

DISTRACTIONS

Rumble of Discontent: Do We Have a Common Goal

Indigenous restlessness, spears and naked antiquity.
 Rolling eyes of student tribes fighting the stars
 and moon with stones and weathered voices, hoarse and tired.
 Togetherness that is comforting, and with it, stagnation.
 Contrual Formal Speakers that bore into my brain.
 A calloused foot on a flywheel wetstone, student
 tribes with over, worthy to grind, yet they cannot feel it now.
 Like a movie, the character move, pose,
 and juxtapose in their prescribed roles of offence and offense.
 Termination in a hundred thousand voices
 that sound in a chorus of mosquitos by my ear.
 I hear it, disregard it, how can that help?
 The Incessant Sideshows that have many buds
 and lack fruition of thought...
 and now only the buzzing remains.
 I stand alone on a cliff, with duality of thought.
 I stand coupling with actions and ideas.
 I stand alone, oppose, a common goal...
 I am enclosed.
 The tremors shake me, points of view
 confuse me, and opinion make me laugh aloud.
 Fro the outside, looking in.

Observer



Woman, Yeah!

I am a woman, yeah
 caught up in the struggle to live an existence of equality
 to turn the past into the future and the present to nothingness
 and like you, searching for that semblance of joyous reality
 in a life seething with detentions and soul executions

I am a woman, yeah
 together we ride the train and rumble across gorges
 believing we know that if we do our best, the best should be due to us
 innocence offers no escape from the grinning shadows
 who have instilled in me the unconscious urge
 to look over my shoulder and wonder
 Am I being followed?

I am a woman, yeah
 I stand to ululate and shower victors with accolades
 yet my endeavors fall by the wadeside, not forgotten, just by the wayside
 each day the theme is new, the setting is different, the name is revolutionary
 but the pain is the same because the instrument of torture is the same
 it may not be the same bucket of water that I carried a lifetime ago
 but a bucket it is, agony it is.

I am a woman, yeah
 you could at least say 'THANKYOU!'

Nlisi - Ngunga