

The Victors of wars,
But then retreat.
The Builders of nests,
But then like an ant-eater
you then desert.
Heavy are your blows,
They leave the employers
unnerved.

On your side are your
brothers even at the New
Jerusalem
Let it be workers! they say,
The heaven above also
approves.

Ngudungudu, the woman
who married without any
lobolo,
Busy boiling foreigners'
pots,
Yet yours are lying cold.

The humble bride,
Affianced with the
bridegroom's consent.
Yet others are affianced
with their father's consent,
Even the Japanese have now
come to be your
bridegrooms,
So! Bride why entwined by
chains,
Instead of being entwined
with gold and silver like
others.

The Black mamba that
shelters in the songs,
Yet others shelter in the
trees.

Ancestors of Africa rejoice,
Here are the workers
coming like a flock of
locusts,
Here is the struggle,
Sikhumba and Mgonothi
are mesmerized,
Asking what species of old
mamba is this?

Dying and resurrecting like
a dangabane flower.
It was stabbed good and
proper during the day,
At Sydney Road right on
the premises,
To the delight of the
impimpis,
And the the delight of the
police.
There were echoes of
approval there on the TV at
Auckland Park saying:
Never again shall it move,
Never again shall it revive,
Never again shall it return,
Yet it was beginning to
tower with rage.

The old mamba that woke
up early in the morning at
St Anthony's,
On rising it was multi-
headed,
One of its heads was at
Mobeni,
Njakazi, the green calf of
MAWU, can bear me out,
Another of its heads was
at baQulusi land at
Ladysmith,
On rising it was burning like
fire.

Even Sikhumba - the
leather that overcomes the
tanners,
Sikhumba who knows no
race,
Who stabs an old man and
a young man alike,
Using the same spear.
Who stabs a man's bone,
Inflicting pain in the heart.
But he is now showing a
change of heart,
Let's sit down and talk, he
now says.

The spear that thundered at
dawn at St Anthony's,



A Praise Poem to the Dunlop workers written by Mi S'Dumo Hlatshwayo (above) who works at Dunlop Sports in Mobeni.

The spear that devoured the
father and the sons and the
daughters,
Then the men came
together,
Devouring them whilst
singing,
Yet the songs were just a
decoy.

Rife are the rumours,
That those who defied the
unity have sunk,
To the throbbing hearts of
employers.

You black buffalo,
Black yet with tasty meat,
The buffalo that turns the
foreigners' language into

confusion,
Today you're called a
Bantu,
Tomorrow you're called a
Communist,
Sometimes you're called a
Native.
Today again you're called
a foreigner,
Tomorrow again you're
called a Terrorist,
Sometimes you're called a
Plural,
Sometimes you're called an
Urban PURS.

You powerful black
buffalo,
Powerful with slippery
body,
The buffalo that pushed
men into the forest,

WORKERS AND TALKERS

**The labour cage is still locked
So, workers started taking stock**

**Whiteman is boss
For 300 years we are at a loss**

**He dreams, his might is right
But he forgets, RIGHTS is a greater might**

**Talking all the time did not help
Less wages, education, opportunities, and of oppression
did we yelp**

**We know we are Blacks
So better fast
Of Africa, the last
Get off our backs!**

Written by Jamalludien Hamdulay, Western Cape

The Black mamba rises again in victory

In bewilderment the police
stood with their mouths
open.

Rife are the rumours,
That those who defied
being pushed into the
forest,
In exile they are,
One Smit is in exile across
at the Bluff,
One Madinana is in exile
across the Umgeni river,
Both can bear me out.

Praise poets, messengers,
observers,
Run in all directions,
Stand on top of the
mountains,
Report to Botha at Pretoria,
Report to our heroes on the
island,
Report to the angels in your
prayers,
Say unto them - here is a
flood of workers,

The employers have done
what ought not to be.

Why tease the mamba in its
century old sleep?
The writing is on the wall,
No stone shall stand on top
of the other till eternity,
Tell them - the borrowed
must be given back,
Tell them - the chained
must be chained no more,
Tell them - these are the
dictates of the black
mamba,
The mamba that knows no
colour,
Tell them - these are the
workers demands,
By virtue of their birth
right,
By virtue of their struggle.

Dunlop workers I'm taking
my hat off
I'm bowing to you with
respect.

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