

Poetry Series

Pheko Motaung

- poems -

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Pheko Motaung(July 24 Year of the snake)

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

(africa Poems) Eagle Metaphor

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

Pheko Motaung

(africa Poems) The Beloved

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

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

Pheko Motaung

(africa Poems) I Wallow Alone In My Poverty

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

Pheko Motaung

(africa Poems) Nostalgia

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

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

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

Pheko Motaung

(inspiration Poems) Distance Is Cruel To Us

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

Pheko Motaung

(lonely Poems) To The Poets

(For my friends @ .)

Fellow poets!
Colleagues!

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

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

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

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

I, Ngaka Motaung!

I have sounded the war drums to a revolution!

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

Pheko Motaung

(naughty Poems) A White Man Through And Through

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

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

Pheko Motaung

(naughty Poems) Unto Myself

Unto myself

I promise myself that I will

Love my fellow humans irrespective

Of gender or race

Unto myself

I am open unto myself and I tell

My soul that God is dearest

To me above all

Unto myself

I stand here to confess to myself

That I will always tell the Truth

And I will be Honest with the rich

And the powerful and the meek and

The poor whenever they decide

To deal Honestly and Justly with me

Unto myself

I say my soul

And my spirit

And my heart

Judge me justly and punish me fairly

And accordingly if I transgress any

Of these rules I draw before God

Unto myself

For my personal evaluation

Pheko Motaung

A Boy Laughs In The Rain

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

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

Pheko Motaung

A Touch Of Haiku

1.

Rich man!
Kiss me like this-
White moon gloating

2.

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

3.

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

4.

What
Were they doing there? Bird
Spits on erotic lingerie

5.

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

6.

He was here
He came in the night-

Rabbit wags his tail

7.

Seeing nothing
And learning nothing-Master
Bat stumbles on

Pheko Motaung

Again And Again

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

Pheko Motaung

All Men Are The Same

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

Pheko Motaung

Balatedi Le Diketso Tsa Bona

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Book Of Tenderness 1. Act Of Selflessness

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

Pheko Motaung

Book Of The Calm 13. The Desert Dreamer

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

Pheko Motaung

Childlike Similes

Childlike similes

I am like she cries

Love in the house dies

I am like he drinks

Peace in the house dies

Pheko Motaung

Day After Day

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

Pheko Motaung

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Dilemong Tse Lekgolo Tse Fitileng

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

Dilemong tse lekgolo tse fetileng ho ne ho sena ba ne ba sa tsebe ka ditokelo tsa bona tsa Platje o ne a Iwanelo ditokelo tsa rona baahi ba batho ba batsho ale mong.O ile a iketsa sehlabelo a tela bophelo ba hae hore nna le wena re phele ka bolukolohi moo ho se nang wena motjha o reng?

Na o rata naha ya hao kapa o dula o ttleba o re naha ya hao e o kolota se itseng?

Na o kgalemela diketso tsa bosinyi kapa o a di kgothalletsa?

Na o hlompha ditokelo tsa ho phela kapa o ikwetlisetsa hoba mmolai ya hlometseng ka bazooka?

Ha o ntse o inahana ere rona ba tsebang re o jwetse

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

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

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

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

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

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

Machini e ne e le mofutsana.O ne a rata tjhelete.O ne a kolota bo machonisa kaofela ba Kgauteng le ha a ntse a solla hara dirame a bona kereke ya ntate Zondo.A mathela teng hore a mpe a kene ka fenstere a robale ka hara ntlo ya modimo.A fihla fenstereng ya kereke a nka morallahadi wa lejwe a le betsya tjhawatleha a kena ka phaphangphadiahdi ya lesoba la a se a kene a bona ditshwantsho tse pedi leboteng la letsohong le letona le tataisetsang motho tseleng ya toka a bona setshwantsho se setle sa Mariya Ya Senang Sekodi ya nang le moywa lerato le qenehelano le kgotso esitana le ha a ntse a shebile setshwantsho seo sa mosadi wa lekgowa a tlelwa ke moywa wa bodumedi.A makala a ema le monna matena a ipotsa dipotso tseo a sa kang a fumana dikarabo aya hodimo le tlase a ntse are hobane batho bao ho buwang ka bona bukeng tsa bodumedi e le ba basweu feela mehlaena? Rona batho batsho re ne re le kae ha modimo a etsa lefatshe na? A kgumama ka mangwele a neng a tletse diretse a ntsha dieta ha hlaho maoto a neng a tletse ditlhabel a rapela are, 'Wele. Mariya mma Jesu wele bohloko hle motho wa modimo! .Ke fositse ke fahlile mmuso ka moo ke tsamayang ke ba le halefetswe ke bo machonisa ba ngollang melaetsa founung ya ka ba ntshepisang ho nketsa dihaeya ha ke sa lefe mokitlana wa tjhelete e ngata eo ke sa tsebeng hore ke tla e nka tsongwa ke lekgotla le leholo la dinyewe molao o halefile hothwe ke tla hlola bophelo ba ka kaofela tjhankaneng ha ke sa hlahe kgotla ke tlo hlalosa hore ke ikemiseditse ho tla lefa tjhelete ya bana ba robedi bao ke ba hang batho ha ba mpatle ba ntlhohetse leshano le bomenemene ba e Mariya Ya Senang Sekodi ntjhafatsa pelo ya ka ke sokolohe ke be motle ke tsamaye tsohong le letona la to ka le bophelo bo sa feleng.'A ikopela jwalo ho sireletswa ke mo0dim0 wa kgotdo Machini a ba a lla haholo hore lefatshe le lehodimo le phatlohe ka ha a qeta ho rapela ptjang a hae a bona setshwantsho sane sa motho e motsho eo fahleho sa hae se neng se tletse bokgopo, boqhekanyetsi le makgatheng a lefu.A se sheba moywa o motle o tletseng lerato le mosa a utlwa o ntse o tswa pelong ya hanghang o a ema o kgorohela moo ka hara kereke a henyekolla jwalo ka lehlanya are, 'Ke batla tjhelete nna! Ditlatla tse tsa mona di ebihile kae tjhelete ya koleka? Ke tla bolaya modumedinyana nna ha ke sa fuane moo le behang tjhelete ya koleke na ebe le ya nkutlwale dilathalatha ting? 'O batlile o batlile aba a e fumana.A thaba leino la mathisa tsebe.'ke tla tsoha hoseng pele moruti Zondo le phutheho ya hae e ntenang ba ditlatla ke lefa la ba e le tjhelete ya bona ke ikgapetse yona ka maqiti aka.'A rialo a ikotla sefubeng Machini a nka sekgetjhana sa pampitshana fatshe a ngola tjena ka sekotwannanyana sa potloloto ya ileng a itswetsa ngwana e mong tjena ya seleng wa sekolo ya neng

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

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

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

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

MAKENO: DIRANTA TSE SEKETE SEKOLOKOTHO BOHLE

NAKO: HORA YA TADI HA E NYANTSHA KAJENO

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Do Not Take Me Home

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

Pheko Motaung

Down The Empty Street

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

Pheko Motaung

Family Portrait

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

Pheko Motaung

Fear

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

Give Peace One More Chance

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

Pheko Motaung

Graveyards

Graveyards
The ghettoization...
Mother, your lonely
Grave is ready! Get
In!

Pheko Motaung

Haiku

A knock...!

Gently opens the door-Grey dove
lost in thought

Pheko Motaung

Hard Times

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Here You Waited Too Long For Me To Love You

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

Pheko Motaung

Ho Tswa Botebong Ba Pelo Yaka

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

Pheko Motaung

Ho Wa Le Ho Phahama Ha Lelapa La Thapelo Moshwadiba

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

House Of Hunger

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Hunger

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

of his hunger pangs

Pheko Motaung

I Am Afraid Of Your Alcohol Fueled Mind

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

I Am Bent Double Loyal To Love You

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

Pheko Motaung

I Bed Whom I Like

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

Pheko Motaung

I Can See All Things

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

Pheko Motaung

I Don't Want To Be Blamed

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

Pheko Motaung

I Gave You Everything

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

Pheko Motaung

I Have Money Now

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

Pheko Motaung

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

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

Pheko Motaung

I Laugh When You Sing

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

Pheko Motaung

I Miss You

I miss you
Deep and blue sea
Life without a care

Pheko Motaung

I Send You My Dreams

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

Pheko Motaung

I Was Wrong Then And Now

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

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

Pheko Motaung

If You Have The Time

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

In The Midnight Hour

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

Pheko Motaung

In A Time Of Peace

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

Pheko Motaung

In His Darkest Hour

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

In Honor Of Their Fallen Heroes

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

It is alright young Michael
Be a not cry

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

In The Biting Cold

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

Pheko Motaung

In The Lonely House

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

Pheko Motaung

In The Name Of Religion

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

In The Sad Street

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

Pheko Motaung

In The Star Studded Night

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

In Time Trouble

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

Pheko Motaung

In Your Hour Of Darkness

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Joy Poems

Joy poems
The best delusion-
Seek joy in joy

Pheko Motaung

Kings

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

Pheko Motaung

Kiss Party For Some

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

Pheko Motaung

Kodi-Ya-Malla Ya Molefi Le Matshidiso

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

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

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

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

Nna bana ba ka ba ya sotleha!

Nna mosadi waka o nkilwe ke monna e mong!

Nna ke kopa o nkenye mosebetsing!

Nna ke batla o nketse ngwana wa hao!

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

Nna ketla etsa toyi_toyi ha o sa nkise lebollong!

Nna nna nna! '

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Let's Make Amends

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

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

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

Little Haiku

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

Pheko Motaung

Lonesome Whittles

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

Pheko Motaung

Love In The Age Of Globalisation

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Make It Your Only Duty

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

Pheko Motaung

Make Me Love Life Again

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

Pheko Motaung

Mehleng Ya Ka 4

'Mehleng ya ka nna puleng magadi wa kweneng ke ne ke le thatohatsi ya lefatshe le senang mona banana.E reng ke le jwetse hore le seke la nkgella fatshe mehleng yaka sefahleho sa se tletse kgotso le mohau le qenegelo se ne se kgetwa hore eb be leho sena sa ka se kgabisa dimakasini tsa feshene tse tsebahalang ho tloha Earis le New York le tsing a ka ha kene ke sa le mogwetsana ke ne ke phela le ne le ka mpona matsatsing ao le ne le ka dumela hore ke ne ke le motho wa ne ke se mothonyana wa ho kgellwa fatshe.

Mehleng yaka matitjhere a kgwebo ba lona le boradipolotiki ba lona-ba ne ba hlola ba tenne batswadi ka ba kopa ho nnyala empa lerato leo ba na ba ntsepisa e se la e le la dipompong le felang ka pelenyana la masawana nkana eo ke ne ke morata ka pelo le moya kaofela e ne e le ne ke yena a tsatsi leng a nkopa hore ke monyale ka dumela.A ntshetsa dikgomo tse leshome le metso e robedi ho bontsha hore la pele o hlompha batswadi bobedi a ntshetsa dikgomo tseo tse neng di nonne ho sena eo e neng e le moketa hara tsona ho hlompha moetlo wa rona asotho wa lenyalo le tlisang kgotso hara malapa.'

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

Tulo ena e ke leng ho yona ea tshabeha.

E ya tshosa

Hae sale ke le mona ke dula ke hlorile

Ha hona motho ya nketelang

Ha hona moltho eo le nna ke moetelang

Ho hlola ho thutse tu mona

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

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

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

Moya o fokang mona oa bata ka mehla

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

Jwale ke a ngongoreha.

Letswalo le ntsheha ka maleng kere ke a ho e lets a empa lenseswe laka le utlwahala hablhloko a rajwa ho thola ho sa tloelehang ho harolang lets walo la motho

Jwale ke e potsa potsa ena

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

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

Ka hopola jwale.

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

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

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

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

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

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

...Mofokeng

Lefu La Mo Kgahlanyetsa Ka

09/10/1986

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

Robala Ka Kgotso Mofokeng Wa Ka

O Re Kopele Mabele Badimong

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Move On With Your Life

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

Pheko Motaung

My Best Friends Come First

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

Pheko Motaung

My Sweetest Taboo

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

Pheko Motaung

My Uncompromising Commitment To Duty

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

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

I am a parent
It is my uncompromising commitment
To encourage

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

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

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

To have disheartened
Their true hopes and
Their just aspirations

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Nature And Her Babes

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

Pheko Motaung

Night After Night

1

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

11

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

111

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

IV

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

V

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

V1

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

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

V11

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

Pheko Motaung

No Peace In My House

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

Pheko Motaung

Nobody Loves Monk

Nobody loves Monk
The fat frog frets and eats the
Obituary

Pheko Motaung

On This Bitter Earth

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

Pheko Motaung

Op Die Strate Van Vereeniging

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

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

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

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

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

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

my lewe en siel voor skemer kom red

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

Pheko Motaung

Papadi Ya Bophelo Ba Hae Kapa Lefu La Hae

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

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

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

-Ha thwe maPakistani a ruile hobane ba hanelmaAfrika Borwa ha a ya

mesebetsing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ha

Pheko Motaung

Peace Unto You

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Poems In Sesotho

1. Etsa ka moo o ratang

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Poetry

(To Lady the last encounter...)

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

Glossary

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

Pheko Motaung

Rage

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

Pheko Motaung

Rejected By Life Because Of Money Problems

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Robbed Of Everything

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

Pheko Motaung

Sesotho Poems

1. Kgutlela hae

Ha ngata o rata hore

Kgutlela hae

Ba nqetile basadi ba Kgauteng

Ke tla kgutlela ho wena jwang

Moratuwa ke ile ka ba bohlaswa ka

Bapala ka bophelo ba ka ka swaswa

Ka lerato la hao ka senya letjhelete ya ho

Phidisa wena le bana ba rona ke boela

Ho lona jwang ha ke sana seriti bohlale bo

Fedile ke kakatletse matsoho?

Ha o hlonyme

O ntlhoholetswe

O nyoretswe lerato

O nyoretswe o sa bo hlothe bosiu

O lla sa mmokotsane seboko sa hao

Se matha la Ntshwekge se fihle

Ho nna hara mathata se re

Kgutlela hae

Ba nqetile basadi ba Kgauteng

E re ke o qoqele ABC ya ho

Se kgutlele hae

Ha ngata e tlaba masepala

Kapa lefapha le itseng la mmuso

Ho a kopana mafapha ana a lefatshe

Ba mo lefe tjhelete e kwalang letsatsi

Ho tloha tsatsing leo ho tla hlaha

Mafapha a mang a ba bohlale ba mo

Ntshe bohlale ba mo bokanele a keketeh

Ba je tjhelete ya hae a sale a swabile

Ho fete dilemo jwale ntjheme o se a

Tshaba ho kgutlela hae

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

Pheko Motaung

So You Are Leaving

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

Pheko Motaung

Some Are Drunk At Work

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

Pheko Motaung

Still Give Peace A Chance

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

Pheko Motaung

Such Guests Are Unkind

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

Pheko Motaung

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

1. Tholo and the missing inheritance of Mokele-Mbembe

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2. Tlholo at the religious festival

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

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

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

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

'Look over yonder Wild ly obliou to the danger....your sworn enemy doth enter The Temple Of Doom.'

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

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

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

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

3. The love sick rabbit

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

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

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

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

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

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

And that explains why

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

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

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

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

'Repatriation! '

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

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

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

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

'r Rabbit visits the king of the lions of Tsavo

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

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

'Lamb meat! Lamb meat! 'The young lions woudmshout in triumph as they pointed to the terrified children.

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

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

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

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

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

rabbit enters heaven to searh for love

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

Then one day eagle arrived at Lion's den.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And here I would like to end my tale.

6. The messenger

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

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

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

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

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

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

7. Never trust your oponent

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

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

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

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

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

8. The green eyes of the envy of Wild Dog

Let's say Rabbit was at one a military veteran who was decorated for his valor by king...but I forgot the name of that great African the soul of his majesty forgive me for leaving his marvellous name out of my story

Rabbit was a decorated military veteran and he was married to a beautiful sea Wild Dog was envious of Rabbit and his blamess conduct as a devoted his sea faring wife was young and her heart was she smiled coyly you know when Wild Dog would sneak behind abbit's back to touch certain parts of her body in that sensual and exciting way.

Then the wars broke out in Central the sea bird went to the bottom of the sea and brought many charms and gave them to Wild Dog although she knew that Wild Dog and Rabbit were enemies starting from that day of infamy when Wild Dog caught Rabbit's great great grandfather in a crude trapxand ate him.

'I am doing it out of animal instinct and animal solidarity' Rabbit's sea foam wife said to her conscience when the mind askeked her to stop doing what she wantedAnd the green eyes of Wild Dog emited animal lust and animal strength.

Bfore he went to the wars in Central Africa she took him to the sea and showed Rabbit the wonders of the she spoilt him twith the pleasures of her body to so that Rabbit became stupid and dull minded with an overdose of when he left she bought him a pairvof overalls.

'He is OK in them torn workmen's boots and stuffy women in Burundi will steal him and he is my bank when they see him in neat and new clothes' she said to Wild Dog who continued to kiss her and caress her as Rabbit saw his first mai mai warrior enemy in the jungles of Congo.

After the wars Rabbit came home and his wife said

'You are home the wars in The Horn Of and fight for bothxsides in Somalia' the daughter ofthe sea snake and rock python said jeeringly to so Rabbit left to fight in another man's war.

After the war in the Horn of Africa was over Rabbit came home.

Tisvtime...try the wars in Central Asia'the granddaughter ofnthe honey bee and the phoenix said. And she smiled knowingly to Wild Dog and she turned and smiled sarcastically at Rabbit was smitten with the pestilence ofn dutifully like a a dutiful husband he left for the wars in in the middle east he fought in Asia and lost an arm in fought in in Lybia and lost his sight in I still he carried on the

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

tale of Rock Rabbit and Rock Python

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 A masterpiece of Bre'r Rabbit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

11. The endless rebirths of Malaika Chipanga

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

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

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

12. Te tale of Herr Lion and Monsiour Rabbit

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Tanka Of Life

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

Pheko Motaung

Tenderly

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

Pheko Motaung

That Is Old Sato

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

Pheko Motaung

The Beloved

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

Pheko Motaung

The Cuckoo Sings

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

Pheko Motaung

The Dead Drunk I Help

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

Pheko Motaung

The Empty House

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

Pheko Motaung

The Long Walk Of Life

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

Pheko Motaung

The Meaning Of Opposites...

The meaning of opposites...
She wants them to start
He wants to sketch a seagull...
The death of a failed romance

Pheko Motaung

The Rulers Of This Land

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

Pheko Motaung

The Stars Do Not Sleep

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

Pheko Motaung

Think Him Innocent

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

Pheko Motaung

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

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

Pheko Motaung

This Gift Is My Love

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

Pheko Motaung

Time Is Not On The Side Of Our Slow Love

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

Pheko Motaung

Time Will Tell

Time will tell
I forgive her obsession
With me

Pheko Motaung

To A Young Girl Dancing With The Wind

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pheko Motaung

To The Budding Poets

Learn the rules

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

WRITE THAT POEM NOW!

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

POSTSCRIPT! !

About the deserved injury to the analysts

ME
I just
Don't care

Me boy

He he he he!
Ah waz jus' trying to make ze peace with
Ze world ze understanden, hm?

Pheko Motaung

Torn Apart

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

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

Pheko Motaung

Trust Not Our Old Men

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

Pheko Motaung

Truth Pervades My Every Vow Of Love For You

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

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

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

The meaning you have brought
Into my burgeoning happiness

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

Pheko Motaung

Used And Misled

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

Pheko Motaung

Wait Until I Say Come

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

Pheko Motaung

Write Where I Must Write

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

Pheko Motaung

You Are Not Alone

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

Do Not Be Afraid Of Growing Up

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

Do Not Be Ashamed Of Your Poverty

Because you don't want to be

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

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

Pheko Motaung

You Are Not Safe Where I Am Not Invited

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

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

Guess me in among
Your legion of ardent admirers

Pheko Motaung

You Take My Everything

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

Pheko Motaung