

Poetry Series

**Pheko Motaung**  
**- poems -**

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## Pheko Motaung(July 24 Year of the snake)

Hustler. Interested in all the religions of the world 'cause I think they're all probably telling mankind the truth. Interested in d of people who move their lips when they read, afraid of people who would kill a poem, abhors all a lover of the arts and s to marry a s the world peace and love and to learn from everybody.

## (africa Poems) Eagle Metaphor

Thou mighty troubadour of Heaven!  
Thou proud citizen of the lascivious sky!  
Invite me to thy fabulous palace of  
Thy unconstrained tax free haven where thou  
Dost soar free in the wild summer rain!

Pheko Motaung

## (africa Poems) The Beloved

She says the old ways are not for her  
She has turned her back on the old gods  
In the place of Mdalidephu she worships  
The cellphone and the flashy car and money  
She will not be seen dead admiring her old  
Black and white photographs taken with  
The rickety old Kodak camera  
She's a bar fly in the city now  
Her face is everywhere on the sites of  
The social networks  
She wants badly to be a celebrity  
She e-mail them all world wide she's hungry  
For friendship I hear someone warn  
FACEBOOK addict and TWITTER slave  
She has 'improved' a lot from the dirt covered  
Village girl from the kraal of Chief Mahapa  
Of Mokgotlong Of Moting Poso Of Ditaolaneng  
Behind her back she is ridiculed in the social  
Circles and they tell bawdy jokes about  
Her escapades at the back seats of other women's  
Husband's cars  
Back home we pray for her soul  
We ask the ancestors to protect her and forgive  
Her despite her treachery  
And we still write letters to her because  
We don't trust the cellphone and the other  
Marvels of technology that our children worship  
And we urge her to use the same technology  
To hit back and avenge her own enslavement  
At the hands of technology by using it to  
Benefit herself and others in a positive way  
But not to let it be her personal god  
And wherever you are child of my sister  
Don't sell your soul  
To the plastic culture of the city where  
You see the pretty women laugh  
But the smile is professional it lacks the warmth  
And the hard eyes clash with the grim smirk  
Do be careful with the smooth talkers of the city

The men there are not known for their will  
To charm a sweet vulnerable girl like  
You for free  
Their smile is worse than the iron ore  
Grin of the leopard and when they've won your confidence  
Who shudders at what they'll do  
To you when they surround you at midnight?

Pheko Motaung

## (africa Poems) I Wallow Alone In My Poverty

Do not come to haul  
Me out of my  
To end your own poverty  
Of the spirit.I wallow alone  
In my sea of poverty

Pheko Motaung

## (africa Poems) Nostalgia

The moon my darling!  
We meet under the moon  
So you kiss me here  
And the crazy moon winks  
Because in his own silent  
Way the moon is a staunch  
Supporter of the tidal  
Wave of our endless love  
But he gets irrational and  
Weeps every time when we  
Part without completing  
The ritual of kissing

And now you vanish!  
And when you go without  
Telling when you are  
Coming your love that I miss  
Bids me it's angry farewell  
The silhouette of your  
Shadow laughs sardonically  
The jealous African night  
And what pretends to be your  
Shadow combine and conspire  
To offer me no protection  
I have to find my way home  
Alone and I am scarred and  
The wild animals chase me  
I must sleep in a tree and  
Be the unwelcome guest of  
The unfriendly monkeys  
Who own the treetops  
I am ashamed of some of my  
Night time forays into the  
The night to beg you to love me  
I am the princess of Joloba  
Land but the way you treat me  
Is cruel it is as if I am  
A commoner to you who wants  
To usurp your love for nothing

You are not man enough  
To protect me from my pursuers  
The day has is here  
The hot African day of my bitter  
Memories is here again  
I am alone my love  
The moon is your new love  
Interest and you have decided  
To exile me out of your heart  
This bitter nostalgia tears my  
Woman's soul to pieces you don't  
Come to my bed and my sorrow  
Tastes like the dust on my  
Bed and life will not enter  
My room when you're not here

Pheko Motaung

## **(beauty Poems) In The Mountains...The Royal Eagle Spreads His Wings!**

In the mountains...the royal  
Eagle spreads his wings! And  
The brilliant sun shows the  
Majesty of his mighty talons!  
And the rest of the world stares in  
Stunned amazement and... applauds!  
Thunder rumbles in the far distance  
And lightening strikes on a clear sky  
And for his meal the golden eagle  
Snatches a bird in flight with fast  
Rapier like thrusts and the herd boys  
Rush to their homes and the calm and the  
Quiet of the peaceful forest is restored

Pheko Motaung

## (inspiration Poems) Distance Is Cruel To Us

You are the single most  
Important influence in my life  
Distance is cruel to us  
You are stuck in your gloom  
Laden tradition bound side  
You wake up from a bad dream  
Cold sweat savages your pillow  
The one who holds you in his  
Frosted hands is not me...  
Distance is cruel to us  
I am imprisoned in my tiny  
Potion of the world  
There is no rescue operation  
In sight  
The worm of my loneliness  
Is strangling my wish to see  
You to the logical conclusion  
Of death  
Let's be philosophical about  
The dire needs of our love  
And hope for the coming of  
The summer of the rains  
To cleanse our existence of  
The lingering doubt over our love  
And be certain that vast distances  
Will evaporate  
Eventually

Pheko Motaung

# (lonely Poems) To The Poets

(For my friends @ .)

Fellow poets!  
Colleagues!

Here's one of your own boss!  
Read some of his poems!  
And put him  
Out of his miseries!

In the universe of the poet  
It's so silent  
You can hear a pin drop!

Be swayed not  
By the hurly burly of life!  
Aloofness from the suffering  
Of the surly throng is the essence!

May solitude be your brother! Silence  
Be the middle name of your sister!  
You're alone when you write!

I, Ngaka Motaung!

I have sounded the war drums to a revolution!

Be brave my friends!  
Fear nothing and fear nobody!  
A tearjerker poet might as well  
Find another profession to kill their  
Talent with dull regular monotony!  
Listen to what your heart says!  
Believe in the power of your visionary imagination!  
And that exhausts the exclamation mark! !

Pheko Motaung

## (naughty Poems) A White Man Through And Through

The white man  
In the white house  
On the snowy side  
Of the white Pyrenees  
He is a white man's white  
Man through and through  
And over across the white  
Alps he is know as  
A white man through and through  
He reads a white book called  
White once lived  
In a house called The White House  
Though not dead yet  
His ghost has stepped ahead of him  
It is there haunting White Street  
He has sent for his best cook  
In Africa to come on over and  
Cook porridge for him made from  
White Star maize meal  
The white antacid pills he chews  
Have left his mouth perpetually white  
He raises white chickens that  
He threatens with cookery if  
They don't lay white eggs  
He is the famous white sodium  
Bicarbonate addict's addict  
His wish in his last years on earth  
Is to have his name etched in  
The history books to rhyme with  
Terreblanche which means white earth  
The name of his horse is Wit Ligstraal  
Which means White Lightning in the  
The White odd white naming system  
He is a white man through and through  
He wears size sixty three boots  
His wife wears the white dress of  
Ceremonial suffering in silence  
The last time somebody saw him  
It is rumored he had sixty four children

None of whom looked like him as  
They retreated into the white snow  
Of the Tora Bora Mountains  
They were covered in bitter frost and  
They were hungry and their fingers  
Could not be saved on the guns where  
The frost bite had clued them  
They are a sorry bunch at the kindergarten  
Run by the revenge seeking mullahs  
Lo unto the missing children of George  
Walker Bush.If they should be caught  
Alive by Al Qaeda

Pheko Motaung

## (naughty Poems) Unto Myself

Unto myself

I promise myself that I will  
Love my fellow humans irrespective  
Of gender or race

Unto myself

I am open unto myself and I tell  
My soul that God is dearest  
To me above all

Unto myself

I stand here to confess to myself  
That I will always tell the Truth  
And I will be Honest with the rich  
And the powerful and the meek and  
The poor whenever they decide  
To deal Honestly and Justly with me

Unto myself

I say my soul  
And my spirit  
And my heart  
Judge me justly and punish me fairly  
And accordingly if I transgress any  
Of these rules I draw before God

Unto myself

For my personal evaluation

Pheko Motaung

# A Boy Laughs In The Rain

A boy laughs in the rain  
How I envy him!  
He is free and he is  
Uncorrupted by the world  
The birds flap their wings  
And compose a rousing  
Melody to honor the beauty  
Of his youthful charm  
A boy laughs in the rain  
Because he has found his  
Mother and out of the  
Caricature she has turned  
Herself into he made her  
A model parent in his own  
Free wheeling child' spirit  
And he wants to enjoy the  
Fruits of his newfound  
Freedom like the  
Boys on the skateboards  
Like the foreigners who  
Know more than his  
Teachers about his country  
Like the mysterious mister  
Mannenberg the collector  
Of stones and rocks  
A boy laughs in the rain  
Because his father has tired  
Of his wanderings in the low  
Lifes of wherever and he  
Takes his parents by the  
Hand and he offers  
Himself to be sacrificed  
As the symbol of their  
Reconciliation and he  
Is free to go to the playgrounds  
Of the world and claim  
His freedom like Mamele  
The ever smiling whale crier  
Like the widower who boasts

About the achievements of  
His son although the naughty  
Who know will tell you with a  
Mischievous glint in their eyes  
That all that is a day dream  
Like the workers who miss  
The women they met in every  
City in the country  
A boy laughs because the  
The rainclouds have vanished  
And the birds who welcome  
The summer share his mirth  
And nature shows the world  
Her clean pair of hands and  
Faults the birds and the child not

Pheko Motaung

# A Touch Of Haiku

1.

Rich man!  
Kiss me like this-  
White moon gloating

2.

My love  
You're gone now I hide  
In a spider web

3.

Hail! Hail!  
Little boy it's time-  
Hare asleep on tiny leaf

4.

What  
Were they doing there? Bird  
Spits on erotic lingerie

5.

This is  
A secret daddy may not know  
White hare lacks airtime

6.

He was here  
He came in the night-

Rabbit wags his tail

7.

Seeing nothing

And learning nothing-Master

Bat stumbles on

Pheko Motaung

# Again And Again

Again and again  
I must warn him again!  
She is married...

Pheko Motaung

# All Men Are The Same

All men are the same  
Seduce me wife  
Is dying to meet you

Pheko Motaung

# Balatedi Le Diketso Tsa Bona

Lefatshe le lehlohonolo hobane le na le ditiletile tsa balatedi ba batlang batho ba bang ba ruileng kapa ba hlomphehileng setjhabeng bao bona balatedi bana ba ka iphetolang balatedi ba bona.

Ho na le balatedi ba latelang batho batho ba bang hobane ba nahana hore batho ba bang ba balletse la wa motho ya jwalo ke ngwana ya hanang ho ya sekolong ya botswa ya reng 'Ke yeleng sekolong hobane moholwane wa ka o ke titjhere o badile ho feta matithere kaofela? '

Naha ena e kotsing ya ho buswa ke batho ba ipolelang hore mmuso o ba kolota tjhelete e sa tlaleng itjwetsang hore ditshebeletso tsa mmuso kaofela ke tsa bona le metswalle ya bona e seng tsa le basebetsi mmoho le nna re ntse re fuputsa sesosa sa taba ke bone ho hlokahala hore ke fane ka mohlala hobane balatedi ba mofuta ona re a ba fepa, re a ba apesa, neng neng ba tla re jwetsa hore re ba hlobudise re ba tentshe phela le bona re a ba tseba.

Hona mona hara rona ho nkgala lefotha la balatedi ba reng bona Modimo o ba file tokelo ya ho ba baokamedi ba maphelo a batho ba bang ba sebeditseng ka thata hore ba be seo ba leng sona kajeno lena la kajeno.

Ke lapile ke ya lebenkeleng ke il ithekela se yang ka ntse ke itsamayela ke itjella makwenyanyana a ka seterateng se seholo sa Mponeng ha ke re mahlo a mpona molatedi wa ka ya batlang ho ba mookamedi wa bophelo ba ka boo nna ke tsebang hore bo ntse bo theresela, boo nna monga bona ya tsebang hore ke nna feela ya ka lukisang mathata a mohlorsi wa ka ha a reke a kgathalle maikutlo a ka.

Mahlo a hae a ne a le mafubedu ke re ale makhubedu tlere ke ho itlhokisa boroko matsatsi a lekgolo ho bonahala hore ha a ya bohlotha motho enwa bosiu ha bo ile ba ba basa tshekge a ntse a nahana ka nna le hore a ka etsa jwang hore a laole bophelo ba ka hore a lukisa ba hae bo senang bokamoso.

A ema ka pelaka hara seterata a phamisa matsoho hore a nthibe ke se ke ka tshola tlhako qala nthwane ya bua le nna yare 'Twatwatwa! '

Ha a rialo moeka ke ha a ne a batla hore 'Edward''. 'Ha o sa shola o mpalehela ho tloha kajeno! 'Yare nkare ha o ka tseba ke batla jwang ho itlheka ke ikele sehlekelekeng se hole moo hkekeng ka pheta ke bona batho ba kang wena nkabe o sa bue le ho bua le nna sehata madikgwana ting empa Ramasedi modimo ya re kgalemang hore re se ke ra busetsa molamu sefateng a ntshebela are ke amohele hore le ba kang Mahlomafubedu eo le yena ke sebupuwa sa o a qala o iketsetsa ratase ka nna.

'Motswalle wa utlwile hore ha kgwedi e tlang e qala o tlabe o qala ho sebetsa mane kontrakeng ya Harrison And utlwile hore hape wena ka ha o jele buka ho feta monga kontraka ba tlo o lefa ha raro ho feta Harrison le mora wa hae! L nna ke batla hoja le na le leqheka ka bophelo ba hao.'Pelo ya ka ya qhetsa engwe

ya re ke bitse yare ke potlake ke late ditsotsi tsa seterateng sa ka ba tlo mmontsha ha pela di ha eka ke tla etsa ka moo pelo ya bobedi e mpoellang ka teng Tlatlamatjhola Modimo wa Mosotho a ntshebela ka tsebeng ya ka ya ka letona e neng e le yona e neng e sebetsa hantle are ke hopole dithuto tsa morena Mohlomi maloma morena kea hopola hore Mohlomi o itse (PEACE QUOTE BY MOHLOMI) KA BA KA LAJWA KE DITLHONG Mahlomafubedu yena a nna a tswela pele a mpoella merero ya hae ka nna a ka bona a ikotla sefuba ha a bona dikeledi tsa ka ha di wela fatshe ahla a hatella motho are'Ntho ya pele ha o fumana moputso wa hao wa pele ke batla ho tseba hore o kgotse tloha tsatsing leo karete ya hao ya bankeng e tla dula ho nna hobane wena o bapala ke o tshepe o nwa haholo etlare ha o se o tauwe o rekele malofa tla o rekela diovarolo tse tsheletseng hobane ha o one o fihla mona Thokokwana o ne o sa tsebe nka o dumelle hore ebe wena ya laolang tjhelete ya hao le bana ba hao, le mosadi wa hao; eo o e sebelletsang ka thata o tla bohlale ba o ratang ba sa tleng ho wena jwaloka nna ya o tsebang ha o kene mafureng ke re ba sa o lebaleng ha o kene hara tebetebe ya mathata, ba robalang robalang ka lephako le wena, ba tsohang le wena ha metswalle ya hao ya bohata e o furalla batho ba o kgathallang ba kang mosadi wa hao le bana ba hao bona ha ke batle hore ba o ntshe diatleng tsa ka.'

Ka utlwa madi a ka a utlwa ke tlallana ke kgalefo e ipolella hore setjhaba se tla ntshwarela hobane jwale ha ho ka moo nka etsang ke tlamehile ho tsholla fenethe sena senokwane se lekang ho nketsa lekgoba la ha ke re ke itukisetsa ho mo kgoromela ka utlwa letsoho la mmupi wa ka le mpholla mahetleng e ka Modimo wa rona maAfrika onkgopotsa hore ke hopole moo re tswang, eka o batla hore ke etse jwalo ka ntate Mandela ke tshwarele sera sa ka ke rute leloko le tlang molemo wa poelano bophelo bo nne bo hate butle bo tswela mohlorsisi wa ka a tona mahlo, a phamisa lentswe ha a bona hore ke makgatheng a ho inehela ke dumela hore bophelo ba ka kaofela bo taolong ya hae, a ntshupa ka monwana jwalo ka moahlodi e moholo lentswe la hae le tletse nyefolo are, 'O ne o re o tla fella kae thaka ka? Ke na le rekhoto ya diketso tsa hao tsa botlatlapi wena ya neng a etela Sadike le Ntontolo pele tsatsing lane ha le ne le utswa dipompong lebenkeleng la ntate Kheswa, o a hopola a kere? Hape o ne o le teng ditaeseng ha Ngaka le Satjene ba ne ba ja Lucky tjhelete ya Ntate o fumana o le molato qosong tsena o faena hore ha o qala mosebetsing kgwedding e tlang o e tlise ho nna kaofela ke tla bona hore ke o fa bokae hoseng jwalo ke tla phatlalatsa ditaba tsa hao kaofela ha ho na kgarebe le ha e le ngwe naheng ena e tla dumela ho nka ditshwantsho le o bodile ke ho itshunyaka diketsong tsa bonyofonyofo le bobodu.O lehlohonolo hobane nna a o qenehela ebile ha ke batle ho ja tjhelete ya beile seo ke se batlang re buisane.O a inehela kapa o reng? 'Mohopolo wa ka wa pele e ne e le o reng ke re a nqenehele a se ke a phatlalatsa ho fahla mmuso ha ka ka lehlabathe bongwaneng ba olo wa bobedi e le o reng ke re ke sa ilo fahla mokgoditswana a re ha ke qeta ke o tshela ka botlong ke mo

hase ka wona ke re a ka nna aya moo ke reng ke nka qeto ya ho latela  
mohopolo wa bobedi wa ho tsholla madi lentswe la Jehofa la nthiba la re ke bone  
mangeloi a basadi ba lekeishining ke bao ba tlile ho tla 'MaDiBlueEyes hwa mo  
shobashoba ka di aparo a mo tshwela ka sekgohelela ngwanana wa makeishining  
a ntsha faele ya motho kaofela o tlatlarietsa a bua ka moo mmohlorisi wa ka a  
batlwang ke batho

ba halefileng bao a ba nketseng ditjhele ka mokgwa wa boqhekanyetsi ka teng.A  
re oa baleha ho 'MaDiCurves hwa mo lahla fatshe a mo tula hlohong  
ka lefielo a ntse a re 'Ke ha kae ke o bolella hore o tlise tjhelete ya ka o  
nkolotang yona wena sefelekwane sa motho? Hobaneng o sa utlwe ha ke o  
bolella hore o se ke wa nna wa ngolla ngwaneso mangolonyana ka mepoleto o  
mobe o re o a mo rata yena a sa o rate? O batla ho mo senyeletsa lenyalo la ha e  
semaumau towe? '

A ntshireletsa jwalo Tlatlamatjholo wa rona wena ha ho ena le ntho eo  
kgathatsang moyeng Sibongile akere o ka nna wa kgutlela tumelong ya rona ya  
badimo ba rona ho na le hore o latele ditumelo tsa baditjhaba ba sa o batling  
kapa le wena o se o ipitsa Isaac, monna tumelo ya hao e reng Tumelo?

Pheko Motaung

# Book Of Tenderness 1. Act Of Selflessness

To the current crop  
Of the world's kings  
And presidents and  
Prime ministers  
In the name of God  
Simon of Cyrene when  
He saw Jesus  
Mobbed and whipped  
The odds  
Stacked against Him  
Left his shop in  
The market place  
and risked his life  
For the son of God  
Will Your Excellencies  
Come on board now  
And sacrifice your  
worldly wealth and  
Give up what you have  
amassed legally  
or illegally and  
Help the downtrodden  
of the earth and  
end this suffering  
In the world now?

Pheko Motaung

## Book Of The Calm 13. The Desert Dreamer

The desert dreamer comes  
Sailing out of a sea of  
A desert of rough sea sand  
And he carries a scar on his  
Dreamy face and he scowls down  
on me and I think to myself  
What an ugly being the desert  
Dreamer turns out to be! And  
That's when he turns his sandy  
Charm on me and I must rethink and  
Say what a magical being the  
Desert dreamer turns out to be!  
And that's when the desert  
Dreamer robs me of what  
He wants and deserts me with  
A moan that reverberates deep  
Into the heart of my arid soul

Pheko Motaung

# Childlike Similes

Childlike similes

I am like she cries

Love in the house dies

I am like he drinks

Peace in the house dies

Pheko Motaung

# Day After Day

Day after day  
I drink to forget  
The wars in my house  
The fallen man in the dust  
Denies that this is me

Pheko Motaung

# Despite My Love I Seem To Flicker In And Out Of Your Life

Like now you're wiser  
With bitter knowledge and  
Romantic dreams  
At your loving best you  
Love me like you're loving a god  
You tantalize me and you make  
Me feel wanted and desired  
Ah...Mabel! Mabel!  
The shadow of you looms  
Large over my feeble self  
At your worst you're  
The soundless slayer of my heart  
You give me the bits and the  
Pieces of your heart that I want  
You give me the morsels  
Of the numerous that the world  
Cannot offer me  
You break my heart and you make me  
Your little plaything  
Despite my love I seem to flicker  
In and out of your life  
End the one sided contest and  
Make me believe in you  
Show me a blade of your honesty  
And let me be the brilliant  
Star that shines in you heart

Pheko Motaung

# Dilemong Tse Lekgolo Tse Fitileng

Ikamahanye le ba se nang lonya  
Ba tla matlafatsang botho ba hao  
Ketsong tsa merusu o se ke wa bonwa,  
Maqonwaneng a ba ratang bosawana, o se  
Ke wa bonwa le ka panyo ya leihlo,  
Monko wa dinkio tsa bona o tshwana le  
Leqhwa la serame sa mariha mashano a  
Bona a kena masapong, ditshebo tsa batho  
Ba kang bao ha di ahe motse di a o heletsa  
Tsohle tsena ke tsa leihlo la nama, wena  
O bona ka pono ya moya, modimo o ikgethetse  
Wena, diketso tsa hao ke tse ratehang,  
Boitshwaro ba hao ke bo halalelang moratuwa  
etsi wa hao o ikgethile

Dilemong tse lekgolo tse fetileng ho ne ho sena ba ne ba sa tsebe ka ditokelo  
tsa bona tsa Platje o ne a lwanela ditokelo tsa rona baahi ba batho ba batsho ale  
mong.O ile a iketsa sehlabelo a tela bophelo ba hae hore nna le wena re phele ka  
bolukolohi moo ho se nang wena motjha o reng?  
Na o rata naha ya hao kapa o dula o tletleba o re naha ya hao e o kolota se  
itseng?  
Na o kgalemela diketso tsa bosinyi kapa o a di kgothalletsa?  
Na o hlompha ditokelo tsa ho phela kapa o ikwetlisetsa hoba mmolai ya  
hlometseng ka bazooka?  
Ha o ntse o inahana ere rona ba tsebang re o jwetse

Dilemong tse fetileng mose mane lekeitjhining le bitswang Mpho Le Mphonyana  
Machini ya neng a tsejwa haholo ka la Ramashano o ile a kena moo ho neng ho  
tshwerwe seboka se seholo sa mashodu a tummeng haholo lefatsheng ka ni o ile  
a kena ofising ya boingodiso ya boshodu a ikakgela hara mashodu a utswa  
selefounu ya morena wa o buwa leshano a thetsa mashodu are ho modula setulo  
wa mashodu 'Tshwarelo modula setulo le phutheho...mathata a se a tsa e ke o  
fumanang founung ya ka ore sekgakgatha sa mashodu se fetang mashodu a ke a  
bonang ka mona ka kerekeng ya dinokwane se kene bankeng ya ka ba ya  
tlameha ho ya tshwara disinyi tseo ke di bontshe tosa le madinyana a yona'. a  
rialo Machini yaba o kena neng morena wa mashodu a elellwa hore selefounu ya  
hae e nyametse.A kgoroha a famola dinko are ' Ha ke re Berry ya ka e nkilwe  
ke moshanyana yane ya qetang hotswa...o nkile founu ya ka! Phallang le mo

tshware le mo tlise ho nna a ntse a phela! Ha a ntsebe hantle! Le mmolelle le re a mpotse letsoho le letelele la tla mo ripitla nna Butinyana, ke tla mo tjhwatla mehlahare ena, ke tla mo roba dikgopong mona ha a no ntebala nna mora Makhose!

Ba tswa ba mmatla hohle empa ba se ke ba mo kgutlela ho morenq wa bona ba kakatletse matsoho ba re 'Re ne re mo tshwere re mo fasitse ka ngaka ya hae e mo phatsitse ka moriana o re ha re mo tshwara a lla sa a ntse a hihitsa la re lai! Fipha! Monga borikgwana bo sa mo lekaneng hantle awa, ngwana o shwele o bolailwe ke tladi-mothwana thokolosi ya ho ruuwa ke bo ngakana ha re re re a sheba a ke ha a tshotse tlhako tshwarele e hate ka maro tla leka ka mmatla re be re mo fumane ha feela ka re dumella hore re nke dithunya re mamole motho ka kulo a shwe pele boloi ba hae bo ka mo bolella hore re a ! A halefa sheba ka la Kaine a ba supa ka monwana are 'Dimaumau! Suthang pela mahlo pele ke le bitsetsa yang diotseotse ke tle le yena a tla mmontsha hore nna ke mang.O diha seriti sa profeshini ya g tla mo tlisa mona a phela kapa a shwele ke tla mo nyadisa le mosadi wa eo o tla ikgapela mohope wa tlholo wa koporo..'Ha e le Machini o ne a ipatile ka hara moqomo wa matlakala wa nkgono 'Madikonelo.A tswa ka hara moqomo a a geta a nka founu founela motswall wa hae a re 'Monna...ke geta ho beola leshodu le leng mona le tshajwang ke maponesa o louwe ditaba tsa ka ehlile ha di tsamae hantle mona lekeishining la Mpho Le Mphonyana.O se ke wa tla tla moo Machaeneng ha eba o ka mphumanela mosebetsi ola wa ka o kgetheileng oo tsebang.O ya rata ho thusa batho hona jwale ke ntse ke thusa ntate e mong ya nketsweng founu ya hae hore re tshware leshodu leno le tswileng taolong hakana.'

Bophelong ba hae kaofela Machini e ne e le motho ya phetseng ha bohloko esitana le ka tsatsi leo a tswetsweng ka lona mmae o ile a mo nka a mo lahlela ka thoko ho tsela a ntano ipha a o ile a ba lehlohonolo a bonwa ke mofeta tsela mme Mosamaria e eo ya molemo a mo nka a mo isa dikgutsaneng hore a hodiswe baokamedi ba dikgutsaneng ba bontsha ho loka ha bona hang feela ka panyo ya leihlo ha motho eo ya lukileng a se a nka ngwana ba mmeha pontsheng ya dira tsa hae ba re, ' ena le mma yona ntho mang ya tla mo kopa a mo nke a mo tlose mona dikgutsaneng a ikgudisetse yena..ya nang le sebete yena o tla ana ho kgona ho ja tjhelete ya bokgutsana ba ngwana se ba hlalefile ba re mo felehetseng a tsamaye aye kwana a holele diterateng.'Yaba ho eba jwalo Machini wa batho a holela diterateng a phela ka dijo tsa moqomong a sena batswadi a sena moo a robalang teng E LE THUUBE HA ena tsatsa.

E ne e le bosiu a ntse a phaolaka le diterata tsa lekeitjhini.E ne e le mariha le bile le kgetheha serame se kena masaong a Machini.A sheba lehodimo a howa ka lentswe le tletseng mohau are' Modimo wa ka o nkotlelang? Ke entseng hore ke furallwe ke mmupi wa ka? Ho sinyehile eng pakeng tsa lehodimo le modimo ya mpupileng ke tla fella kae nna nthwana batho? ' A sheba hohle la mo betlela

mahlo o qala ho utlwisisa hore lefatshe le matla ho feta motho wa lefatsheng.A ikokopetsa tlasa terone ya lefatshe a iqekisetsa a bua le lefatshe are, "Lefatshe ke kopa o ntshwarele ha eba ke o buile hampe.L wena o le lefatshe tjena kgale o hele.O nkutlwele bohloko le nna jwalo ka Jesu le wena a ile a o tshwarela dibe tsa hao' Empa lefatshe la thola le lehodimo la mo furalla.

Machini e ne e le mofutsana.O ne a rata tjhelete.O ne a kolota bo machonisa kaofela ba Kgauteng le ha a ntse a solla hara dirame a bona kereke ya ntate Zondo.A mathela teng hore a mpe a kene ka fenstere a robale ka hara ntlo ya modimo.A fihla fenstereng ya kereke a nka morallahadi wa lejwe a le betsya ya tjhwatleha a kena ka phaphangphadihadi ya lesoba la a se a kene a bona ditshwantsho tse pedi leboteng la letsohong le letona le tataisetsang motho tseleng ya toka a bona setshwantsho se setle sa Mariya Ya Senang Sekodi ya nang le moya wa lerato le qenehelano le kgotso esitana le ha a ntse a shebile setshwantsho seo sa mosadi wa lekgowa a tlelwa ke moya wa bodumedi.A makala a ema le monna matena a ipotsa dipotso tseo a sa kang a fumana dikarabo aya hodimo le tlase a ntse are hobane batho bao ho buwang ka bona bukeng tsa bodumedi e le ba basweu feela mehlaena? Rona batho batsho re ne re le kae ha modimo a etsa lefatshe na? A kgumama ka mangwele a neng a tletse diretse a ntsha dieta ha hlaha maoto a neng a tletse ditlhabela a rapela are, 'Wele. Mariya mma Jesu wele bohloko hle motho wa modimo! .Ke fositse ke fahlile mmuso ka moo ke tsamayang ke ba le halefetswe ke bo machonisa ba ngollang melaetsa founung ya ka ba ntshepisang ho nketsa dihaeya ha ke sa lefe mokitlana wa tjhelete e ngata eo ke sa tsebeng hore ke tla e nka tsongwa ke lekgotla le leholo la dinyewe molao o halefile hothwe ke tla hlola bophelo ba ka kaofela tjhankaneng ha ke sa hlahe kgotla ke tlo hlalosa hore ke ikemiseditse ho tla lefa tjhelete ya bana ba robedi bao ke ba hang batho ha ba mpatle ba ntlhohetse leshano le bomenemene ba e Mariya Ya Senang Sekodi ntjhafatsa pelo ya ka ke sokolohe ke be motle ke tsamaye tsohong le letona la to ka le bophelo bo sa feleng.'A ikopela jwalo ho sireletswa ke mo0dimo wa kgotdo Machini a ba a lla haholo hore lefatshe le lehodimo le phatlohe ka ha a qeta ho rapela ptjang a hae a bona setshwantsho sane sa motho e motsho eo fahleho sa hae se neng se tletse bokgopo, boqhekanyetsi le makgatheng a lefu.A se sheba moya o motle o tletseng lerato le mosa a utlwa o ntse o tswa pelong ya hanghang o a ema o kgorohela moo ka hara kereke a henyekolla jwalo ka lehlanya are, 'Ke batla tjhelete nna! Ditlatla tse tsa mona di ebihile kae tjhelete ya koleka? Ke tla bolaya modumedinyana nna ha ke sa fuane moo le behang tjhelete ya koleke na ebe le ya nkutlwa dilathalatha ting? 'O batlile o batlile aba a e fumana.A thaba leino la mathisa tsebe.'ke tla tsoha hoseng pele moruti Zondo le phutheho ya hae e ntenang ba ditlatla ke lefa la ba e le tjhelete ya bona ke ikgapetse yona ka maqiti aka.'A rialo a ikotla sefubeng Machini a nka sekgetjhana sa pampitshana fatshe a ngola tjena ka sekotwannanyana sa potloloto ya ileng a itswetsa ngwana e mong tjena ya seleng wa sekolo ya neng

are o mo ntsha bohlae ya neng a mo jella mona hobane a ne a badile ho mo feta a ngola a ngolla phuteho ya ntate Zondo are 'Ya nkuka! Ya mpeha! Ke sa ilo sola ke kgutla ke fumane le mpehetse e ngatanyana ho feta se jwalo ke tla le romella wa tsa lona nkeke di se ke ile, Salang hantle nkuka! Ya mpeha! '

A tsamaya Machini a tlatsitse mekotla ya borokgwe ba hae tjhelte eo a e tlatlapileng kereke e qoba levenkele la makula are ho mosadi e mong, 'Ba ya tenba, Nna ha ke reke diaparo tsa difongkong tsa Hong Kong o mpone mabebeza.'A kena levenkeleng la maNigeria a ithekela tsa theko e hodimo ha a ntse a itikanya a letsa molodi a re ho moNigeria, 'Ako se ke tshwana le morutehi le nna.'Ka thapama a kena dijazzeng a bua sekgowanyana a ha eba monate ba mo rorisa ba re 'Monna Machini...o se o le e mong wa feela o na le btjheloete.O re rekela e fela ohle o re batle ho sokola ka wena le wena o a tseba hore ho jw3ang.' A eja ya feela.E fla barutehi ba mo hlanohela ba mmolella hore a kgutlele ho dibothwa tseo a tswang ho tsona.A tsamaya le tseleng ho sena le motho ya batlangho mo kenya ka hara sepalangwa sa hae hobane mahlo a hae a neng a tletse tlala le moriri wa hae wa sehlotho lew ho nkgaha ha monate ha hae ka ha a ne a sa hlape di ne di tshosa a tsamaya matsatsi a leshome le metso supileng ho tloha Kgauteng Maboneng hoy a kae kae Ntswana-Tsatsi ho la Foreistata a ntse a honotha are'Ke tlaya ho ntate ke re Motimpana ngwaneso...ke a tseba hore o a o batle batho ba ree ke motswalle wa wele bohloko o ka mpha le ha e kaba bokhokhonyana...ho isang ka mpeng ruri mmuso wa mahodimo e tlabaa o ka ntumella hore ke robale ka hokohle le dikolobe tsa hao dibe tsa hao kaofela di tla eisi ya Kgosana-Ya-Kgotso e tlabaa ya hao.O tla hata feela tseleng e ka kgauta le silivera le mmira.O tla putswa o tla fuwa barwetsana ba mashome a supileng le metso e mmedi ebe balekani ba hao ba se nang ditokelo tsa bomme hobyona  
ba ke ke ba ba vouta hore o be monna wa bona.

Neng neng ha tadi e nyantha motho ya itseng ya neng a ena le leoto le le leng raoha a nka khateboto a ngola mantswe ana ka ditlhaku tse tenya tse kgolo:

PAPADI YA BOLO YA MAKGAOLA KGANG!  
BAFANA BAFANA E NKGISETSANA MAHAFI LE BRAZILI!  
MODIMO WA BOLO NALEDI T. MACHINI KE MOKAPOTENI!

MAKENO: DIRANTA TSE SEKETE SEKOLOKOTHO BOHLE

NAKO: HORA YA TADI HA E NYANTSHA KAJENO

HLOKOMELA! HA O SENA KGAREBE U SE KE WA TLA!  
O TLA BOLAIWA PHAFA HAO O ROBA MOLAO ONA

Ha a qetile raleotwana eo a kena tlong engwe a sheba ngwale ha e kgiba.

Pheko Motaung

# Do Not Take Me Home

Do not take me home  
Honey I am old enough to face  
The wrath of the world

Pheko Motaung

# Down The Empty Street

Down the empty street  
The frog dressed to thrill  
In fame or notoriety

Pheko Motaung

# Family Portrait

When I  
Remember  
How they  
Died this  
Ghetto that  
Produces  
Nothing  
But death  
Fills  
Itself  
With song  
And forgets  
That itself  
Is a victim  
Of a more  
Vicious and  
Subtle form  
Of oppression

Pheko Motaung

# Fear

You wake up and the fear  
That brings your slippers comes  
To haunt you in your coffee  
Wait and see  
The same morning fears will  
Wait for you in your shroud of death  
But let's stick to the fear  
Inspiring frightening fears of the now  
Lest we be accused of speculating  
About the unfounded fears of things we fear  
In our scarred over fertile imaginations  
For one thing you go to work and the hours  
Bring you into contact with the condemnation  
Of the non appreciation of your talents  
And you are afraid of the directors and the  
Managers down to the lowly cleaner who  
Encourages everybody to gang up against  
You and frighten you to death and that makes  
Him happy for you're the scape goat of everybody's  
Frustrated overt ambitions  
You go home and your knock on the door  
Is the fear inspired one that is not inspiring  
To your kids who are afraid of you because  
You are afraid to protect them and they are  
Scarred of mummy and her boyfriend who scares  
Them when they beat you up to a pulp  
You go to your house of prayer hoping for salvation  
And at the door you meet damnation in the form  
Of Evil writing your names in fearful awe inspiring  
Satanic letters and you decide to act like a good  
Patriotic citizens and you blow the whistle  
And your neighbors the nationalists come to  
Fight and protect the republic but soon your soaring  
Hopes give in to despair and the fear grips  
Your soul when you see that these people are  
Afraid of the corruption in government and you  
Yourself caves in when you realize too much power is  
Wielded by the dangerous well ensconced few



# Give Peace One More Chance

Give peace one more chance  
Conflict is afraid of love  
My other name is Peace  
Dialogue and reconciliation  
Those can heal the ailing world

Pheko Motaung

# Graveyards

Graveyards

The ghettoization...

Mother, your lonely

Grave is ready! Get

In!

Pheko Motaung

# Haiku

A knock...!

Gently opens the door-Grey dove  
lost in thought

Pheko Motaung

# Hard Times

My children are staring hunger in the face  
They're cursed be the hewers and the sewers of wood  
For the rest of their doomed lives  
They call any man who throws crumbs at them dad  
They run with the wrong crowd and they don't respect me  
The devils have left the ovens of hell and the hard times have decided  
To be the permanent sojourners of my house of hunger

My wife has three lovers  
One of them is the proud owner of a sleek Ferrari  
She says he is her minister of transport  
And he has bedded her in the five star hotels I dare not think about  
Mister Number Two is rich he can corrupt the soul of any politician  
My Suzie calls him her minister of finance  
She has ordered me to hide under the bed when he's around

My friends  
You must see my broken ribs and my torn lips  
You must not mess with my wife's young lover  
Be prepared to pay the medical bills if you still care about me  
Hard times mama  
They have left the recession of the poor neighborhoods to humiliate me

The boss is so inflexible you can plough the Sahara with him  
He has imposed the No Work No Pay statute of the unjust law book on me  
This is the non negotiable of non negotiables rule that applies to me alone  
Mine are the worst working conditions you'll find in this world, Sir  
Hard times my Lord-  
They're the ruin of me

Hard times  
The hard times  
The hard times they were there  
In the hour of my difficult birth  
These hard times killed my mama and my papa  
The hard times have have ruined my marriage  
Hard times are my children's sole inheritance  
The hard times they alone are responsible  
For my untimely demise

Pheko Motaung

# Here You Waited Too Long For Me To Love You

Here you waited too long  
For me to love you and you  
Could tell with your trained  
Eye that I was longing to be  
Held tight and be loved and  
Now you have taken my love  
You have fled back into  
Yourself the house is so  
Empty without your pervasive  
Presence and the presence  
That comes to glare at me in  
Sleep is like the tomb of your  
Ghost come back to haunt me and  
Make me regret why I refused to  
Acknowledge the lyric streak  
Of the lurid silent evil in you

Pheko Motaung

# Ho Tswa Botebong Ba Pelo Yaka

lebitso la hae ke kariso hothwe lebitso lena kariso ha le fetolelwa sesothong le bolela hore mosadi e motle ya- ya tsohile hobane hlohle moo sehlopha se yang teng karisa ke yeng ya hlahelang a apere mmala ya rona a bina dipina tsa rona tshohile hobane hotlwe o re nna ke- wa hae hape o re bosiu ha a robale o lora ka po ba mora karisang- -Monga sehlopha sena seo ke leng captain ho o jwale ka maobane o ntse a buwa mantswe a bohiko ha a kopang le mai ha se ha hao ha o a hirelwa hore o etse ka moo o ratang a utlwa-Ke mang ya o fileng tokelo ya hore o buwe ka moputso wa hao feta ba bang le ha ole captain - .O senya lebitso la feme le bolelletswe hore le seke la bua le ba dikoranta ntle le permission yaka - Jwale ke eng wena one wa matha wa ya buwa le baqolosi ba ditaba - O shebe metswamao ya hao, o hlokomele mehato ya hao, o kwale molomu wa hao ho seng jwalo o tla tshwana le tsebangnyana yane ya se nang bokamoso kajeno eo o nkileng sebaka sa hae korisang o buwa jwalo ka lenyalo a hatekella ditokelo tsa ka tsa botho a sa mphe monyetla ya hore ke arabe ebile o ntlohela ke eme le monna mateneng ke kgathatsehile haholo kgetlo laboraro pha se hlolwa papading ya boraro ka tatellano ke kena phaposing ya hotele ke utlwa ditlapa le puo tse mpe ka lebitso la ka ho tswa ho balatedi ba sehlopha di ne di utlwahala tsebeng tsa ka.

Pheko Motaung

# Ho Wa Le Ho Phahama Ha Lelapa La Thapelo Moshwadiba

Monna one a nkile hebehebehadi ya mokotlahadi wa mosole o boputswa bona bo kang ba masumu wa dithakong. A nyolohela diofising tsa kgolo tsa lefapha la mmuso leo a neng a le sebelletsa. A kgetha ofisi eo a e ratang. A kokota monyakong wa yona ka dikgoka. A kena a sa qeke a sa reke sefahleho, a sa bontshe hlompho. A hana le ho dumedisa. A kgaruma mosadi eo mosebetsing wa hae e neng e le ho lefa basebetsi are: 'Bona mona...wena ngwanana wa tjhelete yaka eo ke e sebeleditseng ka thata dilemo tsena kaofela o e kge ka sekotlolo se seholo o e tlatse ka hara mokotlana ona o be o o ka hana kapa wa nna wa tsila tsila ke tla o tlaleha yuniyoneng le kerekeng ya one etla ntwanela, modimo wa hao o tla o furalla, o tla fellwa ke mosebetsi, bana ba hao batla shwa ke tlala'.

wa batho ka ha a ne a utlwisa bohloko ke ditlhapa ka morabe le ho tshaba ho fellwa ke mosebetsi le ho otlwa ke modimo ka baka la dibe tsa basebeletsi ba mmuso a etsa seo ntate Ritjhete le Clementina le Dieketseng le Cathcart ya neng a tsejwa haholo ka la mabekebeke hobane batho ba ditenteng jwalo ka ba kgauteng ba ne ba sa bala, ba itjwetsitse hore ha motho a ka bala ho feta kereiti ya botshelela o tla hlanya.

Jwale a tsamaya a kena tekising Thapelo a se ke a kgutlela ha hae kgwedi tse ngata ngata. A nka tjhelete ya hae a rekela banana hoteleng ya Lekker Gesels majwala a lebana tu, ka motes wa ha baradi ba hae Girlie le Monika ba ne ba hlokahala kotsing ya koloi ha a ka aya ba pala.

Pheko Motaung

# House Of Hunger

May the new moon rise  
With a glow of love and pity  
On my little sister she has  
Served every man who scores the  
Lowest percentage on the scale of  
Moral uprightness in this town  
After twenty three years of  
Service they open her lips and  
Spew vile dirt in her mouth this  
Happens in full view of the moral  
Police in the House Of Hunger

My dirt poor brother he said  
He was going to find a better life  
And life for all I know taught him  
To live and love the high life of  
Moral decay and all by himself  
In the House Of Hunger but his  
Spirit longs to be fed the wine of  
Spiritual fulfilment if the House Of  
Hunger will let him get out alive

I was in church the other day and the  
Bishop refused to baptise me but the devil  
Lured me to The House Of Hunger and my  
Yearning to receive spiritual guidance ended  
In the den in The House Of Hunger

I am urging you go in the world and seek not  
To end the hunger pangs in your stomach  
Go to every House Of Hunger in the land and  
Tell your brothers and sisters to feed  
The soul and the spirit the right diet of  
Spiritual love and moral uprightness and my  
Mama's kids will come home much wiser

Pheko Motaung

# Hunger

Will you call me and  
Bring me close to you  
And thenceforth make me  
Your true live in lover  
You know my resources  
Are dwindling now  
And I must soon lose  
The care of the few friends  
I still have in the world  
And the world is hostile outside  
And their words are hurtful  
Of those who're waiting  
To pour scorn after scorn  
On me  
Will you show mercy  
On me  
As hunger drives me to you  
Will you let me eat  
From the dog's plate  
Outside as you remember  
The many mercies I showed you  
When you were friendless  
And stateless where  
Hunger haunted you in  
The refugee camps  
Will you whip me and  
Show me the door and  
Watch from the safety of  
Your house as the armies of  
The xenophobic mobs assault me  
Will you laugh as hunger drives me  
To their homes where I break  
Into their houses  
Will you point me out  
As the hungry thief who  
Disturbs their peace who  
Deserves to take a break  
Behind the bars where he will  
Stay to die of the wounds

of his hunger pangs

Pheko Motaung

# I Am Afraid Of Your Alcohol Fueled Mind

You used to be so  
Handsome  
All the girls in town  
Used to dream about you  
I thought you were sent  
To me by heaven above  
From a prince charming  
who used to steal their hearts  
Nobody wants to be seen  
With you because between you  
and the field mouse you would  
Lose the darn mismatch outright  
because you have donated  
Your good looks to alcohol  
And now you look like a frog  
Alcohol abuse has turned  
You into a mad mindless  
Sex machine monster  
Our daughters are not  
Safe when you're in the house  
Your hostile face is a battle  
field of gun shots  
and knife wounds  
Look it here mister drunkard  
I am not one of them  
Objects of pity women  
I am gonna take my children  
And live you in your vomit  
And your alcohol filled house  
Don't think I'm going  
To be the victim of your  
Alcohol binges driven rages  
I'm not gonna sit here and wait  
for you to murder me  
And my children and yourself  
Family murder is so rife in  
this alcohol ravaged neighborhood  
Don't expect my family to be  
dishonored among the statistics

I am afraid of  
Your alcohol fueled mind  
You came and your speech  
Was incoherent and you were  
Walking on wobbly legs  
Picture the shameful scene  
In front of the church  
People you screamed out loud  
And demanded from me  
Your sick conjugal rights  
I am afraid of  
Your alcohol fueled mind

There are three ugly possibilities  
That your mindless drunkenness  
Will lead you to  
The first  
Is the drunk possibility of  
ending in the hot slammer of jail  
The second  
Is when you will never sober  
Up in the loony mad house  
The most important which I wish for you  
Is when you  
Will go to your tomb in death never  
Having discovered who  
Stabbed you to death  
You have shamed me this much  
To the no forgiveness point  
Of no return merciless boiling anger

My far distant lover  
Come out of reserve  
Too long you have been  
Waiting in the wings  
I prefer to commit the sin  
Of adultery with you  
This guy has divorced me and  
Married himself off to the bottle  
And the shameful self degradation  
I prefer your amorous care secret lover

Rather than be  
The widow to alcoholism and foolishness  
Since you're pure and your great sin  
Is to be drunk with love

Pheko Motaung

# I Am Bent Double Loyal To Love You

My purest love  
I rejoice I am  
In the city of love  
God blessed  
You with me  
You are lucky my love  
I am a solid lover  
I am bent double loyal  
To love you  
I had to lay my life  
In the path of the  
Storm to win your love  
Had to brave  
The heat of the sizzling  
Summer and the chill  
Of the rough winter  
To be let in the  
Sanctuary of your tenderness  
Had to appease  
The tornado and dare  
The marauding whirlwind  
To talk in  
The proverbs of love to you  
Had to clone myself  
In the raging disguise  
Of the cyclone to weave  
My magic passion  
Into the flowing  
Stream of your love  
My purest love  
Accept me for I am  
The angel who wants  
To love you

Pheko Motaung

# I Bed Whom I Like

I bed whom I like  
Him who owns the car can stay  
The rest must go home

Pheko Motaung

# I Can See All Things

I can see all things  
The frog that jaywalks to town  
And I am blind

Pheko Motaung

# I Don't Want To Be Blamed

I want to stand next to your bed every night  
And sing the praises of your timeless beauty  
But I cannot because I don't want to be blamed  
And the city does not have time for weak men  
I want to kiss you in the middle of the busy  
Street and bring the traffic to a standstill  
But I cannot and I don't to be blamed because  
The law is against the public display of love  
I want to go where large crowds gather and weep  
Openly because I know you want to end this platonic  
Relationship but I cannot because they will blame  
Me and say I corrupt the morals of the youth

Pheko Motaung

# I Gave You Everything

I gave you everything  
Own my terrible losses  
And buy me the sky

Pheko Motaung

# I Have Money Now

I have money now  
And no more bosses for me  
My spirit is clean

Pheko Motaung

# I Know You Don'T Want Me Because You Want To Want Me

I know you don't want me  
Because you want to want me  
You don't want me because you're  
Sad that when we meet we talk about  
Other things and we're too shy to  
Admit that the feeling of mutual  
Admiration is guilty of making us  
Afraid of looking each other in  
The eye and we would rather talk about  
Other things that don't matter we  
Try without much success to hide  
The tenderness in our hearts and we  
Want to keep the lump of affection in  
Our souls under wraps though we know  
That it is threatening to burst into the  
Open and we'll be unable to control it  
Oh you want to want me because you have  
Finally admitted to yourself that I was  
Right all the time you want to want me because  
You cannot live a day to endure all the  
Hurt in my voice you want to want me  
Because you miss the sound of my feet coming  
To you when I come with the lame excuse to  
Ask you the childish question you want to  
Want me when I deliberately stay away from  
You when I tease you to see that I love you  
You want to want me because you want to confess  
That you love me and you want to allow me  
To hold you and marry you as the custom says

Pheko Motaung

# I Laugh When You Sing

I laugh when you sing  
For it is my unspoken  
Passion that you want

Pheko Motaung

# I Miss You

I miss you  
Deep and blue sea  
Life without a care

Pheko Motaung

# I Send You My Dreams

I send you my dreams  
And the gossip lines are abuzz  
The world loves my faults

Pheko Motaung

# I Was Wrong Then And Now

Men like me live on to be haunted by  
The crimes of their criminal conscience  
Old soldiers die because they are evil  
I declare. I was wrong then and now  
The sun does not set on the empire of crime  
Because it is founded on the bloodstains of  
Child molestation and gang rape by society  
I know that the honey of your  
Sassy love is virulent and cruel  
By Time's missives girl child  
I am not getting any younger  
The sun leads the troops in the  
Harvest of the solemn death threats  
That got my childhood friends hence  
I vow. I am too old to be your lover

The moon's heart bleeds because of our  
Crimes, the conscience of man is dead  
My old haunts are the themes of my shame  
They lionize me for the wrong reasons  
And abuse vulnerable little girls like you  
You wait for me tonight not knowing that  
Who I used to be deservedly died years ago  
You say you are old enough. I wish you kind  
Wisdoms, when the star shines on your life tell  
The world that you are wide awake and none  
Will corrupt you in the flower of your youth

Pheko Motaung

## If You Have The Time

If you have the time  
Pause  
And read what's  
Written on my tombstone  
I am  
The freedom fighter  
This generation  
Refuses to know about  
I am the fearless cadre  
That the pen pushers in the presidency  
Refuse to honor

If you have the time  
Do knock on what used to be the  
Horrorific structure of the thing  
That in it's heyday I called my house  
My comrades have turned it into  
A fine gambling den of vice  
My children come there to  
Learn under the trees  
My wife is their object of desire  
My father pops in now and then  
To cry like a baby there  
The skeleton of my mother lies hidden  
Under the filth that the drunkards  
Have strewn all over the place out  
Of respect for the dead

If you have the time  
Tell your children  
And their children's children  
My blood will water the tree  
Of their economic emancipation

If you have the time  
Tell the world that the corrupt rule  
Of the rats on the gravy train  
Is doomed to end long

Before Jesus comes  
If you have the time  
Tell everybody who wants to hear  
The plunderers of the public till too  
Will have their day in hell  
If you have the time  
Remember the martyrs  
Who died for you

Pheko Motaung

# In The Midnight Hour

In the midnight hour  
As my baby laughs in his arms  
I serenade my  
Wounded pride with a blistering  
Ode to a fallen king

Pheko Motaung

# In A Time Of Peace

In a time of peace  
You come to me when you know  
That I am alone again  
Who breaks the law when the moon  
Pleads guilty for our crime of love?

Pheko Motaung

# In His Darkest Hour

The mad man  
In his darkest hour  
Searches feverishly for  
The cannibalised man's uneaten skull

The gambler  
In his darkest hour  
Loses his wife and his house and his car  
Now what's he gonna do  
Me friends?

The politician  
In his darkest hour  
Knocks on the door of the brothel  
And comes out sans shirt sans trousers  
Sans dignity

A match made in heaven would be  
The gambler and the mad man combining forces  
The gambler then to trick the politician  
Into losing his life's savings  
The lunatic to run away into the bushes  
With the uneaten head of the politician  
In his darkest hour  
For the sake of joy to the world

Pheko Motaung

# In Honor Of Their Fallen Heroes

For peace to rule the world  
One man allows himself to be  
Insulted and crucified  
And the crucifiers of our age  
Abuse his name for profit  
And they say they do it in  
The name of their fallen heroes

It is alright young Michael  
Be a not cry

For peace to be the megastar of  
The world one man who has seen  
Enough starts a holy war to end  
The idol worship in the world  
And the lesser men of our times  
Misinterpret his philosophy and  
Love for their selfish gain they  
Say ad infinitum they do it  
In the name of their fallen heroes

For love to unite the world  
One man eats nothing for forty years  
And although hungry he brings pure  
Enlightenment to the relieved world  
And the trivial men of our times  
Commodify the enlightenment and they  
Sell it to the gullible world to corrupt  
Our friendship and that's why we fight

It is alright young Michael  
Do not seek revenge for the messengers of  
Peace and love and honor and justice  
Were no fans of the spilling of blood

They say they act dishonorably thus  
To honor their forefathers  
They say they act like criminals like that  
To honor their fatherland

They say they claim credit for these things  
To satisfy their egos and blood lust

They say they have a licence to kill  
And they show you the scalps to prove it  
They say they will carry on and kill  
Our profets in droves in your name  
While we stand and watch

Pheko Motaung

# In The Biting Cold

In the biting cold  
I miss the rare visit of  
The locust

Pheko Motaung

# In The Lonely House

In the lonely house  
She is forced to entertain  
The paying customers  
She prays that he will come  
Maybe next year...

Pheko Motaung

# In The Name Of Religion

In the name of religion  
Some are forced into the  
Disaster of refugees camps  
And those that they drive to  
Exile in the name of religion  
Are my brothers and sisters

In the name of religion  
From birth to birth  
They lie to us and they will  
Not hesitate to sell Jesus and  
God to us while all the time they  
Oppress us and our loved ones  
In the name of religion

In the name of religion  
Until each one of us is dead  
They jail our true leaders and  
And kill our brave sons and  
Daughters who resist their onslaught  
Who are not afraid of them and the  
Arrayed phalanx of their security forces

In the name of religious  
As corpses pile upon corpses  
They indoctrinate the gullible  
Among us and they sell their  
Propaganda to the least suspecting  
Of who will believe any lie so long  
As it is repeated countless times  
And the best of those who follow them  
Are the the best of my youthful friends

In the name of religion do not lock  
Yourself in the prison of your room and weep  
With God deciding to break ranks with  
Them we the oppressed of the world  
Will triumph and in the name of  
Religion among us will emerge many

Who will usher in a more just world  
Or we all perish to the pitiless sound  
Of the merciless hail of their bullets

Pheko Motaung

# In The Sad Street

In the sad street joy  
Comes when we see a frog  
Bathing in the nude

Pheko Motaung

# In The Star Studded Night

In the star studded night  
The cunning storm clouds  
Errupt and banish the night's  
Peace to gloom in the godless  
Depravity of the snarling sky

The screaming match of the storm  
Clouds is calmed by the sweetening  
Beauty of the dying cricket's lyric  
The limbless flowers march to doom  
The shamefaced mountains prepare in  
Haste to hide the carcasses of the  
Victims of the angry lightning strike

The guilty sky cannot hide his glee  
In the relentless desolation wreaked by  
Nature I am alerted to the staccato of  
The warnings of my former lovers I am  
Hounded by the lyricism of my loneliness

Pheko Motaung

# In Time Trouble

In time trouble  
Your kiss lingered too long  
I missed the train

Pheko Motaung

# In Your Hour Of Darkness

In your hour of darkness  
When anger wants you to end your  
Life and beg nothing from this life  
Remember how sweet it is that I love you

In the pages of your mind make my love the  
Butterfly that dreams about peace in the sea of  
The honey in your life. Make me stay when I  
Should practice to call my name

Pheko Motaung

# Joy Poems

Joy poems  
The best delusion-  
Seek joy in joy

Pheko Motaung

# Kings

Kings,  
Ruled empires  
Years ago, today  
Looted palaces and ruins  
Remain

Pheko Motaung

# Kiss Party For Some

Kiss party for some  
The frog sulks and wrecks the damn  
Thing because it sucks

Pheko Motaung

# Kodi-Ya-Malla Ya Molefi Le Matshidiso

Mokubung e ne e le ung wa ung o ne a ratwa ke bohlohadi le batho ba dikojwana mahetleng hobane o ne a ba thusa haholo ha tlala e hlasetse malapa a bona kapa ha legeme la ho hloka mesebetsi le ba odi bo boholo ba Makubung e ne e le ho ratana le banana ba banyane le ho iketsa motswalle wa bashanyana ba ung o ne a na le bara ba supileng le banana ba bana bana ba Mokubung Molefi e ne e le thatohatsi ya i e ne e le tjhakgolahadi tjena ya mohlankana. O ne a le sebete a sa tshabe motho a ipolella hore ntho e engwe le engwe eo a e batlang otlamehile ho e nka ka i o ne a ena le metswalle e leqhoko e ratang ntwala jwalo ka yena mme hohle moo ho ba neng ba tsamaya teng ho ne ho ung ha a ne ana le metswalle ena ya hae o ne a rata ho supa Molefi are hobona, 'Enwa mora wa ka Molefi ke yena mojalafa wa motlotlo haholo ka yena hobane le ha ke se ke iketse boyabatho o tla tshwara leruo hantle''

Matshidiso yena o ne a le motle ho feta Seilatsatsi wa e ha ho na mokete wa batjha o neng o ka phetahala Matshidiso ha a ne a le siyo. O ne o ka hlaha ka mona ke bo radipolotiki ka mona ke baruti ka mane ke barutehi...keafela ba ne ba tshepisa ho nyala Matshidiso o ne a tseba hore moya ya bona e mebe. A tseba hore puo tsa bona ke o ne a tseba hore ke bo meno masweu motho wa teng o bolaya a halefile Matshidiso o ne a sa tshabe ho toba motho a mo arabe are ho radipolotikinyana le barutinyana, 'Tloha mona wena ke ratana le ka ntena ka ditshepisonyana tsa hao tsa maka tsa jo ha a ka utlwa hore o ntse o ntena o tla o tshwara o tla o etsa tla phatloha bomo. O tla phinya.'

Dilemo tsa feta. A nna a tsofala le ho feta a ntse a tsofala a kula bokong Mokubung. A tshwara ke lefu la Congo le tshwarang batswadi ba bangata ba ratang ho hatella bana ba bona ba re ba tswale bana bona ba batla ditloholo.

Jwale thavene ya Jomo e ne e tletse tswete! Ho sena le moo motho a ka ne ho nyeunya jwalo ka leqhoko ba ne ba etsa ketso tsa hobelang ba ne ba nwang ba bang ba nwa ba bang ba tshwarang baki ba ne ba tshwara se nang di televishini ba ba shebelletse televishini ya nang le mathata a marato ba ne ba lwanela neng ba sa utlwane ka tlunng ba ne ba lukisa ditaba tsa malapa hona moo thaveneng ya e jwalo a ikakgela hara bona a bo jele etla a nyarela a sheba Mokubung ho tloha motsheo moo a neng a ipatile teng. A raoha tswabetla a ikisa ho Mokubung are, 'Ntate a tseba hore o thusa bahlohohadi le ba bolawang ke tlala malapeng a ditsotsi o tumme ka ho di lefella tjo tjo hore maponesa a se ke a di kwalla nna! Jo nna we! Ntate Mokubung! Ako ntjhebe hore nna ke sotleha jwang ntate Mokubung...

Nna bana ba ka ba ya sotleha!

Nna mosadi waka o nkilwe ke monna e mong!

Nna ke kopa o nkenye mosebetsing!

Nna ke batla o nketse ngwana wa hao!

Nna ke batla o mphe tjhelete ya ho ya ithutela boprofeta!

Nna ketla etsa toyi\_toyi ha o sa nkise lebollong!

Nna nna nna! '

Mokubung a ema a supa Tswabetla ka monwana are 'Le nna ke tenwa ke motho ya sa nahaneleng batho ba bang ya nahanelang yena feela! Nna nna ya eng? 'A botsa Mokubung ha ho kena thatohatsi ya hae Molefi o kene ka nako e qala bohloko ba boko ba leqheku ba ho qobella bana hore ba be le bana hobane batswadi ba batla ne ya thula tuu.O ne o ka utlwa nalete ha tsekema lehadima! Ntsu ya phahamisa mapheo letolo la phatlola lehodimo dikotwana tse pedi ha senyeha marung le lefatsheng le ka hare ka hara thavene ya Jomo. Mokubung a rora a bula molomu wa hae jowe-ntate a tlontlolla ngwana hara setjhaba are, 'Nna ngwanaka ha a tsebe ho etsa bana! Le jwetse kgaitsemi tsa lona tse reng Molefi ke ntata bana ba e bohloko ke hore nna ke tla shwa ke eso bone setloholo sa ka.'

La bua le sa kgathalle leqhekwana.A ntsha makunutu a lelapa motho diphiri tsa Bakubung tsa dula pepeneng a tlontlolla mora wa hae ka sehloho Molefi o tsamaya a tsotse pontsheng ka hara setjhaba.A tswa a tletse meokgo aparetswe ke lefifi la ditlhong a halefile a le seterateng a ntsha sethunya a thunya moyeng a sa natse le hore a ka nna a ntsha batho ba se nang molato fihla habo kgarebe e ngwe ya hae a rohaka mma ngwanana eo.A a kena ha ngwanabo wa matsibolo a mmolela hore a hlale mosadi eo wa hae wa Moswatsi hobane yena Molefi o a bona hore mosadi eo o tlile ho mo tswalla bana ba dihole ba ba ngata ba senang molemo.A teana le letahwa le leng le itswela kwana yare ha letawa leo la Modimo le mo kopa mollo hore le tjhese sakarete a le kgorohela a thonaka tshepe fatshe a le etsa dihaila ka yona a mo ntsha matoma a tshabehang.A tsosa e ngwe ya dikgarebe tsa hae tse ngata ka dikgoka aya le yena hae ka kgang ha a fihla ha habo mora Mokubung a kena ka phaposing eo a neng a robala ho yona tsosa mohatsae a mmolella hore a tswa dikobong a tswa a tsamaya ka moya o bohloko a tlontlolehile mosadi wa i a robala le ngwanana eo moalong wa mma bana ba hae.

Tswabetla a tsoha hoseng are, ' tlontlolla nna le Molefi hara batho ntate Mokubung nke ke re kgalo ka mane ho bontshane mohlong re ka nna ra isa Mokubung kgotla ra re o sentse mabitso a re re a re lefe hobane jwale seriti sa ka se wele le sa Molefi se le ba bedi re fetohile dilathalatha tsa ho tshehisa setjhabeng.'

O ile, o ile Tswabetla a ntse a phofa a ipona ana le tjhelete e ngata.

Ha a fihla habo Molefi ba re o qeta hotswa ha ba tsebe moo a ileng.

Tswabetla a thola qetellong are, 'Ke a hona le ntho e mm ngongorisang o rata ho ya mane lerakong la RDP e sa kang ya qetwa ho ahwa.A tsube matekwane aje

masapo a hlooho, a fuwe keletso ke ba fatshe, a bue le badimo ba hae.E re ke mo sale morao ntle le ho g sa ile.'

Ha a kena ka hara lerako la RDP Tswabetla a bona mohlolo.A kena hantle moo Molefi a neng a nkile lerapo hole bonahala hore o leka ho etla are ho Molefi, 'pele ka ho ke na le leqheka la ho thabisa ha o o pheme le ere ke o bolelle nna ya sa fetweng ke e ka mane ka Matamong ho na le le mosadi e la hae ke Matshidiso.O badile o ruruhile hlooho ke banna ba ka Matamong ba mo tshaba wena ke ya o tsebe.O Rabasadi re tsamaya o ferehe mosadi eo ha o qeta o mo nyale o bontshe ntatao hore wena o idiso ha e o kile a etsetsa monna e mong wa Lezolo bana ba leshome.O tla o tswalla bana ba o o tla o tla ja lefa lefa leo ntatao a tla o siela o reng monna? Na o ntse o batla ho tswela pele ka morero o wa hao wa ho ipolaya, ke tsebe, ke itlheke ke se ke ka o tena? '

'Ke batla ho phela nna! Ke ya mmatla mosadi re phalle re bitse ba bang...ha ho ka mokgwa o tla tla le yena a rata kapa a sa rate! wa ka o tla phahamisa seriti sa ka seo ntate a se dihileng ke ya tsa ka tse thabisitsweng ke mantswe a ntate maobane di tla swaba! 'A rialo Molefi yaba ba ya tswa ba kena ka hara i a mema baena ba hae ba tsheletseng le ba bang ba metswalle ya ya habo Matshidiso ba mo nka ka dikgoka ba tsamaya le yena.

Mokotjo a utlwa ka ho kwetelwa hwa Matshidiso.A halefa nkana ba ka Matamong ba tsamaya le ha ba fihla seterateng se seholo sa lekeishini ba teana le Molefi le batshehetsi ba kupa ha efela ya fela ba shwele kaofela bara ba jo kgutlela hae a le Matshidiso a thabile a ikgapetse tlhoho.

Mokubung a pata bara ba hae ka pelo e bohloko.A ba a shwa a e so bone setloholo sa hae seo a neng a se labalabela.

Pheko Motaung

# Let's Make Amends

The world is a house  
On fire of it's many  
Atrocities and hatreds  
Me and you my baby  
Let's make amends  
I forgive you your  
Transgressions against me  
You forget that I was  
Always disloyal to you

Let's make amends the world  
Around us will be less  
Hostile to our romance  
Let's make amends and trust  
Will feel at home in our house  
Let's make amends and accept  
Our neighbours for who they are  
And not for who we don't like  
Let's make amends and I  
Will be less hellbent on  
Not ever greeting you  
Let's make amends and you  
Will never again refuse to  
Listen to the song that  
Reminds you of me let's make  
Amends and kiss and admit that  
We are born and bound and  
Blessed tight to love each other

The world is a grave of  
Bitter recremations  
You whom I love in the age  
Ravaged by disputes and rage  
Let's make amends and save the  
World against itself for the  
Next world to inherit another  
Safe and more secure world



## Little Haiku

Engrossed in thought...  
Vigorously the May dove-  
Annotates my poems!

Pheko Motaung

# Lonesome Whittles

Lonesome whittles  
The evil voice she wishes  
Not to hear again is  
That of her lover promising  
Never to speak to her again

Pheko Motaung

# Love In The Age Of Globalisation

I am always available  
To, drink your love potion that  
You prepare with meticulous  
Care in the age of globalisation

I am willing to love you  
In the age of encroaching globalisation  
If it's not mixed with frozen methane  
In the age of vast globalisation

Let, me love you as I promised  
In the age of rampant globalisation

The global vilage will applaud us  
Because they are talking machines  
And may lady luck bless our love  
If she wants to maintain cordial  
Relations with you and our friends  
In the age of globalisation

Pheko Motaung

# Make It Your Only Duty

Make it your only duty  
To love me I will forget  
The pain of first love

Pheko Motaung

# Make Me Love Life Again

Make me love life again  
Take this chain from my heart and  
Make me love life again

Pheko Motaung

## Mehleng Ya Ka 4

'Mehleng ya ka nna puleng magadi wa kweneng ke ne ke le thatohatsi ya lefatshe le senang mona banana. E reng ke le jwetse hore le seke la nkgella fatshe mehleng yaka sefahleho sa se tletse kgotso le mohau le qenegelo se ne se kgetwa hore eb be leho sena sa ka se kgabisa dimakasini tsa feshene tse tsebahalang ho tloha Earis le New York le tsing a ka ha kene ke sa le mogwetsana ke ne ke phela le ne le ka mpona matsatsing ao le ne le ka dumela hore ke ne ke le motho wa ne ke se mothonyana wa ho kgellwa fatshe. Mehleng yaka matitjhere a kgwebo ba lona le boradipolotiki ba lona-ba ne ba hlola ba tenne batswadi ka ba kopa ho nnyala empa lerato leo ba na ba ntsepisa e se la e le la dipompong le felang ka pelenyana la masawana nkana eo ke ne ke morata ka pelo le moya kaofela e ne e le ne ke yena a tsatsi leng a nkopa hore ke monyale ka dumela. A ntshetsa dikgomo tse leshome le metso e robedi ho bontsha hore la pele o hlompha batswadi bobedi a ntshetsa dikgomo tseo tse neng di nonne ho sena eo e neng e le moketa hara tsona ho hlompha moetlo wa rona asotho wa lenyalo le tlišang kgotso hara malapa.'

Hake sa hopola hore mantswe ana ke ne ke a bua ke le bo hore ho ne ho etsahala eng.

Tulo ena e ke leng ho yona ea tshabeha.

E ya tshosa

Hae sale ke le mona ke dula ke hlorile

Ha hona motho ya nketelang

Ha hona moltho eo le nna ke moetelang

Ho hlola ho thutse tu mona

Moya o fokang mona ke o mobe e kang o lakaletsa motho bobo

Haofi le moo ke leng teng hona le di fate le tsona di shwentse difatlheho ho kare ha di a thabela boteng baka mona

mofika a haofi mona le ona ke diqhenqahadi tse di tauhadi. E kare a ka kgoroha a tabola motho kotwana tse pedi. A nkgopotsa motho ya shweleng a ntse a lohotha moo a tlatseng bop; elompe ka teng

Moya o fokang mona oa bata ka mehla

jwale ke a qamaka hohle mona moo ke leng teng ke bon amajwe a mangata. A mang kea bona hore e ne e le a tjhelete e tlase ha a mang e ne ele a rekilweng ka tjhelete e hodimo.

Jwale ke a ngongoreha.

Letswalo le ntsheha ka maleng kere ke a ho e letsa empa lentswe laka le utlwahala habhloko a rajwa ho thola ho sa tloelehang ho harolang letswalo la motho

Jwale ke e potsa potsa ena

Hantlentle ke fihlele jwang mona  
Ha ke utlwe lerata la bana mona  
Ha ke so utlwe pina ya nonyana le ha e le nngwe haesale ke le mona  
Ha ke utlwe ho bohola ha ntje nqalong ena e thotseng ha kana  
E se e le letsatsi la boraro ke ntse ke epotsa hore ho etsahalang mona

Kgele! jwale ke a moo ke leng teng ke mabitoleng.

Ka hopola jwale.

Ke hopola koloi e ntjha eo rene re qeta ho ereka le mme malamo wa ka wa re mema hore retle re hlahe mane ho yena retlo thaba le ba lelapa la hae ka ha bane ba keteka letsatsi la kolobetso langwana bona wa matsiboloha eba monate lapeng la kgatsadi thabiso yare ka kgitla ra hopola hore hoseng retlamehile hoyo itlhahiksa mosebetsing.

Yare hare le mmileng o moholo hare qeta ho feta toropo ya Niemandslang ba hlaha bana ba makgowa ba topolane ka hare koloi eo lebelo la lona lene le ka e kare e a fofa.

Ha ba fihla lela rona bare hoelesa bare laela hore re emese ka thoko ho phethisa tailo ya bona retswehile re e potsa hor ho etsa hala a ba tshwere melamu le dirabolloro ba tjhatla difestere

tsa koloi ya rona kaofela hake tsebe hore o ile a etsa ha kere motho tloha a be a se a ile thabiso.A baleha.A ntshiya ke le mong ke potapotilwe ke sekgakgatha sa dinokwane tsa bana ba makgowa

Ba nkatamela, Ba ntahlela fatshe, ba ntahlela fatshe....ba ntlontlolla pontsheng ya lefatshe le o ya tswa mahlong a badumu ba ha ba qeta ba nkuka ba ntahlela ka hara buti ya koloi ba hasa sepalangwane ka peterole ba e hotetsa ka lehlokwana la mollo ha tlala kgabo ya mollo ka tjhella lore ka hara koloi ya rona eo re neng re le motlotlo ka fetoha lebitla la ka la pele.

Jwale mona moo ke leng teng hara mabitla la ka ke ho ngotswe ka ditlhaku tse ntle tse bonahalang hantle ho ngotswe tjena

...Mofokeng

Lefu La Mo Kgahlanyetsa Ka

09/10/1986

Mona ho robetse moradi le ngwetsi ya rona...Mofokeng

Robala Ka Kgotso Mofokeng Wa Ka

O Re Kopele Mabele Badimong

Ke qhanollotse ka hara lebitla la wena Thabiso ke o lakalletsa bophelo bo botelele bo botle bo tletseng kgotso le re ho wena menateng ya hao...oho hle! O rute mora rona hore hohle moo a leng teng a hlomphe ba bang le bona ba tla mo hlompha.

Ke ntshitse se neng se nkgathatsa, se nketse hore ke seke ka phomola ka kgotso nqalong ya ka ya Ke seke buile le baheso ba ha Mokoena moo ke tswallwang teng le ba ha Mofokeng ba lenyalong la la ka le sehloho ke ya le leng ke ithoballe ka kgotso.

Pheko Motaung

# Move On With Your Life

Move on with your life  
This guy has changed from an  
Irresistible force  
To an immovable object  
on with your life

Pheko Motaung

# My Best Friends Come First

My best friends come first  
After a while they sell my car  
And feed my child drugs  
I love my friends even when they  
Burn my house and steal my wife

Pheko Motaung

# My Sweetest Taboo

My sweetest taboo  
Just one look at you makes  
Me tipsy in my heart

Pheko Motaung

# My Uncompromising Commitment To Duty

I am a teacher  
It is my uncompromising commitment  
To duty to motivate

I am a child  
It is my uncompromising commitment  
To duty to obey

I am a parent  
It is my uncompromising commitment  
To encourage

I am the government  
It is my uncompromising commitment  
To duty to offer clean leadership

I am a citizen  
It is my uncompromising commitment  
To duty to be responsible

Judge me kindly by the honest  
Truth I say now  
Judge me harshly if later I am found

To have disheartened  
Their true hopes and  
Their just aspirations

Let the law be merciless  
If I make myself guilty of  
Mutiny for I will not only

Shame my parents but  
I will put the future of my  
Country at grave risk somehow

Pheko Motaung

# Nature And Her Babes

Nature and her babes  
The rose kisses my lips to  
Keep me warm for you

Pheko Motaung

# Night After Night

1

Night after night the  
Seething debate rages between my soul and my  
Heart itself threatens to drag your pious  
Name to the smoldering cauldron of disagreement

11

Night after night  
We are in enemy territory if we go on like this and  
Deny love the things that belong to the heart tonight  
Run drag to me say we are battle hardened lovers in love

111

Night after night I listen to the gargantuan protests of  
The triplets of my sorrow, my ambition and my failure  
And my heart will buy you the universe if you can lie  
And say 'Meet the night and my love tonight in my house '

1V

Night after night I am trapped in the sleeping disorder  
That will doubtless wreck my ambition of finding your love  
Night after night I converse with the dark and my heart asks  
You to fake some love and love me true every night from tonight

V

Night after night my love you are eloquent when you warn  
Me against the tragedies of ruining my life for your love but  
You are elegant when you say, 'Tonight I give you all my love.  
The struggle to win my hard attitude love was long won'

V1

Night after night I pray for your love to leave your heart

And find a home that is free of disorderly conduct in my heart  
Night after night I must free my soul of my heart' bias and  
Settle the disputes of my life and my destiny to your love

V11

Night after night I flood my house with torrents of my tears  
It is not sufficient for you to say 'I still must decide when  
To love you someday ' I miss all your passion and your love  
All my dreams are unpleasant nightmares without your love

Pheko Motaung

# No Peace In My House

No peace in my house  
A frog who thinks he can sing  
Has ruined my dreams

Pheko Motaung

# Nobody Loves Monk

Nobody loves Monk  
The fat frog frets and eats the  
Obituary

Pheko Motaung

# On This Bitter Earth

On this bitter earth  
I still laugh.I guess I am  
A lucky so and so

Pheko Motaung

# Op Die Strate Van Vereeniging

ek is jaloers  
die diewe word bederf  
en ek wil ook in  
balingskap gaan sit in  
die tronk en die wat tax  
betaal vir zuma se huis  
en die man se huwelike  
sal vir my kos en klere  
en 'n plsma t.v koop  
met hulle nuttelose geld

ek en my beminde stap op die  
silwer strate van vereeniging  
en ons sien nie die verwoesting  
wat ons in gesig staar want ons  
is nuut op merkaar verlief

maar as ek allen op die verwoeste  
strate van vereeniging rond loop  
soos 'n hond wat kos soek sien ek  
die realiteit en die toekoms lyk nie  
mooi vir ons ongebore kindertjie

op die strate van vereeniging voel  
ek hopeloos as die vullis my aanval  
en my oorweldig en probeer verwilg

op die strate van vereeniging word  
ek verneederd as die swai vroue my  
my omhels en hulle dreig om my te  
smokel in die vuil hotel as ek nie  
die toordokter se medisyne nie koop

op die strate van vereeniging wil die  
dwelm smokelaars my 'n dwelm slaaf maak  
op die strate van vereeniging  
die boewe van nigeria is die profete  
ek is die siener en hulle gaan my  
vol leuens preek as jy nie liefling

my lewe en siel voor skemer kom red

op die ou ek's ou swerwende musuthu  
liefheber wat ver gedwaal het en  
ek's opsoek na jou warm hart en liefde

Pheko Motaung

# Papadi Ya Bophelo Ba Hae Kapa Lefu La Hae

Tankiso e ne e le ngwana ya sa tshwaneng le bashanyana ba gangata ba many le dilemo tse leshome le metso e dikolo do he do kwetsoe o he a etela laeborari ere ha bomatshaba sekolo ha ba mmotsa bore me eng a rata ho bala me ha dikolo do kwetswe ebile e le matsatsi a phomolo a ba araba a ntse a bososela are ' me tla batla ho robe rekoto o as ka as ho hlola me ikwalletse ka laeboraring me ho bala dibuka the ka moo le tla mpona metswalle ya me batla ho ruteha ho feta lona kaofela Mona batho kaofela ba rutehileng ba tsebahalang ka mesebetsi ya bona e Merle ya hosebeletsa setjhaba ka botshepehi bahale ba ka me go ntate Nelson Mandela, ntate Steve Biko esitana le process Robert Sobukwe.'

E he e me toro ya moshanyana e mong me e mong lekeishining la Qhanolong ho ba modimo was bolo.O utlwe ya motho a ikana a re 'Nna ka tsatsi me le leng le tla mpona me we me le mohlaba dintlha me bapalla Pirates Kala tloha moo me ya tla do hlaba dintlha me etse rekoto ya ho hlaba dintlha ho feta Pele le Lionel Jessi.'Papadi ya bolo e he e fatwa haholo me batjha ba Petsana empa Tankiso o he a as e g e ne e le ha are o ya e raha a e hlabe kaa mokwebe e wele hole kwana Matebeleng ba qabohe ba mo tshehe kaofela e tsebang O he a ba LA kalletsa katleho a ba kgoyhalletse bore ba mamele ditaelo TSA mokwetlisi a re ba bale dibuka TSA bona, a ba hopotse bore ba hlomphe batswadi ba bona le matitjhere a bona, a boele a hopotse ho rapela le ho ho hlatswa meno a bona ha raro ka so o he a rata papadi ya chess ka pelo ya had e ba had ba papadi ya chess e he e le Paul Morphy, Mikhael Tal le Garry misetso ba had e he e le hoba mampondi was chess Mona Afrika Borwa jwaloka thatohatsi ya has Watu ya ileng a ruta Tankiso ho bapala chess me ntatae thaka TSA had do ile bolong Tankiso o he a ikwetlisa le ntatae ba e bapale jwalo hofihlela Tankiso a we a e tseba too ntatae ase a sa kgone ho hlola papading tsa bona tsa setswa le ho so o ne a rata papadi y'a chess la pelo y'a hae kaofela hobane jwalo la mopresidente sa sa pele sa demokrasi sa mehlang monghadi Nelson Mandela Tankisi o ne a tseba hore chess e thusa motho ho rarolla mathata le ho tiisa motho tjhebelong pèle y'a hae.

Seterateng se yang laeboraring eo Tankiso a neng a e fetotse lelapa la habo la bobedi ho ne ho afjwa ka nkatana ke mosadi e mong ya neng a futsanehile ho feta bafutsanehi ba neng ba thefutswe ke kgodumodumo ya bofuma kaofela ha i a bona hore bana ba hae ba tla tshwara ke T.B ha ba se je dijo tse ahang mosadi eo wa batho o nka khatheboti a tsebisa hore diphapusi tsa bao ba se nang bodulo di maPakistani a ya mo lefa mme ba bula sephaza moo lapeng la mosadi tla bareki ba reka, ba istani ya eba qala dipuo ka hara lekeishini la Qhanolong.

-Ha thwe maPakistani a ruile hobane ba hanela maAfrika Borwa ha a ya

mesebetsing

-Ha thwe maPakistani a ruile bo mmamolapo ba ba tlisetseng bareki hape ba ruile thokolosi e fofatsang maAfrika Borwa hore ba se ke ba reka mavenkeleng a batho ba bo bona

-Ha thwe maPakistani a tlamehile hore a itlheke a seke a pheta a lebeha ka hara lekeishini la Qhanolong hang ka panyo ya leihlo hona bosiu maPakistani ha a ntse a ipotsa hore ba tla balehela kae ba hlasela baahi ba itahlela ka hara sephaza ba nka thepa kaofela. E itse ha basepolesa ha ba fihla ba fumana sephaza se tjhele u le botlokotseba ya aparela lekeishini la ayano tsa ata hara Tankiso yena le ba bang ba neng ba sena molato ba fetoha mahlatsipa a ketso tsa bosinyi, a thakgiswa, a hlajakwa ka dithipa a fumanwa a na le maqeba a mangata mmele e se a iketse tla bo maloma Tankiso le bo rangwanae ba mo felehetsa ho ya nqalong ya bafu.

Ha feta dikgwedi tse ka bang tshelala mosadi are bosiu ha a bo hlothe. A re yena o lora ditoro tse mpe ha a robetse o utlwa diqi tsa bana ba batho ba bolailweng ka sehloho mohla ho neng ho tjheswa sephaza sa maPakistani ha o tlama thota le kajeno ha ho motho ya tsebang hore o nyametse kae ebile ke moo moruti eo kerekeng ya hae ho neng ho kolekwa diranta tse sekete tsatsi le leng le le leng hore Jesu Modimo a tshwarele badumedi diba tsa bona o inkela ntlo eo a e fetola kereke ya hae. A bolella baahisani ba hae ba batjha hore ketso eo ya hae ya ho nka thepa ya motho e mong ka sheshe ha se ho inkela molao matsohong ka ha yena o na le nomoro ya mohala wa thekeng wa Modimo mme yena ke mokgethwa wa Jehova o hlola a founelana la ba bang ba baahi ba neng ba tletse moya wa matemona ba buele marameng ba re ha ele ntho e tjena ya ho utswa ntlo ya motho e mong ha ba e tjhaele buela tlase jwaloka batho ba tshohileng ba re etsahetseng ha mosadi eo ho bolela hore se nna sa etsahala ho shweshwetha ba re ba ilo tlaleha taba eo beke tse pedi ka mora hore ba tlalehe ketso ya ho utswa ntlo sepoleseng ditopo tsa bona tsa fumanwa di se di bodile hampe kae kae mmileng o tswang ka hara lekeishining la mantsiboya ao moruti wa kereke e ntjha a etsetsa ba baholo ba sepolesa mokete o moholo are oa ba leboha a sa hlalose hore o ba lebohelang empa bao barebare ba re ba ya tseba hore one a leboha sepolesa se hlolehileng ho etsa dipatlisiso le ho fuputsa hore batho ba tlalehileng ho utsaw ha ntlo.

Lefu la ntatae le ile la etsa hore Tankiso a hloname le mmae ba ne ba hula ba hlorile ere ha ho sena dijo ka tlung ha diphororo tsa meokgo di theoha sefahlehong sa mmae a mo kgothatse Tankiso are, 'Thola la meokgo ya se ke se ke tla qeta sekolong. O tla tla o sebeletsa mme tlala e tla fela mona ka tlung.' Ebe oa kgothala mme wa Tankiso a be a ye kgwaphokwaphong ya mosebetsi nyana wa tokgong a sebetse hore yena le ngwana ba fumane se yang ka maleng, ba se ke ba robala ka lephako.

Ha ele Tankiso dibuka le chess tsa fetoha metswalle ya a seke a touta haholo ka

lefu la ntatae a itahlela ka setotswana hara lefatshe la a tseo a neng a di rata haholo e ne e le tsa bofokisi tsa Sherlock ne di mo kgothatsa are, 'Ka tsatsi le leng le nna ke tla etsa jwaloka Sherlock Holmes le Hercule tla bula lekala la ka la bofokisi la poraefete ebe bophelo ba ka kaofela ke tsomana le babolai, ke ba tshware ba hlahlellwe lo ba ka kaofela ke tla bo phela ke sebelletsa toka le molao.'

Mme wa Tankiso o ne a ngoreha haholo ha a le mosebetsing a rapela a re Modimo o mo thuse ngwana hae a se ke a hlaselwa ke batlatlapi jwalo ka g ho hong le ho hong o ne a laya Tankiso haholo are, 'Tankiso ngwanaka...ke a o seke ka utlwa le ka letsatsi le le leng hore wena o tsamaya le di a ke o ba kgopo ba baholo ba sebedisa bana hore ba phetise merero e mebe ya thetsa bana ba kang wena ba tswang malapeng a hlophehileng ba ba tshepise ntho tse ding siyo ba ba rute ho sebedisa dithitifatsi ere ha bana bao ba se ba fetohile makgoba a dithitifatsi ba ba qobelle hore ba rekise mmele ya bona, ba ba qobelle hore ba rekise dithiyifatsi ba di tlatse hara setjhaba ke ka hoo o bonang bana ba bangata ba jang nyaope ba; e tjena aka.A ko mamele mmao ha a okgalema hle.O ya e bona ntlo yane ya bodumedi ba bohata akere? Ao Tankiso ha o ka kgalla ha kae...o se ke wa kena ka hara yona.O tla jewa ke ding tsa tsona di kgona ho ba phelang ka hara ntlo eo ke dihahabi tse tsamayang ka maoto a mabedi.O tla bona tosa le madinyana a yona ha oka kena ntlong eo Tankiso.'

Tankiso a araba ka boikokobetso bo boholo are, ' o utlwile ka o phoqa bophelong ba ka kaofela.'

Bosiu ka letsatsi la la...kgwedi e le ya...selemong sa...Tankiso ha a ntse a robetswe a lora a bona ntatae a mo etetse mme torong eo ya Tankiso ntatae a o ile a mo laela hore hoseng a potlake pele ntho di senyeha mane g a bontshwa mofu ntatae a mo laela hore ha Tankiso a fihla laeboraring a kadime buka ya chess e ngotsweng ke Bobby Fischer mampodi wa mehlheng wa chess ere ha ha Tankiso a le seterateng a e phetle ho fihlela a fihla leqepheng la sephiri le buwang ka sehloha se itseng sa sephiri a g Tankiso ha a tsohe a hopola toro a se ke a bolella mmae hobane mmae o ne a lla ha motho a ne a ka mo hopotsa ata se yang laeboraring se ne se mo qobella hore a fete pela ntlo yane e neng e tjheswe ke batho ba tletseng mona ba i ya neng a dula moo ka kang jwale o ne a ipitsa Moruti Maponapona athe ntlo yona ya tuma hara lekeishini ya tsebahala ka lebitso la Kereke Ya Sephiri.

Jwale Tankiso ha a ntse a totoba e itse ha a ptjang-ptjang a a re o fetisa mahlo bona ntho dihaeya jareteng ya Kereke Ya a a bona Moruti Maponapona ka mahlo a nama a nka dithitefatsi a di foqa bana ba banyane le ba ka tlase ho dilemo tse robong bao a neng a ba fetotse makgoba a we.A sheba Tankiso a bona bana ba bangata tulong ba neng ba rekiswa hore ba tle ba fetolwe makgoba a thobalano ke bao ba ba so a qanoha haholo aba a tshwela sekgohlelahadi ha a bona bo ntate ba lekeishining ba se nang boikarabelo ba itshitlehile ka mabota a Kereke

Ya Sephiri ba ntse ba lefa Moruti Maponapona ditjhelete tsa bona tsa mekgolo ya kgwedi kaofela hore moruti eo wa bohata a ba dumelle hore ba etse ntho tse mpe le bana ba neng ba kwetetse malapeng a bo bona.

Jwale Tankiso ha a fihla a kadima buka eo ntatae a itseng a e a fihla seterateng a e phetla leqepheng nla banna.A taba tse monate ha Tankiso a re mahlo tloha a bona tjhelete e ngata eo ntatae a ileng a mo bankela yona ka hara buka ya chess.A thaba haholo.A utlwisisa hore bo ntate kaofela ha ba tshwane.A nna a tsamaya tsamaya ha aretha sa batho ba lekeishining ba tletse seterata ba phuthile matsoho ba sa phahamisa le ha e le monwana o le mong ho thiba mahlahana a Moruti Mapona a neng a hweletsa ka mantswe a kgopo ba re, 'Ha a pongwe hlooho! 'Ha ba bang ba bona ba ntse ba otlaka e mong wa banana ba fetotsweng makgoba a tahi, dithitefatsi le thobalano ke Moruti Maponapona ya neng a leka ho baleha a itlheke a tswe kerekeng ya moruti wa ong leo Tankiso le yena o ile a etsa seo lekeishini le rutang batho.A thola tu le yena jwaloka ba bang ba neng ba sa kgotse ba sa thuse ngwana ho fihlela a bolauwa ka sehloho pontsheng ya maponesa a neng ale teng moo.

Ha

Pheko Motaung

# Peace Unto You

We enter this new era on  
the wings of the new era  
To usher in peace into the heart  
of blessed humanity

Peace unto you my brother  
Peace unto you my father  
Peace unto you my sister  
Peace unto you my mother

We open the new chapter  
Into the history of mankind  
To forget the errors of the past  
We meet here determined not  
to live until we have corrected  
The mistakes of the past

Peace unto you  
Who was my oppressor in the past  
Peace unto you who was  
My torturer yesterday  
Peace unto you who was  
A sellout to their just cause  
Peace unto you who was  
The one to pull the trigger  
That mowed them down

Peace unto the world  
We come together to live  
Where there is reconciliation  
with justice  
We meet to make the world a just  
and fair world where all God's  
Children are treated with fairness  
in the eyes of the law

Pheko Motaung

# Poems In Sesotho

## 1. Etsa ka moo o ratang

Etsa ka moo o ratang  
Empa o se ke wa re wena o  
Lapile oa bona hore ha o ratwe  
Retse tseo ke tsang mangweleng?  
tla phela ho fihlela neng  
Kwahong wena le metswalle ya hao  
Le ikentse bomopheme le utswa?

Etsa ka moo o ratang  
Empa ha manyofonyofo a hao le  
Mesebetsi ya hao eo qaka o se ke  
Wa re wena o ne o sa kgotswe  
Ore o a tsebe hore o hloilwe

matha le etsang hara  
Masiu? O ipatile ka tlasa bethe  
Kelello ya hao e nahana ntho tse mpe

Etsa ka moo o ratang ntho towé  
Empa o se ke wa re o kgathetse ke  
Wa tjhankana wa boela wa re wena  
O kgathetse ke bophelo mathata a  
Bophelo o a hloleha ho a jara  
eng ho phalla diphororo  
Tsa madi ka mokhukhung wa hao?  
Ngwaneo wa batho o bolauwe ke mang?  
O nkgá lefotha tabeng e kapa tjhe?

Etsa ka moo o ratang  
Empa e se ke yare ha o ipolaya wa re  
O ipolaya ka baka la rona re ne re le  
Siyo menateng ya hao ngwaneso  
Iqenehele le badimo ba keke  
Ba o amohele ha o le sethotsela sa mmolai

Pheko Motaung

# Poetry

(To Lady the last encounter...)

It is soft  
Like morning dew  
It is sharp like  
The slashing razor  
It must calm down  
The turbulent winds  
It's gotta be humane  
To be understood  
Many orphan words  
Are Shanghaied in the cold  
And they must work hard  
To drive the point home

## Glossary

Shanghaied...To conscript workers using coercive methods like intimidation and violence

Pheko Motaung

# Rage

Kill the lingering thoughts  
Of life aglow with  
Success with inaction and  
Still feel the worsening  
Tide of the rage flooding  
In your angered heart  
Wipe away the bad memory of  
The dreamy boy who had all those  
Bright ideas filling his innocent  
Mind and flip your conscience  
To the stiff wishes of what  
You can never be and feel the  
Avalanche of the rage that gushes  
Into the blood stream of your soul  
Rage against the angels of kindness  
That encourage you to rise and do good  
Rage against the society that wants  
To accept you back on condition that  
You give up the drugs and you leave  
Their daughters alone and you kill  
At least only one of their sons per year  
Rage against the justice system and  
The psychologists and the philanthropists  
Who make excuses for raging heart and rage  
And rage against your universe with it's  
Negligent attitude of condemning without  
Offering the solutions and rage against  
Your teachers and your ministers they of  
The cacophony of the dull preachy criticism  
That is bare of the critical analysis of  
The skull of your mind but as for the last  
Duo wait in the dark to bring the rage  
Of your blade into their flesh  
Under the cover of their dark deeds

Pheko Motaung

# Rejected By Life Because Of Money Problems

Rejected by life because  
Of money problems  
The well meaning wind  
Offers me thirst, hunger  
And the third choice of  
A life mirrored in poverty  
I choose to be mad and  
Bad and defy wealth I will  
Not touch money in my life

I cry to the wind today  
My house is a militarized  
Zone and my children  
Refuse to let me in unless  
I show them the money  
Fly wind, fly my friend  
In the house of God the old  
Church has terminated my  
Membership and my anti-money  
Stance must take the blame  
I am disqualified and vilified  
In the lecture halls and my  
Disdain for money is guilty

Blow wind, blow your trumpet  
Nobody wants to be my bride  
Because the old lie of my people  
Alleges that money is the  
Bride of every happy marriage  
I am banished from the door of  
My own house because of money  
Problems, it is illegal for me  
To gather a small following  
And preach against the monster  
Of a money obsessed society  
And the kleptomaniacal  
Misbehaviour of my zero bank acc.  
Is something to be ashamed of

Oh wind, for the sake of my  
Spiritual well being fly to  
Me and let me leap on the  
Back of the storm that carries  
Me to the safe haven of my  
Beloved cave in the mountains

Pheko Motaung

# Robbed Of Everything

Robbed of everything  
I have time to study myself  
And talk to the sea

Pheko Motaung

# Sesotho Poems

1. Kgutlela hae

Ha ngata o rata hore  
Kgutlela hae

Ba nqetile basadi ba Kgauteng

Ke tla kgutlela ho wena jwang  
Moratuwa ke ile ka ba bohlaswa ka  
Bapala ka bophelo ba ka ka swaswa  
Ka lerato la hao ka senya letjhelete ya ho  
Phidisa wena le bana ba rona ke boela  
Ho lona jwang ha ke sana seriti bohlale bo  
Fedile ke kakatletse matsoho?

Ha o hlona  
O ntlhoholetswe  
O nyoretswe lerato  
O nyoretswe o sa bo hlothe bosiu  
O lla sa mmokotsane seboko sa hao  
Se matha la Ntshwekge se fihle  
Ho nna hara mathata se re

Kgutlela hae

Ba nqetile basadi ba Kgauteng

E re ke o qoqele ABC ya ho  
Se kgutlele hae

Ha ngata e tlabane masepala  
Kapa lefapha le itseng la mmuso  
Ho a kopana mafapha ana a lefatshe  
Ba mo lefe tjhelete e kwalang letsatsi  
Ho tloha tsatsing leo ho tla hlaha  
Mafapha a mang a ba bohlale ba mo  
Ntshe bohlale ba mo bokanele a keketehe  
Ba je tjhelete ya hae a sale a swabile  
Ho fete dilemo jwale ntjheme o se a

Tshaba ho kgutlela hae

Ha o fihla Kgauteng o lefile tekisi ka  
Tjhelete eo o sa tsebeng le hore o tla e lefa  
Ka eng ba tle bo MmaDicurves ba Kgauteng  
Le bo MmaDiblueEyes a neng a matha le bona  
Ba re' O a bona mane tlasa koloboto yane  
O shwelletse moo sethotsela seo  
Ya bohlaswa ngwana'

Pheko Motaung

# So You Are Leaving

So you are leaving  
I hear the ruthless sound of  
Your heavy boots as you  
Walk out of my life you step  
On my chaste tear drops

Pheko Motaung

# Some Are Drunk At Work

Some are drunk at work  
This levity is seen through  
The eyes of a child

Pheko Motaung

# Still Give Peace A Chane

Still give peace a chance  
When they fight in the home or  
In the bar over men  
As my wife intervene stop  
The wars and give peace a chance

Pheko Motaung

# Such Guests Are Unkind

Such guests are unkind  
Hear that! The loutish cricket  
Strums my stolen guitar

Pheko Motaung

# Tales From The Great Chessboard Of The Great Canvas Of The Great African Jungle

## 1. Tiholo and the missing inheritance of Mokele-Mbembe

Once, when the other husband of Mokele-Mbembe who was also a trusted friend of Brother Hare was dying, he said: 'Brother Hare...the money and hence my life saving is in the house of the porcupine that also works as the manager of the bank in this the money and keep it safe until my children are old enough to use it in a responsible way themselves. I don't trust my co-husband and my wife because they are reckless and they will go on a wild spending spree and waste the money on the fashion accessories that are available to tempt the animals in this jungle' the other husband of Mokele-Mbembe said and he breathed his last breath and died.

But Brother Hare was careless with the he went down to the tavern where he made friends with Hyena and Wild Dog and Bull Frog and the other feared gangsters of the three days they spent the time drinking and waste the money on nice time and women and every time the money supply was in short supply the gangsters of the forest would wink at The Weeping Dove and order her to tell the women at the watering hole to smile cheaply at Brother Hare and Brother Hare would smile stupidly and go to the bank and betray the trust that the husband of Mokele-Mbembe had placed in his drinking and the singing went on until the money was when his friends deserted him in droves Brother Hare wept long and he also wept bitterly and shamelessly in the streets when he realized how stupidly he had betrayed the enormous trust that his friend the husband of the Mokele-Mbembe had thrust upon Olorun, The supreme god of justice and peace decided to punish Brother for his unforgivable sin of betraying his friend. And you, young and old alike are asked to repeat night and day the words of the proverb

'Trust is like an eraser, it diminishes with every mistake'

And learn so that ye may not to repeat the unpardonable mistake of Brother Hare.

Now Midnight with all his terrors and fears came upon Brother Hare where he was weeping and walking alone in the unlit streets of the nly the whole forest became as cold as the fridge where corpses are kept to stop them from gripped

his heart as Brother Hare realized with a grim shudder that he was being followed by invincible and over a great voice that sounded like the voice of the accusing sky god Oludomare repeated the words in the mind of Brother Hare,

'Traitor! Traitor! You have squandered the money that belongs to the orphans! How do you look yourself in the face traitor....every time when you wake up and you hear the screams of the children who are dying of hunger and neglect? '

And suddenly it came and he was pursued by a terrible horse without a head. Its name is Betrayal and it has the foul reputation of wreaking revenge on anyone who hurts children and defenceless women. It chased him away from the beautiful jungle and over through the townships of suffering township and and the town of racism and the village of slander and the cities of filth and drugs misuse and as he ran for his life Brother Hare started to think that he was driving a chariot that was taking him to he also felt as if someone had placed hot coals under his in the morning Brother Hare woke up and realized with shock that he was forced by the gods to fall asleep and they in their wisdom sent him a nightmare to make him repent from the sin of his hideous act of he realized too with a tremor that he had spent the night in a cemetery of dead Mokele-Mbembes.

And behold you who, whether you are old or n and the entire pantheon of the African gods around the chessboard they gather to play many games to settle the Fate of Mankind and Humanity.

And in his house on poor earth see in humiliation Brother Hare sighs and cries and begs uNkulunkulu the god of Chaka and Mandela to forgive for his own sins our sins our the treachery that our hearts carry.

## 2. Tlholo at the religious festival

When Tlholo the rock rabbit agreed that he would not start a lawsuit or fight if he lost his wife in a fixed betting scandal that led to him losing his unfaithful wife to Obe the notorious wife stealer he was very glad to get rid of her.

'The whole nasty affair saves me the enormous costs of an expensive divorce case' Tlholo beamed at his arch enemy Wild Dog was the Chaka and the Napoleon of crime and the Mobutu Sese Seko and the Imelda Marcos of kleptocracy or the art of government by thieving in the Dog was always planning the demise of Tlholo whose Christian name is Bre'r Rabbit and his Muslim name is....my dear Mandingo man! What is the Muslim name of Tlholo? Anyway Wild Dog approached Tlholo with a nasty look beaming on his dog face, He ignored Tlholo's

outstretched paw in greeting and said in his nasty tone, 'Come with me caused a heart needs to be cleansed at the religious festival and then I will finish you off and kill you myself and send you to Heaven where your soul shall enter without the scandal of a failed marriage to follow you to the pearly gates of heaven. 'And with those blasphemous words Wild Dog trotted Tiholo who was always easy to mislead easily followed him.

Animals of every color and from all walks of life flocked to the religious festival where Wild Dog and a prophetess who was wanted by the law in Uganda for ordering the mass burning to death of her followers were selling Jesus and God. There were many many dark skinned hopeful animals from every country in Africa who wanted the prophetess to chase away the night and reveal among themselves the witches who were causing them bad luck and whom they suspected of withholding the rains so that every year their crops failed and ruination became their unwanted the outlaw prophetess shouted at Wild Dog and pointed at Tiholo as if to say, 'Look over yonder Wild ly obliviou to the danger....your sworn enemy doth enter The Temple Of Doom.'

And there were many many of the followers of the bandit prophetess's followers from West and Eastern Europe who wanted to be rich fast and buy the world and fly all over the globe and never once think and act to end global again the criminal prophetess pointed at Tiholo and said in high pitched conspiracy voice to Wild Dog,

' e this shrine of false worship to a burning o must die.'

But Mpundulu The Fire Bird that sometimes acts as the part time lover of the women who would otherwise die of sexual starvation and loneliness in the winter months Mpundulu The Fire Bird who guards the people of the world from his vantage point in the sky acted quickly and decisively and released a great thunderbolt from his anus that instantly killed the prophetess and while Wild Dog fled the scene with terrible from that day Tiholo promised himself, that he will never allow anyone to easily mislead you know boys and girls.

You too must not be gullible beacuse there are brigands of criminal minded people who roam our if you believe anything you are told without thinking they will lure you to the deep forest and cut you into pieces and sell your heart or your liver to the human traffickers will harvest your organs and make a profit at the expense of your brutally ended young life.

### 3. The love sick rabbit

He is a daysleeper by day  
But he revels under cover of the

Night because he must roll he is  
A rolling thunderbolt he searches  
The abandoned warehouses and  
The derelict places of safety but  
He knows he is doomed never to  
Find out what exactly happened  
Where and how to his childhood  
Sweetheart and their dead dreams  
He talks to the free women in the  
Streets of the city and he shows them  
Her old photographs but what he gets  
From them despite the undeserved  
Praises he showers them with they  
Shower him with a tirade of insults  
He tries to find solace in that last  
Photo of her but he discovers that her  
Face has been brutally erased therefrom  
And the cruel words on the torn paper  
Stares blankly at him as he reads  
She who was brutally removed from the  
Face of the earth serves now a more  
Deserving master elsewhere and sinks  
On his paws and wishes he were dead

Everybody accepts that Tlholo is a notorious prankster and all except Wild Pig treat Tlholo like a Jain monk who is forbidden by his religion not to kill even the invincible creatures in the belly of the air that we breath with his as Tlholo is loved for his mild nature Wild Pig is known and feared and avoided by everybody in the forest who has a healthy respect for Wild Pig's virulent temper.

Now, Tlholo arrived arrived when the dance was in earnest at The Festival Of The White Nights in the body was old stuck up Wild, Pig was sleeping citing the illness of a recurring headache that he said the Secretary Bird had sent to him because he and a certain guinea fowl were not seeing eye to eye because they were dating the same ostrich on an ostrich farm in the district of The Great Outeniqua Tlholo laughed cruelly as he cynically hurled a certain breed of a mosquito with a terrible lust to bite anybody and anything for the cynical pleasure of it into old grumpy Wild Pig's unbeknown to everybody Wild Pig was feigning old warrior knew that Tlholo would arrive late deliberately and try to make a fool of him for the amusement of the crowd of celebrating animals and for the entertainment of his latest mosquito took one terrible bite iat Wild Pig's ear and in retaliation Wild Pig lashed out at Tlholo and the kick was so strong

that Tlholo had to stay in hospital for thirty two the whole fracas at the kiss party in the bush made it's way to the front pages even in Krygystan where one wonders if they have ever heard about the word literacy and the hushed talk about good taste.

And that is why many rabbits sometimes cannot outpace the hunting dogs and their corpses find their way into the hunter's pot.

And that explains why

He sleeps by day and he searches for  
His childhood lover in the wrongs places  
In the night and he is crying softly  
But nobody wants heal his heart

### 13. The repatriation of Bre'r Rabbit to the African motherland

Early in the morning, at about ten A.M, Bre'r Rabbit who was ashamed of his jungle background education decided to visit the library and read the autobiography of Marcus Garvey and improve his woeful lack behind 'r Rabbit read and read and he read the words of the prophet Marcus Garvey filled him with pain and longing for the African the quotations of the prophet Marcus Garvey filled him with fear for the future of the Africans in the great countries of the first world in the saw that after years of slavery the grandsons and the granddaughters of the slaves are free but they are not free. In the great countries of the first world in the North they own everything but their material possessions own them.

Every time Bre'r Rabbit studied the condition of his African brethren in the world and his blood ran he rose on his front paws and the librarian hid under piles of books and he screamed loud and long and said,

'Repatriation! '

And, having uttered the terrible words, Bre'r Rabbit repatriated himself off to the African motherland where he bought himself a house on Kwame Nkrumah via Nelson Mandela house is still there. It stands as a monument to the damage that

has been done to the African image and the African psyche and the way to self degradation for the Africans to continue to love to make caricatures of themselves.

'Hallo Mother Africa! How are you doing? 'Bre'r Rabbit said that morning, that day as soon as his dirty paws touched the African soil.

And another year passed and another year also passed and Bre'r Rabbit saw that the Africans would never rise from their seas of poverty and their cycles of violence because everything about the Africans including their wealth and their spiritual wellbeing is controled by malevolent spirits outside when Bre'r Rabbit realized that the whole thing of Africa being an equal partner to the great countries was revealed by his own insight as a lie and a sham Bre'r Rabbit sold his house and gave the money to charity and left to spend his action packed life in the barrows of the earth and the holes of the wild pigs and the crevices of the abandoned flats of the imes, when you are lucky, you will spy him through the window of the house of ill repute where he annotates a large volume of the book of his games of Los Alamos Chess

'r Rabbit visits the king of the lions of Tsavo

In his student days at the University Of Life in Thaba Bosiu Tlholo or Bre'r was a top student under the wise tutelage of Mohlomi the sage and philosopher and the Socrates of the Mohokare Valley Territories. In the days before television came to rob people of their thinking capacity the most reliable harbinger of bad news was the little bird Motintinyane.

'Tlholo. I have come to tell you that the lions of Tsavo are at it have killed and devoured sixteen people this month informers the honey bees and the pythons of Masvingo tell me that the death may be rising' the little bird Motintinyane said and he flew away when he saw danger in the form of the tree snake aim it's terrible fangs at was an elephant with a vacant stare on face that was gauging itself drunk on the fruits of the nearest morula tree not far from where Tlholo the wise and clever rock rabbit had received the bad elephant looked as if it was hungry for action so Tlholo the university dropout jumped on it's back and the fastest elephant was doing six thousand miles per hour and more when they arrived in the lion's den in the eerie mountains of smell of death was lions were whipping the men and the women on their death march to the caves.

'Lamb meat! Lamb meat! 'Then young lions would shout in triumph as they pointed to the terrified children.

'Cow meat! Beef! Beef! Oh how I love beef under the hot African sun! The old lions would shout back as they drove the men and women to the slaughter house in the terrible caves of death.

And now Tlholo the clever rock rabbit who feared no terror entered the fray and he spoke directly to the blood thirsty king of the marauding lions of o said,

'Oh king! Majesty! Know if thou be deserving of the crown of king

Heal and do not injure and thre shall  
Be no pain innthy kingdom,  
Encourage and do not despair them and thy reign shall  
Be noted formit's enduring legacy of prosperity and success  
Rule all, with amfirm hand and justice for all  
And ye shall hqve no need for jails and armed guards  
Study everything and join nothing  
Andntheremwill be no rebellions  
And factions wherever your vast kingdom stretches  
Let thy kind words and thy wise jugment lead your judgement  
And not thy cursing lips be the judge of men  
Be kind to and love your subjects and all this  
Mindless blood lust will not be repeated  
Where your name will be remembered with fondness and not fear'

And when after listening to the wise counsel of Tlholo the king of the lions of Tsavo abandoned his wicked left the kingdom undermthe wise stewardship of his son and took Tlholo who doubted his own parental talents refused to accept the hand of the daughter of the kingmof Tsavo in marriage. Instead he chose to spend his time behind the chess playing the variant of chess known as Bishops and Knigts chess.3q

rabbit enters heaven to searh for love

Itis said that Wild Dog once summoned Jackal and Wolf and Skunk to a lion hunt in the hunted and hunted until they arrived at king Lion's where they proceeded to eat king Lion's children with great Lion arrived at his den he found only the bones of his children packed in a heap in his lamented and lamented for a long till all the animals were moved to tears so great was his loss.

Then one day eagle arrived at Lion's den.

'Lion' Eagle said.'One cannot mourn forever.If you go on mourning like this as if there is no tomorrow others will begin to doubt your sanity not to mention your to the god of disease and he will tell you how to get your revenge' Eagle said 'Thank you king Eagle.I appreciate your advice.I shall go after my next meal and consult with the god of disease' lLion said gracefully and Eagle flew away

Now me to finish my rabid hell raising rabbit Tlholo himself was robbing the robbers himself when Wild Dog and Jackal and the rest of the most foul smelling creatures and their dangerous hunting dogs pounced on Tlholo and they attacked him with every weapon they could lay their hands on because they knew that they would lose if they ever challenged Tlholo in armed called Hawk who was the co-pilot of a drone airplane to help them when it looked as if they could not finish Tlholo off who would not die even when they used submarines and every gun to kill had to use fourteen air strikes to finish Tlholo. At night Tlholo arrived badly wounded at the gates of was a tournament of small chess in progress in the gods decided to postpone the tournament for an hour when they saw the terrible state Tlholo was they gathered around him and asked him if another war had broken out in the great regions of Tlholo did not answer their questions directly. Instead he asked them to teach him how to love his friends Humanity and the other animals the gods became sad and they turned their backs on him in silence and resumed their games while all over heaven there was much wailing and lamentation over the wounds of Tlholo

Now now me finish my Lion arrived was escorted by a disease riddled partridge when to the hotel where the god of disease was infecting the drug dealers. 'Share me the disease so that I can hurl it at the Wild Dog who has devoured my innocent children' Lion said to the god of arrive late. I have already infected Wild Dog and his gangsters with the most viral disease you will find on earth. I am not the god of disease for do you take me for? '

Wild Dog died as the god said he would die a horrible Dog also entered heaven and he caused a commotion and disturbed the gods at their game of chess and demanded that they abandon their tournament immediately and face him in a to the death struggle game of chance in which cheating and biting were the most important gods rose and humbly asked him Wild Dog to mention his prize and he demanded that they make him the gods did as Tlholo asked and they buried him for ever in a massive dome of fake as for Tlholo the gods felt pity for they gave him another nineteen year lease to love and protect as much as he lived

rabbit falls in love with La Belle Dame Sans Merci Of the Mountains

The old people day when Tlholo was hunting in deep in the Ruwenzori Mountains he saw an angry mountain gorilla fighting the mirror image of himself that glared that glared back at the angry gorilla in Tlholo laughed so much even the honey bees and the honey birds of the world joined him to share Tlholo's

moment of great the mountain gorilla lacked a sense of humor and he charged angrily at Tlholo and tried to kill today Tlholo will tell you that that day he ran faster than the speed of Tladi the great thunder bolt that is feared by all in the bush.

In the night Tlholo arrived at the paid for the services in an honest way in the same way that all of us who have a sense of honor and justice normally e he went to bed Tlholo borrowed a chess set from the hotel owner with the intention of analysing from memory the games he had won in a one sided match with Drunken Elephant Tlholo analysed and analysed until he fell asleep at the table shortly before midnight

The rabbit woke up in the middle of the night. A terrible wind was blowing in the wind was unearthly and putrid smell of death hung all over the o looked around to see the source of the terrible even looked under the bed to see if crocodile who suffered from a periodic infection of aquaphobia or the fear of water and hence of taking a bath was not hiding there.

But Crocodile was not hiding under the bed in the hotel then Tlholo turned to away from the bed with the thought of going to complain to the owner of the he looked up and his gaze fell on she was the most beautiful woman that Tlholo had ever curtsied to him in a half serious half mocking tone and indicated with her hand that was smeared with the blood of a dead infant to play chess with after a hard struggle during which Tlholo was sure that he could end the game with a magnificent combination that would cataclysm into a marvellous smothered mate the strangest thing happened and Tlholo's white knight that was ready to deliver checkmate was no longer there and in it's place there now stood a black knight that mocked the names of Justice and Love and and Honor that continued to praise Hate and Lawlessnes and under cover of the dark deeds of the evil night Tlholo thought that he heard the loud laugte of the terrible mountain gorilla that was laughing at his painful he sank on his knees and was never going to stand up and look into the face of the lady without mercy whose whole personality had changed into a concorted tortuos monster and a devil who loves to laugh at the suffering of others he was not going to look into the face of his fiendish conqueror but the hand of Malaika The Goddess oOf Love came and comforted him in his moment of absolute he looked at the ches again and the position was as before and his faithful white knight stood ready to deliver the devil dissapeared in a burst of the as Tlholo started to sink to his knees with relief Malaika held him to her bosom and healed his near tempted soul with a bevy of love bites and the whole night they danced it away either while playing many games of chess in a less hostile environment or by engaging in endless orgies of love the mountain gorilla went elsewhere but his wife told him that their time of love making was over once and for all.

And here I would like to end my tale.

## 6. The messenger

One day when Mister Rabbit was tired of listening to the tales of woe of the love problems of the water buffaloes and the petty squables of the raging political infighting among the lions and the leopards when he was irritated by the complaints of the chimpanzees and the gorillas over grazing land and the endless bickering over who is the prettiest between the warthog and the wild pig a great need to be in action descended on him but a terrible lack of ideas that was greater than any writer's block seized his great powers of imagination and inaction and limbo laughed at Shango and uMdalidephu Tlatlamatjholo and the whole pantheon of the great gods of Africa took pity on Tlholo in his state of limbo and wept because they thought that he too like many people who are afflicted with lazyness was going to succumb to the disease of inaction and die of the prophet Marcus Garvey believed in Tlholo and thought that rusty as he was he could still be put to better the great emperor Chaka and the mighty empress Manthatasi called a conference of the kings of Africa to which the tyrannical and parasitic politicians were not called and their majesties deliberated and deliberated and decided after much consultation at the urging of the emperor Haile Sellasie to save the soul of Mister Rabbit for posterity with a stern message and many the prophet Marcus came to uncle Rabbit and said to him,

Go to the Africans in Southern Africa and say to them I say  
I will send an orphan to live among you and suffer with you and triumph with you  
His name is Peace and if you cause him injury he will get out of your lives and  
your  
Lives will be of endless struggle and suffering

Go to the Africans in Central Africa and say I say  
I will send a refugee among you who brings peace and prosperity to you  
His name is Mercy but if you ever hurt or lay a hand on him in an act of violence  
He will go away from your cities and needless violence and mindless anger will  
ruin your lives.

Go to the Africans who live on The Horn Of Africa and say to them I say  
A stateless non person person is coming to share your shelter and everything in  
it with  
But if you deny him food and a bed to sleep on  
You yourself will be forced into slavery and your wife and your daughter will

Be forced into prostitution you will be humiliated and you will  
Not call yourself anymore because you have no sense of honor

Go to the Africans in West Africa and repeat everywhere in their region  
The words of this prophesy  
But when you are in North Africa among the North Africans  
Do nothing and say nothing  
When you remember who the real people of Ancient Khemet misnamed Egypt  
were and what they looked like

## 7. Never trust your opponent

In the days when people in Johannesburg kissed with the passion of their hearts  
and not the venom of obsessing about money Tlholo was the single police man  
the whole city was free of today the place is a haven of Tlholo has turned his  
back on the city and sought peace in the rural heartlands of Suurbraak which is a  
village somewhere in the Western he went to meditate about the city of  
Johannesburg and its doomed citizenry. It was while Tlholo was deep in  
meditation that the most beautiful woman anybody had ever seen rose from the  
sea and came straight to Tlholo.

'I do not trust my eyes. I have dreamed about exquisite and beautiful women  
in my dreams. I believe that I am dreaming are too beautiful and as always my  
eyes are lying to me' Tlholo said and there was lust in the flame of the passion  
of his approached him like a fairy and gave him the kiss of a fairy she kissed her  
and gave her what he thought was a the kiss of a fairy prince.

'Let us play a game of chance' she said and they played and they all the time  
they were playing on the banks of the Buffelsjaags River Tlholo was wondering if  
she had swallowed the morning after pill to prevent the appearance of another  
unwanted pregnancy.

At midday when the killer sharks were watching them from their hiding spot and  
they sharks thirsted for their blood and the gentle giant whales prayed especially  
for the soul of Tlholo she rose up nonchalantly and said in that husky voice of  
hers, 'Let us play another game of chance' and when Tlholo protested that he was  
tired she gave him a look that scared even the killer whales to their chiefs at  
the bottom of the the gentle whales cried for they knew what was Tlholo looked  
at her anxiously and realized too late that his latest girlfriend was a  
dreaded mermaid-like creature that feasts on the wayward womanizers that  
infest our the Kaaiman ate Tlholo in the night while the Kaaiman was sleeping  
the whale came and ripped Tlholo's bones out of the stomach of the Kaaiman  
and cried him back to that is why Tlholo will not involve himself with womanizing  
and womanizers in general that is why you Richard must stop visiting the wife of

The Mandingo Man when he is not at will be killed like that is why I end my story here before the world's notorious womanizers start to feast their eyes on me.

## 8. The green eyes of the envy of Wild Dog

Let's say Rabbit was at one a military veteran who was decorated for his valor by king...but I forget the name of that great African the soul of his majesty forgive me for leaving his marvellous name out of my story Rabbit was a decorated military veteran and he was married to a beautiful sea Wild Dog was envious of Rabbit and his blameless conduct as a devoted his sea faring wife was young and her heart was she smiled coyly you know when Wild Dog would sneak behind Rabbit's back to touch certain parts of her body in that sensual and exciting way.

Then the wars broke out in Central the sea bird went to the bottom of the sea and brought many charms and gave them to Wild Dog although she knew that Wild Dog and Rabbit were enemies starting from that day of infamy when Wild Dog caught Rabbit's great great grandfather in a crude trap and ate him. 'I am doing it out of animal instinct and animal solidarity' Rabbit's sea foam wife said to her conscience when the mind asked her to stop doing what she wanted And the green eyes of Wild Dog emitted animal lust and animal strength.

Before he went to the wars in Central Africa she took him to the sea and showed Rabbit the wonders of the she spoiled him with the pleasures of her body so that Rabbit became stupid and dull minded with an overdose of when he left she bought him a pair of overalls. 'He is OK in them torn workmen's boots and stuffy women in Burundi will steal him and he is my bank when they see him in neat and new clothes' she said to Wild Dog who continued to kiss her and caress her as Rabbit saw his first mai mai warrior enemy in the jungles of Congo.

After the wars Rabbit came home and his wife said 'You are home the wars in The Horn Of and fight for both sides in Somalia' the daughter of the sea snake and rock python said jeeringly to so Rabbit left to fight in another man's war. After the war in the Horn of Africa was over Rabbit came home. It's time...try the wars in Central Asia the granddaughter of the honey bee and the phoenix said. And she smiled knowingly to Wild Dog and she turned and smiled sarcastically at Rabbit was smitten with the pestilence of dutifully like a dutiful husband he left for the wars in in the middle east he fought in Asia and lost an arm in fought in in Libya and lost his sight in I still he carried on the

fight in Nigeria and until he had lost all his then he accepted the truth the fighting days were over for he went home limbless and the door he met his wife. In her arms she was carrying the child of a wild Rabbit went to visit Dog was kneeling in a guilty position when Rabbit arrived at his house on roller skate from the comfort of which he proceeded to machine gun Wild Dog with the aid of his new specially designed limbs.

#### tale of Rock Rabbit and Rock Python

He spoke gently to Chimpanzee and Gorilla and his sincere words were full of love and hope that all the major animals in the forest would stop fighting and eating their lesser brethren but the animals behaved like people and continued to fight among themselves.

HE called a pitdo or council of the eagles and the falcons and all the major birds of the forest and begged them to respect the just laws of the jungle and the hawks and the eagles took his words to mean that the violence they had learned from people must continue unabated in the jungle.

Then Nyame-the great sky god called all the animals and the fishes and the sharks and the birds that rule the sky to meet him at eight o'clock with the threat of instant death hanging over their heads to meet him at the place where the great Mhondoro used to give people advice

And the lion and the leopard promised to live side by side and hunt side by side in the same forest but as for peace they said they could not guarantee that. Then rose Hawk and Falcon and instead of making peace with the little birds they fell among them and slaughtered them all.

Again there came the piranhas and the killer sharks and the killer whales and they slaughtered the small fishes and they stared at the god with the blood pouring from their terrible fins and instead of signing the letter of the armistice they tore it to shreds and boasted about their predatory instincts.

But to the amazement of all Rock Rabbit and Rock Python did not show any of the belligerent attitude that was on display that were humble when they signed the letter of hugged and Rock Rabbit promised that from that day he would stop running away so fast when Rock Rabbit started lurking at the door of his house when his Rabbits Children were Rabbit and Rock Python hugged and kissed and the world nodded and said they were cousins.

Then came the year of The Great Rock Rabbit told Rock Python not to join the Hunger Boys Of the Forest and eat Rock Rabbit's family while Rock Rabbit

was praying in the the Rock Python who had verified in record books of the jungle that he and and Rock Rabbit were true cousins wept bitterly and within his soft flatter of the serpent he told Rock Rabbit to trust him because he so loved Rock Rabbit left. But when Rock Rabbit came back he was greeted by the clean eaten bones of his nineteen children none of whom looked like him when they were the great sky god Nyame joined Rock Rabbit in the hunt to punish Rock Python for his unpardonable crime of Python was hiding among the tribe of Tankalu when they caught Rock Rabbit opened his mouth twice the size of the Congo River and swallowed Rock that solves the puzzle of why countless Turkana medicine men and myriads of Zulu shamans hunt Rock Rabbit.It is not the meat of Rock Rabbit that they want.It is the skin of Rock Python that they are after because they believe that it possesses power over life and death.

## 1 A masterpiece of Bre'r Rabbit

Bre'r Rabbit was a soccer star several years ago but he hung up his boots and took up farming because he hated the match fixing and the doping scandals that characterised the organisation of sporting events in the human zoo saying, 'I refuse firmly to be a walking advertisement of drugs abuse for the unwary and the unfit role model of corrupt practices for our kids'.

And let us learn kindest people and agree that when they come with their heroine and mandrax we will not buy their drugs but we will report the drugs barons and the police will lock them up in jail where they let us preach on the sidelines against the corruptors of our young minds and let us expose them and make life unbearable for until they turn their backs on their evil corrupt practices.

But before you could say yippyipdog Bre'r Rabbit found his name on top of the selector's wish list of the animals in this forest who were asked to fight and play their hearts out for the honor of their part of the t had the magical touch of Lionel Merci and the scoring prowess for scoring goals from any angle as if scoring goals was going out of Dog who hated Bre'r Rabbit was not called to represent this forest because he was notorious both on and off the field of play and in and out of the love and romance of leading a leaky defence and scoring too many own t agreed without hesitation to represent his adopted country of Mzantsi because he felt to his rabbit bones that was at stake.

And learn from the fine example set by Bre'r Rabbit.It is good to die for your not believe the contrary view of lies that is peddled by a certain English war poet.

On a day during which all the animals and all the people from the seven earths of the earth and the sky birds of the seven skies and all the creatures from the seven oceans of the universe came to watch the mother of all the world cup matches Rabbit gave a moving and sterling performance even the stony heart of the queen of Denmark with his genius stroke of everyone of his masterly goals he scored that day were sublime and out of this at the post match conference he declined to accept the obscene offer of money that a Russian oligarch and a mafia don tried to offer him to play for his team saying, 'We do this things for love and not for those who are less privileged than we are'.

And let us learn wonderful people not to worship money because the whiff of money ultimately invariably corrupts our souls and hardens our hearts to be merciless to others who need our love.

And the people and the president of the people from the land of the people and the animals and the king of the animals from the land of the animals and the fishes and the queen of the fishes from the oceans that teems with the fishes and the birds beautiful birds who fill the sky with song and the lord of the birds who rules the sky all linked hands and beaks and paws and fins and filled the national stadium with a cacophony of roars and shrieks to celebrate the great victory that they still talk about in birdland and the pleasure resorts of humanity and the trees and holes of the animal the name that is deeply engraved on the memory of posterity is that of Bre'r Rabbit.

## 11. The endless rebirths of Malaika Chipanga

In the land straddling the HalfReal-HalfUnreal country of The Impossible Five, that is to say the pagolin, the Cape mountain leopard, the aardvark, pagolin, the white lion and the riverine rabbit there lived two young girls the youngest of the two sisters was called Malaika her mother did not love her because she was born with two horns protruding from her forehead her father thought she was a great curiosity and he was always happy to loan her to any man with money in his pocket he continued to use her to make a lot of money for himself until the day he died when the father of Malaika Chipanga died her mother decided to retire Malaika Chipanga and sell herself to the men with lots of money in their pockets her hatred of her own daughter worsened and when one of her male friends was around the evil mother would point at Malaika Chipanga and say 'I have two I hate this one'. And the abuse of Malaika Chipanga at the brutal hands of her own mother went from bad to bad to worse every time sometimes Malaika Chipanga was forced to go to bed on an empty stomach in winter her mother would force her to go and sleep in the open it was while she was

shivering with cold in the mountains that Rabbit Bre'r Rabbit Tlholo who was in the company of his illustrious friends pthe pagolin, the Cape mountain lion, the riverine rabbit, the aardvark and and many others that he took pity on Bre'r Rabbit Tlholo decided to place himself under her service as her servant saying'She is a child it is obvious who has suffered too much under the merciless abuse of her ofmtoday remember that I will always cloth her and feed her and find sanctuary for her', Bre'r Rabbit Tlholo said and his friends nodded wisely

But the mother of Malaika Chipanga was furious when she saw that despite all the cruelties she was meting out to her daughter sthe girl was not she called su, moned a council of all the men who paid money for her services and those she was planning to enlist in her services also made themselves available. And they all agreed that Malaika Chipanga must be the ver in the night they grabbed Malaika Chipanga and they killed her and they ate the two horns that jutted from her head as a precaution against arrows and knives and bullets and the long arm of the they did not notice where the spirit of Malaika went to the HalfTrue-HalfUntrue world of The Impossible after killing Malaika Chipanga the men who had committed the crime thirsted for more blood and the taste of human they grabbed Malaika Chipanga's mother and they killed her and ate her flesh and they said human flesh tastes like all the men who had eaten the vile mother's flesh became the fathers of boys who were fathered by one hundred that is why the world is full of crime the spirit of Malaika Chipanga's mother infested the homes of all themevil creatures and the evil people of the that is why the world is full of corrupt the spirit of Malaika Chipanga filled the beautiful regions of the world and she gets another beautiful rebirth when a baby Cape leopard or a baby aardvark is born or a babby riverine rabbit is born or a baby white lion is that ends our tale for this evening

## 12. Te tale of Herr Lion and Monsiour Rabbit

Years and years ago Rabbit and Wild Dog and Wild Pig were t was rich in those he said nothing when Wild Dog and Wild Pig came in the night to steal his expensive jewellery and his expensive t even took his money out of the bank and gave it all to Wild Dog and Wild Pig for safe when Wild Dog and Wild Pig went into a spending spree Rabbit said it was all because they loved him and therefore he was happy to have friends like ant was Rabbit's girlfriend at that pleaded with Rabbit to get rid of Wild Dog and Wild Pig out of his Rabbit answered her and said he owed Wild Dog and Wild Pig some kind of Elephant told Rabbit that her love was over for Rabbit because she did not like his when they had sold all his clothes and his car and house, when they had stolen and

squandered all his money Wild Dog and Wild Pig did not mince their words but they told Rabbit that the friendship was over and they resumed the business of chasing Rabbit for the fat of his body and his beautiful hair.

Now Rabbit fell in love with she now he was Rabbit remembered that he had done Giraffe a favor by paying his medical he went and knocked on Giraffe's door at the tallest tree. But Giraffe said he and Rabbit had never met before and he threatened Rabbit with the law after that he slammed the door in Rabbi's Rabbit recalled that a year before he had taken care of Springbok and his family and saved them from eviction by the forces of the local Rabbit went to Springbok ostensibly with the intention to ask Springbok to loan him money and clothes which he needed if he was to look presentable to she Springbok answered Rabbit by setting two Stalinist type dogs after had it not been for the strong tsunami that killed the dogs the history of Rabbit would have ended that t looked back in sorrow and decided that day not to have any friends for the rest of his he went and rested under a huge while he was resting he saw a lion approach him. And fear gripped his heart when he saw the look of hunger in the yes of the now the lion was very close to he looked and he saw again the look of desperation in the yes of the he wanted to scream and tell the lion to go and find his diinner elsewhere so long as he not dining on rabbit the baleful look of sbtarvation in the lion's eyes told Rabbit that he was not the master of the now the look licked the legs of Rabbit but Rabbit's hunger ravaged legs were as thin as the reeds of the Mfuleni river in the lion tried to eat Rabbit's ribs but Rabbit's hunger tormented ribs tasted like the flesh of a one hundred year old the lion looked angrily at Rabbit and said'I could not feast on your meat so rotten with hunger and suffering it is'.And the lion dissapeared abehind the nearest mountain and was never heard of sgain much to the relief of Rabbit

Pheko Motaung

# Tanka Of Life

Who has not read tanka  
Has not read a death poem  
The search is ceaseless  
In the age of instant info  
Ignorance is a tired click away

Pheko Motaung

# Tenderly

Tenderly,  
Where doubt  
Fills every heart  
Wield the rose of  
Hope

Pheko Motaung

# That Is Old Sato

That is old Sato  
Tenderizing his sorrows know  
The ways of the world

Pheko Motaung

# The Beloved

The beloved  
Tell her every year in August  
She lives on in the  
Dust that covered our turbulent  
Separation in turbulent times...

Pheko Motaung

# The Cuckoo Sings

The cuckoo sings  
He coughs blood and dies  
My sorrows pile up  
I cry in the winter rain  
I miss your sad voice

Pheko Motaung

# The Dead Drunk I Help

The dead drunk I help  
In their inimitable  
Way they thank me very  
Profusely and fart in my  
Love all of humanity face

Pheko Motaung

# The Empty House

Save for the frog  
Bathing in the nude  
There is no humor here

Pheko Motaung

# The Long Walk Of Life

The long walk of life  
She waits for the sea  
Is in front of me

Pheko Motaung

# The Meaning Of Opposites...

The meaning of opposites...

She wants them to start

He wants to sketch a seagull...

The death of a failed romance

Pheko Motaung

# The Rulers Of This Land

The rulers of this  
Land are honest when  
They plunder our taxes  
They are deaf and  
Indifferent to our pain  
But they hear every word  
When they chat to a poor  
And frightened maiden

Pheko Motaung

# The Stars Do Not Sleep

The stars do not sleep  
To prove my silly lies look into  
The whites of their eyes

Pheko Motaung

# Think Him Innocent

Think him innocent  
That bird will steal your song and  
Leave you with the blues

Pheko Motaung

# This Evening You'Re Sizzling At Your Royal Most Sensational In Mystic Purple

Today amidst the mist  
Just after dusk way after  
The in-betweeners have done  
Done their thrill seeker's  
Star studded moon dance look  
This evening you're at your  
Royal most sensational in  
Mystic stimulation  
Of red and the calm of blue  
Seem to be vying for your  
the artistry of  
The beauty of your uplifting  
Purple takes the characteristic  
Undertones to uplift the dormant  
Soul and calms the lover's  
Mind and nerves and offers  
A sense of spirituality but  
Most of all your purple is  
Appreciated by the eccentric  
You encourage my creativity

Pheko Motaung

# This Gift Is My Love

This gift is my love  
Find romance on your menu  
Twenty four seven

Pheko Motaung

# Time Is Not On The Side Of Our Slow Love

There was a rainstorm, oh Mabel  
(My heart has lifted you  
To the upper echelons of my soul  
My spirit lets you roam free  
In the flowing beat of my love)  
Oh Mabel  
Have a heart  
I eat grass and drink mud  
To wrench the pity out  
Of your bosom  
Feel the agony I am in  
Time...  
The old clock has the tendency  
To feed me the wrong hours  
Of your difficult tenderness  
Soon I'll smash the old  
Toy to smithereens if it continues  
To tell me the old lies  
Wind the clock anyway myselfward  
Time is not on the side of our slow love  
I must hurry and tell you that  
Your entire self is the personification  
Of the tenderness I miss in my life  
Talk to me as a friend  
And I'll accept the meaning of  
Your well intentioned sympathy  
Talk to me in the ecstasy of your love  
And you will rule the softness of my love  
I

Pheko Motaung

# Time Will Tell

Time will tell  
I forgive her obsession  
With me

Pheko Motaung

# To A Young Girl Dancing With The Wind

Are you a refugee fleeing the wrath of  
Thee wind that blows from the North?  
I must ask the question because I do not  
Trust anything that comes from the North  
And when you dance I see fear in your eyes

Oh girl dancing in the wind  
Are you a pilgrim who is hounded by the hounds  
Of the whirling and whirring whirlwind  
That blows strong to sweep away the crimes  
In our minds and free us from our sinning ways?

You girl dancing in the wind  
What secrets are hidden in your secret dance?  
What dire predicaments whispers the wind  
To you when he comes to watch your lithe dance  
When his jealous heart want to burst into rage  
As he contemplates how he will lay all to waste  
That want to tear you away from his love as he  
Slips into your dust begrimed dance life at night?

Young girl dancing in the wind  
When you dance your lips are besutifully  
Psrted in ecstassy desire fills your dance moves  
Young one dancing so freely in the wind  
Does your freedom dance hide the mockery of  
Some terrible disaster you only knows is coming?

Girl dancing in the wind  
When I die I will die with my face hounding the East  
A child hopes his father will come when  
The wars in the East are fought and lost  
I do not trust the uneasy peace in the East  
Are you the harbinger of death from the East?

Girl dancing in the wind  
Are you the evil intentioned tornado that comes  
To steal their men and destroy their families?  
Girl dancing in the wind

Are you and the West wind as one are you  
United and determined to bring prosperity to us  
Are you in the splendour of your beautiful dance come  
To release us into the windswept arms of the PEACE  
That we and our loved ones so desire and hope to see?

Pheko Motaung

# To The Budding Poets

Learn the rules

And unlearn the rules  
Poetry is mood/ heart/ soul  
It is spirit and mind and...agony  
As in Li Bai making fun of poor  
Du Fu agonizing over a point of poetry  
Don't be such a stickler for rules...

WRITE THAT POEM NOW!

Where there's smoke there's fire. Where  
There's fire there are people. Where  
There are people there's trouble my dear  
And the analysts and the critics they're  
Everywhere but they will not write that poem,  
That masterpiece for you if dilly dally again  
And stop agonizing over who was this Li Bai guy  
And the unfortunate target of his Taoist jokes

POSTSCRIPT! !

About the deserved injury to the analysts

ME

I just

Don't care

Me boy

He he he he he!

Ah waz jus' trying to make ze peace with

Ze world ze understenden, hm?

Pheko Motaung

# Torn Apart

Torn apart by when you want to hear  
If mine are still the footsteps of trepidation  
When I come to your bed and beg to be loved  
I am alerted to the frightful and delightedful  
Fact that you are glad that I am not betraying you

Torn apart by the swirling emotions that fill your heart  
When you find that I have not promised myself to leave you  
Desire overpowers your distrust and your initial incaution  
My body that you use is not for sale it is iron implanted  
In your mind and your dreams to build trust between me and you

Pheko Motaung

# Trust Not Our Old Men

Trust not our old men  
Watch out for their savage sneers  
They gloat at your breast  
Often they sound like saints as they  
Talk the wrong maths to you

Pheko Motaung

# Truth Pervades My Every Vow Of Love For You

I cannot be surly  
and cynical and pour  
Scorn on your well  
Meaning innocent love

I cannot wish  
you out of my dreams  
The nightmares will not  
Leave me in peace to  
Gloat at your broken heart

I cannot walk in the night  
And hide by day  
In vain trying not  
To be seen with you  
Truth is just darling  
Love commands  
Me to serve the holy  
Bastions of your heart  
Truth pervades my every  
Vow of love for you  
Just sacred peace  
Has laid the foundation of  
Tenderness on the red  
Carpet of love  
For you and me  
To exchange the kisses  
To cement the reasonableness  
Of the love we share  
I cannot unbind my love  
To anyone but you  
Don't make me cry  
I cannot live my life thrice  
To the happy fullest  
When I hear your voice  
On the phone without  
Bursting into tears when  
You talk like that and  
You urge me to accept

The meaning you have brought  
Into my burgeoning happiness

Don't cry  
You are part of my life now  
I cannot betray you now  
I cannot desert you now  
My baby  
CRY  
There is nobody  
To compare  
You bowl me over  
When you bring love  
In it's purest form  
Unrestricted to me

Pheko Motaung

# Used And Misled

Used and misled  
That is my sister Abigail  
The loser in this  
Ugly one sided cat fight  
The sugar daddy flees  
Into the night

Pheko Motaung

# Wait Until I Say Come

Wait until I say come  
You disturb the loud quite of  
My daily reflections

Pheko Motaung

# Write Where I Must Write

Write where I must write  
I never had time for school  
I write with my tears

Pheko Motaung

# You Are Not Alone

When they rise and applaud  
Where you went wrong don't  
Unplug the suicidal tendencies  
Lay your head next to your torn  
Clothes and your tattered pillow  
And rest because help is coming  
When they hold long telephone  
Conversations and analyze  
Your faults to death don't  
Let the smile run from your face  
The maligned earth is not  
Your most dangerous opponent  
The good world is your friend  
You will never walk alone  
Life is pleasure ceaselessly  
Lived without end to eternity  
Death is serenity enjoyed forever  
To the endless times of time  
It is the space between that  
Riles your critics about you

## Do Not Be Afraid Of Growing Up

Because you are not alone  
The strong men and the hard women  
Have faced the worst revolts in  
Their lives and they have put  
Down the rebellions and they  
Have mastered their own fears  
Get out of the House Of Aloofness  
And with the blood oozing from  
Your open wounds plant the  
Seed of love and hope in the  
Worst of the denigrated and  
Desperate and desolate places

## Do Not Be Ashamed Of Your Poverty

Because you don't want to be

Caught dead walking alone  
The tender softie softie  
Tendencies of your friends  
To love you is the deterrent you  
Need to disinfect the vile vices in  
Their haunts that haunt your young life  
Defy your humiliation and be like  
The millions of your compatriots  
Who were once the joke of society  
Who are now the kings and the  
Queens of their own successful empires

Don't sabotage God's master  
Plan that He has about you  
Don't bring more suffering  
To your own little corner  
It is unhealthy to be lonely  
This world is yours and ours  
The human family needs you  
Accept the world as it is  
With all it's imperfections  
It will not harm you  
Accept the world and try  
To heal all it's traumas  
It is still your world  
It will not disown you  
The world laughs and it wants  
To know what makes you laugh  
The world with it's love  
Contrary to what they say  
Is not a bedrock of fear

Pheko Motaung

# You Are Not Safe Where I Am Not Invited

Over there I am  
Declared persona non grata  
That one wants to lure you  
To his lair where danger lurks  
Him over there will make you  
Unawares a murdering assassinating  
Blood dripping cult member  
Beware him in that lurid political  
House he has the look of one  
Who wants to turn you into his  
For hire spying femme fatale  
Honey pie you are not safe where  
I am not invited  
Let me tell you to use the wisdom  
Of the brothers Solomon and Barnabas  
Three men with vicious visions  
For money and power want  
To lift you off of me and that  
Makes me hot under the collar  
The jabbering one wants you to be  
His drug mule and he will leave you  
Alone when you get arrested by the  
Guards at the airport of the alien  
that's a fate worse  
To suffer than to go hungry  
Under the agony my control  
You bring your own measly meal  
You suffer the beatings every day  
They put a bullet at the back of  
Your skull when they find you  
Guilty after you have suffered years  
On detention without trial in a  
Lice infested foreign jail  
My man with the priestly  
Countenance is the devil incarnate  
He will take you to the mafia of  
The religious sects where the modern  
Day Judases gather  
He steal the souls of unsuspecting

Pretty girls like you  
Your spirit of adventure will end  
Brutally when they're proved to be  
Liars who predict the end of the world  
It is unsafe for you who is so young  
To venture into the house of bare  
Knuckle political infighting  
And you being so young  
He looks like a father figure father  
Of the nation president  
Actually he is a mamba in disguise  
Beware him then for he will transform  
Into his Mata Hari spying plaything  
And when you're unmasked he will  
Declare solemnly that he doesn't know you  
So you see sweet darling  
It is not safe to set foot where  
I am said to be an extinct species  
One wants you to peddle drugs for him  
The other wants to make you a bill board  
For the advertisement of Jesus  
The other wants you to be lynched  
By his political opponents  
Only one who is your hated protector  
Who eats by himself in his confined  
Corner truly loves you with your personal  
Safety uppermost in his heart

Guess me in among  
Your legion of ardent admirers

Pheko Motaung

# You Take My Everything

You take my everything  
He shares my destitute life the  
Wind that has nothing

Pheko Motaung