

'ON EXHAUSTION OVER A LACK OF UNDERSTANDING'

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I am tired
God Almighty, I am tired
of being told that we need to move on,
that we need to forget,
that we need to put the past behind us,
that Apartheid is over.

They don't understand.
We never will.
Our bodies are monuments of centuries of torture,
trauma
terror
these exist in us
we live it every day.
We built this country
slaves
whips at our backs –
The Man holding the whip did not build –
we built.

Apartheid is not over.
No magic TRC wand can bippity-boppity-boo! it away.
Our glass carriage is still a pumpkin,
rotting,
pulled by rats.
A polite revolution over tea and crumpets, good Sir,
'twas the order of the day.

When could we mourn?
When could we cry?
When could we scream
for our loved ones lost
our chances trampled on?
*Please Mastah Baas Meneer,
Asseblief,
Gee my 'n kans om te huil*

*vir my ma
en my pa
en my susters
en broers
gee my 'n kans om te huil.*

Let me stand up for myself
and for those who stood before me.
Let me march for myself
and for those who marched before me.
Let me call out *AMANDLA*
and raise my fist
and let me cry
after hundreds of years
let me cry.