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Poems

Sipho Sepamla

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Poems

Abstract

ALL VOICES BECOME HOARSE, TOUCH ME NOW

Sipho Sepamla

ALL VOICES BECOME HOARSE

Step by step
 we rise
 as the goldminers
 dig
 deeper and deeper
 moment to moment
 we live
 as the death-row
 inmates wait
 for the noose
 day by day
 politicians
 pontificate
 as freedom chants
 swell
 shrill voices
 abroad
 louder and louder
 come the demands
 as lower and lower
 descends
 the commandant's strident orders
order
 all voices become hoarse

TOUCH ME NOW

Touch my heart
 here where the beat pounds
 is it faint
 is it louder

Touch my face
here on the cheeks
is the tear drying on its own
is it flowing salted warmly

Touch my hands
here where a stone is enfolded in one
is it a hard rock
is it hot with waiting

Touch my brow
here where it meets its own madness
are the folds hardening
are they sweating out the anger

There's nowhere you can touch me
without the realisation that
I am not the person of yesterday
The fangs are bared for action

Mxolisi M. Nyezwa

POEMS AND PAPERS

but not for now
you sat, you looked thwarted
knowing what the moment meant
(at last hell has constricted
your soul too!)
you laugh, you dance no more
my good friend.