

Poetry Series

Zintle Groepe
- poems -

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Zintle Groepe(14 February 1989)

Zintle Groepe is a 3rd year student at the University of South Africa (UNISA) studying towards a B.A degree in Psychological Counselling. She was born and raised in the rural Eastern Cape where life is still at it's simplest. The first of two girls on her mother's side and the third of five on the father's side. Zintle is currently working as an administrator in a students' movement and is immensely involved in youth development within her community.

A Cry From A Child

Mother, you carried me for months in your womb to dump me in Foster care.
Left me to be loved by another woman when you were completely capable.
You could have let me suffer with you as long as you gave me love.
I would never trade your love for food nor shelter.

Your love is all I ever required, but you could not provide.
Is it because I was a mistake to you?
Believe it or not, it had nothing to do with you.
God chose you to deliver me into this world and his plan is perfect.
His purpose for me will still be.

You were just a Vessel and I am no human made mishap.
God's love is so sufficient I can still give it to you...
No matter where you are,
I still love you Mum

Zintle Groepe

Collateral Damage

House down,
Infant bombed,
Family blown,
Nation torn.
Collateral Damage

Man cries,
Pain scorches,
Morality dies,
All in ashes.
Collateral Damage

Child orphaned,
Nation doomed,
Victory they shout,
Oil they sought.
Collateral Damage

House,
Infant
Family,
Nation,
Collateral Damage.

Zintle Groepe

If

If being black means suffering,
then let me not be
If being white means isolation,
then let me not be
I don't want to be black if it means rebellion
Let me not be white if it means superiority above others

I choose to be human for that has neither race nor colour
Please do not categorise me to judge me
My humanness separates me distinctively

If being black means poverty and being white, subjectivity
I beg to be human, in humanity my DNA cannot be defined
Does black and white choose their pigmentation?

Classification is the fall of a nation
A fallen nation is a weak consortium
Vulnerable to a cascade of viruses;
Racism Repeatedly Accelerates Condemnation Incorrectly Separating Mankind

Allow my humanness to be supreme
After all, I am human

Zintle Groepe

Strenght Of A Single Mother

Day to day they slave `til night
Early dawn the clock strikes 4 o'clock.
As the rays of the sun wake on the Far East, the alarm warns of the approaching light.
Out of the warmth of their blankets into the winter of hardship.
Walking the inevitable journey, they go out of sight.
Far away into the dusty roads who feast on their shoes.
Gone 2 the fields where dehydration is guaranteed `coz these growing plants need to be nourished.
Slaving to bring home the little they can to their own reproduction.
All day long they equip themselves with weapons to conquer the Poverty Army...

As the sun sets in their midst, their hearts and souls race ahead of their bodies, seeking peace and rest before reaching home.
Rudely reminded by the scarred roads of the blood they sweat on account of fluids drained during the day of hard slavery. After a long day of sowing with hope to reap better living conditions.
Approaching the door steps of their cracked window homes, they pick up all garbage full of worries they'd abandoned earlier.
These strong willed human-beings endure all kinds of struggles.

Their lives a constant routine fighting for survival.
The men who promised them heaven on earth fled the scene of hell when it appeared,
Leaving them to feed the breed and weed the fields.
Forcing them to lean on the mean! The only break they get is when the kids get some rest.
Draining energy they'd conserved to win the battle against poverty under excruciating conditions
All this to bring light to the rest of their Limitations for they are Light to the world.

Woman you are Precious...Stand your position because you are the ground
Without you this world is just like the wild
You are the gem that we all want to possess
Stand above your circumstances, you have come this far
Rise up oh dear Woman, you are the Jewel of this world

Zintle Groepe

Take Cover, They Are Coming For You

WHEN YOU HEAR SIRENS
TAKE COVER
THEY ARE COMING FOR YOU

NYALAS,
POLICE VANS,
RIOT SHIELDS,

THEIR SCREAMS ARE SO LOUD.
THEY BLOCK THE MIND,
IF YOU HAVE A CONSCIENCE

CRIMINALS.
NO, PUBLIC SERVANTS,
THEY KILL YOU.
TAKE COVER

YOU ARE A CRIMINAL,
STILL FIGHTING FOR YOUR RIGHTS,
WHEN YOU HEAR THEM
TAKE COVER

A STORM OF RUBBER BULLETS,
TEARGAS, GRENADES,
TAKE COVER

WHEN YOU HEAR SIRENS
TAKE COVER
THEY ARE COMING FOR YOU

Zintle Groepe

The Day Of My Engagement: A Teenage Girl's Tale

I was ready and delighted
So sure I wanted to be as close to him as possible
We had spent five years in separation
It was time to co-join our souls coz our hearts were emerged
The smile on the face of my heart was brightened by the sight of his being as he
approached the corner of my home.
I could feel the heat of the warmth he carried around him all day long
When he spoke, I could hear our favourite song melodiously playing
As the words escaped the divinity of his throat I knew he has the one
Later that day he decided to free the romantic character he had so well conserved
for long
He took me to the hills where dinner was served
It was outdoors, but I felt at home. Better than a castle
It was paradise and I was his princess.
The roses around us smelt as good as his cologne, but he was better.
To My amazement.....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ,

He knelt down, took my hand and gave me a box of chocolate, So I thought
Beautifully wrapped with glossy paper, shining brighter than the rays of the sun
setting in our midst
It was wrapped with flames producing passion that flooded his peaceful heart
Soft droplets of showering rain swept our worries away slowly
The birds around us were over numbered by the kisses he could have blown if
the wind had blown my direction. His compassion couldn't be calculated
No theory could be discovered coz our love was no theory, but destiny,

I opened the box.....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Pearls of an amethyst colour surrounded the one small gift box inside
The heat it generated threatened our own natural heating system
I was blinded by the elegance it flaunted. It was a ring
Not just any ring, but a diamond ring. The diamond as big as the heart that gave
it
I swallowed every word I could have whispered coz my mouth was still in shock.

Before I could exhale my last breath, he took the ring away from me and said:
"Make me the happiest man on earth coz luck has clearly been on my side
for long seeing that you are with me. I am blessed to share my life with someone
like you. You devoted five of your living years to me, the love we share feels new
each day we are together. Sparks of an everlasting fire bring light to the dark

ways of this world as we take our silent loving walks.

You are a true work of art, perfection was born the day your first cry was heard by the ears of earth.

You were meant to live a life of royalty, you are my queen, thank you for giving me some of your riches. Many tried to break me down chasing my cash and losing their dignity.

You are the bright night star that outshines the rest, keeping my heart in relief. I am fulfilled

I promise you no stars coz in you I see a star. I promise you no moon coz your smile is the moon that assures security. I promise you no earth either coz, the earth you hold beneath the depths of your heart. It has kept you `til the time was right for me to dig and find a refined you as it would when it keeps the lava of a volcano to form gold for the miner who dares to dig.

I promise you neither the ocean coz it flows from your eyes indicating the calmness of your soul as it gives life to the world. I come as I am and I want you as you are. WILL YOU PLEASE MARRY ME? "

With tears in my eyes I said"YES", as joy was all I could feel.

It was the beginning of a world we stated creating years ago

This world is our world and finally we are in it together.

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