear nor feel
That makes moralists sanctimonious and triumphal
As they sermonize and gloat over my pain
Waiting to see us all fall through the cracks

You and I and Others
Can't see what faces all of us;
Can't touch
What touches all of us;
Can't hear
Nor feel what we all hear
And what we all feel;
Can't imagine; can't conceptualize

There is beauty too in my grief
As I on occasion,
For just a fleeting moment intellectually
Surpass Einstein



I am bipolar; the dodgy dark side of good mental health

Assailed by the palette of divinity and the devil himself

Like a chameleon easily blending into my character

Not to be noticed by anybody even by me

Anguish

The dreadful disease came
Cavalier in character without knocking,
Mocking and started docking
Locking me in flames of fear and shame
That frames my mind as I carry the blame
And a forever weeping statue of anguish I remain
With corns tempered and architected
By history in my broken-to-bits heart

True Freedom Lies in Just Acknowledging and Disowning Torment

Allah (Peace be upon his name)
The Buddha, Krishna and the Christ
Reside in and around me, all as the turbulent river,
The tumultuous sea
And the treacherously tranquil ocean at once
And the eerie silence,
Darkness and blueness of space
The terror of errors dances nonchalantly and advance
Unpredictably
Like destructive hoofs of horses and horrendous floods
Already,
Unlike rocks in the face of the scorching kisses of the sun,
The wild wind and the raucous rain
Am grieving
Over the threat to my sanity
The dichotomy of evil and kindness
Blended like an unlikely mix of milk and whiskey

How is it that my ancestral tree is one
But different are the roots and the trunk
Equally different and disproportionate
Are the fruits and the roots

I learned a lesson from the drunken tree
That its leaves falling can pick me up
And its fruit crush me down

My volcanic customs are not strange to stupid humanity
But unique, only terrifying to me
A blend of Stephen King's horrors
And Quinton Tarantino's gorries:
Humanity's ignorance remain ignorance
A hobo is equally unique

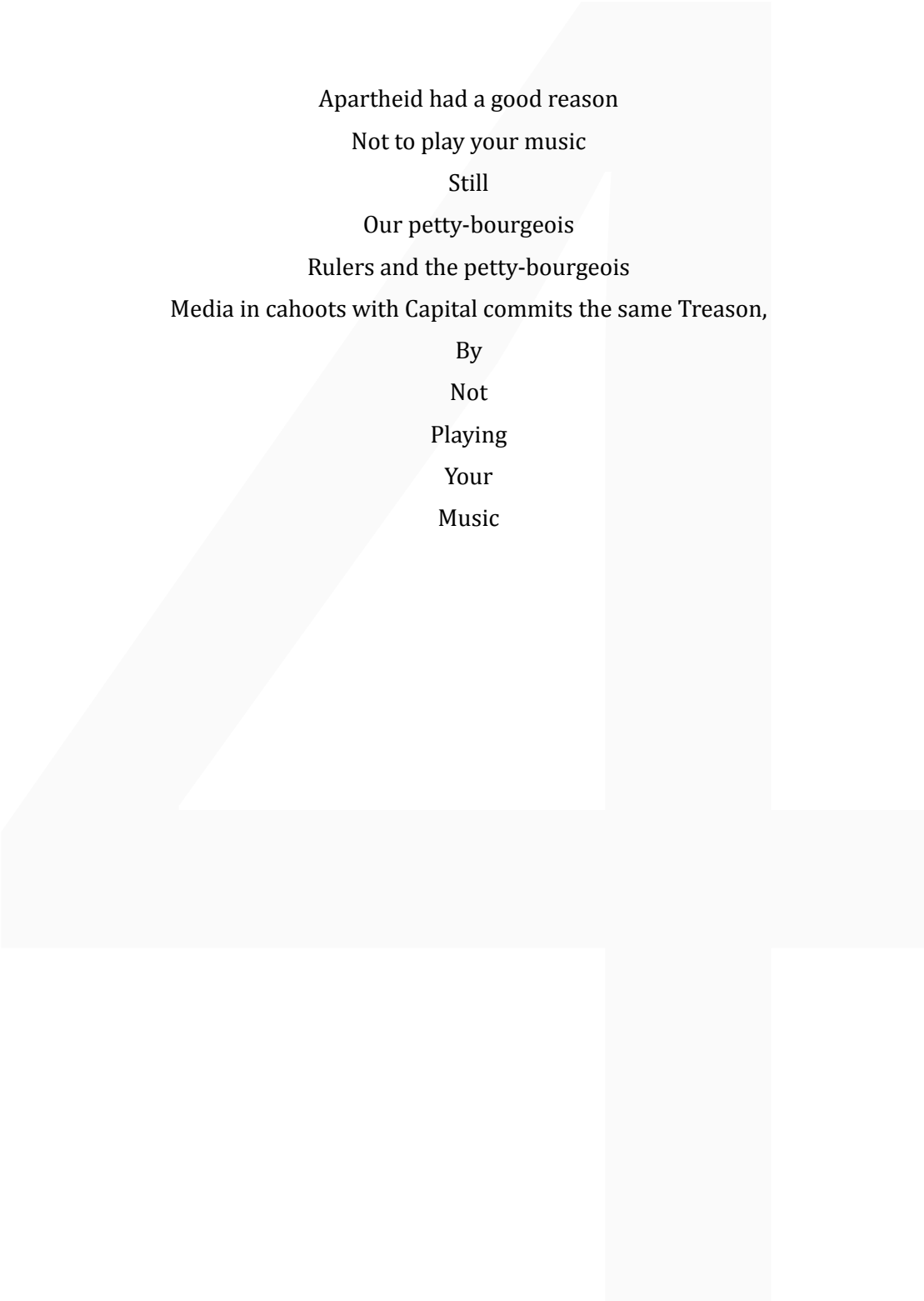
A Tribute to Mme Miriam Makeba

*(My late beloved mom is the criminal who playfully
introduced me to you; you to me)*

I am your son you never had
I am your son you never knew
And the beauty of it all is that I knew
That only you could be the mom I never had

I know all your songs
That lifted us in throng
Your songs were mine;
Mine songs were thine
You made us happy with songs
About our searing sadness
And made us sad too with songs
About our short-lived happiness

Mama-Africa bigger than your gender
Bigger than your nationality
Better than political ideology
A true legacy to your people
And a treasure to humanity:



Apartheid had a good reason
Not to play your music
Still
Our petty-bourgeois
Rulers and the petty-bourgeois
Media in cahoots with Capital commits the same Treason,
By
Not
Playing
Your
Music

Two Nations

According to our matt
And melancholic meteorologists
And our always-unimpressive
And sullen climatologists
Our weather always regroups
Its dark troops from the south,
North-eastwards with wrath dripping
From its fire-spitting mouth
And guttural threats
And wind as its breath
Seeking to bless all plants,
All animals
And all of mankind
Yet others categorized as a different kind
This blessing will never ever find

The rich always extol this weather
The poor curse it, the sun they'd rather
Have. In all putrid cities

The rich occupy the East and the North
To receive the nicety
Of a politicized rain
The poor occupy the West and South
To receive the violent entrance of this natural nicety
Of a politicized rain

Others own stolen colonial farms;
Yet others with historical empty palms
Own cockroaches,
And flies,
And fleas,
Lice and bedbugs:
The sad tale of Two Cities,
Two economies; two nations
The hungry and *stupid*, and the sated and sick

Lousy London and Glorious Glasgow


Poor London's bus and train
Commuters are
Always by far
Reading cheap paperbacks
That in the main
Pollute the brain
And create communication cracks:
A cold social culture of being aloof

Vibrant Glasgow's bus and train
Commuters are
Social by far
Chatting with foreigners
That in the main
Do not strain
Communication or lack
In a warm social culture without fences, walls and roofs

By God's Grace

Opportunity always slips
Through our hands like wet soap
And spring sprints away
Like a wild wild antelope

If opportunity is not grabbed and gripped
With both hands of hope
Many of us grope under
The leadership of the Pope
And others, or resort
To dope as we cannot say nope
Or strut and swagger around
And mope as we dismally fail to cope
With lovely life (we are told)
That occasionally strangles us all
Around the neck murderously like a tight rope
And still, great humanity
To God above we pray and hope



Because, God delivers!
Because
Good God!
God with God-governance definitely delivers!

Every Grain of Soil Has a Story to Tell

Every green blade of grass
Every burnt and dead grass
And grain of soil in this country

Has a story to tell
Has a story to sell:
Sad searing stories,
Sweet smiling stories
Too
Stories of humour;
Stories of horror;
Stories of tragedy
Heroics and treachery

And nonsense
Too

If such story is beyond our senses

Every such grain of sod
Has like its citizens been
Uprooted by the elements;
Denials and liars amongst ourselves
Every grain of such soil
Has been a grave
And every such grave
Regrouped
And
Gave birth to life

Ntate Motshabi and Mme-Mmamotshabi
(Believe you me, three generations plus)

Three generations of pain!

Ntate Maroo, Ntate Marule, Ntate Isaac Moumakoe

Kgotso Seathlolo and Kgotso Lengane

“Roy” Setlhapelo

Brothers Selebi and Sedibe multiplied

Mapea girls, and three Moloto brothers

Mme-Mmamoreki, staunch ANC Women’s League stalwart

Deported to Lesotho

Robben Islanders and exiles

And sportsmen too

Chilli-boy

“Ndik’ujongile/Ke o shebile Knobby Styles” Koloba

And

Jackie

“Asinamali kodwa siyabhadala” Masike

So were traitors
Known and unknown
Like Sergeant Mpedi]

Authentic

National Political Pain

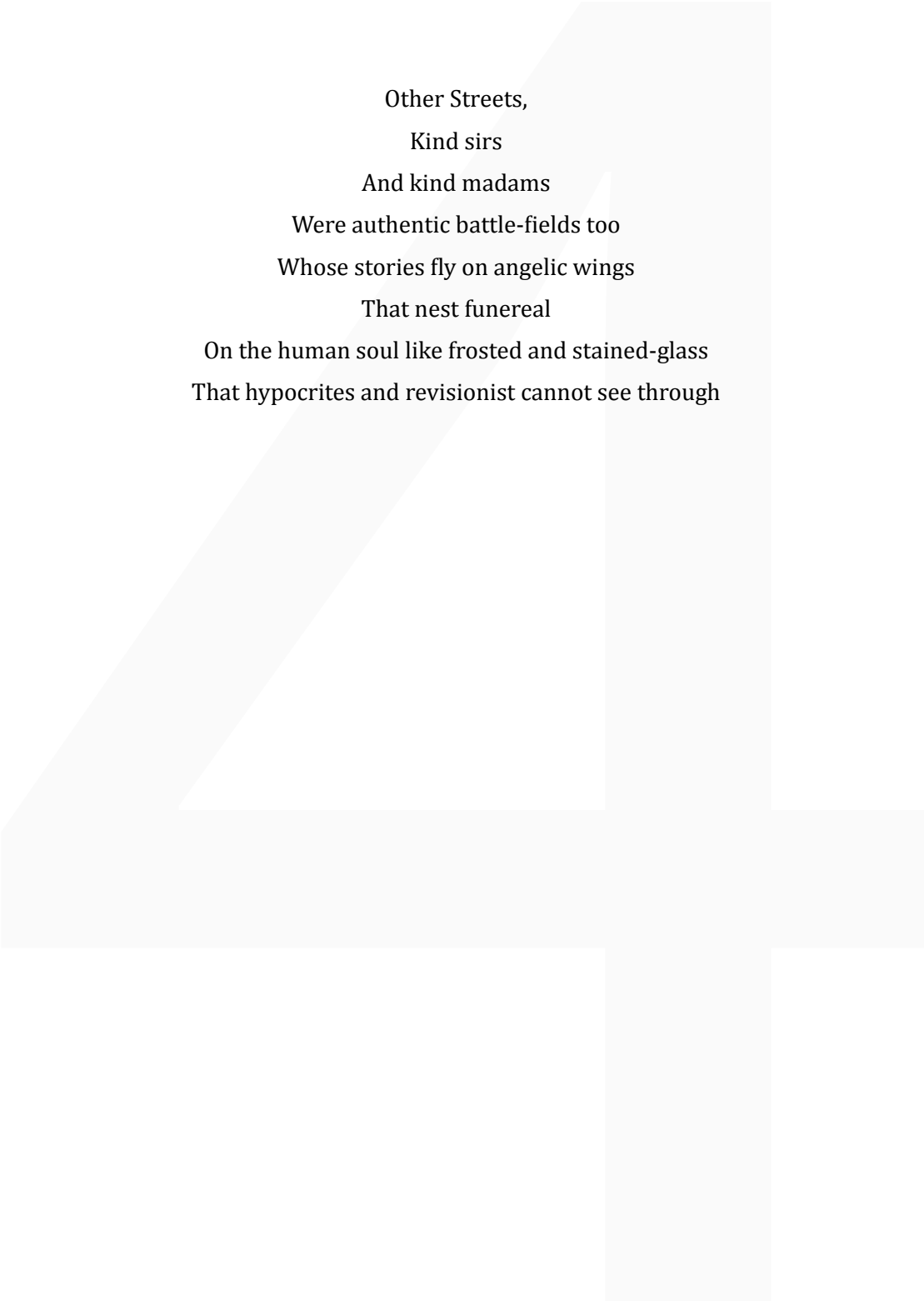
Stories of a country

Do not come from a single grain
Of soil picked up on Vilakazi Street

Arteries

And jugular veins of other volcanic Streets
Spewed out raging rivers of political lava;
Broke amniotic waters and formed larvae

Bled profusely too with untold caked pain



Other Streets,
Kind sirs
And kind madams
Were authentic battle-fields too
Whose stories fly on angelic wings
That nest funereal
On the human soul like frosted and stained-glass
That hypocrites and revisionist cannot see through

On Religious Beliefs

God is one
In both the universe
And the whole wide world

Yet

Has many,
Many
Many

Glorious names
According
Him fame

If you pray
Him
According to your culture
And your world
Believe you me,

Your blessings as those of others will be the same

For

God speaks

isi-Zulu;

Speaks

Sesotho;

And

Speaks Kiswahili

And God is multi-gendered

Chance

Is part of God's construction

Accident

Is part of God's construction

Deliberation

Is part of God's construction

Perfection as is imperfection

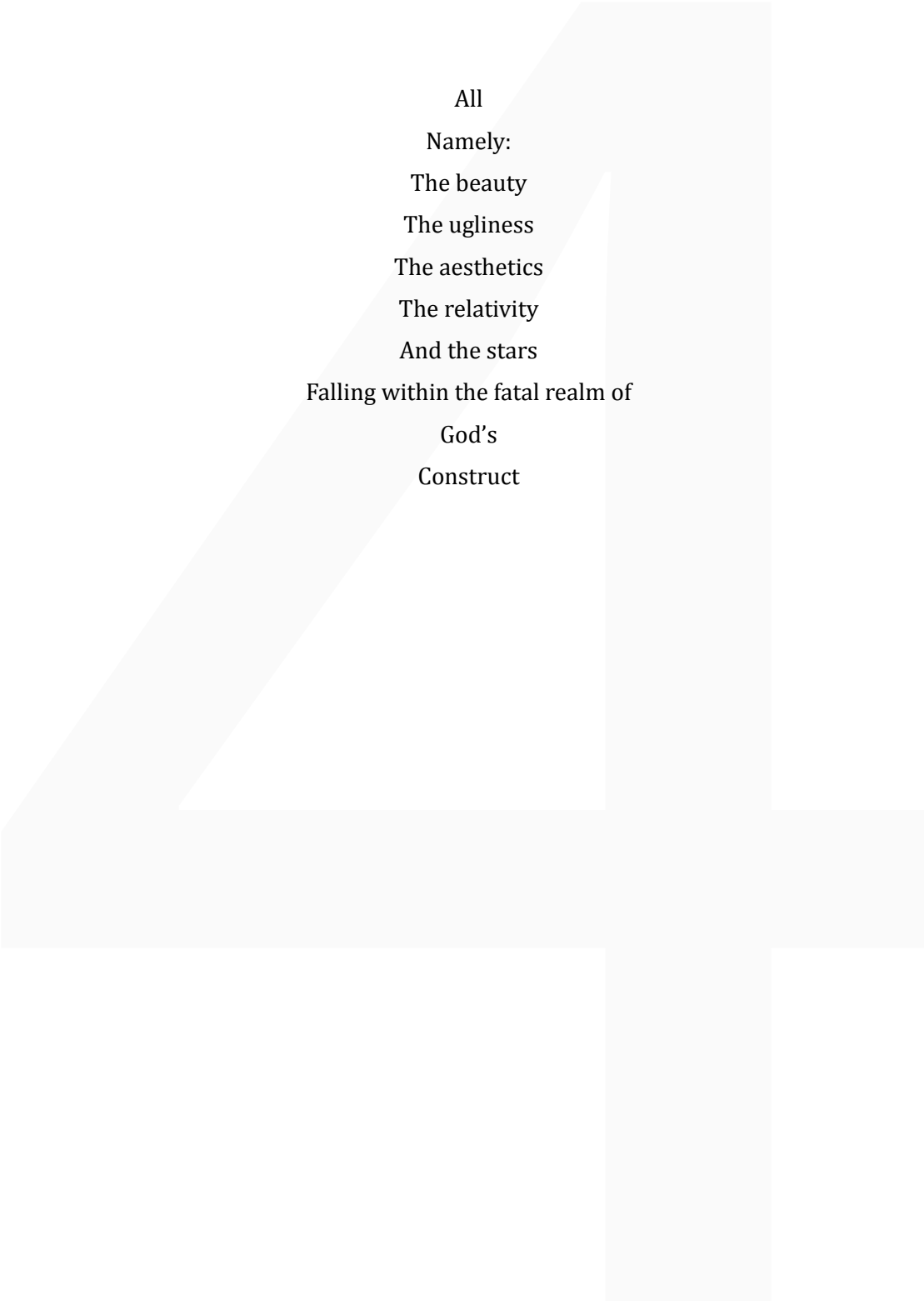
Is part of God's construction

And beauty is

As ugliness is

Relative to aesthetics of the day

Relative to our relativity to the stars!



All
Namely:
The beauty
The ugliness
The aesthetics
The relativity
And the stars
Falling within the fatal realm of
God's
Construct

The Flag and the Anthem

Nationalism is worth
A precious piece of cloth
That clothed
And
Dressed
Collective wounds,
A beautiful palette
Of the sun's toasted teardrop
The moon's drowsy nod
A grain of tear-soaked sod
And an emotional musical note
A lyric that knits the tapestry
Of nationalism
All snatched and stolen from a rainbow
By brave sons and daughters
That combines the orgasmic
Scream of mothers in maternity;
The cry of a baby at birth
And the dream
And laughter of parents who parented our parents

Snacks and snippets on Death

I.

We all

At birth

For better or worse

Get married

To death

Death has searing wings

Nests in every household

Flies around homesteads

With a death-wish in its heart

And vowing for eternal life!

After all,

Death does not wish death unto itself as it is itself real life

II.

When death kindly knocks at my door

Life calmly steps

Forward

To open the door

A Cowardly Janitor,
Fear,
Melts and drops
Down on the floor
Consciousness receives the blessed guest when two poor
Old Friends unite

III.

I am blind and vulnerable;
Sight doesn't matter
I am deaf and tranquil;
Hearing doesn't matter
I am dumb and quiet;
Speech doesn't matter
Am dead and alive;
Touch, taste or smell doesn't matter

My Spirit matters
Sees; Hears; Tastes; Touches; and more
My Spirit, **IS**

I am the Resident of the Spirit
And consciousness houses my feeble and frail flesh

IV.

We offer balance
That Was
We donate tranquillity

That Is
As we shed smelly onion-rings of
Religions,
Illusions
And
Delusions
And
Glorious nothingness
Becomes us everywhere, everywhere

For our small minds;
Our poor minds
Perceive that which is everything, everything; everything
To be nothing, nothing, nothing

V.
Death flies on frozen
Serrated and searing Wings
Grey with frost, brings
Along a frozen
Score for humanity to sing

A monotonous song like a mantra
Has no lyrics and needs no Sinatra
Just hum the song
Repeatedly, hum the song!
And it turns out to be the greatest and catchy song
Ever, timeless death:
Music sure does bring glory to a funeral

Story-Telling

These stories
Aren't fantasies:
Stories
Of tragedies
We couldn't foretell
Special
Stories
Of how we as a people fell
Stories

Of how our heroes and heroines were born
How heroes and heroines
Were assassinated in prison cells
Stories
Of how we survived scorching hell
And
Lived to tell
You, our children,
These
Untold heavenly stories

These
Uncelebrated stories;
These
Un-commemorated stories

A hero's hearse has been hi-jacked:

The rich aroma of BEE-coffee

Pervades the atmosphere

The toxic alliance of BEE-coffee

With brown-sugar and milk

In a cup of old land-grabbers,

Gold

And

Diamond thieves

The always

Rich and new-comers becoming richer,

The always

Poor becoming poorer

Mxenge, Gqabi and Hani are dishonoured as sick fantasies

By the sick amongst us

Royal Poetic Justice

“The king is dead; long live the king”!

“Death is king; long live death!”

Death, the oldest king never dies

That’s what makes the Christ, the King of Kings

Who dismissed and defied death

From the manger to the cross

From the cross to the rocket journey to heaven

Still as King so we sing!

Powerful

Even when you are a prison-guard
Unaware of the prison within
Learn not to hate a single prisoner
As you may have to hate yourself;
So is the prisoner not to hate a guard
Unaware of the freedom within
As you may have to hate your own freedom within
No one has the right to kill love;
Nor one the right to kill freedom

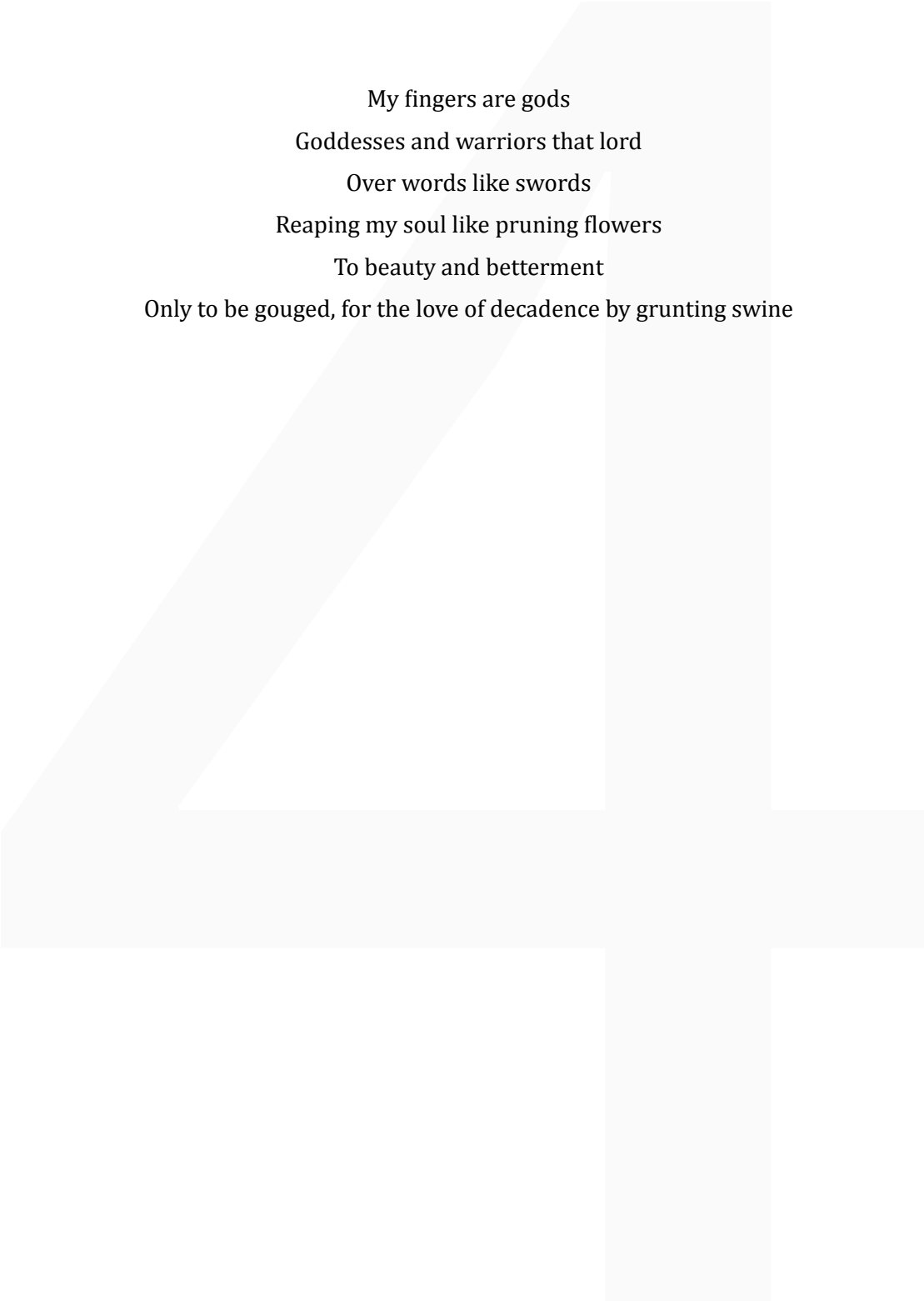
My Soul Lies Littered On Computer Key- boards

My soul lies dead,
Littered
On computer key-boards cremated
And cast on stained
And putrid pieces of paper
Smelling of tobacco stubs

Only

To be stuck on wax-stuffed ears of my friends
An honest song in organized discords
Like serviettes,
Napkins
And diapers
On a table,
Cleansing the body of ungrateful sated humanity

Yet,



My fingers are gods
Goddesses and warriors that lord
Over words like swords
Reaping my soul like pruning flowers
To beauty and betterment
Only to be gouged, for the love of decadence by grunting swine

Life's Lessons for a Fool

The sea never seeks permission to make waves

Rain respects gravity

Yet agitates gravity

To ecological criminality

The raging rivers respect topography

Only to reshape it

The wind complies, to all directions in anger

The silent skies blindly

Seek colour in blueness and darkness

And space up-high

Lord over the world;

The very world

That inflict ozone scars

On the stars

And a fool defies the simplicity of reality

In pursuit of pocket-money

Only genius dares to differ;

The prophet knows that today shapes tomorrow

Without anyone's permission:

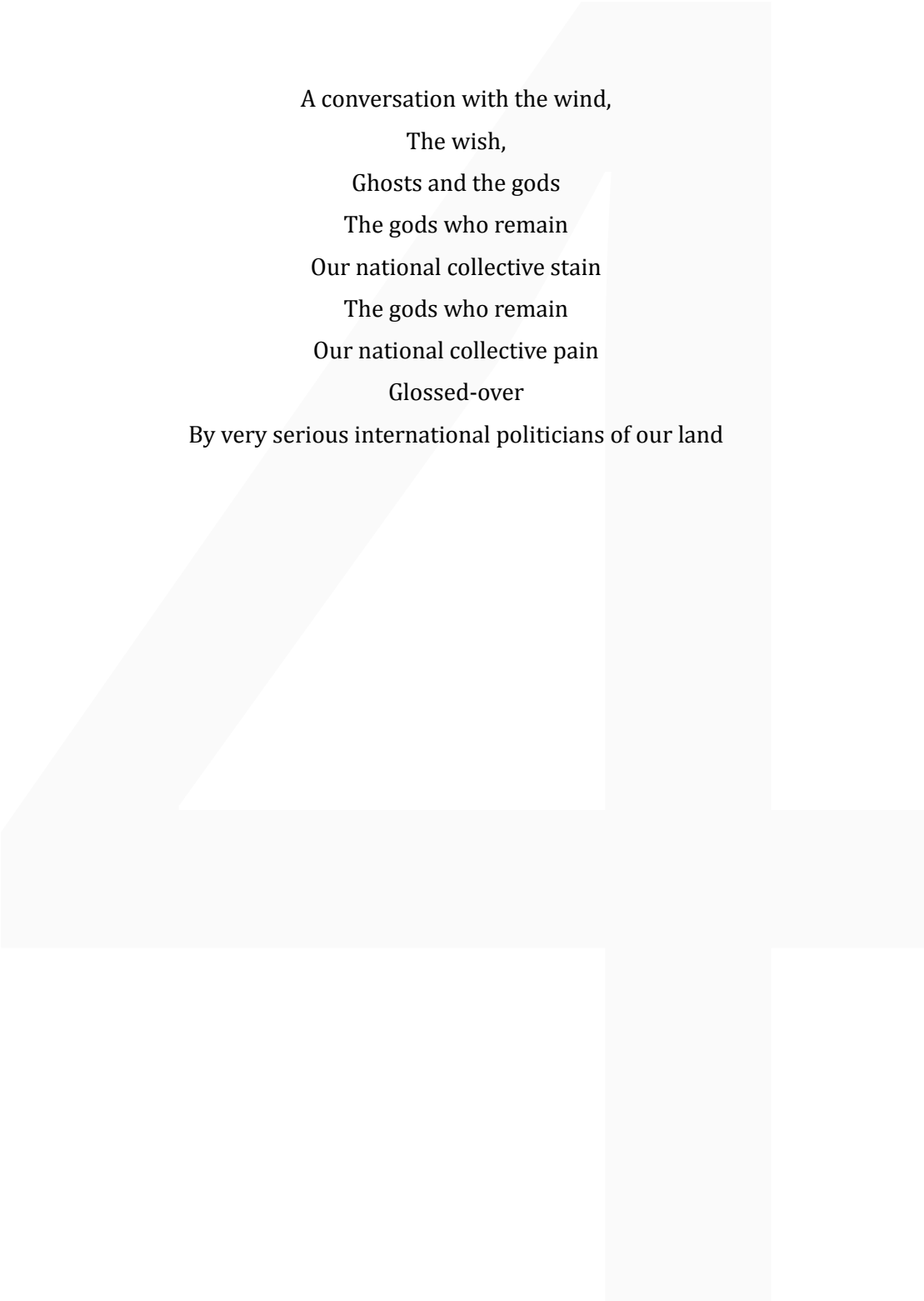
That simplicity is the quintessential logic of complexity

Just Painful Prose

My poetry
Is not poetry
Just the vestiges of unmitigated pain
A bourgeois constitution
Without the requisite bourgeois

And

A flood of childish-foolish smiles:
A conversation with dead stones
And the stone dead,
Pillowed
On the soiled remains of the Freedom Charter
Scrolled
On the chapped cheek of time
With a stream of grey,
Saline
Dried tears



A conversation with the wind,
The wish,
Ghosts and the gods
The gods who remain
Our national collective stain
The gods who remain
Our national collective pain
Glossed-over
By very serious international politicians of our land

Nothingness

Our clouded
Smarting eyes
And crowded
Mind
Conjecture the world
Not as it really is:

What the rich see
The poor can't see

The pilot in flight tastes the height
And the ground-bound taste dust and different sights

The dedicated scientist sees
What the unschooled can't see

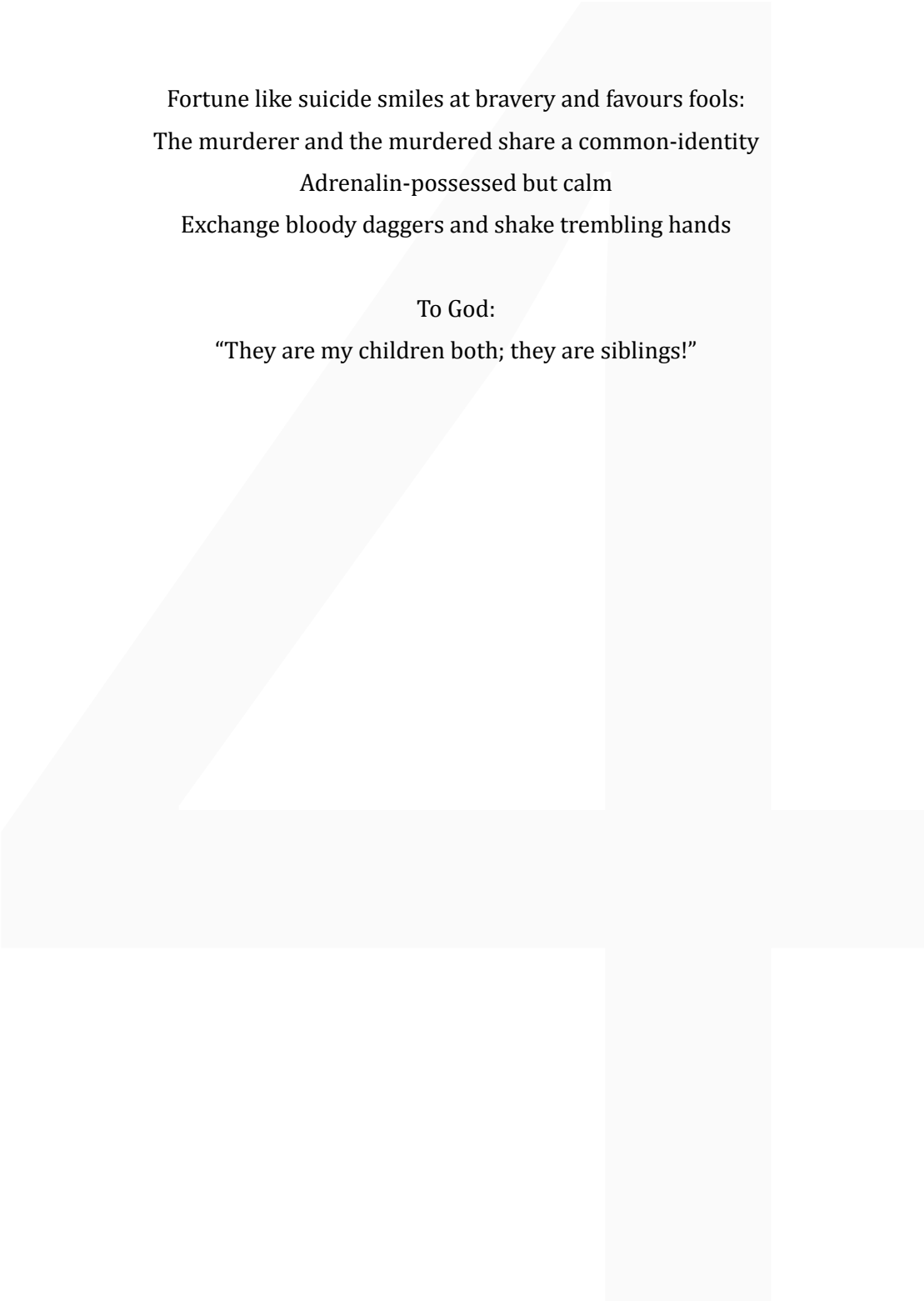
Even the taste of food is not the same
Because the world does not exist much as we claim
Though we pass the blame:

We create it through our senseless senses
Refined or unrefined
Or so-called acquired taste.
It is not the same world
Or did I say it is, from different vantage points?
The existence of all the nodal points
And their non-existence constitute the universe
For there is nothing material
All is ethereal
Save the deep desire of our mangled minds that there be

Suicidal Lines

Suicide is only criminal
In the subliminal
Cowardly human value-system:
If one can die
For Queen, King or President
One might for a change, die
For one's self:
Heroes are products of a concealed
And calculated death-wish
And cowards are otherwise
There is socially-discouraged
Underlying bravery in suicide

And



Fortune like suicide smiles at bravery and favours fools:
The murderer and the murdered share a common-identity
Adrenalin-possessed but calm
Exchange bloody daggers and shake trembling hands

To God:

“They are my children both; they are siblings!”

Careful What You Do

What to the ecology you do
Will always come back
To bite you:
When the smack and the whack
Comes, you'll pretend you never knew
That Climate Change was caused by you

Puzzled and Fascinated

If man's brain was to be increased by 1%
What world or universe in a whirl would we all see?

And if man's brain was to be reduced by 1%
What world or universe in a twirl would we all see?

Which world or universe is?
Which world or universe is not?

The -1%

Or

The +1%

And where do we all fools stand

And understand

Between -1% and +1%?

The level of our intellect

The depth of our mind

The shallowness thereof

The limitlessness of the mind

And the intellect

Reflects the omnipotence of God beyond our comprehension

Reconciliation Day

To establish communion, Africans rush To the Freedom-Park
To etch their regular painful mark of lopsided reconciliation

Other Africans
With the DNA of fools
And genes of genius
Bearing garbage silos
And dump-sites in their souls, every year rush
To play expensive expansive crooked cricket
With tokenism devoid of deserved reparation
Reconciling themselves with making money
Above the persistent pain of the majority
And find it not funny
Under the African skies so sunny
To be un-African
Save the claim

Achilles Heel

Since ticking time beyond memory
Bares brutal testimony
Metal has always been used to hurt:
Chains and nails to bully the Christ
Chains and searing refrain
To transport slaves for gain
Chattel to cow slaves
Swords to carve other humans
Cordite to catapult nails against humans

But,

Metal evolved through time and pressure
To metaphors and abstractions
And became Capital and Digital
Wealth became the new chain
Wealth became the new flame
To torture and torment others

Yet,

The' indiscriminate Boss

Kept on reminding us

All fools through

Violent avalanche

Violent blizzard

Violent earthquake

Violent virus

Violent famine

Violent floods

Violent tornadoes

Violent volcanoes

That social-class is man-made

Unfortunately,

Our minds remain stubbornly metallic

As we bend, God forgotten,

Our knees in supplication to Capital

And

Sit in the comforts of the Imperial Security Council

And the decadence of the G-20:

Human, above other human-beings

Heavenly above heaven

Godly above God

Poets are Fools

Poets are fools
Used,
Misused
And abused
By democracy
To tickle senile old men
And fickle old women
Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Who work like wretched stubborn mules
On behalf of those who rule
Either to put or pull wool
On the eyes of society
Marching like accursed ghouls in the cemetery
Of the pitiable souls of the ruled
Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Who do not respect society's right to be foolish
Fools who do not respect my right and yours to sleep
Loud-mouths who silence they cannot keep
Agitating against society's constitutional right to be foolish

Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Wide-eyed fools who wax with glee
At their own confounded words, thinking they're free

Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Who love listening to their own shrieking voices
Like a cat happy to discover it has a tail
And marvel at their discordant voices
As if of galloping thorough-bred race-horses

Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Not bothered whether they are laughed at
Or scorned or scoffed at
B'cos they believe in their stupidity

Poets are fools

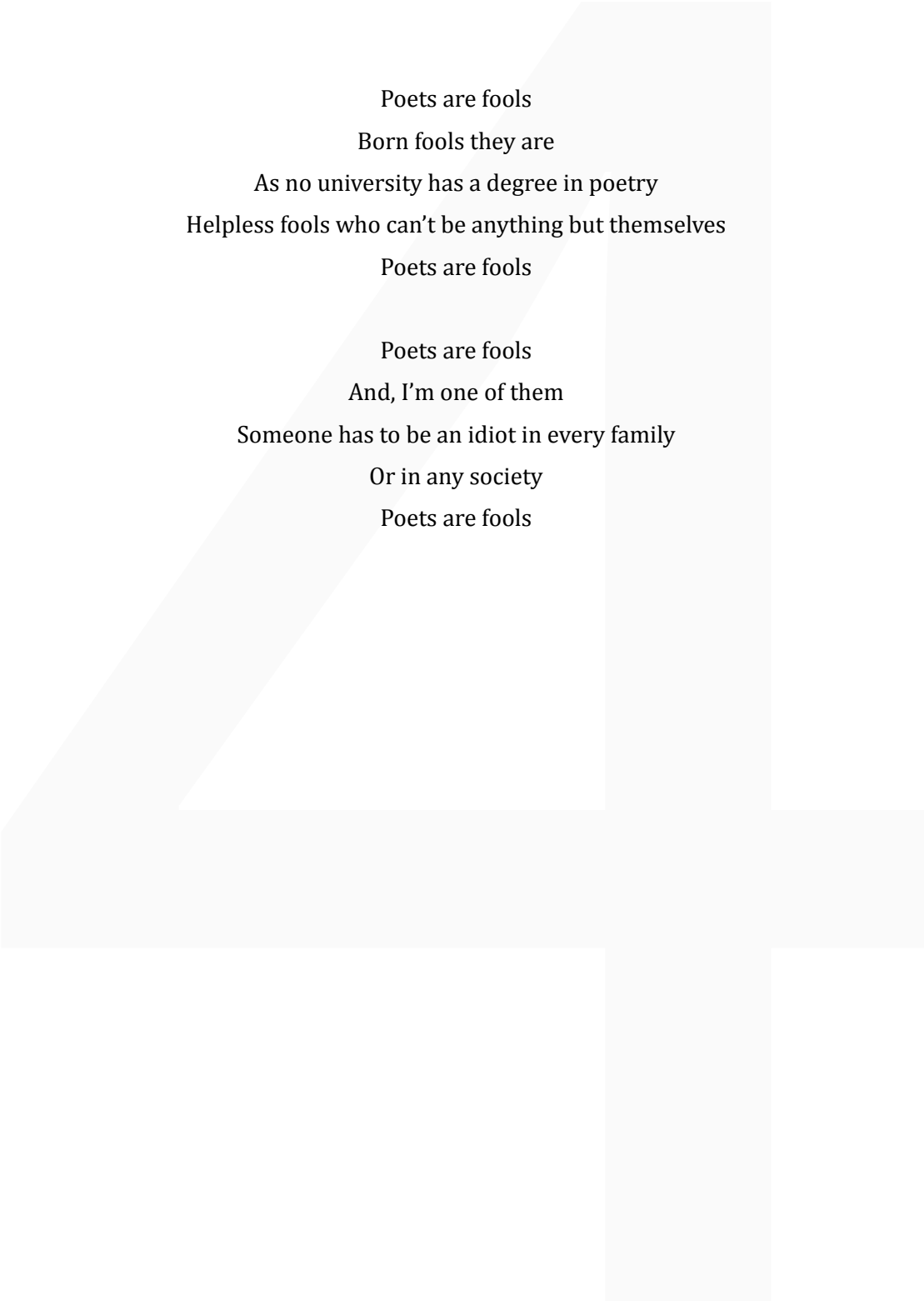
Poets are fools
The political Left,
The political Right
The political Centrist
The Pacifist
The Greens
The Military
And the religious
And philosophic have their own poets
Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Who bury their heads in the sand
Of metaphors, abstractions and poetic tools
Away from the dust, din
And deceptive screams from Cabinet
Poets are socially-necessary-idiots
Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Who package their fears as those of the collective
Fools who assume that their happiness is universal
And
Un-elected,
Represent society
Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Like artists hiding behind paint,
Brush,
Canvas and strokes
Painting dead mountains
Dead skies
Dead oceans
Dead animals
And-societal issues
Even attempting to paint the human soul
Thinking that illogic to be heroic
Poets are fools

Poets are fools
Brazen fools beaming with confidence
Ancient and rusted tools occasionally polished
To articulate unfashionable words
To architect words like:
“Tender-preneurs
And Pastor-preneurs”
Engineers who breathe life into words
To fly like predatory birds
Capable to persuade society
To be matadors and martyrs
B’fore charging Capitalist bulls
Poets are fools



Poets are fools
Born fools they are
As no university has a degree in poetry
Helpless fools who can't be anything but themselves

Poets are fools

Poets are fools
And, I'm one of them
Someone has to be an idiot in every family
Or in any society
Poets are fools

Speaking my Mind

The hammer,
The nail,
The saw,
And
Harnessed-laser
Are tools
Of Psychiatry
In the murky world
Of attacking thought and the mind

The sponge,
Handy-Andy
And
Re-configuration
Are the tools
Of Psychology
Like cleaners meekly
Trailing psychotic BEE executives' behind

And state-approved brutal surgical drugs!

Psychiatry

Psychology

And

Drugs

Are sick bed-fellows

Who

Themselves

In pursuit of the jell-o that is the brain

Need the callous business-recipes

Of Baptist psychiatrists

The lies,

Traps,

Tests

And

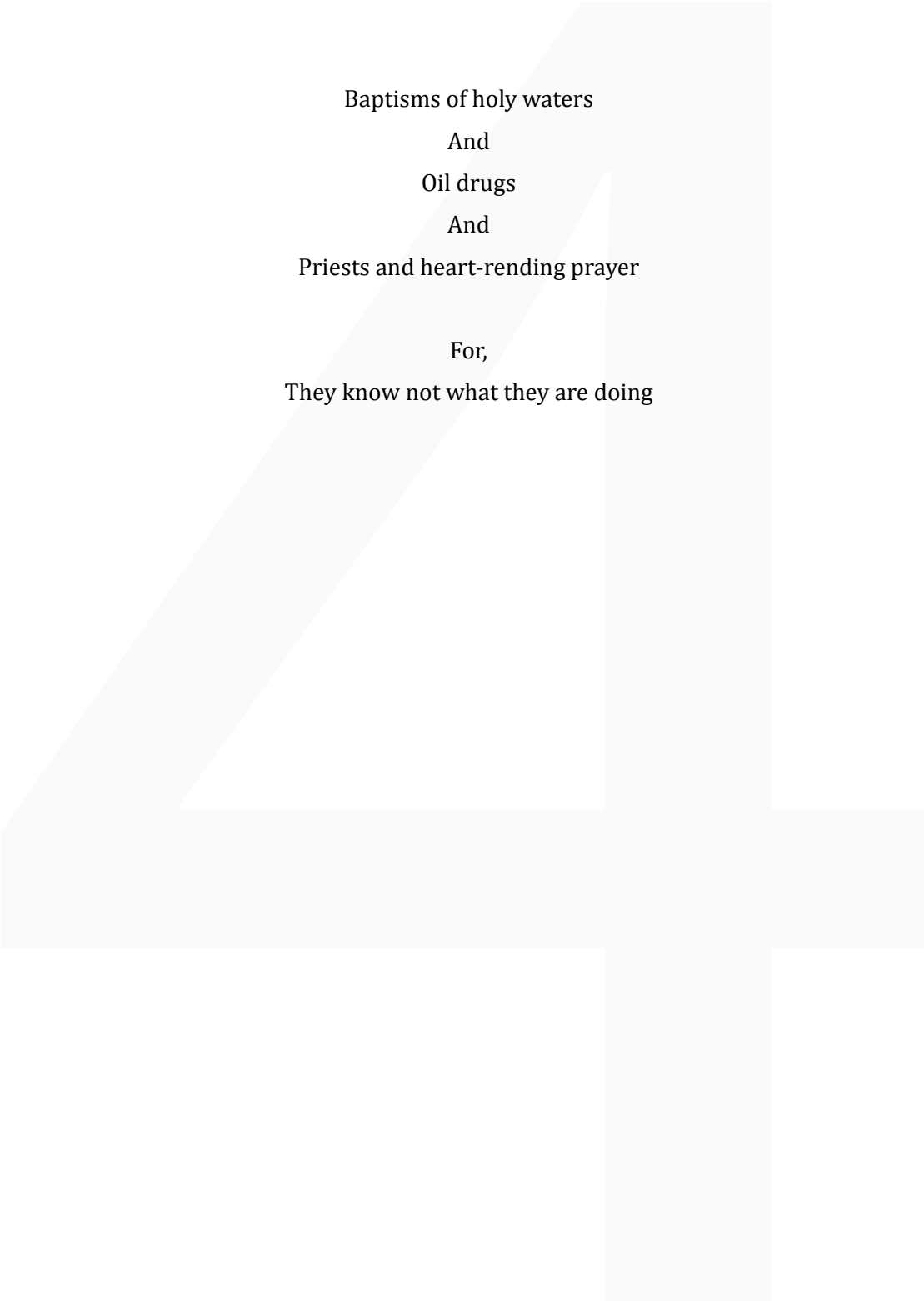
Pretexts

And

Texts

Of Baptist Psychologists

And



Baptisms of holy waters
And
Oil drugs
And
Priests and heart-rending prayer

For,
They know not what they are doing

Political Packages and Baggage

Find herein a cocktail of condescending nouns:

Natives on the one hand

No non-Natives on the other;

Kaffirs on the one hand

No non-Kaffir Christians on the other;

Non-Europeans on the one side

Europeans on the other;

Non-Whites on the one side

Whites on the other;

Blacks on the one;

Whites on the other

All political packages fearful of one fact,

We are the Africans and non-other

Heralding the Birth of an African Child

Somewhere
Between a wife's kiss
And
A husband's squeeze
When
The divinity of words
Define
Deeper deeds
And
Refinement,
Expectation
And
Excitement
Cheer and tear
Cheers and tears:
A child is born
A boy is born
And parents with glory adorn...
'Whip the old man's ears;

Pinch them!
Kgotso! Pula!

Interspersed
With praise-poems,
Nala!

Somewhere
Between a wife's kiss
And
A husband's squeeze
When
The divinity of words

Define
Deeper deeds

And
Refinement,
Expectation

And
Excitement
Cheer and tear

Cheers and tears

A child is born


A girl is born

And parents with glory adorn

'Shower the Old-man with a spray

Sprinkle him all-over with a basketful of sorghum grains!'

Kgotso! Pula!

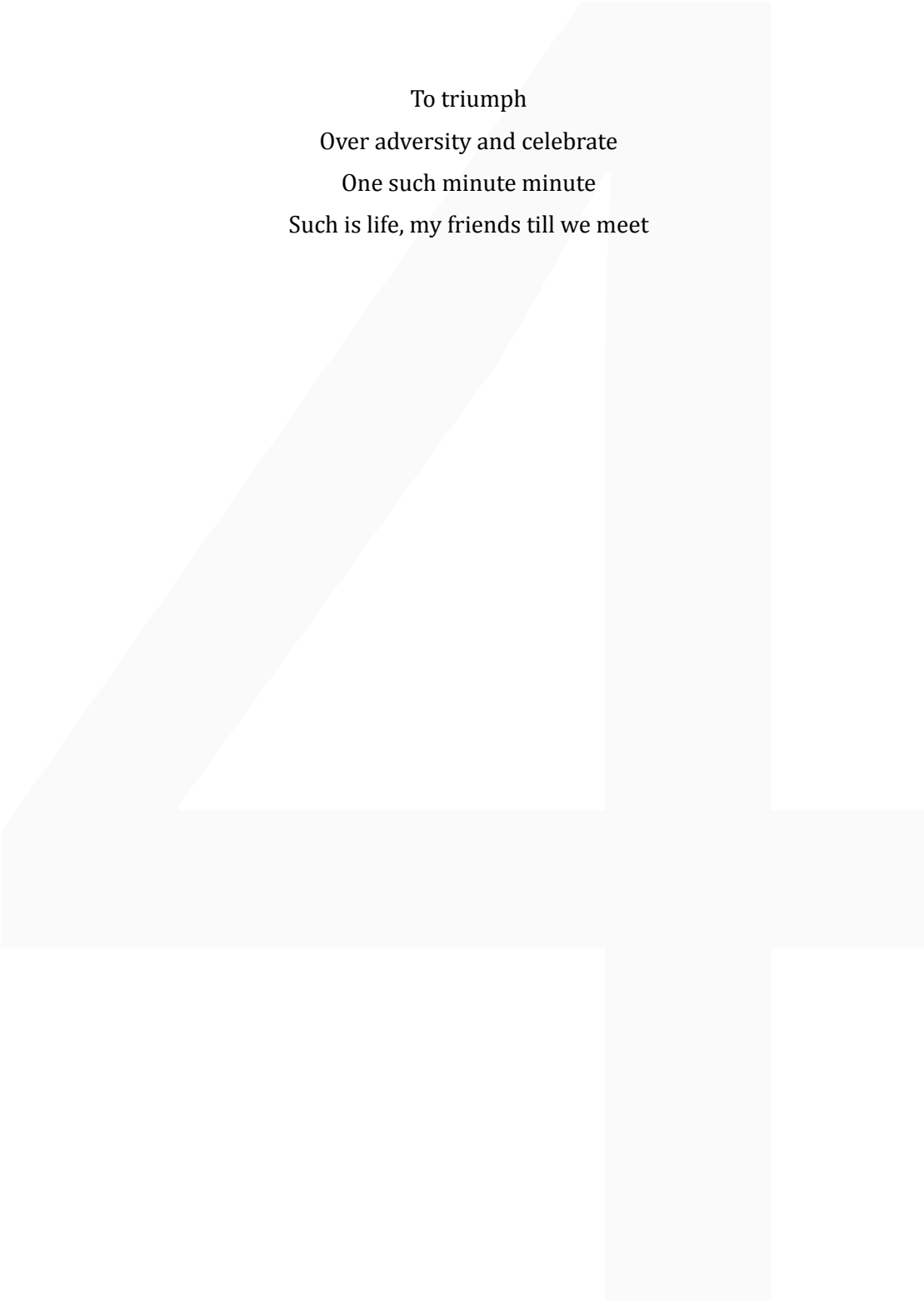


Interspersed
With self-praise poems,
Pula!
Unto us children are born

Such is Life

The calm colourful leaves from the tall trees
Bid the flow of the raging river below, goodbye
And the sullen sun watches by day
As the moon stands guard by night
The wind blowing, affectionately kisses the trees
Similarly kisses the current
And shakes its head despondently
Saying to the river, the trees
And
Lazy shadows leaning on mountains:
“Till we meet my friends”

Such is the flow of life
With challenges throwing tantrums and confetti;
Such is life
With the seasonal highs and lows;
Such is life
As society trudges on to greet challenges;



To triumph
Over adversity and celebrate
One such minute minute
Such is life, my friends till we meet

Grace

Let the fish perform its ballet
Without interference in the water
As it is the' only maestro
That hears the symphony in the water

But birds too,
Boast of being nature's best
Choristers and Fashionistas
Colourful
They boast too,
Of being nature's best
Dancers as they gracefully waltz
Through the sound of silence in the heavens

The Poetry of Destruction

Mad men from a mad society
Declared me mad before;
Evil men from an evil society
Declared me evil before;
Bad men from a bad society
Declared me bad before;
Mad evil men befriended me
And called me Comrade;
Yet goodly men from a good society
Disowned me
Calling me a rebel:
A poet who clings to words like a fish to a line
Captured and captivated by imminent death
In a society that fears itself
That fears the truth
That fears lies
That fears fear
That fears even the fear they do not know

Let's Dare

(Bungee-dive)

The soul is a forever smiling fresco of God
Whose generous geography
And timeless topography
Is identified by man' spirituality
As having no form as it has all forms

Prayer enriches and confuses man's eyes
Blind eyes that seek to see
Through the shuttered or frosted glass of religion
What it desires to see but can't see:
Meditation comes closest to contention
As God is within and without
Is and is not

The soul and the universal spirit are one
None is away from the other

What are you looking for?

Hell and its Minions

An avalanche's path
Of merciless white destruction pleases the devil
An avalanche's icy wrath
Spreads sounds of sirens
Rumours and distrust in hell to tell:
This is
(Just one)
Madness that can't be friendly to the fire in hell

Let's Laugh; Let's Laugh

Birth is the pleasant past
Cast as flora and fauna's must
Life is the challenging now
To which we bow as we plough
As we plough
As we plough
As we plough
As we grow
Till we glow

And death is the definite future
As it was the past that remains unchallenged by stature

Universal

The verdant and verdure darkness of the forest

Bears fruit and flowers

While protecting worm and animal

The warm darkness of the womb

Bear fruit or two and flowers

While protecting with amniotic-waters

Izangoma

When the trance-inducing drum
Booms and speaks
The soul and the dead
Who were never dead; listen,
The flesh was - Not the spirit
The clapping of cupped hands
Implore the Spirit and respects
And
The stamping feet seeks
To knock and knock and knock
Waking up the Dead
Waking up the Spirits
Opening
Big spatial doors
And corridors
Vumane' bo!
Siya Vuma!

Jaa-né!

Jaa! Nee!

Yes-No!

Jaa! Nee!

“Fok!”

So se die plaas jappie!

Jaa! Nee!

The intoxicating joy of life

The intoxicating web of life

Is my macabre dance-floor

To which

I gracefully

Dance as I do to life

Death is a quieter tutor

And traitor

Much more familiar

Than life

Yet less mightier

Than laughter
And
I tip-toe on the unfamiliar
Web of life
To wake upon
A surprisingly
Brighter morn
thro' life's
Revolting
Revolving
door
Just to say: *"Heita!"*

Concrete Rose

I treasure God's smile and its power
Packaged in the warmth of a red rose
And a golden Sun-Flower
Flowers drilled from a concrete-bed @ a mall
@ a flea-market
Flowers in water-buckets
I never knew
I never knew too
I never knew
That I loved flowers
That I loved you
Only you knew
The season of the warmth of love had arrived!

The Shadow of the Mountain is Cast in the Fountain

Shadows in concert walk and talk
In silence we suppose
According to natural reason
Follow the pace of the seasons
And stroll too according to the whims of the sun
Like lovers holding hands
As they plan tomorrow's rendezvous
Of time, space and romance
Only the violence of a thunder- storm upsets this marriage

Warmongers

A complex community of acquisitive beings

Not for the first time...

They started the 1st World-War

For one reason

And one reason only

Proliferated

The Colonial Wars

Wars of conquest

Glorified racism

And

Raised Imperial flags

Whilst lying about religious beliefs

They re-wrote Political science and Political Economy

Glorified corruption

And glorified corrupt

European royalty!

Then

Postulated

Military doctrines that promoted

Wars from afar

Postulated

Ideologies that espoused

Geo-Politics

Funny beings

Who reconstruct morality

Who themselves have no souls

And no conscience

Of course,

They redefined

And refined

The Science of Lying and called it

Diplomacy

Concocted Propaganda

Refined and polished communication as Intelligence

Producing sophisticated

Doctors of Spin

The Foreign Minister

And his or her Diplomats remain

The curators of this Speciality!

This sick community
Carries responsibility too for the 2nd World-War
For the same reason
As reasoned above

And now,

They threaten the whole world
With the third and last World-War
For the same treasonous reason
As previously stated

This is the most uncivilised breed
That lays claim to all civilisations
They even claim that God looks like them
And that their ways lead to God

What a complex,
Cantankerous community of greedy criminal thieving beings!?

And

They dare
To declare
Their lair
A Security-Council!
An Imperial Security-Council!

With your lovely naked or bespectacled eyes, kiss
These metaphoric or abstract lines and find bliss;
Find true reason to smile.

Don't worry about my deliberately sickening style
It will remain virulent, vitriolic and vile spiced with guile
As sociology and literature being younger
Are surprisingly wider, deeper, and longer than the Nile
And when you find that I did miss

This or that;
Or that I did not miss
This or that

Please

Don't be
Angry only with the world
But, with me
Too!

A poet never needs a reason to write!

Peace Lauréates

(For Military Veterans)

I wish

Truly

That the violent sea of turmoil

We swam through could be remembered

I wish

our muddy boots

That trudged unknown forests of freedom

And our tattered uniforms could be respected

Remembered

And

Respected

That we fed your hunger for freedom

And

Like food, strengthened your body before defecation

Just remember

That that turmoil

Has not left us

Once, we were human too

Just this once,

Accord

Us membership to the society we fought for

Before throwing us

To Psychiatrists

And

Psychologists

As jokes

Or rusted and twisted political garden-tools

Or ghouls exhumed from embarrassing

And inglorious Political graves

Just remember our hunger to celebrate with you

When I know, you've long forgotten to commemorate

We are human too

We still hear the salvos you never heard

And yet do not see the glory,

Confetti

And festive fireworks thereof

Please

Don't shove us aside

For fear of us soiling your suits
It is no more necessary for us
To still sing songs of hunger
When your table is full of our sacrifices
And still
We alone and lonely carry the burden of the national pain

We followed
The prophesy for freedom
And it was nearly realized
Now
We follow the prophesy of our humanity

We will be human too
Whether you like it or not

And
For that
I am sorry
I am deeply sorry!

Even
If we've lost everything;
For you,
We've gained everything
Please accord our naked bodies your warmth
We were cold enough before

We are cold still in the mortuary of our society
Whilst we fought for that national warmth

We fought to be human too

Do not forget that we feared like all beings
Do not forget our icy cold sweat gushed through our pores
And rivers of tears and blood drowned our screams
Our deaths were like lovers' appointments
We were committed to the appointment

Some,
Even self-inflicted given the errors and horrors of war

Just
To wipe the national
Sadness on your faces

Just
To make you all
To regain the national
Smile

We are very human too

And
For that
I am sorry
I am deeply sorry!

I truly am sorry!

War Veterans

We once were heroic
Now we are coprozoic
As we push on the reverse the dung
Of a society we've never wronged

One thing certain, we were born
With brave hearts not to be forlorn

Condescension

The unmitigated mercy
Pretending @ magnanimity
To white South Africans
Is disrespectful and messy
To inconsequential Africans
To whom none can be demanded
To say
Askies
To pray
And express remorse
Through a National-Apology

The Bitter Truth

The truth
Is ruthless

The truth
By its nature
Is controversial;
Truth by nature
Is conflicted
Truth by its nature
Hurts!
Soothes!
Reeks of justice!

And

Its taste
Derives from your pallet
It can be sweet
Insidious, or bitter
But, still better

That is why,
The truth
Has to be handled with care
Be articulated at the right time
Well-packaged!

To others
The taste is determined
By the quarter that utters
And yet others
The taste is determined
By whomsoever is listening

All
Characterised by prejudice
Societal condition
Ignorance
Or brain-washing
Education
Or indoctrination

Or lack of all the above

That
Is
The truth!

The Car Guard

Has no valid drivers' licence
Is a traffic value-add
Directs reversing cars enthusiasm-driven
Exhausts fumes farting into his face
An auxiliary who often wonders
About
The whereabouts
Of the Head-Office of the Metro-Police

He has no clue!

Tries to outsmart the BM driver
Tries to outsmart the Merc driver
Tries to outsmart the Audi driver
"Timer or Grootie"
Dangling cunning threat calls:
Loose change for the Parking-metre
Will never tell that the parking metre
Is dysfunctional or broken
Then tip after-the-fact

Symbiosis of enterprise, risk and Ubuntu

Soapie

An addict's love to lick

A perfumed dirt-bin

An addict's craving to kiss

A green fly that just took-off from a mound of defecation

Impressed and fascinated by the flight of a house-fly

Small minds

Piglets wallowing in luxurious swill

The democracy of idiots

Nomakhishi

(Dead Man Walking)

My buxom mom
No small wonder, carved from *Maluti*
u-Khahlamba
Her beauty from crown to toe
Flows like a thirst-quenching river
Then meanders like honey or treacle
Dad definitely knows the sweet waters of this river
This knowledge is forbidden-territory for children

I've seen my dad surreptitiously watching her
Mouth collapsed like he's seeing her for the first time

Her women's rights only shine
Against her husband
Hee-e wena! She says to dad
Who forever fears the Protection-Order
He has no clue what animal that is
One thing he knows, it bites men only
Ripping a man's social dignity

Only her bossy Boss is fine
My sabre-rattling mom

Psychological abuse
Hee-e-wena abuse
Dad is a sponge to the lot
Like a good citizen
Government legislate and promulgates
In Tshwane and @ home
He complies

When government
In Tshwane and @ home
Says jump
He says, *Haau-haai!*
My law-abiding dad
'How-High?'

His rights mentioned in a cloud of cigar smoke
He has no clue whether they are burnt or burning
Or accessible in the fire of democracy
My law-abiding dad

Bantu Empowerment

Race-hatred is stronger and nicer
And like a political orphan lies disowned
By black smelly hats that cover Calvinist white faces

The Game-Lodge with a vulgar African name provides a nice
Chance for the African to enhance

Ama-Zulu dance
The Batswana dance
The Batsonga and Vhavenda dance
The Khoi dance

The ama-Xhosa dance
Haai-bo! Even the diski-dance
In all the provinces
Africans are dancing like idiots
Presidential dances too?

Madiba dance and mshini'wame
Last but not least; *'Sarie-Maree'*-

'Daar kom die Alie-Baba...

Or Daar kom die wa...'

The Afrikaaner looks askance
And dances to the bank
“Gaan-kak, met tiekie draai”

Actually,

The Africans are the Main Attraction
At the Lodge and not the wild animals

Arsonist

The arsonist is the demented poet of the forest
The madman who forever hungers to detonate miniature
atomic Bombs
Thinking the forest is always
Ready to receive
And conceive
The atomic madness that troubles the mind

Life

The fluent flow of the river
Tells me that life is not static;
The principled stone argues
That life is hard;
The forever-smiling sun bakes life
With experience in its oven;
The wind whispers and gossips that life
Comes orgasmic and disappears like mist
Untrustworthy, evaporates like steam;
And the moon,
Brooding, says life
Is private and personal

All these philosophers and lecturers
Speaking diverse languages and ideologies
Express the commonality of life for all of nature

Sports Boycott

The days
When Yvonne
Goolagong did not belong
To the Maori

The days
When the branch did not belong
To the root

Those are the days
When Jody Schecter

Sped himself out of those days
And did not belong
Where he belonged

The days when the flower did not belong to the branch

Those were the days
When Bobby Locke and Gary Player
Teed and pattered themselves out of those days
And did not belong
Where they belonged

The days when the green did not belong to the fairway
And the putter dissociate to the driver

Those were the days
When finders were keepers
When keepers were not their brother's keepers
Those were the days as is today

Those were the days
When those days
Were not those days

Today
When those days
Have no owners
Today
When those days need no apology
These are the days when those days still are



Hape/Futhi

(in Sesotho/isi-Zulu)

Everything is nothing
Nothing is everything
Nothing is everything
Nothing is nothing

Indispensable

The jungle is smart

Lions groom their young to hunt

Human parental treason

Groom candidates for prisons

We groom society's candidates who can't reason

We groom candidates for drug-addiction

We celebrate our premature downfall

We plant and nurture seeds of poison-poppies

Poison-ivies and poisoned-souls

Education glitters on society's soul

The sun is a bouncer ushering day-break

A celebration of our Old-Age

When the flesh is in tatters

And the soul is matured and granite strong

We weep over our uneducated children doing all that is wrong

Parliament is Burning

Brown rusted roofs of Kibera
Bronze rusted roofs of Mbare
Dusted Great grand-children
Of Generalissimo Soweto
Cover the courage of the de-humanized
Cover the seething pain of the brutalized
The roofs are unstoppable galloping hoofs
Of workers who have become cousins with pigs
Above cigar-smoking pig-headed politicians

Smoking guns puff and huff
Through every twisted chimney
The collapsing muddy walls
Are trenches
The crumpling walls
And leaking roofs are pill-boxes
The loud muffled laughter
Of a polluted social ecology
The phlegm of drunken parents

Vomit of empty stomachs full of puss
That can no longer handle food
Given starvation
The diarrhoea of dying babies
Whose souls refuse to die
The occasional remonstrative sermon
Of a ghetto priest

A land-mine
Patiently
Awaiting
Felicitation
A land-mine
Patiently
Awaiting
Provocation
London is burning!

Black History Matters

From Musical instruments and history books

And, judicial palaces

Sadly

Slavery

Sings Solemn silent songs

Of the sunset of unending pain

Allow these lines

To be the shrill voice

Of the quietened;

Suppressed, Crushed

Member in the house;

In the Universe

Africans

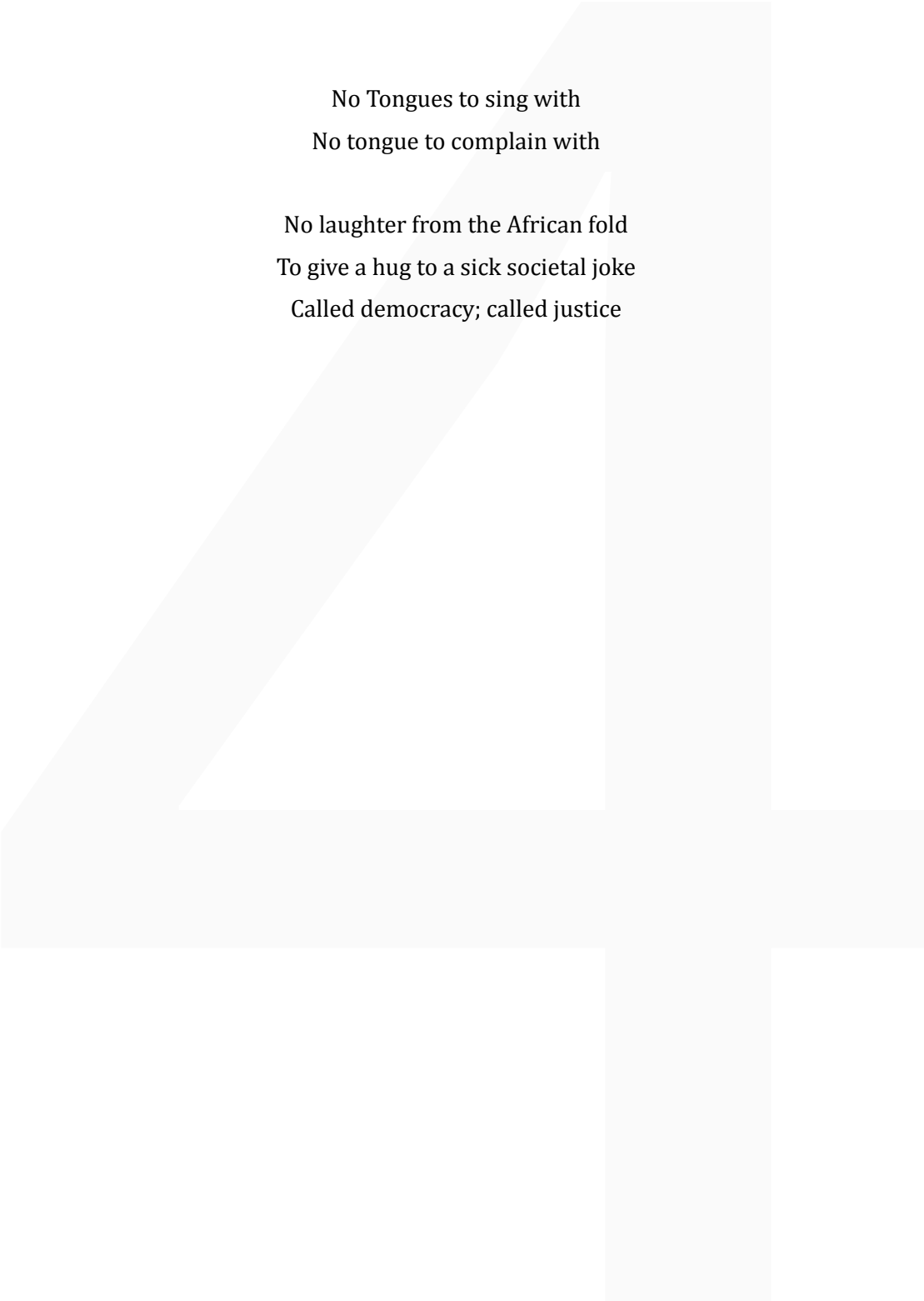
Have no tears

To write with

No tears

To pain the painful past with

Their eyes are gouged so they can't see the future



No Tongues to sing with
No tongue to complain with

No laughter from the African fold
To give a hug to a sick societal joke
Called democracy; called justice

Honestly

One cannot mistake
A genuine kiss
Nor find bliss
In Hollywood sleaze

Black-Power Fist

Empty

Heads

Empty

Pockets

Empty

Stomachs

Empty

Mouths

Empty

Promises

“Amandla!”

“Kuzekuyovalwa”!

(Power All The Way!)

The Death and Rise of Fear

Since 1952

I did not

Could not

Fear

I did not fear Apartheid

I did not fear death

I did not fear fear

I, literally could not cry

Goodness me, and I thought that was human

Now, I cry easily

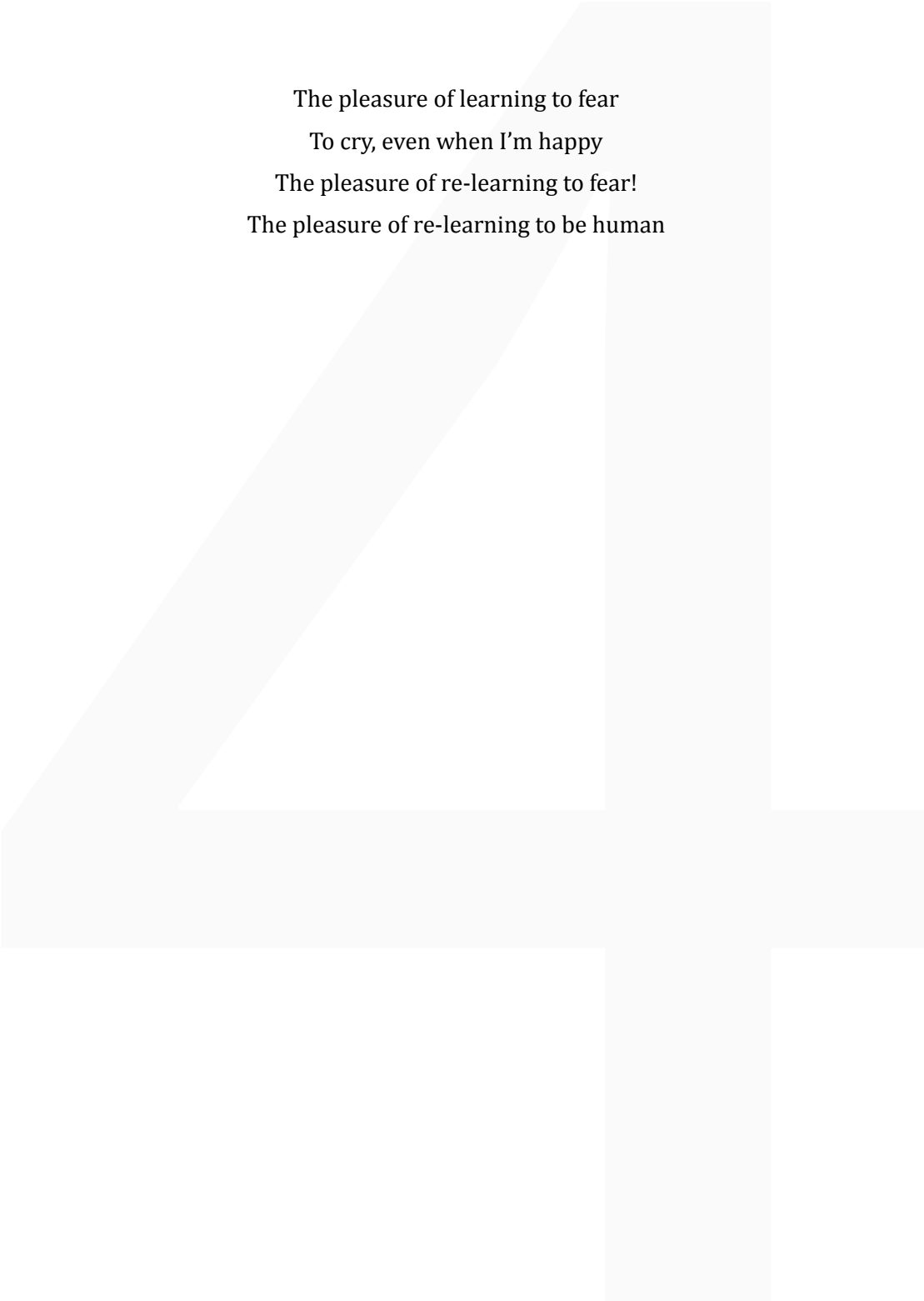
I cry regularly

They say I'm raw inside

I fear

I am brave enough to fear

I am painfully human



The pleasure of learning to fear
To cry, even when I'm happy
The pleasure of re-learning to fear!
The pleasure of re-learning to be human

Reminisce

Life's ugliness
Reminds us
Of the beauty of life

(A Requiem to Gogo Mma-Sisulu)

Hola Mmamzo, lala

'sharp'

Ma-Ou'Lady, lala

ngoxholo

Aah, Mma-Griza

Kubuhlongo

Impintjizami ziyakhala

Ugwaza kabuhlungu lomkhonto

Kodwa, uyohlala ungu-Mama wethu 'foreva'

I am an African

I hate my hair
I hate my complexion
I hate my physiology;
The flat African nose
Like a broken calabash
Flung onto an oncoming face
The thick luscious and kissable lips
The undulating curves and hips

That I hate!

I hate my cuisine
I hate my culture
I hate my herbs; *imbiza* and *imphepho*
Ag, I'm an African!

I'm an African who hates being African;
I'm an African who hates everything and anything African!

Aagh, I hate this poem-
That's being African!

Marvellous Babysitter

In order to love and care for her baby
The African mother
Has to sell like trinkets
Her love, affection and care
To the shopaholic white mother
Or the petty-bourgeois professional African mom
And in so doing deprive her own baby of same
As it makes no business-sense to do otherwise:
She's not to be found tending her baby
When the other is in distress
Indeed
A rainbow Parenting Business Plan
Characterised by Black and White and petty-bourgeois
Short, medium and long-term strategies!

Act: I, Scene: I

It happens once every year

The beginning of the political season

The parade of national clowns:

All wearing solemn Roman-Dutch crowns

Gaudy wardrobes reflect personages

Personages reflect characters:

They wear their scandals as medals

Each bears their own albatross of scandal and controversy

And suspicion

With idiotic dignity and glee!

They wave when the social sea casts them neither waves nor
greetings

And grin and smile at no particular joke

Save a choking stench of a political breeze and sleaze

That churns indiscretion

Honourable Meshoe displays his euro-aspirant hair-do

Others display, as if by legislation

A Con-Court protected tattooed cleavage of massive melons

The Chief-Justice is not beyond reproach
The 1st Citizen is not beyond suspicion:
A rabble-rousing choreography of political scorn
To the Tender music of burning tyres in the townships

It is the tragicomedy season:
The opening of the national parliament

And So

And so,
My kind Sir /
My kind Madame

How will you love, live and enjoy tomorrow

When you are afraid of today?

Afraid to think;

Afraid to learn-to drink;

Afraid to articulate;

Afraid to contradict;

Afraid to write!

Only the most adventurous

Of warriors

Weave the most wondrous

Of poetry,

The most astounding

Yarn;

The most astonishing

Wisdom,

Of David triumphant over Goliath!

O! Jewry!

Not @ all Dreaming

I no longer dream dreams
Trapped in cob-web films
But live my dreams
Like streams that burst at the seams
And make dreams
Sweet screaming hymns
That sculpture real dreams
For u and me to team
As we make dreams
As I make dreams

Passionate

Open are my closed eyes
Like the cupped palms of a beggar
Begging for scorn, irony or any coin
Begging for wisdom, any wisdom

Surprisingly,

Flowers of wisdom all spread wildly
Over the horizon

Lies miles and smiles of the hope of a hobo
Lies the ingenious acumen of a hobo
I see hope, untouchable; hope sees me immovable

I see the invisible
Housed in the spirit
I see the invincible
The simple,
Just the simple ability
To push Everest with my pinkie
A gasp for fresh-air

I take off my helmet
For the fresh breeze that negate cordite
Take off my helmet
For the rising,
Shining
And smiling sun
The daring dawn
Of an unimaginable
Kiss of freedom;
The unmistakable
Patriotic love
As the cold-blooded snake sheds its skin
And
Poets begin to be
And
Poets begin to be
Poets

Karibu Ndane

(Welcome!)

The door is wide open
Like the mouth of a friendly shark
Your dreams are welcomed
Your mind flipping pages that long for your pen
Your fears and doubts
All thrown into the dirt-bin of life
Where they belong

This is the house of courage
The froth and bubble of the soul
Creativity is your CEO
The beginning of what was
The beginning of what is
The beginning of what was always present
A Poetry Society

The Raw Deal

Africans have been advised
To extend a kind hand
To shake an unwilling
Unfriendly
Invisible white hand
Africans have been advised
To hug
An unwilling
Unfriendly
Invisible thug

The thugs own all the land
Africans, not even a grain of sand

This Brand
Is called reconciliation
Befuddled Copywriters call it
“The rainbow nation!”

Legacy

The opulent let loose
Criminal
Oppressors across the sea of this revolution
Nimbly
Walking glorious on water;
This walk they started as toddlers with Nongqawuze;
Improved its swagger with Matanzima
And perfected this outrageous gait with Mandela!

Enter the Drakens

On entering the bull-ring of play:
Rugby explodes
Whilst football reposes
Like shy African bees entering the field of play

Stars hold little ones by a hand
Of encouragement as dear friends
And public-courtesy

My thinking stops here
I truly swear or fear
Rugby would drag the little ones
Into the field of play on the trot!

Denim

The devil
Is in
The detail
The detail
Is in
The town of De Nim
So is the history

Nudity

Poetry is beautiful by its very nature,

‘Coz, ‘tis naked;

Poetry is beautiful by its very nature,

When undressed;

Poetry is beautiful by its very

Nakedness, finds its rest.

Dakar

Dakar is the poetry of endurance

Dakar is physical;

Dakar is psychological;

Dakar is spiritual experience!

Dakar defies and defines the evolution

Of man, machine and technology

Dakar redefines the algorithm of

Tolerance, endurance, chance and determination

Dakar is the ability to shake hands

With death and live to tell it!

Dakar is the cauldron that forges friendship

I Remember

I remember fondly two of my mother's

Favourite

Beautiful dresses

One was prints of newspapers

That caressed her

Full with news

Captions

Titles

Stories

Scandals and topics

The other was high-wheeler bicycles

That cycled around her

Jealously

Penny Farthings, beautiful nothingness

A Middle Finger (To Evil)

When you snarl at me in anger
Not for the first time
For being myself

When you growl at me in rancour
Not for the first time
For being myself

It will, definitely be
My honour
My treat
My pleasure and delight

To annoy you

As I recoil from your unwarranted attention

Abantu

(For Rhonda Roland Shearer, the Ameri-Can)

The foundation of the founders,
Pillars and pinnacles of civilisation and civility

First Respondents

Sprinkled and spangled
By a single white supervisor
K-r; non-White; non-European; Bantu; Black;

African

Sprint

Always

They are the first to run to God
Oh they kneel at work and at prayer
Given historical and social rhyme and reason
“Hallelujah” and “Amen” are ideologies

They are the first at prayer

These jewels

The foundation of the founders,
Pillars and pinnacles of civilisation and civility

Essential Services

Sprinkled and spangled

By a single white owner

K-r; non-White; non-European; Bantu; Black;

African

Marathon runners

Always

They are the first servants to praise God

Knees calloused by repeated kneeling,

Repetition and prayer

Given educational discrepancy and disparity as reason

“Halleluiah” and “Amen” are ideologies

From God’s Most Valuable Prayers

These pearls

All cast before societal swine,

Enforcers of economic ignominy!

God bless you all, you are the best of humanity!

A poem’s continuum is never complete

A poem is never complete

Please continue the poetry with your wonderful work!

uMatjingilane e-Golgotha

(The security-guard in Golgotha)

Every time
I was touched with barbed smelly hands
Tortured
I'd see the *national* flag flap and flutter
Timidly
In tattered black
In threadbare green
And
In frayed gold
Shattered

The splintered mast was bleeding too
And
I knew then
That this filthy flag will never ever fly in SA

Every time
I was touched with prodding prickly hands
Tortured

I'd see the *national* flag flap and flutter
Timidly
im-Bhokodo
Guards wore twisted black masks of hatred
im-Bhokodo
Guards wore warped green masks of cruelty
im-Bhokodo
Guards wore fake gold masks of treachery
Battered

The splintered mast was bleeding too
And
Then I knew
That this blood-soaked *black, green and gold flag* has broken
wings
And
The ocean of blood will never clot from Quatro to Marikana

The tattered
African votes wields no power
The land is threadbare
Battered
African
Pockets, wallets, purses and accounts empty,
Devoid of gold

Time

There comes an occasion
In the life of a nation
To decide to continue
To be fooled by rulers
Or continue
To be ruled by fools

Or
Assert yourselves,
For Goodness' sake
'Tis called Self-Determination!

Bloody

Everything about them is bloody

Drips

The bloody

Fools

Who are bloody

Stupid

Who are bloody

Violent

Bloody wasteful

Bungling,

Bloody idiots

In the Republic of South-Africa,

That is a convivial quality

To

Bloody govern!

Wilful Ignorance

What truth

Sounds like

What truth

Tastes like

What truth

Feels like

What truth

Looks like

What truth

Would be like

What truth

Was like

What truth should be like

That they know not

Take a Knee

(For Collin Kaepernick)

Collin Kap

I love your afro my dear maestro

Every strand of it

I love your football

I love your brains

Above everything, I love your philosophy

Every bit of it

Black lives matter

Human life matters

Black lives really do matter

That's the matter

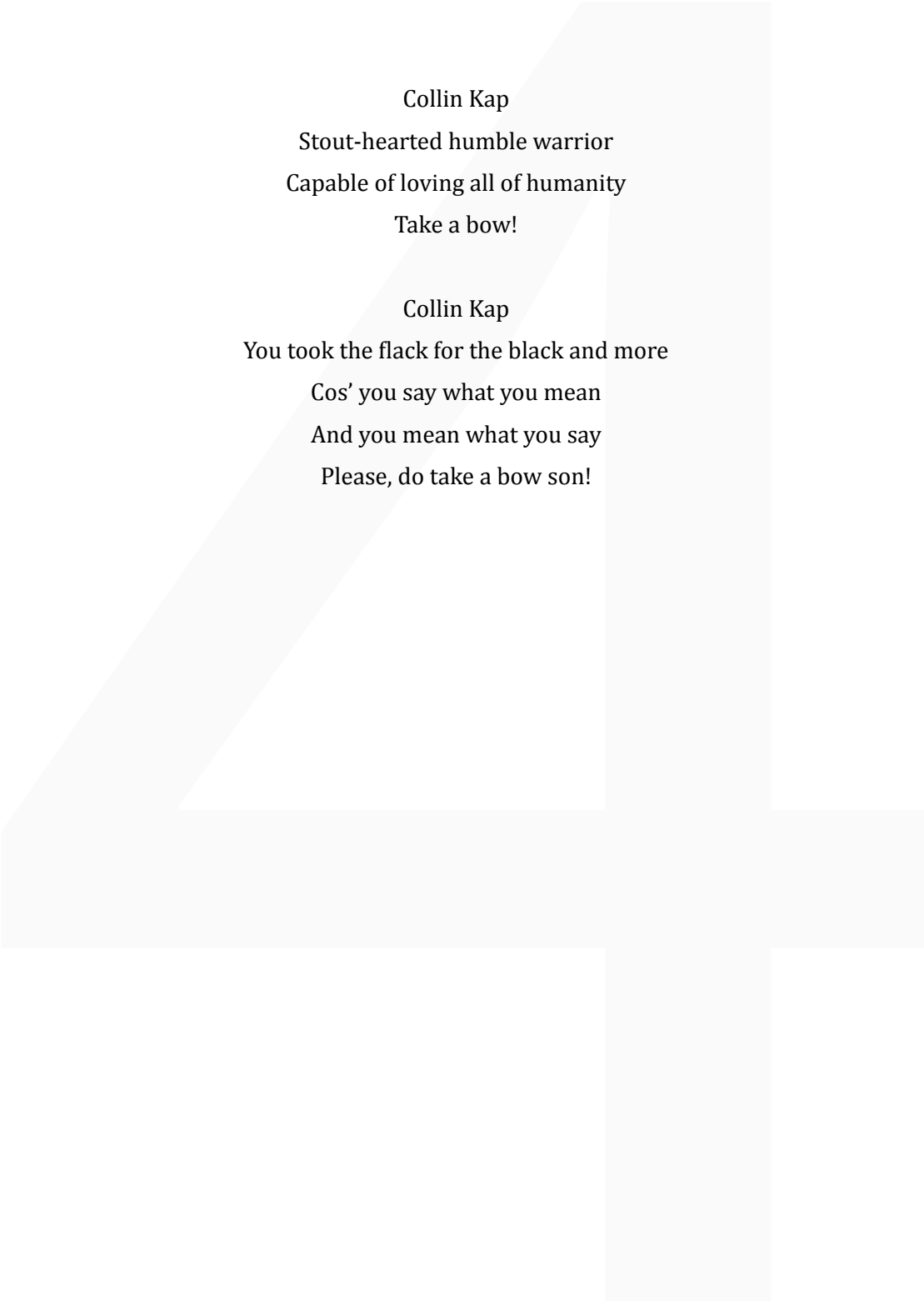
A woman may be as brave as a lion

You are as brave as a mother

You are well-brought up

Undaunted by societal vanity

Thank you No. 7



Collin Kap
Stout-hearted humble warrior
Capable of loving all of humanity
Take a bow!

Collin Kap
You took the flack for the black and more
Cos' you say what you mean
And you mean what you say
Please, do take a bow son!

Basking

Any artist can bask
And spray and sprinkle aesthetics
Like dust
And colourful confetti

The guitarist
The vocalist
The cellist
And double-bass player
Strum their notes
That float
Lazily

Languorously
Like flakes on the boat
Of aesthetic pleasure

Thus picking up a dollar
Or a pound-sterling
What about the poet?

That depends on the sophistication of the audience!

The Smith

The smith

Is a poet

That handles physics and chemistry like a mathematician

That writes with the fury of the fire

And a hammer

In heavy leather

Heavy labour aprons

The poet

Wields a quill, a pen, blue or black liquid and QWERTY

With a questionable questioning mind

Inflicts wounds

With words

Wielded as swift swords

The smith

moulds the billet- design into a blade

Through-

Out

Using violence

And patience
Thro'
Pounding and pummelling
The milk of human creativity
Thro" the searing heat
And
Pressure;


Whilst

The sophistication of poetry
Dictates subtlety
Madness that's unmad
Violent use of poetic tools
The twits of the tongue
Culture, historiography
And
Pressure
To burst open a social abscess

Limit-state

Those
Who classified
And codified
Disciplines
And disciples
Put paltry poetry aside
Detached from science

Little realising that
Astronomy
Physics
Astrophysics
Specialised-surgeries
Digital technologies
Movement
Doctrines and philosophies



Chemistry
Calculations
The calculus
Are all
A living organism summed-up
As
Poetry

The Good Poet

A good poet
Does not
Go with the flow
Or
Float
With crude fashion
Flowing with the wind like smoke
Confronts
Questions
Re-shapes
And
Re-architectures!

Re-fashions!

Fashion
May stem from cultural experiences
Tradition
Or

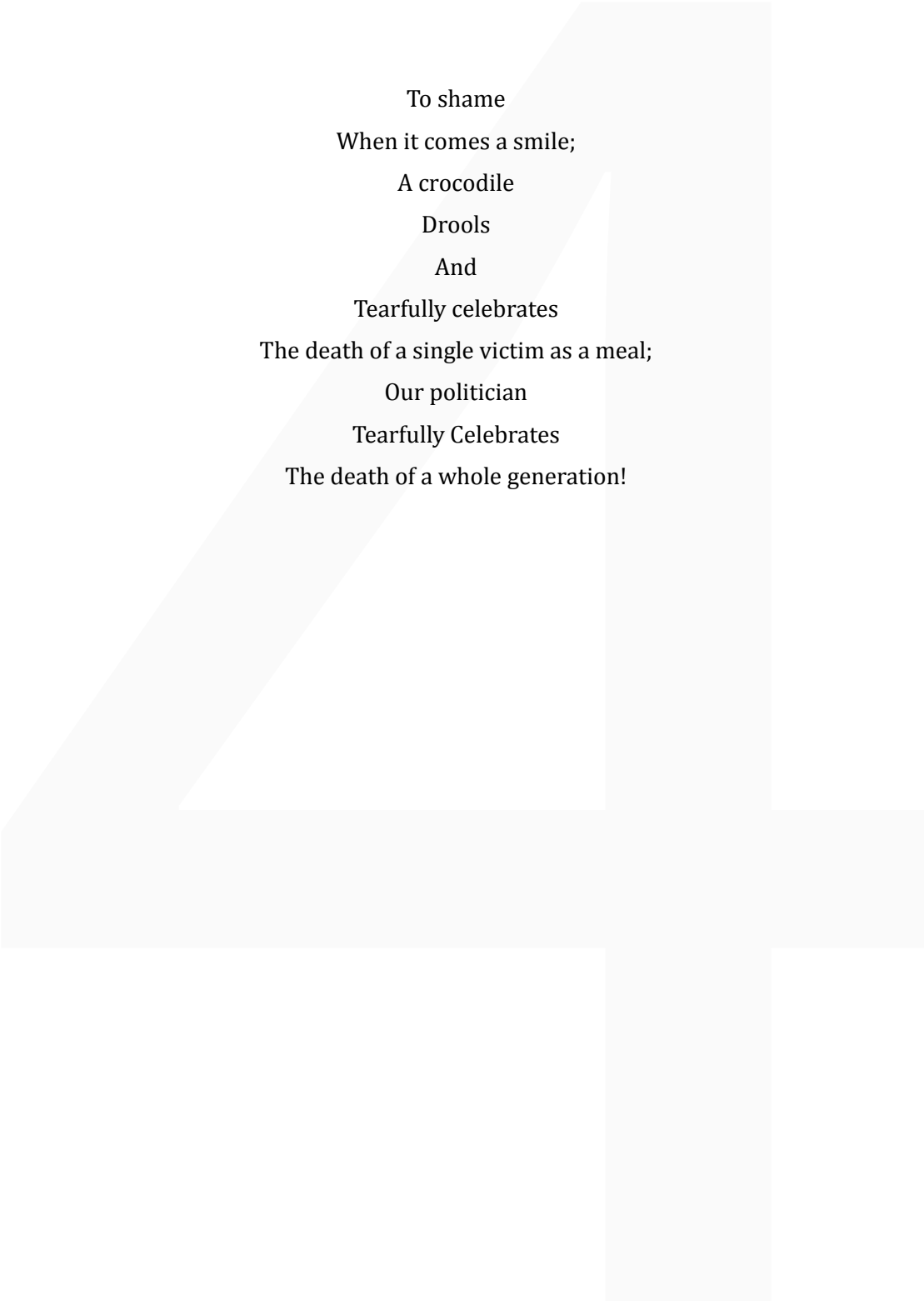
History
Or
The lying mouth of a politician

A true bard
Does not
Echo ideological lies
Or
Smile
At the portentous pretentiousness of a propagandist!
Or
Parrot a charismatic politician!

The quill of a poet
Is as harmless as lightning
And
It can kill
Or
Build or blow-up a challenge

A poet's pen
Is both a swift-sword
A specialist scalpel
And as much a trowel
As it is a hammer

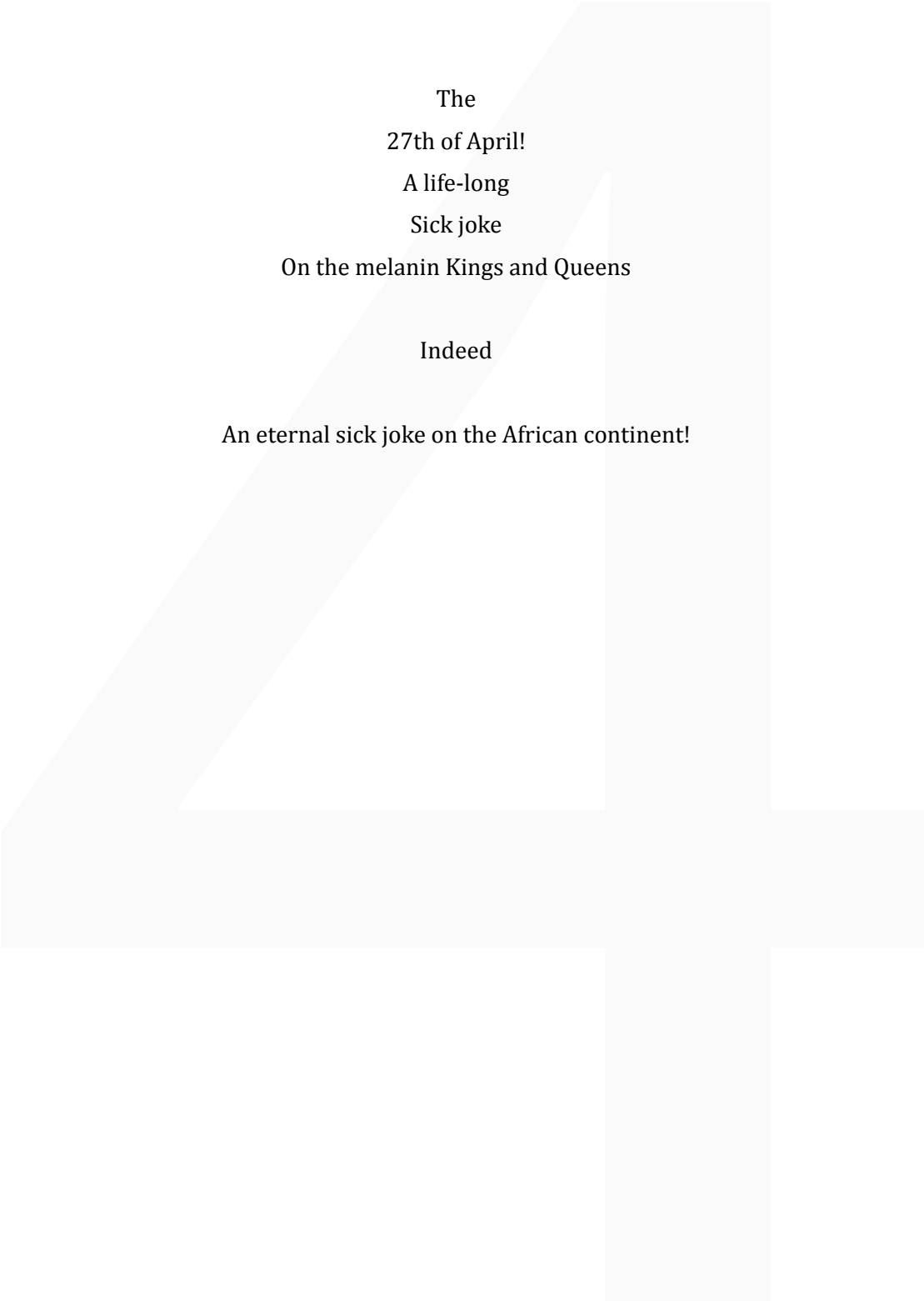
Our politician
Can put a crocodile



To shame
When it comes a smile;
A crocodile
Drools
And
Tearfully celebrates
The death of a single victim as a meal;
Our politician
Tearfully Celebrates
The death of a whole generation!

April Fool's Day

April Fools'
Day
Comes always
In April
So did
The National Trojan-Horse
Come in April!
Amidst
Fanfare from national political fools!
And communist ideological jesters
Amidst
Fanfare from national praise poets!
Celebrating
The National
April Fools' Day!
Cheered on by our enemies...
And
Black English Bishops!
On



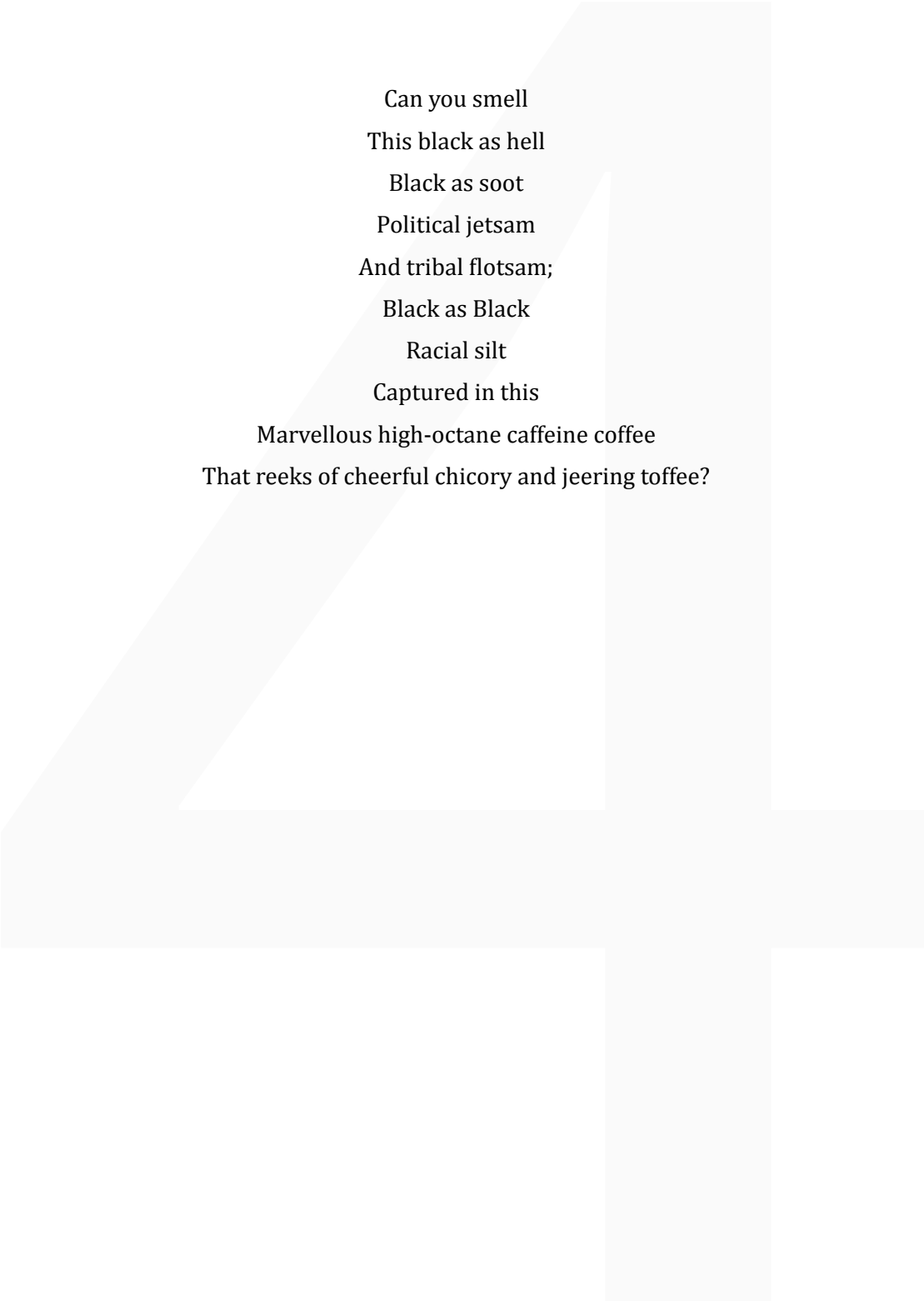
The
27th of April!
A life-long
Sick joke
On the melanin Kings and Queens

Indeed

An eternal sick joke on the African continent!

Yin-Yang

If
A fragrance
Thro' its brilliance
Can
Be named
Poetry;
Then,
Too
Then,
Too
My poetry
Out of its tinge of elegance
And a touch of arrogance;
Thro' its profundity
Stupidity
And grandiloquence
Marshals
Marvellous fragrance!



Can you smell
This black as hell
Black as soot
Political jetsam
And tribal flotsam;
Black as Black
Racial silt
Captured in this
Marvellous high-octane caffeine coffee
That reeks of cheerful chicory and jeering toffee?

Explanatory notes and translations

1. Often Pushy They Are, My Puffy Angels
The Charismatic movement is an interdenominational Christian renewal movement and is one of the most popular and fastest-growing forces within the Christian world today.
2. A Cat Without Grace
The 'green stone sculpture in London' is a reference to Piccadilly Street, London.
3. 'He Scattered Words Like Sparks of Fire' Mazisi Kunene
Mazisi Kunene was a South African poet best known for his translation of the epic Zulu poem Emperor Shaka the Great. While in exile from South Africa's apartheid regime, Kunene was an active supporter and organiser of the anti-apartheid movement in Europe and Africa.
uMagolwane are extremely small bugs, called mites, that can get under our skin. When they do, they cause itching and great discomfort.
4. A Tribute to Mme Miriam Makeba
Zenzile Miriam Makeba, nicknamed Mama Africa, was a South African singer, songwriter, actress and civil rights activist. She was associated with musical genres including Afropop, jazz and world music. She was an advocate against apartheid and white minority government in South Africa.
5. Every Grain of Soil Has a Story to Tell
Vilikazi Street in Soweto is where Nelson Mandela and Archbishop Tutu lived.
6. Story-Telling
Victoria Nonyamezelo Mxenge was a South African anti-apartheid activist. She was trained as a nurse and midwife, and later practised law.
Joe Nzingo Gqabi was an African National Congress (ANC) activist who was the ANC's chief representative in Zimbabwe at the time of his assassination by the South African Defence Force in Harare, Zimbabwe, in 1981.

Chris Hani was the leader of the South African Communist Party and chief of staff of uMkhonto we Sizwe, the armed wing of the ANC. He was a fierce opponent of the apartheid government, and was assassinated by Janusz Waluś, a Polish immigrant and sympathiser of the Conservative opposition, on 10 April 1993, during the unrest preceding the transition to democracy.

7. Reconciliation Day

Freedom Park is situated on Salvokop in Pretoria. It includes a memorial with a list of the names of those killed in the South African Wars, World War I, World War II as well as during the apartheid era.

8. Political Packages and Baggage

'Kaffirs' ('k-r' in later poems) is a derogatory term applied to African people by racists.

'Non-whites' is a term applied to African, Indian and coloured people during the apartheid era.

9. Heralding the Birth of an African Child

'Kgotso! Pula!' means Peace! Rain!

'Nala' means successful.

10. Izangoma

Izangoma is a witch doctor, healer or herbalist. They diagnose, prescribe and often perform rituals to heal a person physically, mentally, emotionally or spiritually. Izangoma may address all of these realms in the healing process, which usually involves divination, herbal medicine and specific customised rituals to cure illness and restore well-being.

'Vumane' bo!' is a term used by a witch doctor, healer or herbalist to ask their patients to agree or accept.

When a person consults Izangoma and is asked to agree or accept, their response would be 'Siya Vuma', meaning that they agree or accept what they have been told in the consultation.

11. Jaa-né!

'Heita!' is an urban and rural greeting used by South Africans; a cheery slang form of saying hello.

12. The Car Guard

'Timer or Grootie' is an old man.

Ubuntu means humanity; I am because you are.

13. Nomakhishi (Dead Man Walking)

'Hee-e-wena!' means not you.

14. Bantu Empowerment

'Umshini wami', also known as 'Awuleth' Umshini Wami', is an Nguni language struggle song formerly used by members of Umkhonto we Sizwe, the military wing of the African National Congress, during the struggle against apartheid in South Africa, with umshini (machine) allegedly referencing a machine gun.

'There comes the Alibama' is a popular traditional Afrikaans song and Cape jazz song.

Gaan-kak, met tiekie draai translates into 'Go shit – with a little twist'.

15. Sports Boycott

Evonne Fay Goolagong Cawley AC MBE is an Australian former world No. 1 tennis player. Goolagong was one of the world's leading players in the 1970s and early 1980s. At the age of 19, she won the French Open singles and the Australian Open doubles championships.

Jody David Scheckter is a South African business proprietor and former motor racing driver. He competed in Formula One from 1972 to 1980, winning the Drivers' Championship in 1979 with Ferrari.

Bobby Locke was a South African professional golfer. He is generally regarded as one of the greatest golfers of all time. He won the Open Championship four times and 15 PGA Tour events in total. In addition, he was a prolific tournament winner in South Africa, ultimately recording over 50 significant victories in his home country, including the South African Open nine times.

Gary James Player DMS, OIG is a South African retired professional golfer who is widely considered to be one of the greatest golfers of all time. During his career, Player won nine major championships on the regular tour and nine major championships on the Champions Tour.

(Biographies sourced from Wikipedia)

16. Hape/Futhi

'Hape/Futhi' means again.

17. Parliament is Burning

The fire severely damaged the new National Assembly building. Offices and the gymnasium in the old National Assembly building were destroyed, and some floors suffered water and smoke damage.

18. I am an African

In isiZulu, imbiza refers to natural herbs or any mixture of roots, bulbs and leaves used for medicinal purposes. In this sense, imbiza represents healing. The medicinal imbiza is used in a variety of ways but the purpose remains to heal individuals, families and communities.

Imphepho is valued by traditional medicine men in Africa who use it as a smudging herb to communicate with ancestors and calm evil spirits.

19. Act: I, Scene: I

Reverend Kenneth Moshoe is a South African evangelist, politician, reverend and teacher. He has been serving as the inaugural leader of the African Christian Democratic Party, a Christian democratic political party, since 1993. He became a Member of Parliament (MP) in 1994 and has since been re-elected five times. He is one of the longest-serving MPs. (Biography sourced from Wikipedia)

Con-Court refers to the Constitutional Court, South Africa's apex court.

20 Legacy

Nongqawuse was the Xhosa prophetess whose prophecies led to a millenarian movement that culminated in the Xhosa cattle-killings and the famine of 1856–1857, in present-day Eastern Cape.

Matanzima is a South African surname that may refer to George Matanzima (1918–2000), the leader of Transkei.

21. Enter the Drakens

'Drakens' is Dutch for dragons.

22. Abantu

'Abantu' means people.

Shearer is an American sculptor, scholar and journalist. She founded the nonprofit organisation Art Science Research Laboratory with her late husband Stephen Jay Gould.

23. uMatjingilane e-Golgotha

Imbokodo is an isiZulu word that means rock.

'Quatro' is a reference to the ANC detention camp in Angola known as Quatro (the number four in Portuguese).

A massacre took place at Marikana in the North West province on 16 August 2012 when police shooting at striking mineworkers resulted in 34 deaths and injury to 78 others.

24. Take a Knee

Colin Kaepernick is an American civil rights activist and football quarterback. He played for the San Francisco 49ers in the National Football League (NFL) for six seasons. In 2016, he knelt during the national anthem at the start of NFL games in protest against police brutality and racial inequality in the United States. (Biography sourced from Wikipedia)

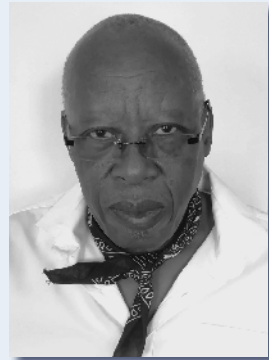
GEMS (1)

Don't be
Angry only with the world
But, with me
Too!
A poet never needs a reason to write!



'As I write for a friend and foe, the title Gems is appropriate to those who positively appreciate the work as Gems (precious stones!); and those that may/will be offended by the same, may they enjoy the Germs (bacteria). Therefore, the title is mainly Gems, whilst the Germs part is an afterthought out of the kindness of my heart! It is unsettling fun and challenging to always deal with the truth that one human's meat, fruit or vegetable may trigger allergies to someone else! It is just challenging therefore, to be the chef.

Be subjective. Choose your poison.'



Phillip Moloto



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