

A BLACK CHRISTIAN'S QUANDARY

By Fr R. B. Fosker SDB

The Lord says: You must love
your neighbour as yourself —
and even the white-man boss
falls under this command.

Can I love my boss for his cast-off clothes
and his junk that I sometimes get;
while I hate myself
'cos my kids wear rags
and I drink and hope to forget?

Can I love that 'miesies'
in the shop where I pay
full price for my koffie en kaas;
while I hate myself
'cos I daren't complain
as I wait till she's served the baas?

Can I love those 'liberals'
in that English bank
who wouldn't use a non-white sign;
while I hate myself
'cos I know I'm afraid
to cross their invisible line?

Can I love that 'basie'
who calls me his 'boy'
as I carry his books home from school;
while I hate myself
'cos I'm scared to say:
I'm a grandpa, you poor young fool?

The Lord says: You must love
your neighbour as yourself —
but when will the white-man boss
let me *keep* that great command? □