

Poetry Series

Black Consciousness
Poetry BCP
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP()

" Black Consciousness Poetry is a movement that was started by four young men who established themselves as

artists. Through the art of poetry they came to a realization that they need to raise awareness on the injustices that continue to plague their people."

Black Consciousness Poetry stands for:

VALUES

ness: Being an African who acknowledges that the journey for substantive equality is a long one.

-love: Accepting who you are and what role you play as an African.

ation: Providing assistance to those who have been disadvantaged by the system.

u: Encourage the spirit of inheriting the challenges of every African and making them your own.

ry: Black Consciousness Poetry stands on the backbone of truth telling without fear of being labelled or challenged.

Woman: Embracing the African woman that raise the nation.

VISION

Ours is not to make you conscious, but to make you aware of your unconscious behavior. To promote a united Africa. For Africans not to settle and to challenge the status quo. To see them investing in our disadvantaged communities. The empowerment of women in our society. Doing it for African people, your people, our people...

MISSION

gh poetry we aim to raise awareness and awake the masses from theinjustices that still plague our people.

engage with students across all disciplines of study and to change their state of mind through poetry.

influence high school students through our poetry and the concept of academic excellence as a key to empowering the African people.

reunite every African with their history through truth teaching.

THANK NOTES

As a movement we would like to give thanks to the artists, who contributed to this collection of what we have come to term as Black Consciousness Poetry, The reason, revolt as a title suggest to a reader, a revelation of meaningful

insights regarding the past and current events unfolding in the black world, then this collection attempt to highlight few elements that a general persons, especial Black persons in the world that is ant black and continues to manifest oppression in totality. it also safe to conclude that by the virtue of contributing to this collection these artists can be seen as Activist, who seek to see their communities, their people conscious of the unfolding events. We think it will be less fair if we don't acknowledge these Artists by names, below is a list and their short biographies.

Brother H.F Swarts

Hendrick Frans Swarts is a first born of five children of a single parent. He was born in South Africa, Gauteng, Vereeniging and raised in a township called Eatonside. He spent eighteen years of his life in Vereeniging and the surrounding townships before he left for the Western Cape, Cape Town to become a sailor in the SA Navy.

HF Swarts is inspired by his upbringing and his family and the lived experience of people everywhere. Particularly the experiences of the marginalized, and those treated as minorities. He is passionate about life and living life motivated and inspired.

Sister Lindokuhle Matina

Lindokuhle Matina was born in Eastern Cape, in Port Elizabeth. As an Artist who regards herself as a black women, who is conscious of her unconsciousness, hence she refer to herself as a hypocrite, she has and still declare that her love and respect for her people, black people. Has heeded the call of artistic expression. In her artistry, she express truth the best way she knows how, all in the name of healing herself and the black community, she once said "that healing sometimes surfaces uncomfortable contradictions within us in our mission to liberating ourselves. but in the end i genuinely believe it will all be worth it."

Brother Sazi KaMzibeni

Sazi KaMzibeni is from KwaZulu, in one of impoverished township call eMondlo, as many of his people was raised by a single parent, his beloved mother who manage to raise five children to fairly respectable adults. Sazi KaMzibeni's love for his people, black people. Has led him in a journey Activism and of different forms of Art expression, Art as being a voice to give meaningful critic and objectives on subject matters in a society, his writing is solely grouded on functionality and activism.

Brother Mufasa

Oliver Matemane known as Mufasa, was born on 15th January 1988, in the early 2013 after reading Biko "I Write what I like" and deeply interogating his lived experience and his condition as a black person living in South Africa, his thoughts were organized and shaped to seek freedom for his people. He later found his expression through poetry and ongoing dialogues held among black people in various grave yards misnamed as black communities or townships. He, together with others organized themselves as an organization that seek to give black Artist, the platform to address black people's condition. Today he "stand proud to announce that he is a poet and co-founder of Black Consciousness poetry movement, which was founded in the year 2014."

Oswald Kucherera

Oswald Kucherera born in 1986 in Nyajena, the large village in Masvingo province near Great Zimbabwe. He later came to South Africa in 2009 after being retrenched from ZB bank, where was working as a Transactions Clerk. He had his poetry and short stories published by the National Library of South Africa, FunDza Literacy Trust and German journals. He is an author of the autobiographical novel 'The Exodus Down South' and a contributing writer for Science Stars Magazine. He is a human rights peer educator at Africa Unite, a staunch supporter of the struggle for freedom and independence for West Papua and a member of BCP. He writes to raise awareness on the issues of social

injustices suffered by black people and also to keep our history alive.

Brother Stacks

Phumelela Mdingi his friends call him Stacks, he's a founding member of black consciousness poetry, he met his brothers whose poems are part of this collection, they met around 2014. Quoting Stacks: "Back then they mainly focused on reciting poetry that was/is considered "conscious", whatever that means".

he later proclaim "Latey I dont see the difference between "conscious" people and everybody else, it's all the same really". Stacks is originally from the eastern cape, his mother is from eCentane and father is from eNgqamakwe. Quoting Stacks: "Excuse me if I spell/pronounce those names wrong. I spent most of my adolecence in America, Baltimore Maryland and also in Prince Georges County." his mother is a nurse and she went there when he was a toddler and Stacks went to stay with her later on and came back to South Africa in 2011 and have been here since. His poetry is yours to consume and reject as you please, he hope you do feel something though.

Quoting Stacks: "This was supposed to be a short bio so I think I gave any key information you might need to know. Thank You"

A Nation

There's a voice that remains cocked in many throats, a reality looming beyond what many eyes are condition to see, there's a lived experience, a story written everyday but never published for the world to read.

Here there's dark clouds gathering, a booming storm beyond this illusive colours of the rainbow, there's a nation surviving within the nation, bipolaric state of People of Colour and Rainbow People, here there's a pregnant nation to give birth, there's a dying nation, to give way.

There's a nation of suburbians living Fat, there's a nation of subjects surviving death, for a tomorrow of citizenship.

There's liberation coming, so they agitate for the death of South Africa, for the birth of Azania.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

A Nation Of Graves

A nation of mass graves, of mourning
mothers and grieving fathers, spell bound
in a cloud of burning rainbow candles, death
hangs as the sun far but close enough to
burn, to blind the young, not to see the
battle field, from the idea of a township,
the war has been waged, the young won't
know until they are casuals like their elderly.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

A Streetkid Of Humanity

Stationary, in a state of becoming but never
be, standing on static concrete barren of
history worth-mentioning, for it stands on □
stolen land and silenced voices.□

A dirty hobo, rejected and denounce as a
subhuman, dragged on the mud of servitude,
dehumanized before and for civilizations while
the clergy sing hymns of how I was born a
sinner.

Hungry, starving for self, searching for syllables
on muted mouths of my ancestors, booked and
sentenced by foreign laws.

Standing at the T-junction of life, with open hands
and searching eyes, looking for my forebear's footprints
on the shore sands of history, only to conclude that they
were long washed away by western waves.

I'm a street-kid, born with no name, for my history
was deaden, my home invaded and colonized.
Pungent with marginalization, I'm a fart no one
dare claim, deserted by humanity, forgotten by
God and his only son, for they no longer resemble
my face.

labeled black, an enigma of Nations, a street-kid
of humanity, constituted as an outcast, on my own
surviving in a inhuman white world.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Afrikans..

All Five fingers are the same but different in size, length, shape and strength but they are all still called fingers, all belonging to the hand.

We are Afrikans.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Albinism

Our skin of gold, sham
shamans claim our skin
bleeds Wealth, Gospel to
our kith and kin who suffer
from poverty of thought.
Through their hungry eyes.
We are a golden goose who lay
limps and arms, where do
we run to when our own family
have become hosts who prey
on our dying lamp.
we no longer glow in the dark
anymore, the burning fires in
our eyes have been smothered
by showers of tears, we no longer
fear the sun cause we now know
the night have many terrors and
Terrors have many of our nights.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Alone

You never met yourself.
A voice in your head
rings, runnn! you ran away
from yourself why, a
thought in a question
form tapped on your
shoulder, you never
looked back, you don't
know yourself, it hits
you.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Am I Free?

Since i'm a bastard i'm easy pray
For these cold teeth
The beast it captured all my loved ones and my family
The system masters make sure I bleed and am drenched to my feet
Remote adapter I turn on the TV
And it all looks the same to me
A song for laughter so you don't greive
I go the pastor heart on my sleeve
He tells me after this life there is sure to be glee
It seems the answers I never see
And so I asked him
Am I free?

Talked to my lady
You know the birds and the beez
She says lately you don't seem to be at ease
I told her baby all i'm trying to do is be
I'm going crazy this world it worries me
Jesus he saved me but I'm still in hells teeth
She told me baby don't get caught up with the greed
You have been given all that you will ever need
The best things in life are free
Her words were food for an empty stomach to feed
But I still asked her
Am I free?

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Andizazi

Ezasekhaya izinyanya zihlala ngaphantsi kwamanzi
Isanti yolwandle lufefezo lwemfemfe zam
Imimoya yase lwandle seyajika yazizihlewele,
Yangu moya osuka kwizinyanya othi uvelele abo baphilayo ngephupha
Kodwa, ndithe ndakurhabula ibhekile yomsindo wam okomqombhothi
ovuzis'amathe
Ndazibona sendi ngahloneli kwantlonipho yenu ngoba, andizazi

Ndibizwa kwilizwe lamathongo
Kuthiwa ndinentwaso, ndinenkenkqe
Ndiluhqanqalazo lwegqirha elingenangqondo
Kuthiwa Ndoyikisa izithunzela
Kodwa ndicamagusheliswa isimanga esingeso sam

Mna Ndibizwa kwilizwe lamathongo
Ndisabele
Bandibuze ungubani?
Ndiphendule ndithi
NdinguPaula
Vumani bo!
Abavuma
Baphinde bandibuze ungubani?
Ndiphendule ndithi
NdinguLindokuhle
Bandibuze ngoobani aba balinde okuhle?
Ndibheka'bheke ndizimele ngaba kulomama
Ndithi, 'ngooTshonyane, ooDikiza, ooSawu, ooCungwa, ooMthuzimela, ooNkomo
Vumani bo! '
Abavumi
Ngoba, andizazi

Ndaziva ndisindwa emagxeni kukubeleke iziduko endingazaziyo
Ndigrumbha amangcwaba ezinyanya zabantu endingabaziyo
Kwalomngxuyo uginya imvelaphi yam endingayaziyo

ukuba bebesazi ukuba
Utata wam usasula udaka olwalunyhibhelwe emehlweni akhe
Ngumama wakhe
Owancumela ecaleni, emva kotyiswa utsiki

Ntsi! Makhulu wasenza kodwa
Ngoku konke okutaka kwisende likayihlo wam liyalehleka
Ngoba ndim lo, andizazi
Ndim lo, andizazi

Mna ndithonga ngookhokho bam
Ngezinye iimini bathyudisa emaswangeni bezinyosi
xa kusila umakhulu
My ancestor's ghosts still grave those grounds
Their restless spirits unfound
Amaxixilili egaz' exhanti anxanelwe isiXhosa
Ndixoleleni mna
Ityala lam kukuzalwa
Ndixoleleni mna, ityala lam andizicelelanga

Mna ndithonga ngookhokho bam
Babhonga bade babhogle ubudlobongela ngumsindo
Ndoba utata katata ngubhuti kamama kamama
Nangona kulomama belivumile eli tyala
Lisagqinwe ngeqhina likaNongqawuse kulotata

makube kwamngqund' ujuliwe
Ngoba nam ndiyaqhanqalaza
Iindoni zamanzi andisazi thuthi
Andisazinquli, ngoba azindazi nam andizazi

Umsindo wam ingathi unitshonisa nzulu ngaphantsi kwamanzi
Nixel' eNxele
Kodwa ngamanye amaxesha amaza olwandle
Ibangathi zizandla zenu, ezindithyalela
Ngaphandle, kwiphepha nosiba
Ingathi nindikhombisa umzila owashiywa yindlovukazi apho yayihamba khona
Ukuze ndijoje ukuba ndingubani
Ngoba andizazi

Ndikhangela iimpendulo
Ndaqhumisa impepho
Wonyuka phezulu umsi, wazoba indlovu
Isilo saseManqarhwaneni
Ndatsho ndayiqonda ukuba bafuna ndithyile
Inyala laba bandizayo

Yacima impepho
Ndashiyeka ndisaqhunyiwe kungazazi
Ndiyazazi ngoku ukuba andizazi
Ndim lo ndize phambi kwenu andizazi
Ndize,
 ndize,
 ndize,
 ndize...

Wena?
uyazazi ukuba ungubani?

|Lindokuhle Matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Arms Deal.

They are dealing and dealing while we are dying and dying. They make the guns and sell them to us to kill each other while they are making more, keep killing each other, while they keep making weapons and ammunitions, it is good for business, when the demand is high the supply will increase the price will rise and the profit will increase, so they say. It's not personal its business even though our bodies lay cold with holes of bullets we have no idea how they are made.

Like guns, they make laws, laws they enforce, that's how they can make you weapons biological, weapons chemical, weapons nuclear, weapons agricultural and blame it on you for using them when they armed you and forced you to use them against yourselves. With these laws they justify themselves for killing you, for putting you into prison and for doing many inhuman things they do. They are innocent and you are guilty, they are making order in the world in order to kill you in precision, especially you the rebel, especially you the revolutionary, especially you the terrorist, especially you who can think independently and oppose what they are all about, especially you the audible and talking the truth that needs to be unknown to their victims.

They make more guns and more laws while many pray and become more devotional, they make the earth hell which it already is, but now becoming unbearable, they are the demons in it but they demonize you, and make themselves your savior and their murderers in uniforms angels, with codes of conducts and swoon oath to the law, they will carry out their duty without question. Remember slavery was legal, remember you were equated to animals, remember when they took your land and the lives of those who resisted, yes remember that all of this was legal, it was right according to the law, just remember that all this like what Hitler did and many of his kind was all legal. They are dealing and dealing while we are dying and dying.

That's one of the chief reasons why Africa has more guns widely distributed than food, a reason why a lot of us are armed and yet hungry, that's the reason why they are caused to kill each other while the wealth of their continent is ripped from beneath their feet and their people more impoverished and exploited. War is business and we pay the price. If you do not find yourself in the picture, you do not have an idea what In the world is going on. They are dealing and dealing while we are dying and dying.

|HF Swarts|

Azania

I do know I speak from, out of, by and for many tongues
when I say "With open arms, we are welcomed in the state
of emotions, whenever you are mentioned in cities of songs and township
rhetoric, for you are the Might's whisper, the hymn spell that kept our forebears
in resistance battlefields.

Azania, even sullen years cannot fatigue a trail thought of
you, about you, for how can we forget you, resist you when you come carrying
our dearest of fortunes, when you seem
to shine beyond, what befall us.

Azania our beloved, our joy and our hope, how we long you
In-totality. We cry of you, for you the same cry our forebears have cried and we
shall bleed for you as they did, heart willingly.

Azania our aspirant paradise, our heaven on earth, if we live not to see you, may
we be buried before your feet, upon your arrival."

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Bang Bang...

Bang bang they shot him down, bang bang he hit the ground bang bang cause he was black, bang bang now his life is lost...

Bang bang order in court, bang bang there is no justice here bang bang, the officer is free bang bang cause he was white, bang bang another black life is gone...

Bang bang black life is cheap bang bang blame it on social ills bang bang they take it any time, bang bang another mother lost her child...

Bang bang the law is anti black, bang bang systematic oppression reigns, bang bang black man you are on you own, knock knock is time you wake up now, remember you are an African in America.

|HF Swarts.|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Beautiful Contradictions

Beautiful contradictions are human beings
Wrapped in African Prints that tell tales
unseen, they are my skin, They are my hands,
they are my mind, they are my tongue
A tongue that usually speaks English
A hand that mostly writes in English
But a heart that hates English and all
its anguish what a contradiction, such
a beautiful contradiction

My flesh is a delicate glass shattered
in a million pieces.
My stretch marks resemble the crude cracks
of grief, of rape, of pain you can't tame
NdinguMxhosa and I'm hella proud but I do
not stand for the culture of Amadoda azakusulela
ngembhola on women crucified on the cross
of purity until the holy matrimony yintombi yaphi,
sisi-aram sandawoni na Esi? Masincamise isidima
sayo ndlela ntle and be labeled as damaged goods.
Tryna play uhuru in these hoods.
There is more to our culture we are not fools
Ikhanti asiyopali enempondo zenkomo kuphela.
I stand against all this but I still call myself
uMxhosa ongangxengwangwa who's hella black and
hella proud contradiction, such a beautiful
contradiction.

My eyes have witnessed the massacre of young black
brains murdered by white Santa Claus with Jesus's
claws, the suicide of black fathers who give away
a piece of themselves for whiteness to kill mental
slaughters of black daughters 25th of December, day
of Amnesia lest we forget the rhetoric spirit of
christmas Day, We get to die without a say
Because our blood is the ultimate sacrifice for
the birth of Christ.

Dear Sir Jesus

With the blue eyes And the good blonde hair
My skin-Our black skin is not an invitation
for death, we are sick and tired of attending
party funerals.

The fat lady's voice is no longer sweet like
honey, it's turned course because you throw
too much parties for her to finish off, you
get us drunk with your holy spirits.

We get hungover and then we act really nice
to our neighbors for a day or two but your
brother, system calls us to soberness.

He does not romanticize like you Sir. His
face is vaguely between white supremacy and
black capitalism. But his character is known.
It's known by my great grandfathers back-through
cheap labor, my gogo's vagina in the patriarchy
parties, my fathers hands and by the emptiness of
my brother. Who lost all his energy on black on
black violence because of your brother, the system.

I often imagine about how nice your life is sir.
It must be quite lavish sir, it's my peoples ultimate
dream. Most of them have forsaken our Gods for your
heaven. They say their mythology is too little for
their pain, they need miracles to make them numb to
racism, to make them numb to the fact that gentrification
is the updated forced removals act they don't understand
how our God can be the God of astronomy and cosmology and
still be the beauty of a women's body. So they chose to
worship you instead, you police them, you confuse them,
you kill them but they only forgive you because of one
thing- your house, heaven.I've never heard of a white man
that owned anything, I know of only white men that steal,
steal houses from us and make us beg to come in and breath
our own oxygen.

Maybe you stole out spirituality and gave it chains, called
it religion to confine our people anyways I hope you enjoyed
Your stay because slowly but surely, the gods are whispering
truth to our ears and we are being awakened everyday, everyday
and everyday!

Hopefully one of these days will be hosting your funeral

because you have to die for us to live.

|Lindokuhle Matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Behold

Behold, this is the coming, the birth of the messiah, the child of the sun, whose skin is burnt gold, whose hair is woolly as a sheep, whose presence and potent is might, whose essence of the gospel message stands or falls on the experience of the oppressed, whose coming reminds us, the oppressed that god is within us, god is us therefore god is black because god is one with the oppressed of the land, behold the time has been fulfilled, The Kingdom of god is at hand, at your hands oppression will come to end, only when you realise that god will only act as soon as you act, for your oppression to cease to stand. Behold the reign of Black god displaces all false authorities, to repent and believe in the gospel message is to disband the white church because to be less religious is to be more close god and over stand that religion has given god a bad name but Today god redeem herself by joining us as we search for our identity, only to discover we have been searching for god herself, because god's identity is revealed in our struggle for freedom.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Black Bodies

Our humanity is
cosmic, spirituality
ciphered, Our body
language is coded,
cryptography written.

Your society is primitive
and too illiterate to spell
'essence', with our assent.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Black Man

Black man continue to fight
Black man continue to strive for the best out of life
Black man realize that your struggle is not yours alone
Black man see me as yourself
Know that every drop of blood that was sacrificed for you could fill the oceans 10
times over
Black man embrace your pain and know that it equips you to survive anything
Because every second that you have lived from the time you were in your
mothers womb is one for survival
Even in that womb black man
Your mother sought for every avenue of your freedom
Black man love every woman like she is your sister mother or daughter
Black man the tv disrespects her on a daily basis
Black man know that her beauty in its many manifestations
Has been the subject of the utmost abuse
Black man let her know that though her curves are very appealing they are not
her definition
Black man she must see this
Blackman she is a reflection of our situation
Black man she mother a nation
Black man I am your brother
Black man I am your kin
Black man words can only say so much
Black man the time for action is now
Black man in your journey for self-preservation do not forget me
Black man I remember you every time I pass my own reflection
Black man fight for me as I fight for you
Black man let us claim our birth right
Black man let us secure the future of our legacy
Black man I have climbed the mountain to its highest point and walked among
the vegetation on her bosom
She has let me know that life perseveres even through the most harsh conditions
Black man as I stood atop the summit I bore witness to the majesty of Jehovah
Black man my heart was moved and circulated great thanks to the Creator
Black man we must realize our destiny
Black man I have not seen the promised land
I dream of it as you do
I grieve for every dreamer that passed on
For our dream is one

Black man we have no choice
Black man never recline

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Black Tax...

Bill Vaughan once wrote 'the tax collector must love poor people because he is creating so many of them. 'And s/he never stops collecting. We paid and we pay and you will pay until you have nothing left. You pay as you earn personal income tax, you pay value added tax, you pay for company income tax, you pay for fuel levy, you pay property tax, you pay direct and indirect taxes, and you pay and pay and you will keep paying and Mr tax man will keep on taking and receiving and like the grave he never gets satisfied.

But there is this one other tax that kicks a lot of blacks in the face though they are already on the ground, we call it black tax, Mr tax man doesn't seem to know about it, but it's Mr tax mans former and present bosses that created it. It is responsible for many young people growing old without having any tangible assets to their name because they had to pay and many are still paying black tax, it pays for funerals of the elderly that were underdeveloped, exploited, miseducated and left to die without anything for themselves or those they leave behind. Black tax support many families than state grands which is money that was taken by the tax man anyways. Black tax pays for medication for the poor sick families without medical aid and stuff like that, and the sad truth is many dies if this tax is not available. Black tax builds houses for families that have lived for generations in shacks which are concentrations camps and scrap yards in our neighborhoods.

I know it and I hate it but I must pay it because I am black and I am amongst those that have to pay it dearly. Black tax dresses our nieces and cousins, black tax put food on tables seated with unemployed uncles, aunties, brothers, sisters, extended families, relatives, and many other children whose family tree and connections are only known by the great grand parents, and that's if there is chairs and a table to seat around. It is not that they are lazy, it is just that systematically they have been positioned for such an outcome. Black tax dresses our nieces and cousins, and depending on the family one comes from, it can dress a whole host of people. Black tax is one of the causes of a lot of late marriages amongst black people and black youth and that's if marriage will ever take place. Black tax pays for a lot of poor black children's schooling, from their uniforms to their school fees if any money is left after the other basic needs have been meet and that's if they have been meet. Black tax is responsible for so many young black professionals to go from month to month broke and in debts.

Black tax is a heavy tax some of us pay until we take our last breath, black tax keeps a lot of some of us from having personal progress, black tax is responsible

for some of us to keep doing what we are doing at our jobs even though we hate it with all our might. Black tax has kept many black families alive, not necessarily 'living' but alive from day to day. Black tax is not in many of our conversations and our literature but a lot of us feel it in our pockets, live with it daily, and are brutally confronted by it every time we have a salary or a wage or a some form of money. Black tax will affect you dearly if you are from a poor background and care about your family and extended family. Black tax is embodied in black pain. The poor didn't just appear, the poor were created, and along with the black poor masses came black tax.

Now if you will excuse me, I need to find money to pay amongst many taxes, black tax.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Black Tea, Wiseman's Tea

You are my ancient religion, my
morning cup of tea, black and
strong with sweetest honey of
melanin, with no milk, not diluted
that's how I prefer you warm, even
steaming hot full, half
empty you complete me, you occupy
even the least of my thoughts, I
think of you, every time the kettle
hisses. Our affection boils, I pour
you into the cup of my hands and
stroke you with my fingers, hold
you closer then sip you.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Black Working Class

Believe me I know
how much It hurts
you to wear that musk.
With a thick red lipstick,
for a while your mouth
has been an ornament.
Heavy cotton business
Suit, you are still picking
cotton.

Mr and Miss worker
of the month, rewarded
certificates but never awarded
your due humanity.
with every make believe
smile, you bleed internal and
die thousand deaths.

Your unrest spirit lingers
the corridors of the ivory
towers while your empty
black shell takes a train
back to hell, south african
townships.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Black Zombies

Black Zombies, spiritual bleached.
to be religious crucified on a ivory
cross.

Black bodies, biblical pages of unsung messiahs.
Drain off royal blood and racial classified, to be
trade-able commodities.

Incommode civilization.

Stolen legecy.

Distorted history.

Today's tripling identity crisis.

A whitewash mind is a dirtiest mirror.

Socially engineered Black diamonds, born free
in an un-freed nation.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Cancer Of A Man

You fear, yes you do.
you are feared assuring
yourself and It might
be true since you can
only give what you
have, fear on the skies
of your contempt, deep
in the lonely seas of your
blue eyes something sparkle,
It's everlasting bone fires
of fear.

The kind of fear that
silenced the beating
hearts of vibrant ancient
villages.

Which later became an
itch on their family's
wounded spirits and
conquered humanity.

Parasite, a parasite that
came with indian ocean
strongest wind, battling
sailing ships, cancered
by the blazing sun that
kiss us, suffocated by the
dazzling wind that hugs us.
Mama Africa forswear
you, forsake you.

Cast out, angry and cold
as the sea that birth you.
As blood thirsty tap worms
deep in one's belly, Mama
africa vomits you and sun
burn you.

You invaders of her body

landscape, soldiers of decay
white blood cells, who
came as neutrophil travelling
through her body with
blood, she allowed you in her
veins, she bodied you but
Infectiously you turn against
her and spread greatly
killing every organ of clans
that glimpse of life, of hope.

She lost her heir, suffered
the greatest of pain, from the
hell that opened and it rained
terror, under the sky of her eyes
circled volt of vultures endowing
the smell of death, among the
living, the cancer of a man fed
on her children's fatality.

The cancer that took Robert
Mangaliso Sobukwe, Bob Marley.
If the loss of appetite is common
with cancer, you are definitely
the cancer that killed Stephen
Bantu Biko, the betrayal cancer
of Patrice lumumba, Thomas Sankara.
cancer like bullets that collapsed
the lungs, suffocated life out of
Malcom-X, Martin luther King Jr and
many more of us who remain unnamed
in mass graves, shallow graves.

Yes you, you little white lie
that eluded, divided her
dear sons and daughters.
Behind every shadow you
are the finger that pull
triggers, the arriving ships
the sound of cannons, the
hand of death.

We no longer fear you, cancer
of a Man. Solely because
we have discovered that
our self love and our unity
is our chemotherapy. We are
no longer on the bed of
despair, under the white
sheets of hopelessness, our
voice is recovering becoming
stronger and louder, you will
no longer silence us.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Cha Pha Cha Pha.....

Cha pha cha pha.....

Awa amachembe, sebufikile ubusika.

Okwakuluhlaza, sekomile kufile.....

kuyafa. Zibuke zisamile izihlahla

zinqunu zinjalo.

Cha pha cha pha.....

Awa amathonsi, yasho imvula. Wahamba

umhlaba nezikhukhula. Buka amadwala

eze, ehlelobala kuhle kwezinqa zesele.

Cha pha cha pha.....

Zawa izinyembezi, yaphuka inhliziyo.

Wakhubeka umphefumulo, uyedwa vho

umuntu onsundu Impilo imbuka ezinhlamvini

zamehlo, njengamadwala uze, ithemba

lihambile kuhle komhlaba ohambe nezikhukhula,

usefi ke kwanqi, em'phela ndaba.

Cabu cabu cabu cabu.....

Wasukuma wazithatha.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Colonised Minds Do Colonised Things

Love making becomes
Death calling
As we simultaneously climax
Scream Mo ni fere
Azaro Iwunga is born
The seed of African pride
Is embedded in her
Mother pregnant with black clouds
So big her bele has no doubt
The day we were called by fate
Mirfel, Rose, yami and obedine
are foreigners but not Kate
Motho tlogela Mme Africa
Enjoy her land
For it was her hand
That fed you
But now you turn on her too
Xenophobia is not the problem here
Sins of video recordings
Slayage of Mama on tape,
Rape and those that watch
Her placenta bleed
As here skin and a razor cut meet
Man who has never carried
Child
Steals two from us
While we make remarks
And turn away instead of standing up
For our fellow black Queens
Surely you have a daughter papa
Thembi, zanele, moratuwa
Surely you have a wife tata
Pfuluwane, inga, michelle
Colonized minds do colonized things

Ignorance will elevate you to
non existent logic it brings
Black on black Killings
Do you lack feelings

As she begs for mercy
This will not give you a job as
you claim they steal
This will not end corruptions
As you say they bring
But all you want is a hearse I see
Yihlo, if you want to put blame
Then you've channeled your rage
In the wrong direction
The true and most ugliest perpetrators
here are the white man and his bitch.
Love making is forbidden
No more making babies
They simultaneously
Screamed, breathed
Their last breath
Moni fere ye-yo
Sawa? Someday it will be

|Lindokuhle matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Conditional Love

They dance to our
music, marvel on
our poetry, author
our heritage, claim
our history, plough
our lands, imitate
our culture, wear
our gold, mimic our
lives on their theatres
and motion pictures, a
notion in caption is

'they love everything
about us except us.'

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Consumers Of Life.

We are sick and we have to acknowledge that. We are sick and we will die of it because we created it, we have allowed others to create it for us, we have paid for it. From making virus and paying for anti viruses, no it's not in program form for our personal computers only, but it is inside us, from HIV to Cancer. Ebola to the Zika virus, we have come up with these stuff, human beings are the worst of the living things on earth. From our labs to our pharmacies we would kill the poor with all the diseases and the drugs because they will be the first to receive these and will pay the price for their death. We are perpetuating our own death and that of our people in the name of what? And in whose name? We wear clothes made literally from the bloody deaths of others in sweat shops in Bangladesh, Japan, China and God knows where else. Yes we do, the same way we have sugar that was watered with stains of blood of those that farm it, don't even ask about GMO food or whatever else when you don't even ask about the process of the clothes you wear.

Consumers we are and we will soon enough have to consume each other or ourselves if we have haven't already begun. After we have consumed and then killed all the life in the sea with our overconsumption and pollution, after we have farmed and destroyed all the land with our chemicals, after we have polluted all the air we breathe, we will have to then face the fact that we cannot eat money. We need to wake up soon or die in numbers.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Dispossession

This position is a dispossession
In the mist of desperation
Nations against our nation
It was mentioned, black man you're on
your own
The sons and daughters of the soil with
stomachs swollen
Their land is stolen
Knowledge of self-frozen in time
Black Zombies set to self-destruct
While busy praying in god we trust
Tell them about their own culture
They look at you with disgust
Accepting their own has now become an insult
This position is a dispossession
Our ancestors possessed greatness
So much greatness hidden in the pages of history
Locked in private museums view as a mystery
Kept secret from the offspring of these great
ancestry
And so that greatness is not evident in the lives
lived by their offspring
Instead our fathers legacy is inherited by the
oppressor and his descendants
They reaped the fruits of a seed they stole
This story must be told
For the TRUE heirs to the throne are now the
Inheritors of poverty
The queens and kings are now the Victims of
self-destruction
Victims of nation division
Forgotten are the days when we used to be known
as the inventors of civilization
The mentors of spiritual stimulation
The founders of cultural, religious and
traditional foundation of all nations!
Forgotten are those days when we used to be
known as great man and women of our society
This position is a dispossession

That which was once in our possession
Is now in our desperate vision

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Dlozi Lami

Dlozi lami ngifela izimvula
zezibusiso nezinhlanhla
ezivela esibhakabhakeni senu
Zulu omnyama, nithule
nithini bengifungela
bengisongela, bekhwifa
izihlungu ezidunga umoya
bethi liyoshona nami, incwaba
selimbiwe.

Phela sengibulawa nje
ngoba idlozi lami
ligidile kwajatshulwa
kithi, kanti mina
kwakungamele yini
ngiphumelele, kanti
mina kwakumele nje
ngibe unonhlupheko.

ngiphendule Dlozi lami.
Dlozi lami ngilamulele,
selihlomile izinkonjane
zizungeza khona lana,
bathi liyobhuma kanye
vho lingithathe, ngeze
ngafa ngifela izinhlanhla
nezibusiso eningibusise
ngazo, achithiwe asho
amathambo kaMgoma
Ukuthi abathakathi
basekhaya, bacheme
Nondlebe zikhanya ilanga.

awuu mandoda ave belibele
ukuthi iDlozi lihlekela
elimthandayo, kanti abazi
yini bona ukuthi sonke
sizalwe sifumbethe.
Kanti bona abazi yini ukuthi

inhlanhla yomuntu yisiphiwo
esingabiwa kuhle kwefa, esho
efa.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Dry Mouth Going Up Hill

How could you doubt me
when you don't know a thing about me
It astounds me
Generalization is racist
Man up and face it
Visualization of my Kingness
Utilization of my realness
Feel this and kill all previous illness
Know that if it works against you it's worthless
Further more claim your right to wear your crown
Despite the enemies attempts to keep you down
Rise higher than clouds
Claim all that wasn't aloud to your forfathers
Go harder than Shaka Zulu
Go harder than Martin Luther
Go Harder than Malcom X
Go harder than Steve Biko
Just take it further
With lyrical murder and spit that lethal
Sometimes your attempt may seem feeble
You even consider going illegal
In attempts to soar like an eagle
Flow sick got the measles
Eat protools and Kgwadis beats for breakfast lunch and dinner
I'm on one tryna be that winner
Master craftsmen of the verse
Fine tuning my blade so when I cut it hurts
Askin myself will I ever realize my worth
Be king of my turf
Everyday I fight with the King of the Earth
It's a never ending battle
Cold sweats in the middle of the night
Chasing day break
Not knowing when the judge will sound his gable
Comin to the front straight outa last place
I don't mask my face when I'm all up in your face
Gettin mines is the case
Doin that til I'm gone
Feel the itch in my palm

It rings louder than any alarm
I told myself go get it
That's exactly what I plan to do
Representing the Conscious til I'm threw

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Embo

Buyelani embo sizwe ndini esinesimbho
Apho ubuhle buncokola nenyano
Inyano incuma nobulungisa
Apho wawunokukhuza uthi "Thyini intle inzala yemazi emnyama"
Kodwa namhlanje sithi ubuXhosa bethu busenza amaqaba
Ukuba ubuyazi imvelaphi yakho
ubunokuqonda ukuba ukubizwa iqaba yeyona nyhweba yakhe yankulu

Kaloku magqobhoka ndini, amaqaba namaqabakazi
Ngamaqhawe namaqhawekazi
Asibekela inqawe
Elwela izwe lethu
Umhlaba
Kodwa namhlanje siwaticela ebusweni
Ngoku bhedesha oku kufuna ukusitshalalisa

Zindijadule izijwili zezizwe
Umhlana ubomvu kukubeleka ubuhle nobubi belilizwe
Ndiphila okwe khoboka kumhlaba wokhokho bam

Kaloku bona bakhule ngoqula kwedini
Qude manikiniki zindala zombhini
Kodwa thina sifuna ukutshalalisa izithethe zakwantu
Eso siganeko ingaba sisishiqi soluchwe

andifuni sichithane nobomi bethuu
Ngokuzamana nokubuyela embo
Ngoba umgca obheka embo
Wacinywa kudala

Wacinywa mhla kufika ikoloni
Wacinywa mhla kuthunyeliswa uNongqawuse

Kodwa ithemba lona likhona
Ithemba ligazi lika Tatu Biko
USobukwe,
Queen Nzinga,
Morena Moshweshwe,
Nkosi Shaka Zulu

Ithemba lam likwela xhego laxhela inkomo
Kwagxigxiza igazi kwixhanti lakwaXhosa
Kwagxigxiza igazi kwixhanti lakwaXhosa
Camagu.

|Lindokuhle Matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Feel That

Feel it inside you
just let it guide you
til your spirits delightful
in spite of all that is spiteful
I come up to the mic full
and I just relent
cause I can feel it
deep down in my spirit
if you had doubts
then let me clear it
If you don't feel it then you should fear it
past the sky there be no limit
Vision so vivid
To see it you gotta feel it
Feel it

Conscious of my lack of limit
No time to be actin timid
Can't be caught slippin
By the agendas of the system
Personal wisdom
Further more builds him
They mighta thought they killed him
When nights got cold
I've watched flames mold
Not a spark or a cole
Came up from the floor
Yet if only they tried a little more
See defeat knows the poor
It lets anger pore down from tear ducts
What was once held dear to us
Lies dead like a sword left to rust

This pencil is my sword
With it I even strum chords
To my own accord

Getting better at it
Actin like an addict

Tryna master it

Bend it to my own will
Use it with my own skill
Make it my own real

With every letter it gets sharper
Cutting deeper with ever stroke
It's hand held no remotes
That would denote the point Im tryna get across

Cutting away at the soft tissues
Searching for my structure
It's covered by personal issues
Under this rubble is luster
I can't fumble or misuse this blade
I'd insult my culture
I can't let my consciousness fade
That would be the biggest blunder
And put me under

Now comes the hard part
Steady as a surgeon as I cut around the heart
Flow fluent like art
so I can hit my mark
Eyes closed in the dark
Cause I can feel it
deep down in my spirit
if you had doubts
then let me clear it
If you don't feel it then you should fear it
past the sky there be no limit
Vision so vivid
To see it you gotta feel it
Feel it

Young.

|Stacks|

Fees Must Fall

Do we all have to go to prison for our fees to be paid? If education is a key to success, why is it withheld from so many impoverished people or is the intention to keep us marginalized excluded and isolated, is it not that you want the current and next generation of blue color workers, cleaners and prisoners?

If education is the key why withhold it from the impoverished majority, we too want to open doors of freedom for ourselves and the oppressed, we want to open doors of opportunity, of self determination and continued self education. We too don't want to end up where the majority of our grannies and grand dads ended up because they were unable to read and write as a result had no voice or little if any because of segregation and apartheid. Their skin worked against any way. Is it not that you also believe that blacks are mentally incapable? They are only good to be socialized into domestic workers which really are house slaves, garden boys and modern slaves which are really working in modern plantations and are field slaves. Fees must fall.

Fees must fall even when a few black bourgeois cry 'give us opportunity to finish our certificates, diplomas, degrees, honors, masters and doctoral degrees. Do you not know that after these selected few bourgeois have acquired their diplomas and certificates, they too will be separated from black pain of the impoverished majority at least so it seems. They too will have long necks and speak from podiums and pulpits of privilege, they too will be managers and defenders of the filthy wealthy thieves, the educated criminals and organizations and countries that perpetuates injustice and smothers justices in every way possible. If any of us do not have an opportunity to study, then none of us should have that opportunity at all. The curriculum of these institutions needs attention any way. Fees must fall.

Fees Must Fall because we too pay taxes you know and so did our parents who had no houses, no running water, flushing toilets, decent opportunities, no jobs and if any no pensions, no savings, no dignity and no land. I hope you know that it is not because they didn't work hard but they were free and cheap labour. Fees must fall because the government says there is no money to pay for education yet they have money for free circumcision and condoms, they have money for building or upgrading prisons, pay for prison uniform, food, daily services and prison education, or is it because those who help send the black man to prison are the ones running the prison business. We know that prisons are a big business and a source of free labour. I do not want to mention their houses, salaries and privileges paid to them by their old age master whiteness. Let alone

fruitless expenditure.

Fees must fall. Capitalism in its current form and all those who endorse and preserve it must fall. Colonial institutions and systems must fall. White power must fall. White supremacy and all its forms must fall. White privileges must fall. The end of the world as we know must raise. The white blacks must fall. The Rothschild's must fall. The Rockefeller's must fall and all those that work for them must fall. Black power must raise and with it the condition of the blacks. South Africa must fall and Azania must raise.

|H.F Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Gone Fishing

When it was bleek I learned how to stretch a hundred rand over a week
The climb is steep nothing ever came cheap
Theres miles to leap these things I seek
Got me standin on both feet
just trying to make sure my plate is full and I make ends meet
That wild fire that heat
It burns hot like paraffin
I no longer need seats
No off days for me
When you trying to double your salary like 10 times a year
Still watching my calories nothing can stop me now
The way I see it im owed a crown
Cause I could never bow down and succumb to these clowns
Im trying to see pounds and pounds of that chadaching
Like Pacino said it "badoom badabing"

Frowns they only bring you more negative energy
So I do mu best to stay positive and be a better me
Theres enemies lurking around every corner bro
Trying to see you fold
But with every breath in me til they put me in the cemetery
Im see all the Lord has sent for me

With that type of conviction
Im sure to accomplish all missions despite the systems that were built against
me
Its gonna feel good to do it cause I did it when they said I couldn't do it G

I just hope y'all feelin me cause this shits been built in me
Ironically when I let it out I show you whats in me
Hopin that its in you
Being cool it don't mean nothing to me no more
You don't have to like it
Despite the rush of blood to your head when I recite this

This is for them pilots
Them high flying niggas
Hopin that they might get there piece of the pie before they die in a high tide of
bullets

I mean this is the last race
So who really wants to be last place
Im just tightening up my shoelaces
Proving that patience is two faced
Progress is only seen through moves made
Yea baby im hand made
Stiches down to my socks trying to set myself apart from the flock
So when you hit my phone and it just keeps ringing
Please leave a message gone fishing.

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Great People

I was born of a great people. I was born of the earth and all the creatures creeping on it. I was born of the air and all its elements. I was born of the waters and all the beast in it. My people from which I come are gods. I feel their strength in my veins, I feel their power that gave life to all living creatures, I feel their stealth in times uncertain, I feel the rhythm of their music, the kind of music that revealed demons hidden and gave life to the dead. I feel their voices in the silence of the night, when days are dark and shadows disappeared I feel their presence right around me. I feel them when I solve mathematical problems, and I feel them in science experiments. I can tell they came up with these stuff. I feel them in the tare in the cities and I feel them in the openness of the deserts. I feel them in the Clive's and I follow their echoes in the caves. I am finding myself. I am theirs and they are mine. Dark and dipped in gold. They are Africans and so am I.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Hard Times In Delft(2015)

Money

all round me the hunger for money
all up in me the hunger for money
maybe hunger is a strong word
or maybe the situation is that strong

Gone are the days when we ran barefoot
not carrying about tomorrow
now we only live for tomorrow
trying to enjoy every morsel of joy left over from the days excursion

See I got tired of dreaming and dreaming some more
I realized I'm not so righteous
I mean what you expect when you ain't never had it
Savy sounds of music and colorful frosty leaves free my scalp
pressure that bust pipe is held at bay if only for a moment or two
the more I grow the more I see that I am not meant for this world
this realization is so real that it laces every beat that my heart beats

Sometimes I sit in silence
trying not to think
doin my honest best to be numb
the kasi streets and their far off sounding songs
mix to give me a rythmic vision that I'm all but too tired of.

Nothing ever changes it's always the same
I ask myself mo Money
all round me the hunger for money
alre often than not
why an I here?
Why do I breath
why do I feel different then realize that I am no different
I answer myself and ask the same question again because the answers don't
satisfy me

I ask again at another time only to realize it's the same age old question
why am I here?

I try to appreciate what I got and in fact I do as far as my human nature wills it
I pray more often than not asking for strength because my weakness is a
constant reminder

Sometimes I feel like I know everything
sometimes I feel like I know nothing
is this what it means to be human?
To be bound to this flesh that cannot fly

I see broken people around me on a daily basis who look like me
except the hard hand of life as we know it has its thumb thoroughly fixated on
there chest so that they can not move
They have excepted this pain and death
because they are only human and can only take so much
Why do they breath
why were they born

as my life has its own tribulations I am glad that I was not born them
they wish they could be me and flee from their bodies and host in mine
if they could run away from this planet they probably would
Oh how I myself yearn for the feeling
to be lost in the ether far flung of the universe
to reach what is beyond the beyond
to truly know SOURCE and bask in glory
to not know pain or fear
to know truly that everything will be alright

as I right this without any specific reason I hope I have the courage
to be honest with myself
and say something heartfelt without having to rhyme

Bound by time I do not understand
in times I do not understand
I hope to use this time wisely
so that I can look back at this letter to self
so I may have leverage over my future self

even now as I write i'm searching for a proper ending
no luck though.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

He Was Burned Because He Came From Another African Country!

I saw them burn my brother alive

His smoke went up and I suppose to the heavens

I wonder didn't God smell it like sacrifices of the Israelites...

And I wonder didn't it reach his nostrils like incense a sweet savor smell

Didn't he see we needed help against the monsters called evil, the monsters dressed in white skins, the monsters in politricks, and all their cousins selling the souls of the land Africa, the monsters dressed in uniforms, the monsters portrayed as rebels and drinking from the cup of evil as they feed sorrow to the children whose mothers they raped, whose fathers they murdered, whose children they made child soldiers and killing machines, whose land was ripped off from beneath their feet, whose wells was stuffed with dead female child bodies and their legacy burned at stake...

She was burned alive because she came from another African country

I smelled her human flesh in the atmosphere and her flesh didn't smell like that of barbecue in the midst of jubilant people ignorant of the reality of the rest of humanity and if aware have no pulse or conscience to pursue them to help or at best to send help. She was burning while some politicians the embodiment of evil dressed in suites expensive, seating on velvet chairs, sipping from wine glasses, drinking bottled water which I could maybe have used in trying to extinguish the fire while my family crying for help are introduced before hand the to flames of hell. If the earth is hell and the humans the demons in it, where are the Angels of heaven, where are the guardians angels and the Angels of war in defense of humanity. Her smoke went up and I wondered does it even reach the heavens where I believe God resides.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Hear Me Out...

I know the words of a man without wealth are silent, when he speaks his words fades into space and no one understand him...

But hear me out...

I know the speech of a foolish wealthy man is treated as logic more than the wisdom of a poor sage...but hear me out...

I am here and trapped with a youth with strength stronger than that of a thousand men, I am here trapped with a youth with minds with IQ's not recorded amongst humanity...I am here trapped with youth with beauty likened to that of the Devine, I am here trapped with youth with solutions to the complexities of our society...

Can somebody, anybody hear me out...can those in positions of power and influence hear me out, can those with wealth for 10 generations hear me out...can those in ivory towers hear me out...

I am here trapped in the townships of hell...I am here trapped in the slams of the living dying...I am here in the ghettos of mass destruction...I am here in the scrap yards of potential assassinations...I am here in the dark villages filled with the solutions you seek for the problems you created...I am here and I witness daily social death of the greatest generations of mankind...if only you heard me, if your you payed attention if only you responded...I hope my voice will reach you someday when the narrative has changed. I hope someday is soon before it is late for all of us and I mean for all of us...

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Hibernator

You're a hibernator
I'm a paper chaser
I burn the finest flavors
in my rolling papers
I learned you gotta cater to your mission daily
All my shit is hand made like I'm a tailor
A constant effort never to do it plainly
Starting to see that things always change lately
The way I think especially
Sometimes it unsettles me
I am quick to realize
that this is the work of energy
I'm getting better at it
Thinking bigger dammit
Moving the pen with malice
Ironically my word can also bandage
When you can't manage
Life's twists and turns can be savage
Everyone's caused some form of damage
I've been lost in it all
Now my heart is my atlas
Every vain is a reminder
Like each prick on a cactus
Fact is this was meant for me
Since I was embryo in my mamas belly
I'm still green behind the ears like some celery
I'm still keen for the adventure to find true ecstasy
Fear is my only enemy
It's clear enough so that it stares at me
Laughing hysterically at my humanity
Lucky for me
my flame burns hotter than any star in any galaxy
I don't believe in coincidence or technicality
sharper than a katana
I got a samurai soul
I believe in honor
May my verse garner this
when it marries your earlobes
My pen is tarnished with these concepts

built from this romantic soul and black conscious
As the scroll unfolds to offer humble wisdom
It doesn't tell me anything new
I don't know if anythings true
You'd think by now we could decode the clues
Ticking time bombs
Im aware of the burning of the fuse
Sipping my-ties hella long
enjoying even moment of this tune
extracting every morsel with you
Never calm always cool
Should there be any hope left after the dust settles
And you've worn down the chain on your bikes pedal
It shall be in I and I burning hot like a kettle
An alchemist with the pencil
Full metal loose leaf is the template for the lift that leeks out my mental
These days you've gotta keep your heart close old boi
You can't afford to always be sentimental
This hustle is fundamental

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Hleka

Hleka ntombi yomuntu.
Hleka loluhleko lwakho, kuvele
uthotho lwamazinyo, kukhanye
kuthi bha! , Hleka ntombi ensundu
kuhle kwenkunzi yangaphesheya koThukela.

Chiza! Chiza...uhambe ngathi awufuni,
usho unyathela ngabantwana, Ndlovukazi!

Ngingaba yini ngaphandle kwakho kulomhlaba
ohlabayo, ukubonile okungakenzeki ngeso lakho
lokhozi ngesibindi sakho sebhusesi
wakhusela, mkhuseli wesizukulwane, nsika
yekhaya lethu Hleka, ngibone izinyanya
zizabule, Hleka kuvele impilo.

Chothoza! Uzothe, wena siziba esicwebile,
thenda lami, sikhonkwane semizwa yami, nyanga
yonyezi olukhanyisa izifiso nempokophelo yami.

Hleka, ave kukufanela yazi, Hleka
ntombi mbokodo ensundu, Wamuhle usuhleka.

|Siza KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

I Cry West Papua

Papua Papua, I cry for my papua...

I stole no mans land...but mine my blood is shed for...I ditched no man in no hole but that of my people are in mass graves because of the creed of the alien...

Papua Papua, I cry for my Papua...

I am stripped of my wealth and my dignity,

My manhood is cut off and I have no sack to carry my sorrow...the world they look but they seem blind, no helping hand they offer...my enemy the devil is walking my land, would you care to help...

Papua Papua, I cry for my Papua...

Our women lost all confidence in us, our children's dead bodies lay by the way side for collection to feed mass graves. The vampires are sucking the blood of papua, these parasites are feeding on our humanity...Papua Papua wheee, I cry for my papua...

I cry for my papua but my voice is lost in the wilderness, no UN, no EU, no AU, no people anywhere else seems to hear my cry. Those with power hears nothing, sees nothing, and does nothing, those without power keep writing songs, poems and signing petitions asking form those who hears nothing, sees nothing and does nothing to do something. These organizations are full of people who by themselves seems to do nothing but as a group can meet together to make decisions about doing nothing worth doing in the world...Papua Papua, I cry for my papua...I hope you hear my cry, I can hear myself and I will fight until death...

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

I Do Not Fit In

Out in the sun yet cold and alone. Living on the edges of society, because of the different schools of thoughts I draw from and the deep African wells that colonials thought they stuffed full with our bloody black dead bodies, and from the critical dark corners of my mind.

I cannot fit in, I cannot find a spot to stand, I cannot find a place on the team of society, this society that will embrace thuggery because it is build on it, its very foundations are rotten with the black bodies that carved it one brick at the time, one system at the time, and with millions of black lives on the line.

I cannot speak its language for mine it does not understand, I cannot sing it's music anymore for what I sing it cannot hear, I cannot dine on its tables anymore when I am feed the corpses of my ancestors and with a fork and knife black bodies mine day and night, I cannot read it's books anymore without noticing the vile and deceits in them, I cannot wear it's clothes anymore from the cotton coming from the farms stolen from its rightful owners and left them hanging on trees and poisoned from their insecticides and pesticides, their persistence makes me sick.

I can no longer live in a dead society, I can't find a place to fit in, the puzzle is not complete but I have no place in the picture. I am not the right shape, I am not black enough, I am not human enough, I am not spiritual enough, I am not this religion or that religion enough, I am not African enough, I am not conscious enough, I am not political enough, I am not qualified enough, I am not good enough but I still wonder according to whose standard and who has qualified those that makes the standard and to whose end?

However, whenever I take a stroll down the black history books, down the African literature corridors hidden for centuries in dark places kept away from the black being lest s/he finds him/herself, understand himself and become him/herself and have his/her veins bumping with blood and life return to him/her, I find areas of comfort, places seeming familiar, music comforting to my soul, words firing my brain. It is here amongst the dead where I can find a society welcoming to me, a society in which I can make my path, a society in which I have a place to make my spot. Today I made a decision to be the difference in this society, be it's conviction, be the thorn in its flesh, be its conscience, be a major glitch in the system. I have made a decision to carve a new path on which many like myself will find a place to belong.

|H.F Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

I Know Of A Youth

I know of a youth who die of cancer cause they won't read the cigarette pack, who die of Aids cause they are too drunk, too high to remember how to wear a condom, who abort their future in street corners for a day's fix, who swim in the oceans of liquor cause they can't bear the shores of reality, the heat of the sun that questions everyone under it's reach. I know of a youth who speak in a borrow tongue, who define themselves in borrowed terms, borrow expression and hand gestures. who miss-pronounce their lineage names and clan names that connect them to the source of self, who can't call on their souls, who can't call their souls their own, who consume more than what they don't own, who can't relate with their own.

I also know of the youth who seems to know much, like where we are, where we should be and how we should get there, I know of a youth who read books, read the world. who quote great philosopher and converse about conscious philanthropist. Who redefine society's fashion and expression, who seek to decolonise education and universities to decolonise the entire society, Who call for the fall of statues, fall of fees, fall of an oppressive system. who live for the just cause, who redefine the ideas about 'god', who seek the truth and change, the kind that carries

realisation of a world with a more
human face.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

I Was Built To Last.

I was born in the dark, wrapped in the cold, a street soldier I was called, life was tough already at birth. Poverty was already my share, without shelter a place to call home. Without a father I was doomed, no vision no guidance to follow. The stranger no where to be found.

My mother through pain she pushed me into the world, no lights, no rights, no theatre she delivered me. The umbilical cord she cut, separating me from he body but not from her heart she did. She was a warrior then and she of the Devine now. She built me to last.

I was conceived of a woman, nurtured of a woman inside her while feeding me, protecting me, developing me. I was birth by a woman and nursed at her breast. She was my first teacher, my first touch of love, my first chef, my first most of the things in this world and I grew up to worship a male God, this is am yet to understand. Mother built me to last.

I went through the valleys of ghetto life, I lived through the darkness of slums, I survived the horror of township life, I slaved in the gardens of village and farm life, I walked miles on the trains selling to people who didn't have much and I am still here. I was built to last.

I survived the hatred of humanity against the black world, I navigated myself through the traps planted to set me up for failure, when I was cut off I grew back, when I failed I started again, when I was rejected I adjusted, when I was not loved I loved myself, when life hit me down I came back up, I was built to last.

When I was miseducated and misinformed, I unlearnt and detoxed myself from the toxic of miseducation and misinformation. I self educated and destroyed the ignorance on which exploitation feeds. I am built to last. And so is My of my kind.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Identity Form

We are trying to speak from our African thought
But ours is diluted with a white demonic voice
Ours is dominated
Ours is suppressed
Our is currently wasted like yesterday's food
It is not something we can feed from
It is something we need to free ourselves from
As we begin to fill this form
Fulfil this platform from where we stand
Do we understand the details about where we are from?
I'm are talking about our roots
Do we know the stem from which we sprung from?
Do we know that you and I are the leaves that fell
free from the same tree?
We used to reach for the sun
Receiving it's blessings as one
Stood up late listening to tales told from our elders
tongue and though we were young
We knew where the lamp post to lighten our dreams hung
Never forsaken in anyhow
Even though the vehicle to our future is forever shaking
We are still the sons and daughters of the same king
Me and you are one clan
I can never neglect you
My actions will forever reflect you
Like a mirror I stand before you
Not in comparison but in unison with you
I hope you see yourself in me as I see myself in you
I am what I think about the most
And so I rep my thoughts all around you
I just want to bring you home
The home of King Moshoeshoe, King Sekhukhune, King Shaka Zulu
The home of the brave
Though today we go against the grain
Our salvation lies dormant in the pockets of our brain
Tap, tap, tap, ignorance condemns the mind to a deep, deep sleep.
The mind needs an awakening
The story needs a beginning
Black people needs a healing

The oppressor loves his feeding
To his feet black people must keep kneeling
The appetite to attaining our freedom is appealing
The journey to a brighter future begins by visiting the past
A history lesson is a must
Black people have been wearing a musk
The time to un-musk and start accepting self is now

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Illusion Of Freedom

I come from the street corners
Grew up colliding with boys who are stuck in a mud of ignorance
In these dirty dusty ghetto street corners
The black bodies are enslaved
They be killing each other calling themselves brave
They be thinking they are the gangsters
Crowding the streets claiming they own them
Like bacteria feeling undisputed
Not so aware it is trapped in a pot of shit
Shit coming out the same master who's oppressing us
And that's how it's like for most of us
We are the bacteria trapped in the toilet of mental oppression

Waiting for the master to implant madness in our beautiful minds
We walk around begging to be loved by the oppressor
It's like giving the devil a hand job & then hoping when the job is done
You won't get burnt afterwards
Those who fear the white master are the conquered masses
Those who make deals with him are the intellectual cowards
I'm recruiting an army to fight for what is ours

Weak minds seek to oppress their own
If you want to impress me
Build your mind to appreciate saving your own
Charity begins at home
So stay with the clan & never let your own struggle alone
Let the lost ones return home
For white power is crushing our back bones
It is poisoning the spirit of the black souls
Yesterday we were slave sold like piece of gold
Today they sell us this excuse of a freedom they call democracy
Divide and conquer remains the same tool used by white supremacy
Black child snap out of that fantasy
stop celebrating this hypocrisy you call democracy
Relocate yourself on this map
From 1976, a 40 years generation gap
For while we have been taking a 40 years old nap

Apartheid was busy sharpening its blade

Apartheid got a new upgrade
it is no longer the 'dom pass' U must carry around
It is now the lack of knowledge of self that will bury your mind
It is no longer the whites only signs that will make you feel inferior
It is this constitution that makes blacks obedient & whites arrogant in the name
of democracy
It is no longer the physical torture, the electric chairs, the executions and the
shamboks that defines how to treat this kaffir
It is now the psychological oppression that dictates the mental state of this kaffir
It used to be our mothers & fathers who were reduced to kitchen girl & garden
boy
That stole our pride & joy
It is now us who are drafted to become black labour for the accumulation of
white wealth
it is no longer the forced removals
It is no longer the pass laws
No longer the 1913 native land act
No longer the group areas act
No longer the bantustants that took away our freedom of movement

It is no longer the evil slave trade that leaves you feeling lost far from home
it is now the forced integration in our own home lands that wipes off our Identity
it is no longer the bantu education that robbed us of our integrity and prosperity
It is the truth & reconciliation commission that allowed whites to get away with
violating our humanity
It is the white societies all over the world maintaining this system of white
privilege that undermines our existence
It is this culture of white liberals prescribing solutions for black problems that
insults our intelligence
It is when you allow them to convince you, that your culture is less important
than their religion
It is when you forget your place of origin
When you neglect the ways of our ancestors
It is when you carry on with this FALSE self representation
It is When you are unconsciously proud
When you go all out
To Praise & chant their system of institutional racism without a doubt
That's when our roots get blurry like a dark cloud

Wear your black face proud
Project your inner self out
Burn the white flag down

Never surrender to oppression
Our people walked free on this face of this earth with bravery
Our history didn't begin with slavery
We were once queens & kings
We can still rise past beyond bitches & pimps
We were once queens and kings
We can still rise past beyond economical slaves
We can still rise past beyond being apologists for white supremacy
We can still rise past beyond victims of black on black violence
We can still rise past beyond agents of self-destruction
We can still rise past beyond this black suffering in service of white domination

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

I'm The Greatest

I was down in the gutter,
And many hated my guards,
Then I heard a tall black man
speak, He spoke life back into me,
His words were as strong as that
of the celestial beings, He said
I am the greatest and I heard him,
He said I am the greatest and I
believed it, He was Mohammed Ali,
He was so fast I thought he was a
shooting star, He was so strong, he
must have been a descendent of a
great people, his fist feasted on
his opponents, And his words paralyzed
his enemies, He spoke truth to power,
And by so doing showed us the power of
truth, he held the devil with his horns,
He was black, bold and excellent in a
white world, He was black and proud in
a world of white supremacist, His kind
must have sat on thrones, I will walk
his talk, with my shoulders broadened,
With my feet steadfast, my mind unshackled
and my eyes on the price, Dead or alive
I will be free in the land of the living
dead.. I heard him and now I declare I am
the greatest.

|H.F Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

In This Life

I am that conquered soul.
In this life I am living.
for every breath I am giving.
i give it trying to escape & survive white
domination.
I give through a job subjecting myself to black
humiliation.
One would ask, what about my academic qualification?
All it does for me is declare me the most qualified
slave in the plantation.
It pays me just enough to maintain & sustain my
subjugation.
It pains me so much that no matter how much money I
make, whiteness still violates me.

In this life
I am soul searching
I'm often lost than found
Looking for a black god who can relate to my
spiritual vows.
Looking for a black nation to end this constant
attack on blacks
I have no back up to counteract this black genocide
I have lost my mind trying to get the so called good
whites on my side
They have sentence me to hell with a smile
It is social death on my receiving side
I always end up feeling empty inside.
in this life I am suffocating.
My blackness is an offense to whiteness
Its very existence violates the white laws of existence.
My appearance in the world violates the rules of physics.
Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time.
I am trying to occupy the same space whiteness has
murdered too many blacks to claim it.

In this life
I am begging I am struggling...
I want you to understand that I am trying to

stand....

I am trying to appear where appearing seems to be disappearing.

I am that black ink trying to enforce my signature on a black paper.

I am the colour trying to appear in the absence of light.

I'm trying to define myself in the absence of whiteness.

So i ask what is my blackness for?

See this system has got me exhausted to a point

I am no longer living

I am merely existing as a non-existent

To that extent I am trying to insight black excellence

I am trying to break this silence towards black violence

Trying to be the voice of the voiceless

The spine of the spineless

Too many black people on the planet, too many of us scared

to come together and be the rulers of the same space we occupy on majority basis

We are so used to a life of servitude serving other races.

The plantation has taken many faces.

I can't seem to locate a black face

And so In this shit life of subjugation.

there's nothing that speaks to me more than black consciousness.

everything else puts me to sleep!

Everything else seeks to make me a happy slave.

In this life I define myself a rebellious slave.

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Inkonjane, Inyoni Yezulu....

Ngizishaya isifuba
Ngiyaziqhaja ngobumina.
Njengemvemvane ngimuhle
nje.
Ngithe njo, ngizibuka emthonjeni.
Ngisho ngimamatheka, ngimoyizela,
ngiyimbali yalelizwe.

Ngizishaya isifuba
Ngiyaziqhaja ngebala lami.
Ngimnyama kuhle komhlaba
Wokhokho mkhulu.
Ngimuhle njengendalo kaMdali, hhayi
Phela mina ubuhle bami obendalo.
Kuzo zonke izizwe ziphelele
Ngizihambela ngedwa nje.
Ngiyindoni yamanzi, ngikhanye
okwezihlabathi zolwandle.
ngigcwele okwejuba, nginguketshezi
i ngimuhle kodwa.

Ngizishaya isifuba.
Ngobuhle bami.
Hhhayi phela mina angifune
kutshelwa nguwe, ngiyazazi
Ngiyisiphalala, umuhle bami
Bufuze isimilo sami, buzothile
njengesiziba.
Phela mina ngimuhle ngaphakathi
nangaphandle. Ngiyinkonjane, inyoni
yezulu emnyama bhuqe.
Ngizishaya isifuba.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Izinja Zabelungu

Ngivuka ekusani, ngikhudumeze ukudla kwayizolo.
Ngisule ubuthongo, ilawo manzi abandayo akhithiza
izintongo, kodwa ukukhathala buthi ngilapha, ngisho
ngibuphebeza ngegoma, ngitshathe umgodlwana wami
ngithintithe amazolo. Liyophuma ilanga sengifikile kwagoba
iqolo, isikhonkothileinja yomlungu Madoda naBafazi bendlu
ensundu, zigcwele ziyaqhuma izithuthi, amabhasi namatekisi
ongaphansi nongaphezulu, ubumaye maye, ubuguqhu
guqhu.

Ihhhhiiii ihhhhiiii...

Simba umgodi eceleni komgwaqo, lenja ilokhu ithungatha nje,
usubona ngosilanyana, yehla yenyuka, isibiza ngamagama,
lezi zinja ngempela sezisiphendule abafanyana, zisigijimisa kome inkotha,
liyothi ishaya kuyobe sengathi siqatshulwe isiphokwe, ikhonkotha
ikhonkothile, imambana.

izinja zabelungu

Kaffirrr, Kaffirrr!

Kaffirrr!

Phela izinja zinjalo zikhonkotha ehambayo angithi
imoto, siyofela ezinkomponi nasemaphalazini,
ziyasinephuza zisidla siphila lezi zinja, buka
zinona ziyaqhuma ngegazi lethu, amakhala acijile,
zisizwa ngephunga uma singasebenzi, phela zithi
siyanuka.

Kodwa hhayi zona noma zijuluka ngathi zinethile nje, zebuza
ilanga lithe bhe, lasho uthalangu liyoshona sizwile. Zisibambe
ngamabhulukwe izinje lezi khuzani bo, bakhalile Abafazi bethu
bebheke emakishini, beyokhulisa imidlwane yalezi zinja.
Yathi uma isikhulile lemidlwane yabaluma. iduna, isikazi kuyafana
lezi zinto izinja, ekuqcineni kuluma isidla esikuphayo. Ngithi zinike
iqatha lezi zinto ziye kwagoqa nyawo, zife ziphele, kuyoba nini sidlala
izinja zabelungu, kwelokhokho Mkhulu.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Jesus Saves

Jesus saves we say, Jesus saves from what really?

Jesus saves us from our sins...saves us from the sins we committed because we hunger and thirst and are a dispossessed people and with poverty forced on us. Saves us from sexual activity inherent in all of the living creatures...What of the sins of the Romans? What of the sins of the Caucasians? What of the sins of the Arabs? What of the sins of the Asians? What of the sins committed against the black man, dispossessed of their land, their dignity ripped from within their souls, their women raped by savages, their sons and daughter made slaves and worked to death, their wealth looted, stolen, exploited, their literature, knowledge and wisdom plagiarized, their history rewritten with extortion, misrepresentation, and replacement.

For thousands of years on their knees they prayed for a savior and salvation, with a whip and a bible slavery beaten into them, it was the will of the lord Jesus their master said, while the nigger looked up into the sky hoping god from the Heaven will come down with his mighty hand, which is not short or weak to save...no sign of the big savior's hand over a thousand years later.

The Roman had their share of the black man, he was waiting for the savior, the Caucasian had and still has a share of the black wombn, she was and is still waiting for the savior, the Arabs had their share of the black child, and he still waiting for the savior to break the sky and deliver him from being treated as the scum of the earth, as the servant of humanity, as an animal with a conscience, as property to be used and then disposed of.

Jesus save...when is he going to save the black man, the black womxn from the burden of being black? From the ignorance that keeps him/her subject to the rest of humanity and a the bottom of the human pyramid? When is he going to save the black brother and sister from honoring every race but their own, buy from every race but their own, protect every race but their own, speak on behalf of all people but their own. When is he going to save the blacks from the consumption of what they didn't produce, from learning the education they didn't write and determined, from wearing clothes they didn't design, from driving cars they didn't manufacture, from reading bibles and Quran's they didn't print, from living in the land they don't own, from managing the economy that is not their own, from reading history not of their people, from bleaching their skins, from wearing everybody else's hair but their own, from trying to sound like other races but their own, from the nerve to constantly and consistently walking away from

him/herself towards trying to be somebody else.

When is he going to save the black being and guide him towards him/herself? When is he's going to let the black being be him/herself and never have to try and be like others to be accepted and respected on the face of the earth? When he is going to save the black being from thinking s/he doesn't really have to do for her/himself what s/he expect from others from creating jobs to building functional communities? When is he going to save the black being from the mentality that s/he doesn't have to worry about the here and now because up above is a heaven waiting for the obedient, the obedient to the white man, obedient to the Asian man, obedient to the Indian man, Obedient to the Arab man, obedient under the abuse and misuse because it is the will of God testing and correcting those he love. When is Jesus going to save himself from the black being? When is the black being going to save Jesus.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Kilombo

From the mouth of the Ghetto
Priest, the Ghetto speak. 'kanti
no Thixo ulapha' Steve Bantu Biko
meets Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe
the moment relived when our eyes
meet the Ghetto Priest.

To listen to him speaking
is to hear the voice of African
gods. To see him is to be caught
in the rain, of showers of blessings,
his wisdom is the sweet waters
of sacred fountains, so long as he
remains crystal, drink we shall to
quench the thirst of self, to
water the seeds of liberty.

We will forever run under
his wings of strength, so
shall he teach us how to
fly, tomorrow we shall hunt
the volt of vultures who prey
on our assassinated freedom.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Lekgowa Is Still Living In The Black Minds.

I heard mother tell me to live the tell-a lie-vision (TV) remote alone, for I do not know how to use ntho tsa makgowa...and when I asked father where he goes early in the morning and come back late in the evening dirty and all...he told me Ketswa makgoweng...in class I messed up an equation and the teacher asked me Ke makgowa a feng a tlo o hirang mara...my friend asked me for R2 for a 'loose draw' cigarette and when I gave him he said tankie lekgowa la ka...after years of many events and occasions of hearing ka makgowa and seeing makgowa as an epitome of all things great I saw makgowa as such...

After all makgowa stays in surburbs and good places they own and rona we go work for them. They didn't come to work places of our stay to work for us the blacks, they didn't have to take trains and taxis to come to work in our communities, they didn't have to hike to come and look after our children...they didn't come from where they are to where most of us blacks are...so what I saw said anything is great ka makgowa...

Now that I am older and have some understanding, I get why lekgowa is such a reference for success for many blacks...we still produce almost nothing of the things we consume, and we keep blaming the white man for our miserable state and yes the white man did this and that and yes we are here because of this and that but the blame game has not move anybody and inch to anywhere progressively.

We have to take some of the energy we have to complain and start using it to redeem ourself and our people and our continent from all the ills it possesses. We have to take some of the energy we use in hating the white man and start loving ourselves and our people. We know the reasons we are where we are, but using them as excuses to stagnate, to be passive, to be expert with solution we don't want to be part of or part of their application is upset and criminal...

Tsoha oe ketsetse.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Letter

Dear Mother

We were born with fortunes for the future, that
were as gold, as precious as the new born's
laughter, never stop reminding us.

Dear white world

You have turned us into hyenas who laugh in the
dark, for our hearts beat at the deepest dungeons
but she reminds us to remain lit as million burning
candles, burning at the hills of whirling wind, that
cries for our souls.

Dear black world

Who will stop what can't be seen but can be felt,
heard with a disbelieve ear. Who will tell of tomorrow
and the scares of our struggle for humanity, when
the elders have resign themselves to a slumber of a
rainbow dream, that comes but never seem to arrive,
only the mere currency of it's rumour has arrested
the essence of reality, the remembrance of how we
been catching fire since the birth of this country.

Dear black child

There's a world where reality as perceived is
formless, ever shifting but in our world, in our
lives as blacks reality is static, we are born and
soon die on the state of rigid, of constant pain
but she reminds you, of your power to break the
cycle, black child she looks to you for a tomorrow,
for meaning to define reality anew.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Life Is A Fight.

Fighting is not easy, but what is in a world where war is the order of the day, where we have to fight for our life against drugs, against disease from cancer to HIV, from Ebola to the Zika virus. What is in a world where we are impoverished and are starved to death, what is in a world where we are worked to death for the enrichment of a few and the survival of a great many people, what is in a world where the innocent are criminalized and the criminals go free.

We will have to fight through the sickness, we will have to fight through blackness, we will have to fight through pain and ache, we will have to fight through religious lies and illusions, we will have to fight through doom and gloom, through hopeless and what seems to be purposeless, we will have to fight through relationship rejections and not kill ourselves because of disappointments, this world is not a fairy land, it is a war zone.

So while we have impulses of love, success, recreation, spiritual sensations and, enlightenment. While we pause to have a drink and make love, while we break to have a moment with our children, with our parents, with our friends, with our colleagues, with our brothers and sisters, with our cousins and nieces, while we have a moment to enjoy music and have some amusement, while we have a period in which we can tell and write stories, a period in which we can teach and reflect, we can invent, innovate and create, while we have a moment of peace, of serene, wisdom and knowledge, while we have a moment in time to think for others, touch, smell, taste and make memories, while we have a moment to appreciate each other, each other's beauty, and aesthetic artistic appearances, while we have words to express how we feel about others, we might as well enjoy the moments because we will have an interruption to get us back to the fights of life.

We will suddenly be visited by the reality that life is a fight. For a black man, it is a fight to be human or at least to be seen as one, generally and globally because the truth is you might be the very first of mankind, your fight is to be truly great again as the history books tell the tales, your fight is to love your own as you love yourself, maybe it is to love yourself first and by so doing have a standard to which you can refer to and a standard by which you can judge your love for your own. Your fight is to grow your own food and feed your kind, your fight is to have sovereignty of your land and control whatsoever it contains, your fight is to have self-determination in the land of your fathers and wherever you find yourself. Your fight is to get your family principles back and keep them, your fight is to love your wife (wives) and children and raise them to be what they

once were, great. Your fight is to cease to be a modern 21 century slave and be the master and the captain of your destination and that of your people. You fight is to build institutions and organizations that will educate your children and not miseducate. It is to build government and or communities build on the true African Ubuntu principles. Yours is to rebuild oneself in every area of the current life, from the military strength to the medical institution and their whole products and processes. From the academia to the social structures and cultures, from the economics to the technology power. And much more, but the fact remains that you must fight with every last of your children, with every ounce of strength left in you, with every weapon you have left, with every skill, knowledge and mastery you have. With everything left in you and with whatever means necessary. You have to fight and if the fight ends with your life or you grow old on the battle field, pass it on to the next generation and teach them to do the same until we can have self determination and have the power to call our soul our own.

Every race, every nation, every individual has a fight to fight, I say confront it. All of humanity has a fight to fight.

We must fight our way through our very reality and challenges, and suffering, and pain, and loss, and helplessness, and powerlessness and only you and God know what else we will have to vow to defeat or eventually offer our lives on the battle fields of whatever war we are faced with. Greetings.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Marikana

When I speak of evil things, I speak to those of you who smile when you hear my English accent
I speak to those of you who are pleased with the way
I twist my tongue so tight, to get this twang just right.
Well, do not be pleased just yet because my words will expose your ill
Because my words can kill

When I speak of evil things I speak of
Sharpeville 1960
June 16
And Marikana the 16th
666 is the code
Illuminati I decode
Black lives sacrificed for the Madiba bank note, yet we must vote
I quote,
'24 years of our postponed liberation'
And why is that?
It is quite evident that the damage is psychological
And njengokuba kusitshiwa esiXhoseni
Ingcambu zomthombhe zonakalisa indlu
Therefore, you cannot build a solid foundation on fractured beings

Dissembling blackness, the police stood with their bullets and stupidity
The abusers of power actually prayed before the killing hour
Soldiers of blasphemy who serve their positions
Is what I call them.

I used to think Ramaphosa is bewitched but nah he's just too rich
A man who spoke of giving a voice to the voiceless
A sense of worth to worthless
Like our so-called liberals and capitalists
My predilection reference to them is opportunists,
Yes, they will give you food
Build you schools
Not to feed you but to kill you
and not to educate you but to indoctrinate you
Funding for the vicious cycle they are running
How they can be arrogant enough to offer giving's
where they steal from and for this you are gods where I come from

I can't erase the image of those miners whenever I think about it for too long
It's too wrong, makes me never want to sing a song
Any song of freedom

I cringe at the thought of uMam Riah Phiyega
Who was supposed to be 'imbokodo yesizwe '
Mother nature you were needed to nurture

I can still hear their restless screams in those hills
How do you sleep at night?
even prescriptions can't cut it right
Too busy occupied about food politics,
Didn't even take time with yourself to ask about these politricks required of you,
to kill innocent black lives while you too die in the lie

Dolce et decorum est pro patria mori
'It is an honour to die for nothing'
Is what it translates to in occupied Azania.

I also used to think utat'uNelson Mandela was bewitched
But nah, he was just too rich
Oondlebe zikhany'ilanga
Holding your intergrity at ransome
Ngoba wena kaloku uxolela
Ukugcinisa isidima sakho to please your conqueror
Ubuxhwane kuthi bendele okwengcambhu zomdiliya
Ubuntu—a connotation an inculcated people cannot fathom
A people that will gladly eat food seasoned in their own
Sister's and brother's blood
Well, food is food and I am black and hungry
Therefore, I will not be picky.

You will choke kungeka fiki nakuqhoqhoqho
Ngoba umva ndedwa is as natural as the rhythm of iambic pentameter
And you will rush only to be welcomed by unpleasant smells of piss
And long lines of 94, not cast the vote for 'freedom' but return to the famished
kingdom

24 years later and the taxis became the dompass
No longer do you need documentation when you know the time of your last

transportation back home
What is home?
Where is home?
It surely cannot be that place I was forced into
This place suffocates me
Were a black girl's last words
And you know somewhere somehow ko di kasi
When the street lights go on a black life is lost

Our intrinsic value feels insulted by this subjugation
I mean basadi baruna, mme puleng who call the rain by its name
And like the words of the bold and beautiful Lebo Mashile
I hold a pen for every bitch and witch with black magic in her genes
She who carried three generations on her back with no compensation
And for that black women, you are Gods
Not only do you have the superpowers of being life but you give life
To our precious and noble sons who will gracefully grow up to become kings
Who will recite anecdotes filled with universal wisdom
But to merely know that we are descendants of a mighty people is not enough to
emancipate us

Therefore, I Lindokihle Matina
Isizukulwane sika MamNqarhwane, uYintsabe, uSiduli, uHlabi lawu
Will articulate black pain so far and loud that the echoes of my cry will deafen the
privileged and crumble this system to dust and then the world will come to an
end as we know it
kodwa hayi ngaphandle kwemvume kaqqamata
ngoko ke makube chosi kubehele

I said when I speak of evil things
I speak to those of you who frown when you hear my English accent,
I speak to those of you who are not pleased with the way
I twist my tongue so tight to get this twang just right
Well I did warn you that my words will expose your ill,
that my words can kill.

|Lindokuhle Matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Mjita

Last night namajita, we saw a
man, whom we knew
begging for his life, on his knees
pleading for his wife and children.
Who awaits him at home, he told
us their names and broke to
a rain of tears, just before the
thunder took him, like lightening
the man was gone, in one of his
pocket there was a wallet with a
twenty rand note and a train
ticket.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

My Gift Is A Curse

My gift is a curse

My gift is English

A language that brought anguish
A language I know so well
It makes my head swell
Swell with the ever so pounding
wish of knowing my own language
as much as I know it, I wish I
could forget this massacre to
my brain, but I fail, Fail to
stream a sentence full of clicks
Like clocks, Clicks that command
your presence when spoken, or
your tongue will bleed with your
misconception of the importance
of the language of the people
For it is not as simple because
my gift is a curse.

My gift is the power of observation
And evaluation sometimes I wish
I could sing along to Breezy's new
song but the word pussy seems to be
in a fog that song knows nothing
about our power, viva vagina, we
are survivors, Survivors of eyes.
Survivors of lies that promised to
kill if we dared spill the goring
details of the rape on tape.
Funny how balls make you brave and
being a pussy makes you weak
How contradicting is this culture
Merely pinching a mans balls causes
them to fall to their knees but the
so called pussy pushes out a whole
being and still maintains Amandla!

Viva vagina

My gift is a curse
My gift is to be able to love.
My peers only love the lack of
love. Real love is a way of scaring
them away. We have become a shallow
generation in that department, we
dream of trophy wives and nice apartments.
Lies about how you like your straight
borrowed hair not because you want to
look European but because it's your
preference which is shockingly the norm
to beings wrapped in African prints okay
tell me does your Afro draw too much
attention, does it have too much volume,
is it too loud, tell me are you actually
scared of being heard speaking through
your hair. It's knots and kinks decorated
by your shabby woolen blanket, that is
shared by all 12 of you that sleep on the
floor. Weaves will never tell stories like
your hair does. It's a matter of are you
ashamed to reveal the lies. Lies that make
up scars.

My gift is a curse
My gift is poetry

Poetry for me is painting the art
with words, silence and sounds.
Sounds that dance so gracefully that
you'd think the world was a lie
It transcends me to the other side
To stronger tides
And higher skies
Incoherent rumblings, rules, masculinity,
gender norms, quivering voices of truth.
This is poetry. It makes no sense but it
fills the sense.
The sense of you're in motion with no movement,
you feel without having to touch, you communicate

without saying a word
That's poetry, the blessing but not everyone that
listens, hears it.

That's also poetry the curse.

|Lindokuhle Matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

My Life Is Shifting The Atmosphere!

In the dark I was born...
In the cold I was wrapped...
Among the chickens I was laid...
My mother with no option she was left...
Pain wrecked her body...
With heartaches and headaches...
She brought me into the world of the living dead..

My life was shifting the atmosphere
A turning point was born...
A lamp of light in the darkness was lit...
A vision bearer for the blind was provided...
A token of hope for generations to come was delivered...
A compass to give direction to the lost was given..

My life is changing the atmosphere
Where the once was darkness...
A little light was lit...
With oil divine it was kept burning...
Brighter and brighter with time it would get...
With this one little light hundreds would be lit before giving in having served both
God and humanity...

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

New Era

If you could only see what this fitted cap has seen
Look inside and it says
New Era 59Fifty, 7 1/2 in, 59.6 cm
Who better to tell yah of my state of mind
Steady incline finna get mines
I didn't hear this from the grapevine
I saw its value so I decided not to waste time
I see the perimeters and I break lines
You can't cage a Lion like its a K9
Til Im gray and senile
Aint no other way but to walk these miles
South Easterly winds on my African skin
Clouds eagerly grin as I stick up my chin
Proud and vigorously rain drops hit like pins
Visual Imagery of how nature can be harsh like elder kin
Like there go that bastards again talkin about how he's bound to win
Kaching kaching
Bound to kill it
Burns hot like skillet
Get a mirror reveal it to yourself
It's too realer a mood killer

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Not Revolutionary

This poem will definitely be a disappointment cause this poem won't be a revolutionary poem calling for arms of change, calling for an honour of ones plague to serve, sacrifice and suffer, this poem won't even question the merits of ones loyalty and the ills of the society, this poem won't praise you, you the revolutionaries nor will it talk revolution, this is poem is anti revolutionary cause this poem is today's poems.

A Celebration of abundance of ignorance, a phantom of reality, an astatic of artistry for mere amusement. This poem is rich with laughter and love as defined, this poem is nothing like Mutabaruka's poem it might rhyme like it, even sound like it but this poem will not reveal any hidden truth, at its best this poem would definitely be an appointment not honored, a reactionary poem that will fail to recall the nature of our pain, which makes this poem the South African truth and reconciliation type of poetry cause this poem will embarrass the nation, sham the Victims, forgive the victimiser. This poem won't liberate you nor will it implicate whiteness, this poem won't even bring the land back but it will blame the dead for exchanging the land for mirrors and tobacco cause this poem is a one sided view, a single story

written by an oppressor, this poem is written in the language of the oppressor, bear that in mind. This poem speaks on the behalf of the oppressed while it doesn't believe that there's such thing as an oppressor, this poem shies away from race discourse but this poem maintains it's anti racist lip serves, this poem is liberal, this poem is against apartheid, oppression of blacks but this poem will not openly take sides cause this poem benefits either way. This poem it's the melody of acceptance you have been longing for, an Integration into what discriminates, criminals you and arrest your mind, this poem police your sense of freedom cause this poem wrote the freedom charter, this poem gave you, all your heroes, this poem is politricks of the Madiba magic and guess what this poem suddenly cares so much it believes we are all humans after all but this poem kills whenever it tries to reach out or teach, this poem steals more than it appears to give, this poem only advocate for charity, it will never share the stage of privilege, this poem is your white friend at best, a non-whites in denial, this poem is not revolutionary.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Nou(Moonlight)

Now Listen

I can't get you off of my mind

Thought so sublime it resonates threw space and time

measured in 7 day intervals

Im caught on this line

now that I see that we could be reciprocals

I can see your true colors while we coast high up on these clouds, bliss

I wanna know your kiss

And you in your allness

Your warm lip on my warm lip

Like a revolver pulled of your curved hip

Like the fire flame that helped burn this spliff

I don't wanna tap to deep to soon however

You can't always trust the weather

Things will always get worse before they get better

That being said

I can't take the risk

Its clear in my head

that there's no one who takes your stead

I've been spoon fed words that were hard to swallow on more than one occasion

My heart has never been rigid or hallow

At'least that's what I thought til you filled every corner and crevice in it that I know

Time moves slow again

Crime will always surely win

I wake up at 4: 30 and I'm out the door by 6

I roll us a quick plane for the morning lift

My feet walk forward step by step brick by boring brick

My headphones know me well

so they play some theme music to increase the spell

At first I couldn't tell but neither could you

Know every other week is blue

The mood that I'm in says Me and you should be stuck together like glue

Clues were decoded

Still can't tell what's real from what's bogus

Still can't get you off my mind

I'm so focused
You brighten every morning with your flower power ms. Lotus
Now I count every second minute hour til that time of ours
It always expires to soon
Honestly there's no other way to put it
Your skin glows under the morning moon light
Even though it was a cold June I wouldn't trade it for December

Ink and blood are kinda the same thing
They can both make invisible chain links
Chains of voluntary bondage
Each word from this pen pays homage
Each word knows that love is tarnished with many scars
It never gives up though
The thought that something so magical could happen on it's own proves its only natural
In actuality if I lied to you I'd be lying to myself
so I'll keep it factual
Unconsciously we floated towards each other
It's safe to say you're not like any other

Who knows what the future holds
Rain drops in the winter are extra cold
Many foes in the shadows would like nothing more than to see you fold

Words can't describe it
I was cut from a different cloth
You were set from a different mold
We came together like 2 half's of the same puzzle that became whole
Previously drifting threw space trying to control our momentum
Crash Bang Boom
intergalactic orchestras play in my head
I lay alone at night in my bed thinkin about you
Lord bless the womb from which she came from
This morning light is nothing but the suns reflection when it looks at the moon
It looks good on you
I bet it would look better with nothin on you

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Oceans Of Whiteness

Whiteness is the strongest
tides I'm swimming against,
so I peddling with all my mighty
only to drown, swallowing salty
sea waters, so I began speaking
through my nose, my native
tongue bent and twisted, I learnt to
mispronounce my name, my
clan name, myself.

You know when your soul dies
something empty is
born. Born-free I could be
anything I want, they taught
us, so I became the captain of my
relation Ships, sailing the white
oceans of 'you not like them' and
'You sure speak well'.

I had to be color blind to see
the rainbow above, the
infectious Madiba's magic so
I linger in trance as a hippies
on LSD, isn't this the promise
land we were promised.

I held Carl's hand and it felt
real, this is definitely the world
Martin Luther king Jr imagined
Black boys holding hands with White
girls, this is sure the mountain
top, university of cape town.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

One Mans Terrorist Is Another Mans Freedom Fighter...

I said one mans terrorist is another mans freedom fighter...
While you look at me as a villain, somebody else looks at me as hero...
While you look at me as a criminal, another looks at me as a fighter for justice...
While you look at me as an instigator, somebody looks at me as an activist...
One mans terrorist is another mans freedom fighter.

You criminalize what I do so as to render me powerless...
You spread evil propaganda against me so as to put terror on my name...
You stole people's freedom of everything, and gave them chains and said they are free and you protecting them from me...but you can't fools all the people all the time...and now they see the light...and now they getting up to fight for their rights...
To you I am a terrorist but to my kind I am a freedom fighter

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Our Mother, West Papua

I no longer walk her beautiful
landscape, I am a prisoner
in my own homeland, stripped
off my heritage, my culture.
I stand naked before my
tormentors, crying to the
deaf world, the world blind
to our just course, how we
long to rise the morning
star, Merdeka Papua our dear
mother is war-torn, ploughed
with mass graves and shallow
graves, I have buried my
mother's sons and daughters.
While our fathers and sons
bury their heads, turn into
shadows who lay flat on the
ground that forever bleeds, for
our mother west papua is raped
every day by jellyfish settlers from
the lands of Indonesia, backed by
the powers that be and condone
by our silence as a power of beings.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Our Story

Our story must be told
That you and I are conquered souls
Our bodies might be young but our thoughts are so old
We are still slaves like those who were bought & sold

Our story must be told
You and I are one people I am told
Divided and conquered souls
Kept apart by artificial walls
Invisible mental chains
Suffering from socially inflicted black pains
Our master is still on a capitalist gain
Nothing has really changed
We are still in chains, invisible mental chains

Our story must be told
We are the cheap labour exploited by all rich folks
We are the horses, donkeys and asses of this earth
Blacks, we never got a chance to catch our breath
Yet everyone had their chance to ride on our backs
Smiling all the way to the banks
The Arabs, the asians, Caucasians
They all had a chance to tame us
They all took a turn to enslave us
From slavery to colonization, segregation to democracy.
From yesterday till today

Our story must be told
The story of mis-education
The story of Graduating from school to go work in the plantation
The story that begins with slave labour with no compensation
To the story of cheap labour with a masters degree qualification
This story of being Mis-Educated well enough to serve our master
Is a story that led us to white domination & disaster
Taught us how to defend the system that subjugate us
Taught us how to be compatible and happy with our conquered state of being

This story must still be told
The story of ghetto existence never gets old

The story of shack yard dwelling is never ending
The story of dump side living is dehumanizing
The story of being on our own
No one else on our side
The story of Genocide
The story of self-rejection
The story of humiliation
The story of human rights violation
The story of freedom fighting
While being scared of revolution

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Pep Talk

How could you doubt me
When you don't know anything about me
It astounds me
Generalization is racist
Man up and face it

Visualization of my kingness
Utilization of my realness
Feel this and kill all previous illness
Know that if it works against you then its worthless

Further more claim your right to wear your crown
Despite the enemies attempts to keep you down
Rise higher than clouds
Claim all that wasn't aloud to your forefathers
Go harder then Shaka Zulu
Go harder then Malcolm X
Go harder that Martin Luther
Go harder the Steve Biko

Just take it further with that lyrical murder and spit that lethal
Some times your attempts my seem feeble
You even consider going illegal
In attempts to soar like an eagle
Flow sick got the measles
Shines brighter then the rarest of crystals
They even say pressure makes diamonds
Well then heavy is the state of mind that I'm in
Roar like a lion in this room full of silence
Out of breath running low on my milage
I'm the catalyst in this science non fiction
Boxing through the friction

I'm on one trying to be a winner
Master craftsman of the verse
Fine tuning my blade so that when I cut it hurts
Asking myself will I ever realize my worth
Be king of my turf

Everyday I fight with the kings of the Earth
It's a never ending battle
Cold sweats in the middle of the night chasing day break
Not knowing when the judge will sound his gable

Coming to the front straight out last place
I was born ready
I don't mask my face when I'm all up in your face
Getting mines is the case
Feel that itch in my palm
It rings out louder than any alarm
I told myself to get it
And that's exactly what I'm doin
Representing black consciousness poetry til I'm through

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Politicians Tell Us Lies

The golden rule in the game of politics
Is to keep the truth hidden
Create problems and take credit for solving
them
Why are they hiding behind excuses
Depriving us from our real needs
Why is the person educating our kids struggling
to make ends meet?
While the one shooting pornography is living rich?
Why is the person who runs a library gets the
lowest salary?
While the one who runs a brewery makes a fortune?
Seems like the people doing the important work gets
the lowest pay
Or maybe the meaning of important work has changed
today maybe it is when you throwing your life away
For today, what being cool is doesn't make sense at all
It is when you abusing yourself with alcohol
Exploiting your lungs, experimenting with the drugs
Fascinated by a life lived by thugs
With guns wasting each other's lives
In the streets husbands & wives
Are bringing up kids who are educated fools
Why are we burning schools
Because we demand RDP houses?
Why not be street wise
And get the government touch
Why not strike constructively and not destructively
Push further we might get it eventually
I heard that due to a shortage of good followers
The production of great leaders has been discontinued
No wonder why we have the man from Nkandla
Where have all the real leaders went
The leader is in you not in the government
Why not claim our land back
Like Mugabe in Zimbabwe
Why keep voting ANC even when we see the corruption
it feeds us
Why let Chris Hani's plan die with the man

Why not inherit his plan & see his vision manifest
How can we when the money is put first?
Humanity spit at
The honey is sweet but the chris is first
Everybody loves to eat but no one wants to be in
the kitchen
Cooking for freedom can be a deadly and a solo mission
And so no one wants to fill those slots
Why get jailed for your thoughts
Why did it take Nelson 27 years for them to learn the
lesson
Was it coincidence or business decision
What was the plan of action
Walk out of jail and brainwash the nation?
Long walk to freedom just to witness your own people
die of starvation
Wow standing ovation
Father of the nation
Father of the nation
Father of the nation
What have they done to you

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Prisoners & Revolutionaries

Black people please feel insulted
Please don't be passive and peaceful
For every black person in south Africa
& in the world at large is a prisoner.
serving life imprisonment from the day
we are born till the day we die.
Black man, you may be on your own, but
you are not alone.
We all share your story & your pain.
The story & the pain of being black.
All of us, rich or poor, makes no difference.
Just prisoners in different cages.

Prisoners of consciousness.
Prisoners of religious ideas of conquest.
Prisoners of worshipping the nonsense.
Prisoners of political incompetence.
Prisoners of social negative influence.
Prisoners of self hate & of none self
acceptance.
Prisoners of lack of knowledge of self.
Prisoners of a misleading social media content.
Prisoners driven by television imagery while
calling it entertainment.
Prisoners of entertainment hypnosis
Entering a terrain that terrorizes our very
existence....
Prisoners of the captivity of none activity
but of reactivity.

Prisoners of economical non participation
Unless when participating as a puppet for
white monopoly enriching whiteness.
Prisoners sentenced to a life of stress
Prisoners of psychological warfare
Prisoners unleashed for self-destruction.
Prisoners of mis-education, mis-educated
well enough to continue mis-educating our own children.

Prisoners of war even after the war is won against us.
Prisoners of being easily led into war against each other.
Prisoners of cheap labor for white interest
Prisoners of white supremacy.
Prisoners of white power.
Prisoners is us who have no power.
Prisoners is us who build tall wide walls around our
homes like a tower.
Prisoners is us the Christians.
Prisoners is us who are the good ones.
Prisoners is us who are the law abiding citizens.
Prisoners is us who have no criminal offenses.
Prisoners is us who obey all the rules that offend us.
Prisoners is us who are fashioned to be scared
of revolution.
Prisoners is us who are the reactionaries.

Who are the revolutionaries?
Who are the real free thinkers?
The revolutionaries are few amongst us.
The revolutionaries are freedom fighters
Locked behind physical steel bars.
Revolutionaries are fugitives running away
to avoid these steel bars.
Revolutionaries are painted as criminals for
offending the biggest offender we call the
government.
Revolutionaries are those who rebelled against
the system that seeks to enslave us.

A revolutionary is he who threw a bucket of
poo on the statue of Cecil John Rhodes.
Revolutionaries are those who ref
uses to pay E-tolls on those roads.
A revolutionary is he who said Jesus had
HIV Aids
Revolutionaries are those who rob the banks
that choke us with interest rates.
Revolutionaries are those who marched against
white minority rule on the Johannesburg Stockade
exchange.
Revolutionaries are those refusing to give their

maximum effort for a minimum change
Revolutionaries rather bomb these ATM's than
surrender their hard labor to this system of
thieves.

Revolutionaries are those who steal Eskom power
cables.

Revolutionaries are those who steal from those
who steal from us.

Revolutionaries are those who feel no compassion
for this system.

Revolutionaries are those who don't feel compelled
to protect this system.

Revolutionaries are those students who threw bottles
and stones demanding free quality education.

Revolutionaries are those who hate subjugation more
than they fear death.

Revolutionaries are those who bomb strap themselves
& take the enemy with in an explosion of losing the
breath of life.

Revolutionaries are those the government would rather
kill than risk to keep in jail.

Are we revolutionary?

Well?

Black people, Please do feel insulted
Do not be passive and peaceful.
for every black person in south Africa
& in the world at large is a prisoner
serving life imprisonment from the day
we are born till the day we die.

Black man, you may be on your own, but you
are not alone.

We all share your story & your pain.

The story & the pain of being black.

All of us, rich or poor, makes no difference.

Just prisoners in different cages.

|Mufasa|

Question

She wants to question.
What she was born into,
she's scared to question,
her questioning is sin,
God knows, ooohhh God,
she dare question that
idea, for religion will
send her to hell, after
the church has crucified
her, imagine those sharp
stares of the congregation
piecing through her body,
Pastor at the pulpit pulling
holy verses and that holy
water, the blood of jesus
Christ. she dare question, the
cult of saints on the genesis
of every indigenous people's
genocide. What she was born
into kills, killed the spiritual
songs in her heart, for
religious gospel to ring in her
head, promises of heaven
While her reality is hell, she
can't bear it anymore, she
wants answers to rescue
her thoughts, her ability to
question, for questioning
is a state of being.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Questioning Is A State Of Being

She wants to question.
What she was born into,
she's scared to question,
her questioning is sin,
God knows, ooohhh God,
she dare question that
idea, for religion will
send her to hell, after
church has crucified
her, imagine the sharp
Stares of the congregation,
she dare question. What
she was born into kills, killed
her spiritual realm. She
wants answers to rescue
her thoughts, her ability
to question, to question
is a state of being.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Rivers

Rivers no longer
carry waters of
life but the blood
of our forebears
who dead, for the
lands we no longer
walk, for we walk
over cold bodies, we
walk over them.
In search of rivers
carrying the waters
of life, for our courage
to stand.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

S/Words

Before the young
man left for the forlorn
grazing lands, the
old man called for
the young man, to
hand him a folk
book, for a mind
needs a book as
the sword needs
a wet stone, for
words may be
swords.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

School Bus Bench

For some time he's been
standing here, not far from
their bench, swallowing what
they spit, hidden in the dark,
darkness of his skin, his Jaws locked
and his thick lips folded as both
his fists, his dilated pupil buried
deep beneath his eyelashes, nervously
twitching as laughter thunders
suddenly, their laughter is
louder than before, their
whispers grows sharper now
and then, their pointed
fingers cut through air like
thousand spears, aiming at
his chest. He could barely
cage his heart from pacing.
Across countless thunderous
laughter a cracking voice, a
cracker's voice struck like
lightening. You don't
belong here, monkey face.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Seek

Africa is mother Earths first born daughter
The first true martyr
who never truly died but lives on in the lives that harbor her bosom
In cold nights fire starters burn spirits
I wonder where it started
I mean even before the Muslims
Brought Islam
Seeds sowed on mount Zion
Tested in strength by day lights cruel heat
Soothed to sleep at night by the winds cold hymns
Whatever was born from her is the original kin
Fore Father unseen except in my own reflection
And in the faces of those I call brother sister father and mother
The pitter the patter of the drum
Reflects the anger of the gun
Unfortunately there is no pun to this joke
Although you must never lose hope
Chosen one
Only Son of I Am
Only one

My soul is my direct line to God
I guess as human beings
We spend our whole lives tryna tap into that line
It's only natural to seek this connection
Your born from divine hands but as we grow older
We tend to let go
It alone holds true meaning
When you eliminate feelings
Your compass points north seeking

Everything else,
where it be money or fame is only a distraction
There's points where you ask yourself 'how did this happen '
Moments you shouldn't been active
You were passive
Not realizing the significance of that one moment
Now it's just another tear drop lost in the ocean

Coastin of these margins I rhyme
Maybe I'll find a land were there's no time
Till then
Nothing to live for but the now
I binge on all the knowledge Ive found
Just so I can vomit on this piece of paper
But just when what I'm searching for has crowned
It changes form once again
It seems my feet are slower then this pen
Cause it never gets tired and can chase to no end
I see the elusive tail right before it disappears around another slow bend
I hold my breath and count to ten
Pedal to the medal
Here we go again

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

She Stands

She stands with her at
the junction, with her eyes
kneeling. As the old woman
begs, she holds a can of coins
for her, the old woman's eyes
stirs into an empty tomorrow.
she holds the old woman closer
every time, protecting her from
a crawling mist of the morning
traffic. she must be the daughter,
She must be the of the year for she
sacrifice the future for today, tomorrow
she stands with her blind mother.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Six Spin-Street(Short Story)

Sam was at his workplace buried in his chair, busy penning a protest poem for the poetry competition he wanted to enter. He was sipping strong black coffee from a huge coffee mug. He heard staccato sounds of stiletto shoes hitting the glittering marble floor as someone entered the building. He raised his eyes. It was the new lady from the first floor. She smiled and greeted him as she walked past up the carpeted staircase. When she disappeared into the building, he returned his gaze to the paper in front of him and busied himself again with his poem. He was fine-tuning the lines. He picked up the pencil, scratched out 'would' and replaced it with 'will'. He was satisfied. Will sounds more immediate than would, he told himself. It clearly shows the intent and reads much better, he concluded.

'Eish Sam, I am sorry, I missed the official opening of your exhibition. How is the response?' Qiqqa asked as he stood in front of the reception desk.

Sam had not heard him looked tipsy. He had bloodshot eyes, reeking of alcohol and stinking of fags.

'It has been overwhelming; people are flocking in and out, to check it out. You can come and have a look at it'. Sam said this getting up from his chair, holding his half-filled cup of coffee in his hands.

'Have you tried to take the campaign to the students yet? They will easily relate to the struggle of West Papua, especially with the current decolonisation dialogue going on across the whole country' Qiqqa suggested.

'Yes we did. We have students from Rhodes Must Fall or Fees Must Fall movement who champion the struggle' Sam replied confidently.

Sam reached for the door of the main gallery and opened it. The door made the creaking sound. The arresting smell of fresh baked bread coming from the kitchen filled their nostrils. Black and white plastic chairs were laid out neatly in beautiful rows, ready for the upcoming event. The restaurateur was not in his chair. There was no one in the gallery. They walked past the main gallery and went straight to the darker room. They did a quick tour of the exhibition, and while still there two young men came through walking around checking out the photographs on the walls. A tall, slender one with the horse-shoed face was holding a camera in his hands and the other one was carrying a backpack holding a battered skateboard. The gallery attracted different kinds of people which include intellectuals, artists, activists, art lovers, photographers out of curiosity, Sam approached them and asked, 'Are you guys photographers or just art lovers?'

'We are first year film students at City Varsity College', replied the one holding a Cannon camera, whom he later learnt that his name was Vusi.

He walked with them around the exhibition. They were thunderstruck by the

heinous atrocities callously committed by the racist and imperialist Indonesian military government in West Papua. Human rights and student activists live in a constant state of terror and intimidation and some caged behind bars serving jail terms for daring to fight for their rights. They were surprised that they had never heard of had not even the faintest idea that there was a country of black people called West Papua.

'So how did you manage to know all about this information?' asked the one holding a battered and bruised skateboard.

'There is a campaign on Facebook 'Free West Papua Campaign' that constantly gives updates on what is happening in West Papua. There are also documentaries you can make use of you can find such as 'The Road to Home', 'Land of the Morning Star' and the 'Forgotten bird of Paradise'."

They took a couple of pictures with their camera before they left. When the film students had gone, Sam and Qiqqa went back to the reception area. On their way back, they stopped briefly in the main gallery checking out the thought-provoking photographic works of the seasoned photographer 'Yasser Booley'. At the reception desk they found Wanga in her hip-hugging designer trousers and a stylish jacket, smiling, standing on the desk, unwrapping and wrapping long pieces of fabric in a huge black plastic bag. She was chatting with Si-songo, who was seated comfortably in Sam's chair, eating barbecued fresh talked excitedly about the different contemporary designs she would make with the fabric and how lucky she was that she had gotten it at a bargain basement price at the Fabric City shop in Woodstock.

'I am not waiting for anyone. I am hungry guys. I have not eaten anything since morning. I was busy at the National Library preparing for my Criminal Law exams on Friday', explained Si-songo.

Sam wasted no time, he dipped his hands into the fresh chips, joining quickly realised that he had almost forgotten to introduce them to each other and he asked, 'Have you guys met Qiqqa yet? '.

'What a beautiful name. What does it mean?' Si-songo asked.

The question hit Qiqqa unexpectedly and he stumbled a bit, groping for the right words to explain till he finally found them. He explained whilst everyone was listening attentively and when he finished Si-songo chipped in, 'I am Si-songo and my name means a finer taste you get from food. My grandmother gave it to me.' Si-songo said oozing with confidence.

They were all moved. It was like she had rehearsed for the moment.

Outside the smiling sun was shining on the earth. The city was bustling with people strolling up and down the street. And across the road, Sam could see a group of tourists listening attentively to a silver-haired dreadlocked lady, talking and gesticulating, standing on top of the slab monument of the slave tree. It was at this place where black people used to stand completely naked, the strongest and biggest being sold to the highest bidder. And the weak possibly given for

free, as a token of appreciation. This excruciatingly painful crude history embittered him. But the wheels of history had turned; this history was now a cash cow for the city.

Sam realised that it was his turn and he started explaining.

'I am Samuel. I do not know the meaning of my name apart from the fact that it is a biblical name. My Christian parents gave it to me. It is a burden I have to carry everyday. I am a victim of Christian civilisation.

They all broke into a thunderous laughter.

And for the first time Wanga shifted her focus from the fabric and turned to the others.

'I am Wanga. I do not know the meaning of my name as well but I know that I am bigger than my name. I am the solution to Xenophobia'.

They all broke into a raucous laughter again.

And Wanga continued, ' My father is from the land of the children of the sun and my mother is from here'.

'You might be right', said Sam.'But do you know what Wanga means in Shona?

'.And without waiting for a reply he continued, ' It means a person who owns nothing'.

'That's not true. I will own my clothing brand very soon, watch this space', Wanga protested.

A beautiful young white lady entered the building and asked to be taken to Africa Unite, a human rights based organisation sheltered in the building. Sam motioned her to get into the lift and took her up with the lift. It was the nineteenth century manually-operated, wood-panelled lift. She was frightened with the uncomfortable jolt when it took off but she calmed down on the way. She had the same unsettling feeling when the lift came to an abrupt halt when Sam released the lever.

When Sam came down with the lift, the night shift security guard, Welcome, had already arrived. He was preparing himself to start his shift. Sam had not realised that it was already past five.

'Why can't you guys come at my place on a weekend, maybe the last Saturday of every month and continue with these juicy conversations', suggested Wanga.

'That's a brilliant idea. And we will do book readings and maybe Sam will read his poetry to us? '.

'And each and every one of us should bring a bottle of red wine and weed? ' added Sam.

'You like to get drunk and high too much.', said then she continued, 'Maybe you can also invite your Rasta friends to play live mbira music'.

'They are not Rasta have a name in case you didn't know, they are Kutandara mbira music group', Sam replied.

'Whatever', Wanga retorted.

They all laughed picking up their backpacks and belongings. Wanga asked Sam

to carry her heavy bag with fabrics. And as they were exiting the door, stepping into Spin Street, Sam turned back to the security guard now sitted in the chair, and waved him goodbye.

|Oswald Kucherera|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Tell The Truth Without Reservations.

In this day and age the truth is smothered, in this day and age the lie is celebrated, and if the lie is God then the media is his prophet. They write it in sacred text, words twisted by men and enforced on the ignorant, and so the messes are are marched with repetitions from the books in school to the propaganda in the news papers, conditioned not to question what is held as a norm, and taught to treat thinking independently as sin punishable. The lie is sent around the earth while the truth is still getting ready to launch.

Tell the truth without reservations. But if you do, be not oblivious to the fact that she who speaks the truth has no friends, be conscious to the fact that it is the lie that is funded and payed for but the truth is seen to have no value to invest in, if you are going to tell no lie but utter truth know that others will be uncomfortable and people will drift from you and that isolation might be a very familiar place and rejection and persecution will seek you like a blood thirsty mosquito. But tell the truth anyway. Greetings.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

The Calling

The relationship between the dead and the
living is very real
The dead is well and alive in us
Our ancestors are calling us
The call falls on deaf ears
For the white man is all we hear.
More than God, the white man is what we fear.
The white man is here and we are not free
We are slaved to fulfil his agendas
We are the offenders of our ancestors
We are dying to correct the ills of those who came before us
I speak of the passengers of the slave ship Jesus
Spiritual prisoners
Our ancestors are calling us
Will we ever respond to that call?
Or are we too busy praising a false image of a white Jesus?
Busy painting him black in our imagination and ignoring the call?
Or are we too lost that we do not recognise the voice of our ancestors calling us?

Failure to know your ancestors is a failure to know yourself
A slave to your own identity
Our ancestors are calling us to respond to this reality
To Face our past is to face our destiny
You might have been raised through a foreign custom
In a different time zone
Yet our ancestors DNA is deeply rooted in your bones
You have their blood flowing through your veins
In the middle of this confusing fast lane
Our ancestors will guide us on our way home
And we shall be whole again.
In this memory lane of remembrance
follow in the footsteps of our ancestors
to walk in their trace will not erase their footprints
But will bring us closer to our fateful future
The genetic make up in us reflects their very existence.
To know yourself is to know god
To know your ancestors is to honor God.
Our holy ancestors is all that we got.

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

The Gospel

Jesus they call, in his name they came but his ways they deny, they are living a lie, misrepresentation and deception.

The gospel we preach they said, walking in the sandals of peace they claimed, but where they have passed death they left. Those who drank from their cup of knowledge for the civilization of the backwards are dead and others still drunk to their demise.

Feed the hungry the gospel said, but they took the land of the prosperous and created the poor, and to this day taxes and tithes we still pay with our last pennies. They must love the poor, they created so many of them.

Visit the incarcerated the gospel said, but they send the innocent to jail and let the guilty enjoy stolen goods, for they are thieves themselves, not only did they steal the land and all its minerals and its potency to produce, they stole our history divine, our knowledge sacred, our culture very rich, our people and all that made us a people. They made us strangers in our own land.

God has intervened in the affairs of the Black wo/man, and he and his kind will teach the world how to be human again, they will show the world the way of the gospel, for they never had orphans, they feed the hungry, they visited the sick and took care of their elders. They had a sacred relationship with nature and nurtured it, they welcomed strangers into their own houses and ate from the same plate. In all accounts they practiced the gospel. Their own ubuntu hanged them on the cross of the many burdens they have for more than 400 years. Their resurrection is now. Behold those who embody the gospel.

|H.F Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

The Makings Of Bcp

Bcp in the building
Lies are about to exit the building
For Bcp and lies cannot exist in one place
Bcp dominates the whole space
Alive and strong, ready to build minds!

Bcp brings you the makings of us
Im so proud to be with you all in this bus
As we travel together I hope our tire won't blast
In each other I hope we trust
What we have here I wish it last
As we busy making the makings of us
Making noise that makes sense
Making sense out of the noise that defines us
Voicing our concerns to our devoted listeners
Though some will listen but will not hear us
To those who truly hear us
We owe it to them & to self
To recite something worth hearing
So we go out there & put inspiration in the
material we reciting
As we build momentum the feeling is exciting
To get the feedback we want to hear
We don't compromise to only give you what you
want to hear
But we put our truth right out there
Keeping it real
No faking it, no filtering of our thoughts
Poetry doesn't come from the mind of a poet
Poetry is the extension of the poet's mind
So we make sure when we on stage, we display
the TRUE nature of our beautiful minds
Because this is the makings of us
Poetry lives forever in us
Like BC forever
Die we shall never
Living on in the mind of those
of my kind
Further up

Further in
Never recline!

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

The Reason, We Revolt

When the world around
us exist to reject our very
existence, distorts our
history and teaches us
his-story. Deface our
statues and monuments
and Baby-feed us greek
mythology, in that mist we
Learnt to relate to each other
in a foreign language,
articulate our pain with a
Cut-off tongue, our shouts and
screams are never heard.
And our pain is romanticised
by those who are tongue tired. while
we are continuously schooled to be
happy-slaves, to be good-blacks,
to hate ourselves and worship others.
The ungodly world, the civilised
nations have deemed us as non-beings,
the mere fact that we are melaninated,
gives this world a permission to
Label us
sell us
Humiliate us
De-humanize us
Colonise us
'Civilise' us
Mis-educate us
exploit us.
What's left of us, strapped
naked, our pain can't be denied.
our pain is the truth, the gospel
written on our wiped flesh, my
Wounded family, our pain demands
us stretch where it itches.

Our pain, our black pain is the
reason, we revolt.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Theater Of The Day

In this day and age; South Africa is a stage
Filled with Actors and actresses
Some are white, Some are black
Some of us don't want to be black, yet we
are not white yet, I say 'not white yet'
For we aspire for that
We have been socially conditioned to behave
like that divide and conquered to reject being
black Mis-educated to accept misnamed 'coloured'
How ironic is that?
How historic can one be misled?

Blood of my blood, it is our story that is massacred
The story of a black skin and a white soul
No longer shall it remain sore
For the soil is fertile
Deep In it the seeds must be buried alive
Declaring black lives are also worthwhile
In the meanwhile the youth stares the future with a
conscious eye
A sip from this black consciousness quenches our thirst
It teaches us something about loving ourselves first
We are no longer seeking to be accepted by anybody else
Today we sing a revolutionary song
We seek real solutions towards our freedom
Black consciousness is knocking on our front door
Empty political promises can no longer hold us down
For We have over endured a long steep
We are awakening from a deep sleep
Thus We reject being the lost sheep
For Our shepherd is in partnership with those condoning our oppression
We are the sleeping giants
Awakening among those massaging our pain with false
integration
We find ourselves neglected & despised in a 'rainbow
nation'
Begging to be loved by the system build against us

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Time Travels

The rate of consciousness lags behind time
It is time for our mind state to elevate
For time has always been ahead
Time travels first class
In the darkest minds of ignorance
Time takes its time to inspire a thought
Time travels silently
Unseen yet present in all moments of life
Time travels brutally to expose the core
Time has travel to this time before
A time When truth has become a distant stranger
Our humanity is in danger
In this times
It has become easier to tell lies to the
ignorant youth than speak truth to white power
In the final hour
Only time can save us from this war troops
Only time can expose their lies & reveal what
is truth
Though Some truths cannot survive many ages
They are written on the sand of time, when the
clock turns
memories fade with no hope to return
Men, women, children, each took a turn
To die
Time puts them first in line
In the beginning they were divine
Their face bear the mark of the creator
Today history marks them the victims of the
invader
Indeed nothing is hidden under the sun
When time travels, it must be leaving some
wisdom behind
It is time to feed the deaf, dumb and Blind
A time to put knowledge of self in the pot
For there was a time
When men with an inward inferiority put
whiteness in the same pot and polluted the
whole plot

Turned life into a murderous bloody sport
My military is bigger than yours contest
In that conquest
Our ancestors took bullets
Time took minutes
It is time for the brave to address
those minutes
For the children needs to hear it
Hurry up
Time has no time to be wasting time
It waits for no man
Time travels alone, no associates
That way only time can tell the tales of how
men were born royal
And died slaves
In the end they were last in line
It is dark before day
Struggle before birth
Black before white
Time to Wake up or sleep for a while

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Tin Homes

Across the high-way road, there's
five hundred tin homes, where
sappers and their families
survive, so as to dig deep enough
to feed the ever lasting hunger
of fat-cats at the hill.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Top Of The Mountain

Power is the ability to define phenomena
and make it act in a desired manner

Flowers start from seeds and can grow in plethora
I admire the pattern

Every time I look at the mountain top
My heart stops

I revere it
as it stands tall and proud in the distance
If only I could be it

I wonder if it sees I
Should I tell it of I ambition would it believe I
Steadfast in its foundation
but as calm as a sea breeze
To conquer it would please I

To feel its rugged edges cut into I hard working hands
Relentless in their desire to be great
Essential is the desire for first place
I only competition I see it in the mirror
as I and I look in each others eyes
Man to man
Face to face

To hold tight to dear life itself as I look down staring death in the face
To never try would be too safe and know I place
Faith sets the foot holds
I tie I shoelace
While fear sets traps so that I may not know escape
Nothing to nourish I but the very fire I was born with
Every time I think I must retire I find more of it
Whatever is in this mountains tectonic plate
Was built into I very template
You can not segregate I from it
You can not replicate this love of it
To imagine it

is the same as if I've done it

The wind gets colder as the air grows thinner
This test will require I to go inner
Knees buckle under the this turmoil and pressure
Reverse psychology makes I see it lighter than feathers

Farther than ever before
Til every muscle is sore and tore from the chore
I pray I knees never meat the floor
The fire within keeps pumpin from my core
More more more
I'll Make sure I settle the score

You'd think I had a vendetta against this great rock
Like it looks down at I and mocks
Like everyday I sit winding I clock
And fiend for revenge

This however is not the case
Far from it

I respect it
I see it as a representation of what I can do

Should time grant me test that's true
Should I overcome it
I think I could become it

Ill step on that summit
Just yet

Young.□

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Trains

Some people are like trains, they are loud and slow, Patient and strong enough to carry many. Some people are like trains they never tire, they care for the poor of the poorest and ask for less in return. Some people are like trains they come and go, they would delay you, make you late or never pitch at all. Indeed some people are like trains they walk the same path, back and forth.

Some people are like trains, they know where to go, they stop where they are destined to and take with them as many as people as they could, some people value time, like trains they wait for no one but you need to wait for them. Truly some people are like trains you always glad to see them.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Traveling On The Khayelitsha Train(Short Story)

I was beginning to get frustrated. Three trains had been cancelled. I had waited for forty minutes at Mandalay station without any sign of the lights of a train from Khayelitsha to Cape Town. When the train finally arrived the platform was packed with people. We shoved and pushed each other for seats but unfortunately the seats ran out before I could get one.

I stood next to the door. And finally, on this day, I was in the ganja smoking carriage. I had wanted to experience this for a long time.

The entire coach was filled with clouds of smoke. The smoke rushed into my nostrils and it choked me. I tried to suppress the choking sounds but without success. I did not want to raise eyebrows, lest commuters would know that it was my first time in the coach. When I eventually got used to the smoke I browsed through the faces of the commuters.

I was surprised to see women and children in school uniforms amongst the commuters. What surprised me most was how they seemed to enjoy the smell coming from the smoke of burning ganja. Most people in that carriage looked much older than their actual age, especially men. Their bodies were galleries of cheap and poorly crafted tattoos with railway lines across their faces.

I spotted a young man with unruly hair seated far left from where I was standing. His T shirt was of Bob Marley, standing on the stage, strumming the strings of his guitar, his mouth close to the mounted microphone belting out one of his songs from his repertoire. An image of me drowned in a sea of bodies at a Bob Marley concert floated into my head.

I was dancing to his song with the lyrics 'None but ourselves can free our minds', jumping more than dancing, my whole body drenched in sweat. Standing next to me was a woman with a snotty-nosed baby strapped on her back, her head moving in synchrony with the rhythm.

'Moya! Moya! Moya! Swazi here! Swazi here! ' shouted a touting ganja dealer.

It was only then that I woke up from this dream. A dreadlocked Rasta seated next to the young man with the unruly hair was waving his hand motioning the ganja dealer to go to him. He was sermonizing on the repercussions of eating genetically modified food. At this point he was pointing out the tastelessness of frozen meat.

'When you arrive home take the frozen meat, boil it and you will see that the pot will be filled with froth as if you have added washing powder to it. This meat is not good I am telling you', he concluded.

He sent the whole carriage into uproarious laughter, the man next to him shedding some tears of laughter. I watched him wiping off his teary eyes. Even the group of football fanatics standing on the passage broke into raucous laughter though they did not join in the conversation.

They were engaging in the endless debate of who is the better player between Cristiano Ronaldo and Lionel Messi. The debate was like the endless struggle between darkness and light.

By now the dreadlocked man was rolling a joint. After finishing, he fished out a box of Lion matches from his jacket pocket and lit it. He took a long drag and another again and again before passing it to the young man. The young man hesitated a little but went on to take it. He could not turn down this generous gesture. He took a short drag and then a long one but the smoke went straight to his youthful lungs.

He coughed and coughed. He spat out a blob of saliva through the window without the windowpane. And once again the train broke into thunderous laughter.

The train stopped at each and every station dropping and picking up people waiting impatiently on the platforms. When it arrived at Bonteheuwel station, a lot of people disembarked, most of them in work suits, possibly factory workers in the Epping industries.

A motley group of people got into the train and among them four heavily armed police officers, two male and two female. Suddenly the carriage plunged into dead silence. The police officers marched around the carriage browsing through the faces of the commuters.

They spotted three suspects and commanded them to raise their hands into the air, whilst male police busied themselves searching them. The suspects put their hands up but not without putting on a show of resistance. They threw a barrage of insults at the police. The officers of the law could not find anything so when the train stopped at the next station they jumped off and rushed to the next carriage.

No sooner had the police left than the Rastaman commenced commenting on

Zimbabwe, raining praises on the revolutionaries who took back the black peoples land from the rapacious and racist white colonialists. He was optimistic that the phase that Zimbabwe is going through will pass and that it will become the land of milk and honey once more. He took pride in black people being the architects of their own futures.

'Zimbabwe will rise from the ashes', he bellowed concluding his remarks. 'But Zimbabweans are scattered all over the world. Do you want to turn South Africa into Zimbabwe?' gushed out the young man with the unkempt hair.

'Yes that's exactly what we want. Zimbabweans are all over the world because they are educated. Educated people have options and they can adapt in any environment. And that's what we want. We want black people to be in full control of our means of production. We do not own anything in this country. We are only selling our labour to these whites', explained the Rastaman..

The young man was left with mixed-doubts. He was impressed by the conviction of the Rastaman to the black struggle, yet found him controversial at the same time. Was he being short-sighted? He was confused how someone with so much political education would advocate for something disastrous that would lead to the downfall of his country.

It was crystal clear considering what he had heard and read about Zimbabwe. The train had already arrived at Cape Town station and people were disembarking, rushing to their various destinations. He rose and started for the door but then he quickly remembered that he had forgotten the bag he had shoved underneath the bench where he was seated.

He had more questions for the dreadlocked man but they had to wait for another day. He checked the time on his wrist watch, which read past nine, confirming that he was late again for work. The train had stopped twice in the middle of nowhere and no one had bothered to inform the commuters the cause for the delays.

He became worried because he had just signed a warning for late coming. He faced the uncertainty of the shouting waiting for him or signing another warning or even dismissal. He quickened his pace on his way to work.

|Oswald Kucherera|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Truth

I do my best just to get your attention
Hoping that my effort is realized and that you'll be my pension
And if I may mention you epitomize the relief to my tension
You got me feelin high like I could touch the sky and realize all these dreams of mine
Your so shy but there's always a gleam in your eye that gives me shivers
Should this be my last rhyme before my demise and I wither away into the wind
Know that I felt closer to you than my own skin

But the world still spins and I'm still in
Doing my best to win and not fit in
Since time is no mans friend
Im steady chasin chasin tryna beat the clock racin
just to be 1st placin
That's my main concern
Your love is what adds fuel to that fire and makes it burn
I do my best to learn from all these exchanges behind me
In those harsh times they remind me why I got threw it
These words come out my two lips
Just so they can blossom in you like tulips
Nothing to get confused with

Young.

|Stacks|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Tweet And Tweedle

The Bird in the cage
tweet and tweedle, sings
of hope every morning.
With a broken spirit and
tamed wings.
The Bird in the cage still
dreams of taking it to the
sky.

The bird in a cage dedicates,
it's life to fulfill the hope
of sailing the wind again.
Of feeling the dashing
air beneath the wings, the
warmth of the sun rays on
the feathers, the sound of
wind in July.

The bird in the cage yearns
for migration season.
The joy of being with a flock.
The glory of flying with
a flock, through the whirling
wind, to the clear blue
sky.

The bird in the cage
pace back and forth
Tweet and tweedle
for the right to call
on it's soul.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Ulimi

Mama, kanyisa isibani, kamisa inkotha
ihhaye amankanka kuqhume okamisa,
ulimi insimi yezinhlamvu, phela
isigodlo umphimbo, ukukhanukwa
kwezinhlamvu ukutshala imbewu
yokwakha ezweni, hhayi ukuletha
usizi, ngoba ulimi noma ulwimi ubuciko
nobuncothi bokubiza, isiqhu u'biza' ku'bokubiza',
siveza ulwazi olunzulu ukuthi ukukhuluma kahle
hle ngubizo, isipho noma isibusiso, ngubisi
esiluncela ebelini, likamama, ongumsusa
nesibeletho sempilo, ulwimi kunguphawu
lokuphila, izwi lomphfumulo, yobe
ukuphinyiswa kwezinhlamvu ukuqhala
ukuhlanipha, ukukhalipha ukukhalela 'mama',
ukumemeza kwengane 'mama', umama ozala
isizwe kanye nolimi oluyizwi lesizwe.

|Sazi KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Under The White Man

Under the white man, the black man is a prisoner of war.
He lost the battle for land and now his home is no more.
His language & culture is conquered. His body and spirit
is injured.

He is sick, he is not sure, he is off shore, with no army, no weapons & no war
ships to break his chains.

He worships the same man who puts him in chains.

He has gone insane

He is in the synagogue, the mosque and the churches.

He wants to pray his chains away.

He's taking chances everyday.

He's in pains; he's in chains.

Invisible mental chains.

And so he chants, he marches, he's a politician.

He even wears a suit in parliament and speak so
loud...and yet still in his speech the truth remains
in chains.

He's on a search to re-dignify the black race

He's looking for freedom in the wrong place.

In the constitution and the freedom charter
he finds more tightening chains.

He is on the edges.

He even took a chance in the elections
to vote for change.

And still no chance for the chains to
be unchained

And so he remains in chains.

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Valedictory

Here is the big night
It will all be alright
Just cross your heart
And just fake your strut

It is 8; 30, We eat
Brinner at this hour
Cereal becomes our
breakfast and dinner
it's just hunger on
our side, We were born
indelible products of
poverty with no rights
Our rage channeled to
the wrong color skin,
we zombies, Giants
Need to be awakened
and attack the enemy
and not each other.

He walks from the
back of the bus
with two faces.
The easy for his
friends and the
facade of bravery
for the road ahead.
This is khayelitsha
sights of the sick
sights of the weak
wicked clouds reveal
the full moon round.

My principal gave us
such a long speech
Doesn't he know you
only walk around this
time to be killed.

I watched him, Fake
bravery, He is in
his uniform.
No disguising his
age now with cigarette
buds he picks up on the
way like a charm that
will protect him for
not belonging to a gang.
If you do not look like
danger here than you call
danger, Gevaar, ingozi
That's what you'll find
in these claustrophobic
mazes of our corrugated
joke of what we call houses.

The bus stops, He looks
at his mean grim, For
amaLast time, He's about
to cross tides and I'm
sitting there waiting
for my demons to creep
in will I get robbed,
raped or killed tonight?
I sit there and I wonder
will I see him at school
the Monday morning or will
we be at site c, not for
sight seeing but for mourning?
Valedictory gave you your
last certificate, the certificate
of death, dear brother where
will we find another?

His mother?
She screams as she is
scorned by the realization
that her only hope, Did
not cope, Interrupted by
the call of her boy's death
as she was smiling at the

cash on her mattress that
was enough for her boy to
be a man unfortunately she
had to rush, in her Vote
for change DA t-shirt
I wonder what will Maimani
say about this tragic loss
to the community
Site C, he doesn't even
remember that township
I mean excuse the man he
was too busy traveling to
all these dead spaces
before the elections you
surely cannot blame him
for not recalling.

Valedictory you took
away our prodigy,
You took away our
NSFAS debt, Another
house nigger, Valedictory
it's not that sad, You
can't kill a dead people
anyway so be on your way
And let us mourn our way.

The black pain is everywhere

|Lindokuhle Matina|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Vector Equilibrium

I seek to find balance
Things become harder to manage
When you can't manage yourself
I guess my poetry is a collection of letters to self
Steady on my I AM
Wake up in the early AM
Chasin this cash
Lotta shit on my mind
Everyday I'm reminded I'm one of a kind
There's things I'm still blind to
That's just me being honest
I'd hate to lie to me and say something not true
I've had a couple servings of humble
Pie
I've had a couple bowls of man up stew
I fed of that and gave me strength and vision
It's funny the things you hear when you listen to your mind
Like this is my year
You dream a lot
The in-betweens can be mean and make things clear
Fear is my only enemy
Everything else don't matter
I let this shit out but my mind grows fatter with more question
I look at my own reflection
I'm not always happy with what I see
Still a lot of room to grow and things I could be
I don't want peace
I want to be cluttered by situations
That will test where all my wisdom is just imitation
I need to prove it to myself that I can do it
Loose with the pen fine tunin my ambition
My potential is my ism
where not you see it or believe it
Could matter less to me
When I put this pen down I still won't feel free
Vibin like the waves of the sea
Coastin on my rhymes tryna find me

|3X0|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Walking Dead

Black people

We are walking talking left for dead in the grave yard named south African townships

We can't even see our names written on the tombstones.

We are Captured by Invisible chains and robbed off our rightful thrones.

A nation of tortured and conquered souls.

The real Black people died a long time ago

For they were not willing to give themselves to white power.

Against gun powder

They were willing to fight and die with a spear and a shield in the battlefield defending their humanity.

Those were the real black men and they died long time ago.

What you make of us now is mutations of blackness that won't let the corpse go.

For white power commands it to do the work of self-injustice

A black caucus that carries a soul in conflict with the nature of its universe.

What else is left in us?

Nothing less but black pain torturing Black bodies.

Nothing less but empty vessels filled with a degree or a phd from a European education which is insignificant towards the development of a black nation

It is Nothing but another allocation of an inferior position in the hierarchy of total black subjugation.

Nothing but white power on a mission to cease any idea that entertains thoughts that may lead to a resurrection of a black soul.

With no remorse it imprisons the mind that seeks to awake from the grave.

Black people, our people, black zombies

Walking, talking left for dead in the grave yard named south African townships

So confused, so out of touch with reality.

Still trapped between superstition and what is real

Those who mocks say we are super stupid.

Those who study us will notice how we are buried deep in blind faith.

Disposition to the grave yards named South African townships.

There was a time when the universe called for us to be free

Negotiators led us blind with FALSE thoughts of integration.

Lobbyists and pastors murdered our revolution

They chose religion over reason

So they got paid to keep our people in a psychological prison.

Reason why we fear to think
Reason why we drink, dance, sing, pray, kill each other and do filth to numb the pain.
And so we say no pain no gain, but all we seem to gain is black pain.

I suggest we blow a kudu horn.
In South Africa there's a white party going on.
We are not on the guest list.
The guest list is for the living.
We are dead like dry bones in the valley.
Our names are on the ghost list
So i insist
That we blow that kudu horn
To Sound the call to reveal what's going on
Sound it loud so it may be heard by those who dwell in the grave yards named south African townships.

A Message to the walking talking left for dead black man
The final stage of a Revolution will come out of the barrel of a gun
Not at the righteous words that comes out the mouth of the one who is oppressed
Revolution is not an emotion but an appointment set by the condition and the nature of the relationship between the oppressor and the oppressed
More than the oppressor, the oppressed must stress for this appointment to take place.
So that black people can awake in these grave yard named south African townships.

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

We Becoming

Today, a Boy became a
Girl so as a Girl became
a Boy. A man became a
woman so as a woman became
a man. Tomorrow the
Sun will still rise from the
east and set on the west, does
it matter what a boy and a
girl or a man and a woman
becomes, when their are still
subjects, blacks.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

West Papua Will Be Free...

This is Papua and you treat us like dogs, is this the savagery of Indonesia? You invaded our land with guns blazing, others weakened our psychology with religious rhetoric, our women on the floor you throw them like dogs, raping them in from of us the same way you raping our land beneath our feet. You have cracked the skull of our elderly, and by killing them destroy our temples of knowledge, didn't you know they were our walking libraries.

We cried out for help, humanity has withheld its hand, its voice is as still as the night in the desert, those whose souls we saved in days gone by seem to have lost sight, and their hears cannot hear our screams, African the land of people of our kind has not might to rescue us, she too wrestle with the enemy for the same reasons our lives our taken. Our freedom is on the way though at the distance, but it's on its way.

|HF Swarts|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

White Man's House

Cape town is exile
It's a lock down, a maximum prison
The darker shades are in mental cages
21st century slaves
Cape town is a white man's house
In his house;
there's no justice, no peace for the darker shades
We are not living well
We are catching hell while he is catching fish
The method is so stylish
Hidden behind a flowerish English
To romanticize the black man's anguish
The language is politically insane
It's not about black and white they say
Classism more over racism is the mask of the day.
So let us unmask this day.
The past gave birth to this day
Slavery, colonization and Apartheid is that past that
systemically made blacks a lower class.
Clearly the white mans heaven is now the black mans hell...

Today; cape town is still a white man's house
No wonder why the black man lives in the dump side
He lives in khayelitsha, Gugulethu, emfuleni.
He lives in Phillipi, Samora, Nyanga, Dunoon, he lives in Joe slovo
That's a white man's dump side
In mitchels plain, in eersteriver, kuilsriver, hanova park, grassipark, in
mannenburg
You can mention many of them
That's a white mans back yard
That's where my lost coloured class dwells
When the morning swells
Hunger & poverty strikes
Whether backyard dwelling or dump side living
Our insignificant differences both lose meaning
For both we must go beg the white man for a living
Spent day time hours of kneeling.
in his house, In these government buildings, Sanlam buildings
Bp&shell garage stations, in these Anglo American mines on the African soil, In

these London Mines known as Lonmin In Marikana, in these retail stores
Rapped up uniforms
kneeling and begging
Paying the price of being black
Working ourselves to retirement and to death
Busy managing and maintaining his wealth.
robbed of our self-worth
Blacks all over this earth reduced to
domestic workers in service of the white mans breath.
For all we do is clean his house
This cape town
When the night falls, we have to live town
In over crowded taxi's, busses and trains
It's a lock down
We can't be there around that time
Doesn't that sounds familiar?
Memory should be our best friend
For the white man prefers a dog at his side
A reminder for those who strive to befriend him

|Mufasa|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Whiteness

'Black people are stupid'
but not you, you are not like
Them, she smile and you
smile to easy the uneasiness
of the situation, then later
in your room you cry alone,
then you decide to a pen
and write a poem.

WHITENESS

Suddenly something is
done or something is
said, it might not be real
But its true, for a while it
hangs on the air like fart,
no one seems to claim it,
like thorn bushes it rub
against your exposed
skin, piling old wounds
open, it suppose to hurt
but the cruelty of time
has taught you well enough,
to live with the pain, not to
find your voice, for it always
seems like to summon courage
is hard than learning to breath
when air is thicker, in the mist
of whiteness, your blackness is
naked, it embarrass you, it reminds
you what you are, a thing, something.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Your Smile

Your Smile is a force
that sway my sight.
My heart moves with
your rhythmic motion,
I drown into emotions
deep as ocean.

Amazing it's how your
thick lips bend with ease,
just like a dragonfly lands
at the tip of reed.

When you smile its like
that moment when the
Sun rise in the morning
and sunflowers in our
backyard garden tilt and
untwine.

When you smile, it often
seems effortless, I am
amazed by how your thick
lips spread, ambitiously
pushing your Cocoa cheeks,
creating volcanic dimples,
just as your teeth patina
'tween your thick lips, your
dark pupil narrow, Just to
project adequate glitter from
your eyes.

As a deer caught by headlights
of an automobile.

I met my destine, the day
love hit me and fell for that
smile.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Youth16

The greatest holocaust of
your beautiful minds is not
documented nor will it be
televised.

No search led to rescue
your lost memory, black
child the remnants of the
rainbow nation's nuclear
bomb that shuttered your
earthly humanity, to an
extent of rats rotting in
slums and Ghettos.

Scrapping crumbs of white
bread, may the day come
when you will suffocate
the ivory cities that vomits
you, that moment will be
as precise as Malcom meeting
Martin for the first and last time.

May the day come when you will
electrify the ivory cities, set
them alight, Rhodes will fall
as you stand, no bullets will
shoot you down, stronger you
are, standing on the great
shoulders of your forebears.

|Suss KaMzibeni|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP

Zimbabwe

A discarded teapot
a spout too thin to quench
our rumbling bellies
with strong creamy tea
that filled it.

'Zimbabwe'

|Oswald Kucherera|

Black Consciousness Poetry BCP