

2am/024/0033/09

To The Unborn Child

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As you fumble into this acid world
Blundering into eternal space
Unknowingly and unsuspectingly so
Clasp in mind the cold truth of this your country
A troubled wilderness in a vastness of hate
Hate and fear...
Racial pride and prejudice...
White creatures worshipping Baal coines White Superiority
White lepers substituted God for Mammon
White masters incensed at the alter of Capital
Know dear child...
That deep and acid cuts of hardship await you
That the nightmare of black death incensed with flooding disease loom in impatient wait
That hunger shall but be your all time companion
That the Jericho road to the grave shall be your sacramento
Know dear child...
That to Pieter Botha the reigning demon...
Your softness is no excuse for the dark pit of prison freeze
That in Crossroad you will crush under the stampede of storm
That in Onwervacht you'll lose your souls breath with agonies of pain
That Malans dressed and taught hyenas wait dripping and curdling blood for your kith and
and kin
Know dear child...
That your fount maternal and paternal...
Is a borrowed partner
That the whirlwind of Sebokeng can but sweep him into the dark vale
That the wilderness of Robben Island yawns deeply for his swallow
That the monster of crime wave Capitals breath can but gobble her
That black harvest is lean towered over by black labor pound pouring into Capital's ~~neck~~
pocket
Know however...
That as the seasonal white drought of death sweeps
The black spring with serene power blossoms life in mighty fiery for all.

Ndabezitha ^Khuzwayo