

## A MAN DIED

A Man Died  
the day the dum-dum bullets  
slugged into the unsuspecting backs  
of defenceless men and women  
in the scorching sun.

A Man Died  
at Sharpeville and in Langa  
when he saw black skin  
ripped apart and turn  
into rivulets of red  
which later  
coagulated  
into mounds of  
accusations  
dark and omin-  
ous.

A Man Died  
when those  
bullets cut  
through blue,  
black flesh  
opening it like  
ripe old pome-  
granates  
scattering red  
droplets  
all over the  
earth.

A Man Died  
long before the  
cancer  
slipped past his  
defences  
and started ea-  
ting up his  
lungs

A Man Died  
KUKUZA KU-  
KANXELE  
in the blood red  
sun

A Man Lived  
when the ululations  
and resounding "Ngawethu's"  
spelt out poignantly  
the certitude of freedom  
in the African sun.

A Man Lives  
His name was Mangaliso  
in the Southern sun  
KUKUZA KUKANXELE!!!\*  
KUKUZA KUKANXELE!!!

*Vernie A February*



*Mangaliso Robert Sobukwe.*

## When I Die

*(a poem Sobukwe might have writ-  
ten)*

When I die  
may my funeral (like my life) be pol-  
itical  
and serve the struggle  
may my people  
use my coffin as a platform  
to raise the banner

When I die  
may my body be  
used  
to awaken the  
indifferent and  
complacent tribe  
my eyes, to trace  
dreams and  
hopes  
shattered by in-  
justice  
my ears be used  
as drums  
to recall the cries  
of the dispos-  
sessed and  
downtrodden

When I die  
may fiery  
speeches and  
freedom songs  
replace passive  
hymns  
may the Green  
and Gold and  
Black  
fly at every  
mountain

May my loved  
ones take up the  
torch  
and destroy the  
lies

written into our history  
so that a new Brotherhood may  
emerge  
to embrace our land

When I die  
may some poet  
write of the agony  
and deep pain  
that followed my days  
and the inhumanity  
of my captivity

*Muhammad Omarruddin*