

**“Weep not for me, but for yourselves and
for your children”**

THE DEATH OF STEVE BIKO: SEPTEMBER

by Vortex

Blossoms, as ever, burst in joy,
Colours and scents, the season's pride;
But the heart has gone out of the landscape
Since this one man died.

He spoke with pride and insight
That all men might be whole;
But now that he's been put to death
The land has lost its soul. □