

## UNTITLED

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It is a nickname your hatred gave to me  
Don't call me black stripping me of my autonomy to create my own identity  
Your ply is to architect my history and linages destiny  
Ravage my sanctity and sanity penetrating me psychologically  
Like those woman forced to embrace colonial tyranny  
In their wombs they breed the manifestation and condemnation  
You place on race and white supremacy call me, me!  
So if art was a spoken word my jaws would hurt  
My canvas would be burnt by candles  
I'd be an African child in dark days weeping to the skies praying for rain  
For all he knows are vacant spaces between his blood veins that remind him his history cannot stay  
The system aims to create wild rabid dogs, rabies babies  
Silent heart throb's Pinocchio's fake boys looking to their creator for theirs spoils  
My blood boils  
Cut yourself from these strings they don't support you they abort you in fake joys  
It is a nickname your hatred gave to me  
Don't call me black stripping me of my autonomy to create my own identity  
Call me, me!  
If art was a spoken word my jaws would hurt, my canvas would be burnt by candles I'd be an African child in  
dark days looking to the skies praying for rain  
For all he knows are vacant spaces between his blood veins that remind him his history cannot stay.  
Now we live in a world creating wild rapid silent heart throbs, rabies baby's heart throbs,  
Now cut the strings to that system coz they abort you in fake joys I see – men like Pinocchio's fake boys  
Looking to their creator for their spoils my blood boils.

If art was a spoken word my jaws would hurt, my canvas would be burnt by candles.  
I say It is a nick name your hatred gave to me.

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