

Mother Patriot

June 16th, 1976 Soweto)

I saw yesterday
with sockets wet protruding
from a hollow shack a woman spread
into wilderness fists
teeth
to face death.
Skies hurled fires of doom
mountain mounds of poison
quaked shuddered
me you us
cloven-clumped to hang roots
hunched beards crawled away
toddlers
crept strode
nearer the form
to bring their budding
tomorrow now

What is this day, what was yesterday
shall tomorrow dawn to set for them?
Who ever prophesied this black cloud
this stiletto tear all of her here apart
how could mother-wife patriot human being woman
cow to the blanket of oblivion

how could. . . .

Death drops scarlet
on the barren earth
engraved onto younglings' palm words

"She must be avenged".

Rebecca Matlou

