Poetry Series

Anand Brown

- 3 poems -

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Bitter But Better

Child, here we commit your body to the vile clay.
A body that once was warm and enjoyed the pleasantries of this world.
Those hands that now formally adorn your chest once touched men and aroused them to infect you with plague.
We sing sad songs and carry heavy burdens as we hover above your body like the flies that occupy the corners of your wrotting eyes.
Eyes that could once differentiate between good and bad has so been deceived that now you lay face up to the sky that is as gray as your skin. We have few things to say.
We are bitter but better.

Anand Brown

Flesh Is Not Flesh

I woke once to a scream of terror.
The people crowned him with a tyre and set it alight.
I heard too how they cursed him
Shouting: 'Go back home, you foreigner.'

I saw his eyes, I wish I hadnt but I did.
And what I saw in them will haunt me forever.
His eyes did not give away pain or anger
But they shone of innocence.

Venture on child of Zimbabwe to your distant home.
Here in this place flesh is not flesh.

Anand Brown

Township Life

The gong of the sun rises upon a dusty plain where comparitive kids join to welcome the heat haste day. They are unwashed by waters and standards of civility, but when they play they hug the world and their laughter creates a tune.
As the hot pots of pap simmer in the rays of the eye in the sky, mothers wash small babies under dripping taps of little water. Their love escapes them as they carress these little beings with kisses and song, as babies giggle and look up to the heavens with a twinkle in their eye. Old folks dance on their stoeps to the blare of the radio, they shake their frail bodies and expose their discoloured teeth. The dogs run freely in the dusty streets and the children more free visit the river daily to get their dose of sheer humanity. My friend, can you still write about the township with a sigh? Oh no! This is township life.

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