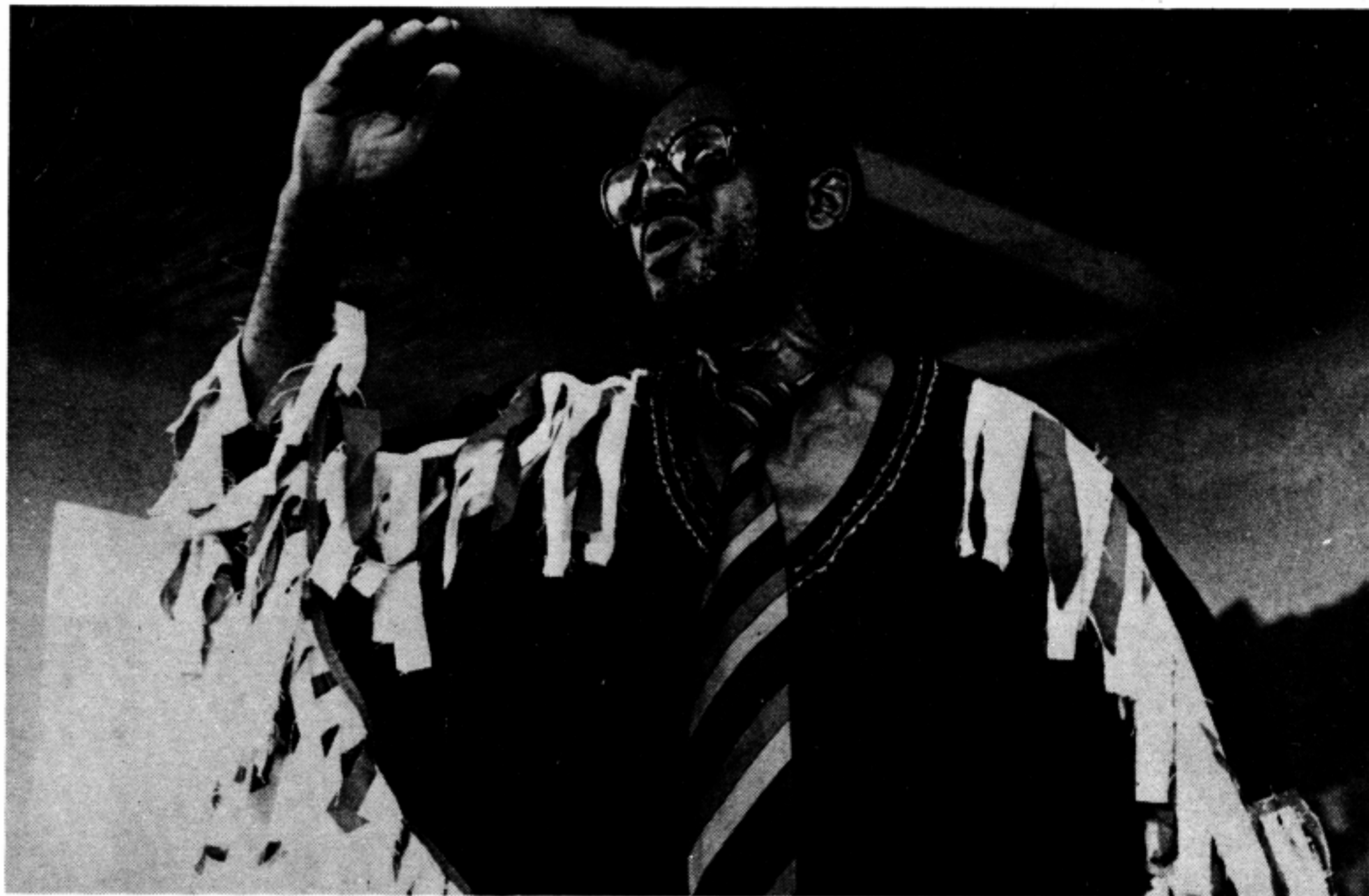


PRAISE POEM TO FOSATU

You, moving forest of Africa.
When I arrived the children were all crying,
These were the workers, industrial workers,
Discussing the problems that affect them in the industries they work for in Africa.
I saw one of them consoling others,
Wiping their tears from their eyes,
I saw wonders, 'cause even in his eyes the tears did flow.
Worker, about what is that cry Maye?
You are crying, but who is hassling you?
Escape into that forest, The black forest that the employers saw and ran for safety.
The workers saw it too 'It belongs to us', they said,
'Let us take refuge in it to be safe from our hunters.'

Deep into the forest they hid themselves and when they came out they were free from fear.
You are the hen with wide wings
That protects its chickens. Protect us too with those sacred wings of yours
That knoweth no discrimination.
Protect us too so that we gain wisdom.
Militant are your sons and daughters.
One wonders what kind of muti you sprinkle them with.
Sprinkle us too that we take after them and act likewise.
FOSATU has given birth His sons are spread all over Africa
Even overseas you find his sons:

FOSATU you are the lion that roared at Pretoria North,
With union offices everywhere.
Whilst walking, thinking about the workers' problems, I saw a fist flying across Dunlop's cheek.
Whilst Dunlop was still shivering,
Perhaps Bakers was asking 'What did my neighbour do that he is being hurt like that?'
I saw a combination of fists bombarding Bakers on his ribs,
until Dunlop was concerned,
He called the shop stewards and asked:
'Madoda, please tell us, Is MAWU now going to cause trouble at Bakers?'
'No, Banumzane.'
'Who is organising at Bakers?'
'Of course Sweet Food and Allied Workers Union.'
'But where does it come from?'
'From FOSATU.'
'This MAWU, where does it spring from?'
'Also from FOSATU.'
'Same constitution?'



WRITTEN BY ALFRED QABULA

'Yebo.
Same policy, same constitution, don't worry Jim, it's still another MAWU.'
Chakijana! Wake up and wear your clothes of power and wisdom.
Keep your gates closed FOSATU.
Because the workers' enemies are ambushing you.
They are looking for a hole to enter through in order to disband you.
Oh! We poor workers, dead we shall be if they succeed in so doing.
Close! Please close!
You are the mole that was seen by the bosses' impimpis coming slowly but surely towards the factories.
Fast ran the impimpis and reported to their bosses and said:
Baas, Baas, thina bukile lomvukuzane buya losayidi kalofekhtri kathina.'
'Yah, yah; What is the mvukuzane my boy, tell me, what is it?
Is it one of FOSATU's unions?
You are a good muntu.
Mina azi akhela wena 6 room house lapha lohoma-land kawena.
Thatha lo-machine gun, vala logates.
Skhathi wena buka lo-union bulala lo-union
Skhathi lo-union yena ngena lapha fekhtri kathina, amashares phelile.
Lo-union thatha yonke.'
Whilst still wondering what to do,
There came a messenger and said:
Better leave everything as it is,
'Cause the union is already holding a meeting with the workers in the canteen.
Not only here - there at Sasol as well.

FOSATU, we have chosen you to lead us.
Time and time again we have been electing leaders, Electing people whom we trusted,
Fellow people with whom we were born and grew up together.
People who knew all our sufferings,
Together with whom we were enslaved.
We had elected them because we believed they were a lamp to brighten our way to freedom.
But to our dismay,
After we had appointed them, we placed them on the top of the mountain, And they turned against us.
They brought impimpis into our midst to inflict sufferings upon us.
Some of us, those who were clever, were shot down to the dust with bullets.
Others were shut behind the walls of darkness.
Others opted for fleeing the land of their birth.
Is FOSATU also going to hug you with those warm hands?
His hands that know no racism?
Prayed we did to our Mvelinqangi,
Kneeled we did, and prayed to our ancestors and said:
We pray to you for a leader,
We pray to you for a leader.
Mvelinqangi and the ancestors have answered us,
And sent to us FOSATU!
Don't disappoint us FOSATU,
Don't sacrifice us to our adversaries,
To date your policy and your sons are commendable,
We don't know what to happen tomorrow.
Listen, I am a Sangoma,

You have come to me so that I tell all about you.
I have thrown my bones and called on my abalozi.
My bones and my abalozi are telling me this:
Yebo, you have good and handsome sons.
Also they are intelligent and quite healthy.
Good Mnumzane, I am writing you a letter to ask permission to use this ground.
We will be discussing and reporting to our members about all that we have achieved.
Here is the agenda so that you may know about what we are going to discuss.
There you are big man, your refusal is a challenge.
Get hold of him and pull him by the jacket.
Put him into the judgement box.
Come Senior Judge.
Judge against him for refusing us permission to use this ground.
Why do you refuse us permission to use this playground?
The old man said this and that and he was left disappointed because the Judge granted permission.
Don't play with fire, my boy, because you'll get burnt.
You are the metal locomotive that moves on top of other metals.
The metal that doesn't bend that was sent to the engineers but they couldn't bend it.
Teach us FOSATU about the past organisations before we came.
Tell us about their mistakes so that we may not fall foul of such mistakes.
Our hopes lie with you,

the Sambane that digs holes and sleeps in them, whereas others dig holes and leave them.
I say this because you teach a worker to know what his duties are in his organisation,
And what he is in the community.
Lead us FOSATU to where we are eager to go.
Even in parliament you shall be our representative.
Go and represent us because you are our Moses - through your leadership we shall reach our Canaan.
They call you the disruptor because you disrupted the employers at their own meeting.
Because you man of old, asked a question:
'Did you consider the workers?'
Have you really planned about FOSATU, the workers' representative?'
No!
Well then we can't continue because FOSATU doesn't laugh when they see something that makes workers look laughable.
The meeting was disrupted.
All that remained behind was beers, whiskys, and disappointment.
The cakes and the cool-drinks were also disappointed.
Hero deal with them and throw them into the Red Sea.
Strangle them and don't let loose,
Until they tell the truth as to why they suck the workers' blood.
I am coming slowly and I am watching all that you are doing.
You're great FOSATU.
Bayethe!
Amandla kubasebenzi!