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2018

ONS KLYNTJIE – KLYN BEGIN ANHOU WIN

JAARGANG 122

ONS KLYNTJIE

2018 JAARGANG 122



Maak oop jou ore, luister.
Maak oop jou hart, voel.
Maak oop jou mond, gesels.
Maak oop jou huis, deel.
Maak oop jou kop, dink.

– *Rozanne Vos*

ONS KLYNTJI

REDAKTEURSBRIEF / LETTER FROM THE EDITORS. Brand die land? Is daar tyres in jou straat? Spaar jy water? Do you believe in climate change? If the light goes orange, do you slow down? Will Cyril save us in some or other injury-time deciding-goal manner? How's your attention span these days? Skryf jy gedigte? Do you have access to a piece of wild veld, desolate beach or endless vlakke to go take a walk in? Is the city too much? Are you eating well? Mbappe? Bitcoin? Lit? Woke? Jy oukei? My special person? The end of bees? State capture? Sit dit af? You prefer Oppikoppi in August, don't you?

THANKS. Thanks to everyone who contributed their work – without you, none of this is possible. We believe that this little book celebrates something about South Africa, and Africa, and the people who make it special – like you. Dankie aan Oppikoppi, Tuin van Digtters (Breytenbach-sentrum), Protea Boekhuis en US Woordfees vir hulle geldelike ondersteuning met hierdie projek. Dankie aan Haddad Viljoen, Nicol Stassen, Francois Lötter, Saartjie Botha & Este Pelser. **COPYRIGHT.** Remains with all individual contributors. **CONTACT.** info@toastcoetzer.com or sendusyourpoems@gmail.com You are welcome to send us your poems, short stories, cartoons, photos or other creative work any time. We keep it on file until we compile the next issue. **MADE IN.** The winter of 2018 in South Africa. **JAARGANG 122.** Ons Klyntji was founded in 1896 and was the first official Afrikaans magazine in the universe. Dit het gekom en gegaan (the sun set on the empire). In the 1990s Koos Kombuis revived the title as an underground zine. From there it morphed into the multilingual celebration of creativity you hold in your hands. Klyn begin, and you bet your bottom kwacha, anhou win. **MADE BY.** Toast Coetzer, Alice Inggs & Erns Grundling (editors). Joe Botha, Rebecca Kahn, Marissa Baard, Leanne Rencken (contributing editors). Willem Samuel (cover art & design). Alice Inggs (layout). **PRINTED BY.** Imraan Adam & team, DPB Printers & Booksellers, Athlone. **KLYNTJI.COM** Besoek gerus klyntji.com vir eersteklas, ongewone Afrikaanse inhoud. Dié site is nie ons s'n nie, maar ons deel die erfenis van die naam, Ons Klyntji. Spread the love, begin 'n band. (We are not on Facebook or Instagram: lees boeke, teken prentjies.) **ONS ONTHOU HIERMEE / WE HEREBY HONOUR THE MEMORY OF.** Hugh Masekela, Walter Meyer, Sampie Terreblanche, David Goldblatt, Saman Kunan, alle dooie renosters.

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JOZI INNER CITY III DEUR OKKERT BRITS (NIE DIE PAALSPRINGER NIE)



MIMESIS DEUR LOUIS ROUX

One-armed bandits

deur Clinton V. du Plessis

Daar sal werk wees,
spin-offs vir die gemeenskap,
trickle-down economics.

Die nuwe casino,
die dobbelhuis,
die hotel,
die kamers met Afrika-motiewe
gemonteer teen die muur
bedink deur 'n expat binnenshuise ontwerper
in 'n penthouse in Washington DC

die 18-putjie gholfbaan
ontwerp
deur die maverick gholfer.

Die antieke ruïnes van die Romeine
waar mens en dier
mekaar tot die dood toe moes vermaak
het plek-plek
beendere en murasies
van bestaan gelaat
maar niks het hiër geduur:
die dak wat na benede stort,
die verval en vandaal en vuur
het alles leeg, tot grond gemaak
abandoned boom gates,
ground zero, ground fokkol.

Nadat iemand, namens die brigadier,
heel klein van postuur,
opdrag gee aan die troepe om te vuur
op die makkers en kamerade
wat tagtig duisend diep
vol bravade gemarsjeer kom
om die bewind omver te werp
skyn die son nie meer hier nie.

Die masseersalonne
met die geoliede werkershande
op die ywerige ryk lywe
se stres-spasmas
die arrogante spier se plesier,
die tuislandtaboe:
teater van die ontblote tepel,
en die ontugtige lepel-
lê.

Eens was die lewe 'n grenshotel
in dié bleek bestel
'n brugspel
met aas en vrou,
met boer en hoer en roer.

En die dooie opperhoof se pokerhand
wag gretig op 'n kans
om weer te probeer
wen,
maar, die Here het gaskommel,
finish en klaar.

Drie gedigte

deur Danie Marais

Moet jou dit nie aantrek nie

Moet jou dit asseblief nie
te veel aantrek nie het jy
besorgd en sag gesê soos 'n ma
haar oorgewig seuntjie sou maan
om nie nog een van daai lced Zoo-koekies te eet nie

Moet jou dit nie te veel aantrek nie
het jy mooi gevra toe ek jou vertel
van my vriend met wie ek kontak verloor het
wat selfmoord
probeer pleeg het

Ek was woedend ek wou
daai oranje Iced Zoo-koekie eet juis
omdat ek 'n treurige, vet seuntjie is ek wou
hê daardie koekie moet vir jou
net so ongelukkig maak
soos vir my ek was befok,
want ek het geweet jy is reg –
ek kan nie bekostig om my die selfmoordpogings
van vriende in verre stede
aan te trek nie, hel, ek kan my nie eens die verminktes
in my eie familie te veel aantrek nie my ma
se kop sal stukkend bly sy sal alleen wankelend
haar pad na die graf moet vind

Daar is niks wat ek kan doen behalwe
om hierdie bitter Iced Zoo-koekie met jou,
lieuwe lesers, te deel nie, maar jy weet tog
wat om te doen jy moet
dit nie eet nie jy weet jy moet

'n bomwerper, 'n lem en 'n swart limousine
deur Blikkiesdorp word jy moet

'n sonbril, 'n flikkerende neon-nee wees en vinnig vergeet
van Hillbrow jy moet

'n bulmark, 'n eenman blue-chip personal brand
'n Coca-Cola-masjien op 'n lughawe word jy moet

jou hart soos Stalin se swart
leerhandskoen bal en jy sal

vry wees jy sal

neurie

soos 'n Hummer se wiele
deur die nuwe woestyn skoon gelek
soos 'n skedel
deur die stomme son

Naggedagtes van 'n onervare middelklasvampier

As ek 'n ou vampier was,
sou ek sweerlik nie so in vlamme
vasgekeer in my besmette wit vel
in Afrika gevoel het nie.

As ek 'n eeue ou wit vampier was,
sou ek gelate wees oor al die jong swart vampiere wat
alle wit bloedsuiers met skerpgemaakte houtkruise
uit die wêreld wens.

As ek 'n ou vampier was,
sou daar ander perspektiewe wees:
As jy die brandende hekse nog kan hoor skreeu,
as jy Auschwitz nog so helder soos vanoggend se ontbyt onthou,

onthou hoe skole lyke van Rwanda af
met die Kagera na Victoria-meer dryf,
word jy nie ontstel deur
belastingopgawes, hipsters of egskeiding nie.

As ek maar 'n ou vampier was,
sou ek lankal belangstelling in TV en popmusiek verloor het,
boekbekendstellings en bruiilofte vermy het soos Die Pes
waarvan die stank my steeds nie ontgaan nie.

Maar as iets met my dogtertjie en seuntjie
vannag hier op die bodem van 'n poel maanskyn
voor my tussen plastiekspeelgoed en teddiebere so oopmond
in hul oerbeswyming o,

my gespikkelde eiers van groot hoop en klein geluk
hier in ons slapende voorstedelike nes – ja,
as een van hierdie twee bloedjies iets moes oorkom,
sal ek 'n ou vampier sonder vrees

vir die daglig wees.

Welcome to my office

“Good morning, sir! How are you? Welcome to my office.”

Die “-fice” van “office” klink soos “vies”,
maar die toiletskoonmaker op O.R. Tambo glimlag
breed ek glimlag
verleë.

Ek oorweeg dit om vinnig om te draai,
want die ontsteltenis in my derms
voel na 'n gemors wat nie in 'n openbare spoelbak hoort nie –
'n pynlike privaat aangeleentheid –
en al die toilette is lelik sweterig vol.

Maar dan swaai 'n benoude deurtjie oop
en Welcome To My Office
swiep in met 'n lap en 'n spuitkannetjie
maak die troon vir my wit boude skoon
nooi my met nog 'n swierige “sir”
binne onder die kwalik bedekte
klandestiene aanklag van sy glimlag –
'n skitterende wit
tentoonstelling wat nie klop
met sy bloedbelope oë nie.

Ek skuifel dus maar in
soos 'n man wat knyp aan
'n dringende siek behoefte
met 'n idiotiese aangeplaktheid
op my bakkies
ek neem so lig en versigtig as ek kan
langs my ongemaklike handbagasie
plaas op twee toiletrolle
isolering
tussen my sitvlak
en die land se kieme.

Wat is die korrekte reaksie op
Welcome To My Office
se emosionele manipulasie?

wonder ek sydelings terwyl 'n giftige chemiese
skoonmaakmiddelreuk meng met die geur van pure
vrot mens.

Ek wil-wil naar word,
so ek probeer dink aan ander goed –
maar wat sou die opsies wees
vir Welcome To My Office en 'n ou soos ek?

Is daar 'n geveinsde bedrag of opregte gebaar wat
my en Welcome To My Office
deur 'n alchemistiese wonderwerk
van mekaar en die eeue
onbarmhartige geskiedenis tussen ons
kan verlos?

Ek weet nie so ek spoel
my selfwalging weg
en ek tip nie
ek loop uit met die “sir”
in Welcome To My Office se
“Enjoy your day, sir!”
wat soos 'n waarskuwingskoot
uit die kaknaby toekoms
in my ore suis.



DINK JY JY STAAN UIT? DEUR ALBERT RETIEF

Three poems

by Thandokuhle Mngqibisa

Puddle

The mat in the lounge
Eats my left shoulder,
Left hip,
The left side of my face
Breathes me in into its piles
Spits out okay
Says I'm okay

I'm okay

I'm okay

After lying in foetal position
Being a puddle
On the dirty floor of my apartment
A mess of appendages
The cracks repeat into my left ear:

I'm okay

I'm okay

I'm okay



CATH THERON

Until I no longer need its voice to remember

On laundry day

Different socks of the same pair
Him: pristine, red
Me: faded
A dull shade of love with holes at the heel
We had been walked on and chided for years and still
We took sweat
Took the beating of every step on cement

I became unravelled
He stayed new; fresh

But
In the drawer
we folded perfectly over each other
so that his new covered my unsure

... And I lived for laundry day

Drowning

Who hasn't held their breath at the cusp of a door handle?
Prepped their lungs for a violent overwhelming.
Sometimes there is bath water pushing out between my teeth
when I smile
For some the sun is light
And food
And back rubs
For us it is a dial.
Every womxn standing beside you is casting a shadow onto the
ground
If it is long and points to the north you decide
If it is absent because the sun has hidden behind the horizon you
begin to drown
You are carrying your pulse in your laptop bag, backpack and
sometimes your vagina
There is so much air trying to drown you, you develop 5 eyes to
see the flood coming
Position yourself as if to fight it
Like winning against a flood will not leave you wet
Like you aren't treading water every moment you stand in a bus
Every day is question
Will it be this day that I'm swept
It is so much work to open the tap
I mean the door handle
That you are always ready with a plan
The right angled upper cut
The keys to gouge an eye out
The knees and elbows to knock the water out

But you are walking inside it.
Living quietly
Hiding your spine not to challenge it
So it swirls and doesn't drag you out to sea
And every "hi" is a wave that rises to your knees
You are clutching your pulse like the water can't see it
By 10am your legs are tired
Your knuckles are white
You wonder if you will survive
Sometimes, even, hope you would not
So the cycle can end
So you can die
With your whole body
Not just your lungs
Not just your pulse
You are tired and your bed is a buoy
Safe from the eyes of the tsunami
Just barely
Sometimes not at all.



AALWYN DEUR YOLANDI ODENDAAL

How to get away with murder

deur Mira Feticu

Je doodt haar
Niet met een mes.
Niet met een pistool.
Je wurgt haar niet.
Je duwt haar niet
Van een hoge brug.
Je vergiftigt haar niet
Met arsenicum
Of antivriess.
Luister,
De Liefde
Dood je met woorden.
Gebruiksaanwijzing:
Neem een woord,
Een lelijk woord,
Zo'n woord
Dat de liefde altijd vermeed.
Neem dit woord
En stop het
In de geopende mond
Van de liefde.
Als een baksteen.
Eerst zal de liefde
Niet meer kunnen ademen.
Maar soms gebeurt het
Dat een liefde
Sterker is dan je dacht
En niet dood wil.
Wacht dan een week
En neem een hele zin,
Lang als een slang,
En net zo koud,
En wurg daarmee de liefde
Tot je geen teken
Van leven meer voelt.
Opgelet!
Het kan dat de liefde
Alleen buiten bewustzijn



BEN ABBOTT

Is geraakt.
Neem daarom nog een woord,
Scherp als een mes,
Of beter: als een lange naald,
En duw het
In het hart van de liefde,
Diep.
Beweeg het niet, hou het daar
Minuten-, urenlang,
Een paar jaar.
Af en toe
Kun je met je mond
Ook andere lelijke woordjes spugen.
Herhaal dit zo vaak mogelijk.
Resultaat gegarandeerd.
In een paar jaar
Is de meest koppige liefde
Voorbij.
Schrik niet als het hele proces
Een paar jaar gaat duren.
Tussentijds,
Als de liefde even bij bewustzijn is
En zelfstandig ademt
Kun je van haar
Genieten.



lay aside letter for a poem

by breyten breytenbach (translated by Ampie Coetzee)

lay aside letter for a poem

Dear poem, stay with me
Do not now so close to the end
leave me in the lurch. We have been together in many stories
for years and tides, through lands and landscapes and loves
and secret rooms where gallows ruled the throne,
from the one mask to the other
monkey tricks or apostrophe or funeral. Who knows me better?

I didn't always treat you well,
misused you, whored with you, even

like a good old Peter deceived as sentimental weaking
or something one whispers under the mantle for fighters in the
mountains
nor for the cock that crows a third time.

Yet actually I never ever forsook you.
I saw how hard you tried
to be my vanguard and my rearguard
to cover my fear and ecstasy, how often you
had to apologise for me.

And now you have come of age – or just sick of it all?
Now you can apparently live on your own without me.
But wait a little while. Hold my hand tightly
and lead me now that I can see and know less and less
to count the words like scarce small change.
Come let's make as if we still like each other
and travel the last syllables together
to where I can let you walk on your own
to the death of the tongue.

Oh, we could have gone further, I grant you that,
up to the borders of crossing
where I was too afraid to lose you, my young guide.

Do you still remember our distant discoveries
In dark trains through the night, klik-klak,
and the dreams I passed on to you,
to wake up early and hungry
look through the window at new landscapes
of straight-up mountains where other wild poems live –
what are the people doing there?

You are the only one I ever allowed
into the intimate lost places, to lay with me
and the beloved under the sheet
with your feet like feet mangy metaphors

And now we are old. I am searching for you, call bokkie-bokkie
on the yard, paging through tattered notebooks
to see if you have perhaps left a message

(you have always had too many lost messages).
But you are search. You don't want to take revenge?

When I wake up from night you have
left me an empty piece of paper.
Across the work bench you look speechless at me.
What do you want to say?

That it's finished? I am too old and full of stains
That I could not protect our thoughts anymore
no more wanting to inject speech into you
and you choose to live under the bush like a beast
to sing and dance of forgotten gods?

Rather kill me before you go
Stay with me.
Cut my throat – as the last line of verse!

(Human & Rousseau, 2009)

In the Port of Sciacca

by Bill Dodd

(for Natha and Christi)

How come her life's voyage ended
here, listing terminally
among the restless trawlers?

Hull gashed, paintwork gnawed
by orange rust, how can she slump
unruffled on this coveted wharf?

Not for the harbour master
this question. We must step back
for that, back up the cement-tombed
slopes, the lizard-hushed lanes.

Turning a corner (remember?)
we met an old bath-tub stranded
in the middle of a piazza, took a snap.



BESOEK ONS VRIENDE
BY KLYNTJI.COM

Black-streaked enamel, taps gone,
sharp rims now out and scratching.

Another buggered hull that doesn't give a damn.

Her voyage? Her coming to rest?
What tight seas did she carry inside her?
What unlovely or blossoming flesh?

All things, all vestiges considered,
there's something endearing
about capricious hereafters.

When all the fuss is over,
what sweeter memento
than to figure in earth's small annals
for listing and shipping water,
or slouching cantankerously
in a sun-baked square?



BILL DODD

sein

deur Bibi Slippers

julle was 'n hele hemel, 'n skottel,
'n skoot waaruit jare se saam-
versamelde lig verspil is

as 'n man vra vir ruimte
begin iets by sy oë
uitloop

hy teleskoop
maar sterre-kyk is agteruit-
sien

die melkweg 'n ongeluk-
kige einde wat uit die kosmos
lek

haar gesig wat vertrek 'n nuwe
opvangplek vir verstrooide as

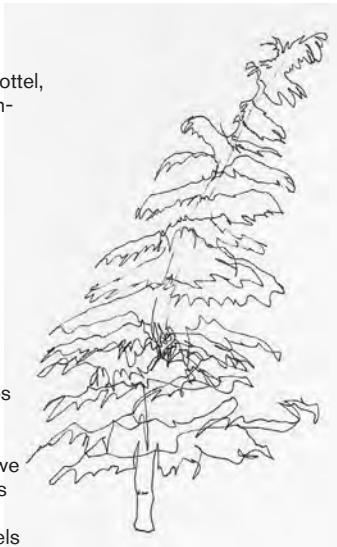
van ontbindende sterrestelsels
magneet vir verbygaande vrae:

van watter soort stof is hierdie voorskoot?
wie se speldekussing is die nag?
is daar selfonsein in sutherland?

dood van 'n internet digter

deur Hanru Niemand

hy roggel in ALL CAPS
rage hy teen die dying van die blad
op Facebook is sy rym
'n gebroke hart
hy prop sy smart
in 'n tollende getjommel
lanseer die tyd kapsule
tas rond in die donker swart



DIE SKEWE BOOM DEUR YOLANDI ODENDAAL

op soek na die verbeelde
gehoor in die buitenste ruim

hy bloei uit sy maag
op die digitale slagveld
skreeu hy sy verlange
na die klamte
die belowende verderf van wurms
maar sy poems word nie oud in die reën nie
en geen wesen gaan dit like nie
dinge is al jare stil
en droog soos 'n Woordfees op Mars

Oom Schalk explains the Orange Light

believed to be by Herman Charles Bosman

Robots? said Oom Schalk Lourens. Yes, we know them. This surprised everyone sitting at Jurie Steyn's post office because none of us had ever seen a traffic light and would probably never have heard of them but for At Naude's wireless and the lorry driver from Bekkersdal. Oom Schalk Lourens was addressing the lorry driver, who was complaining about having to drive with his bifocals on in order to see the signal changes. His assistant, who was young and ambitious and aimed to take over from the driver one day, said with a hint of sadness that he would never be able to learn what the different colours meant - it was all too confusing. It's easy, began Oom Schalk in the patient voice he used when explaining to the new young farmers from the city how to shoot jackals. The young men used up a lot of bullets on that advice and we all had a lot of laughs watching them run up and down performing Oom Schalk's secret *jakkalsdans*, Oom Schalk laughing loudest of all. But Oom Schalk took pity on the lorry driver's assistant, who was not at all like the young upstart farmers who had too much money to spend and were silly enough to listen to bad advice. I've heard, said Oom Schalk seriously, that the green light is like the green of the mielie stalks when they are ready for harvest, which lets you know that you must hurry up and go. We all nodded at this pronouncement. The red light, continued Oom Schalk, is like the round, crimson bushveld sunset, the type that you sit back and watch, without a thought of going anywhere

until it disappears. And the orange? said the lorry driver's assistant eagerly – laid out in this way, he had begun to understand the robots and his ambition had been rekindled. Well, said Oom Schalk, we all know what that means. What? said the lorry driver's assistant (we were all glad he asked, because we also wanted to know). That orange, said Oom Schalk, is the precise shade of a lion's eyes before it springs - and so while some might stop in shock and not be able to move, the rest of us, especially us farmers in the bushveld, know to put foot!



AL KROK

die dood van god, deel II

deur Koos Kombuis

kort na donker het ons aangeklop
ons kos en drank al lankal op
by hierdie herberg van genade
ver van stoornis, bloed en skade
kan ons kom rus hier by die vuur
in stilte, vuisvoos, uur na uur
gestroop van haat, op soek na troos
om eindelijk te kan verpoos

in die skadu van die liewenheer
wat gesterf het sodat ons nou weer
kan lewe in sy aangesig
soos oud-soldate van die lig
want daar buite is die sout al laf
hier haal ons ons medaljes af
en skink saam met u 'n glasië wyn
op die broederskap van pyn

*(Hierdie gedig verskyn in Koos Kombuis se nuwe digbundel
'Vandag wil ek my blou skoene dra', uitgegee deur Naledi. Om te
bestel, SMS die woord 'blou' na 41199.)*

Twee gedigte

deur Johan Jack Smith

NASREC 17

Die oud NUM-baas het toe gewen
sê die oom
Eerder hy as daai skelmhond se eks
Eerder die Satan wat jy ken
as jy my vra
sê die oom

Die BMW's se katterbakke is kontantrol-loos
Die varke is reeds geld-gespeen vir hul stem
and the lesser of the two evils het gewen
En al wat ek hoor is steeds hulle hulle hulle
En nêrens hoor ek ons ons ons nie

Ons vir jou Suid-Afrika
lê agter die Kersboom langs die rotgif
so prettig toegedraai in groen/geel en swart
Het afgeval/is afgestamp/is uitge-vote
Deur korrupsie/ontnugtering/wantroue
en die kinders wag vir Krismis
Om die dieselfde presents as laasjaar oop te maak.
Ja oom. Ai oom. Wat kan ek sê oom

Geseënde Krismis Oom.

Tronke

Surburban tronke belaaï en omhein met vreesaanjaende honde
met skerpe tande kwylbekke en oë ingesonke
Nog skerper tande op die muur met spikes en 'n sierlike skokdraad
wat jou in tale sal laat praat as kind of kwaadklitser
per ongeluk of aspris aan dit raak

Die gevoel van veiligheid word geskep met
elektrisiteit barbed wire hondetande palisades en
.38 Specials onder kussings
en ook Geloof
asook bordjies op hekke wat vergelding beloof

maar die uitgewekenes is so entitled ontnugter honger slu slim en
skelm
hulle sal jou maar steeds beroof

Net in hierdie land is die landsburgers in hul eie tronke
toegegrendel
en die boewe loop vry in die straat –
soveel vrees soveel haat
meneer, soveel teleurstelling

En hopeloos te min om tafels
in shebeens
in kerke
in kombuise
en in raadsale

met mekaar sit – en praat.

coucher du soleil/sonslapenstyd

deur Lynné Schoeman

blou lê die berge
teen skakerings appelkoos
pastelspookasems
gespin vir 'n vlieswolkkroos
al perser, perser

tot skakelaarsterre die
soleil sag nagsoen

en op die wieke van die
aandwind aangedros:
verdwaalde seevoël-
silhoeët uit stellenbosch

Twee gedigte

deur Marna van den Berg

Visie

Die lig breek in kleur
en transformeer
grysgrou gematigheid
tot individuele intrige.

Bevrugting

In 'n spiraal van handevat
bework die bye
die vrugbare blom
om 'n meesterstuk
van oktawe te ovuleer.



AL KROK

Hier

deur Marius Boonzaier

Hier
onder die duvet
en weg van die wêreld
lê ek en jy
beskut
baklei ons teen demone van
volwassenheid en verbeeldingloosheid
wat teen die ruite ruk
en met mekaar
o, hel, met
mekaar

Twee gedigte

deur Mia Basson

Flitsvlinder

Voor ek gaan slaap
is instagram makliker as gedigtee
Vinniger en flitsend-er, 'n flitsvlinder
fake-er. Nes jy,
en alles wat ons was:
bevredigde behoeftes, o ja!
Ek lieg – net vir jou –
en laat myself leeg
soos ek aanhou scroll,
met elke blik, nog 'n carefully selected
dekoratiewe pretensie-vlerkie wat skree

sien my raak
'Onthou my asb, dit was real'
Maar vir nou,
vir eers, verkieslik
eerder 'n vinnige fladder-konneksie.
'n story-scene 'seen by', of 'n like
om my te paai.

Jirre, dis belaglik,
die flitsvonkende 30-sekonde
maagskoenlapperende en harkloppende
geswete pseudo-opoïed euforie van
gesien wees.
En dan deins-vlieg-fok
jy weer weg – ligtelik, gras-ieus
na ver nêrens.

Post-my,
post jy
dit delikaat en versigtig:
'n uitverkore moderne traak-my-nie
inkblot oppie gram –
Jou soet vryheid
koud vasgespeld teen die bord.

Dis klinies on-natuurlik
leweloos, te-maklik en
lelik-seer. Ek wéét
daarna was jou patroon,
dit alles, helder-
leeg artfisieel.

Waterbeelde

Ek kan nie
konstrukte verkerf soos
Krog of Keats nie.
Maar ek kán
my psige hoor,
kerm-vra:

Skryf,
koer hy my aan
as ek sweef oor die berg.

Spoeg uit,
borrel-suis sy
soos see uit spuitgate.

Skep,
brand warm strale
op my, nat vel
soos ek spring

en dieper wegval
onder die water.

Fok kantklare konstrukte, ek
voel, weer
my self spoel:
Uitkeer,
terug keer,
inkeer.



DANDYDELLA

After Hour Verdriet

deur Miané van den Heever

Dis 3:20

Witching hour is lank al verby

Maar jy spook nog by my

Jy't my gelos vir 'n meisie met lang swart hare

'n "Kunstenaar" if you will

Sy's vol angs en praat gereeld van dinge

Waarvan ons "basics" fokkal weet

Ek hoor sy verkoop pille by uni (vir in case haar trust-fund nie uitbetaal nie)

Jy dink sy's uniek, wat 'n manier om 'n vrou te beskryf

Ek dink, soort soek soort

Ek het maar geleer om jou te vervang met beter dinge –

Decaf drugs

'n Papsak

Roekelose aande by een of ander bar

Leë ontmoetings

En 'n skyf so hier en daar

Enige iets om die void te vul

Maar nog steeds sal jy altyd my preferred method van self-deprecation bly

en ek sit alweer hier en mors my ink op jou

Ongelukkig is hierdie gedig net so amateur soos ons affêre

Maar dis vir jou

en jou nuwe trouvrou

Ek weet nie veel van skryf af nie

ek weet net ek haat jou

Twee gedigte

deur Kabous Verwoed

Shots fired

Daar is die reuk van vars grond wat deur my vingers peul in jou lag.

Daar is middagslapies, honderde van hulle, in jou oë,

maar daar is 'n verkeersopeenhoping na jou hart

en ek is in die agterste kar.

Niemand kan my hoor nie, maar ek sing.

Ek sing asof niemand my kan sien nie.
Daar is draadwerk en satyn in jou sug.
Satyn wat 'n swaard kan skerpmaak.
Die onverskilligheid van draadwerk
wat 'n droom binnehou en stadig te pletter druk.
Ek sien jou laaste glimlag in my hond se oë
en jou hande voel ek vir outlaas in myne.
Daar is 'n beklemming in jou loop.
Die dag dans gereeld anderkant toe
as jy hierdie kant toe wil neig.
So sit ek en dink, as jy toilet toe gaan
en my aandag vir 'n oomblik dwaal.
Dan is jy terug
en dis al weer laataand in ons geliefde Xai Xai.
Buite skeur 'n sirene loeiend deur die nag.
Shots fired! Shots fired!
En ons stamp ons glasies twee keer.

In Ons

Sy is nie in plaasaanvalle
of transitorooftogte nie.
Nie in onsuksesvolle beleggingsmaatskappye
en suksesvolle begrafnisondernemers nie.
Sy is in 'n stadig knetterende vuur.
Hierdie vuur wat kan spring
Hierdie vlamme wat kan verswelg.
Maar sy is ook later in die eerste reëns wat lafenis bring.
Sy is nie in derduisende rande se hotelkamers nie.
Ook nie in die uitsig oor 'n hawe,
of 'n stad se berghang beskermde geskarrel nie.
Sy is in die berg. Sy is in die mense. Sy is in die see.
Sy is in die hoëveld se statige hemel gebliksem,
flitsende sekondes as die geheel verskyn-dwyn
en die aand ons weer moeiteloos omdonker.
Sy is nie in die suksesvolle ontplooiing
van meer doeltreffende landelike veiligheidstrukture nie.
Sy is in 'n boer wat 'n onbekende werker 'n lift dorp toe
(of 'n bekende werker,
'n behoorlike dak oor sy kop) gee.

Sy is in die gee
en nie in die ontvang nie.
Sy is nie in buitelandse beker-oorwinnings
vir plaaslike sportspanne nie.
Sy is in ons oorwinning teen HIV
en in ons gelykopstryd teen stropers.
Sy is in die verligting wat 'n eerste happe straatkos bring.
Op 'n sypaadjie, rug teen die muur.
Sy's in die manier
Hoe 'n verkeersligkind 'n flik-flak doen.
'n Honger ma haar tevrede kinders sien.
Hoe haar hart hul lywe dien.
Sy is vreesaanjaend, sy is wreed.
Sy is ons s'n
en sy is in ons.
In ons.
Hierdie Afrika,
in ons.



HOMELESS MAN READS GQ BY ALBERT RETIEF



JESUS SAY YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN / YOU NEED A PAINTER 076 200 8926
DEUR ALBERT RETIEF

Bloemfontein

deur Frans Verwoes

Jy maak my altyd
steeds nog bly
nie oor wat ek lank nog
hier sal kry
maar oor die lewe
wat elders wag vir my

16 Adult, 26 stillborn corpses stranded in open trailer on Joburg highway

by Charika Swanepoel

Can you imagine the quiet?
No wind, no soft falling air,
no breathing in and out
just cold, stale coffin air.

(Dis nie 'n gedig nie, net opgetjopte prosa)

deur Kleinboer

daar is twee toe deure tussen my en my jong vrou
waar sy nog in die bed lê en half sluimer

die twee toe deure verhoed haar dalk nie
om die spesifieke geluid te hoor

van die swaar Brasiliaanse mes in my hand waarvan die lem
die blou Viagrapil nou op die broodplank middeldeur sny

dis 'n harde pil en 'n mens moet nogal hard daarop
druk met die lem – kaplaks op die plank – om dit te splits

ek steek vir haar weg dat ek soms Viagra gebruik
op 62 wil ek hê sy moet dink my jagsheid kom
steeds heeltemaal spontaan vir haar 38-jarige lyf

(ek het darem nog net 'n halwe pil nodig, dis nog 'n lang pad tot
100)

De Liefde Pad

deur Marguerite Lamey

Malkopbaai / Langgewens / Welgegund / Goedverwag /
Welvanpas // Septemberskraal / Kleinbegin / Skoonsig /
Toorfontein / Goedemanskraal / Opkoms / Blikhuis / Moredou /
Skilderykrans / Helderwater / Mooidam / Duinegeur / Bosduifklip
/ Melkboom / Porseleinkloof / Bloemendalpad / Blindfontein /
Eenuurkop // Middelpunt / Onverwags // Kromdraai / Ongelegen /
Ruigtevlei / Slagterspad / Doringdraai / Vergunning / Verkeerdevlei /
Oorlogspad / Doringpoort / Wolwekop / Wolwevlei / Wolwefontein
// Remhoogte // Altever / Misverstand / Keerom / Swartleegte /
Somersverdriet // Skepmoed / Gelukwaarts / Voorspoed.

*(Op pad Kaap toe een jaar het ek hierdie plek- en plaasname vanaf
die aanwysborde neergeskryf. Dit is slegs herrangskik om 'n storie
te vertel; al hierdie plekke bestaan regtig en geen ander woorde is
bygevoeg nie – titel ingesluit).*



We all want to Run Away

by Darlington Chukwunyere

Life in Nigeria is like road traffic in Lagos.
 The slow and steady has never won any trophy.
 To reach one's destination in time no matter how sloppy,
 one must have seen the movie Fast and Furious.

In my fatherland, freedom is monotonous
 Every Nigerian family is autonomous
 No one cares to build our central throne
 but everyone wants a share of our Precious Stone.

One day, a poor boy from the Niger-Delta said to his poor father
 "I think I am now a man, please give me a land to farm."
 and the poor father replied,
 "All my lands have been ruined by crude oil.
 How can you say you are now a man when my stomach is still
 bigger than yours?
 To be a man, you must either have a protruded stomach, or own
 fleets of Jeeps."
 Hence, the boy rested his case, and till this day, he still wallows in
 the creeks.

I have learnt to embrace the marriage of suffering and smiling.
I have accepted the way we live in my fatherland of suffering and smiling.

It is not about how grounded or vast you are in knowledge and skills.

But about how rounded and fast your links are with kings and queens.

Should this now make me run away?

Certainly I have considered a thousand times, running away.

But the collywobbles of reaping where I did not sow
wouldn't stop haunting my refuge seeking soul.

"A wise man does not abandon his roots"

this saying reminds me of Okonkwo, the man who took his own life
before it would have been taken by foreign brutes

Some say he did it for pride

Some claim it was the custom of his tribe.

I'm sure both custom and pride have nothing to do with true
patriotism.

There are very few men like him in our generation of Nepotism

Our predicament is like when a man's goat is eating his yam.

Should he kill the goat and save his yam?

Or should he keep the goat and lose his ban?

Whichever way he pans, he must lose something from his farm

As we have taken the rule of our destiny since 1960

All hands must be on deck, every man working round the clock
360.

The young and the old

your power is in your vote.

It is time to find the man with a heart of gold.

That man is not a living ghost.

He is only a lamb living among goats.

That man could be you or me anyway.

We must search amongst us for that very man.

What if we all become like that man?

Would there still be a need to run away?

BEN ABBOTT



Golden Boy

by Matthew Freemantle

He did B.Com marketing
she did B.Sc
he specialised in branding
she, in forestry

He loved her legs, at first
she loved his hair and chin
he kissed her drunk on vodka
(she was drunk on gin)

He took her back to his bedsit
(his roommate understood)
he rummaged for her private bits
she goped for his manhood

It was over very quickly
comatose, he slept
she felt she should be happy
but lay awake and wept

They radiated happiness
at parties and in malls
he wore tight pink golf shirts
and pants that showed his balls

She was neater, more discreet
yet took the utmost care
to pamper her French manicure
her dyed and straightened hair

He slept with other girls, of course
a thorough Jack-the-lad; yet
felt no more than three years old
around his girlfriend's dad

She would never, ever cheat
though loved to sit on knees
and bat her heavy eyelashes
play innocent (hint at sleaze)



SPAAR WATER
DEUR FRANCOIS VAN ROOYEN

Oh, what blonde magnificence!
What diesel-trousered joy!
Oh what boob-tubed brilliance!
a perfect girl and boy!

She graduated cum laude
he didn't (rugby first)
He spent a lot of time in pub
attending to his thirst

She parted ways with forestry
(finding well paid jobs was tough)
so was hired by a health shop
She said: "It's close enough"

She found out of his cheating
but kept him nonetheless
She chose instead to undereat
and then to overdress

Meanwhile, he'd hurt his knee
while chasing down the dream
life without an oval ball?
unthinkable it seemed!

Suddenly, she wondered why
she'd liked him all that much
Losing hair and gaining weight
and hobbling on a crutch

He dropped out of university
considered London for a time
there was always Australasia:
"South Africa without the crime"

"Marry me," he said one night;
it sounded like an order
diamonds were this girl's best friend
(yes, in a way, he bought her)

They found a two-bed townhouse
and called each other "babes"
he knocked her up one time boet
they flipped through baby names



LUAN SERFONTEIN

Gary, Derek, Charl and Chad
Pippa, Paris, Mary-Kate
"or something spiritual, my babes,
like Anastasia ... or Fate!"

"How about we mix them up?"
he said – no hint of irony
So Dad and Mom combined to bring
the world their baby Briony

Things got shit, he lost his job
he blamed "affirmative blacktion"
they're getting their revenge my babes
they're stealing back the nation

Eventually, he had to stoop
to asking Dad-in-law
to teach him all about his world,
a world of tiles and flooring

She quit her job, though grimaced
when she heard the word "housewife"
She soon forgot her lofty dreams
but such, she said, was life

She kept a foot in forestry
or rather kept an eye
on news of dying rainforests:
it sometimes made her cry

When elections came around
They voted with their feet
Perth was "hectically dull" at first
But the weather "fucking schweet"

Sure, they missed SA at times
Ratanga Junction; Blue Route Mall
and their favourite locals –
Mr. Delivery, Mrs. Balls

Briony went to the liberal school
and learnt all about integration
she most enjoyed the day trips
to the aboriginal reservation



FACES BY PAULA KRUGER

She told her folks about the trip:
"It's tragic, don't you think?"
"They're just like ours, my darling:
They just watch porn and drink"

Briony got a Chinese boyfriend
with a very Chinese name
her parents hated Yat-Pan
she loved him all the same

"I'm sorry, chicken, but listen:
It's us or whatsisname
We want you to be happy, sure –
just tell us it's a phase"

Yat-Pan proposed; Briony melted
"We've got nothing to lose"
Her mother cried alone that night
when told the happy news

Briony fled one warm spring night
She left a note that read:
"I'll keep you in my heart forever,
but not inside my head"

"Jesus fucking Christ, that chink
has stolen her, the cunt
I should have known the slitty eye
would pull this sort of stunt"

"Come now, darling, calm yourself
try not to get annoyed
you've done your job, and anyway:
you're still my Golden Boy."

One small weird poem

by Paula Kruger

i think we would look nice together. like a fucking neat pair of white
air max nikes and funky socks with lemons and liquorice on them.



BESOEK ONS VRIENDE
BY KLYNTJI.COM

Hoor Here My

deur Kanya Viljoen

Oktober 2015 – 'n Studenteoptog Parlement Toe

Hoor Here die stemme van die stom geslaande enkeling
wat tussen die massa walg
Hoor U die stemme van my generasie wat die galgtou om hul nek
vingernael vir vingertaal uitrafel
verwyder
verbrokkel
fragmenteer die tyd
wat was
wat is
wat kon wees?

Hoor U die stemme wat hulself hees skree teen hul ouers se idees
van wees,
Die vrees van klein kele wat soek na klank wat
'Ek'

kan vasvang?
Hoor U hoe hul huil, Heer, hoe hul kots teen 'n verlede wat aan hul
velle kleef?
Skuurpapier as seep aanwend om hulself suiwer te was
Blikbad volgetap met bronsbloed
Voos geslaan deur die pangas
Ek is jammer, Heer, maar in die nag
as hul in die nuutgedoopte huis van hul land
op hul knieë neerdaal om nederig tot U eer te bring
Hoor U die sarkasme wat in hul seënings, gesange en psalms
vergestalt?
Hoor U hoe die berge om hul vlamvat
Brand tot as
Ek maar net kon verstaan.
Here, hoor hul dronk gesegdes
Hul vingers, voete wat teen die grens van die grond vassteek.
Here, hoor die luidsprekers wat U toespreek
smeek om vergifnis van tye wat bloot in 'n kollektiewe geheue
bestaan
Gister, waar die klam grond om hul een van ideale was, idees

Reeds 'n reeks van klei,
Klip
Kak
Here, hoor hoe hul seek na hulself
In sirkels staan
Blaas, rook in die lug,
rug gedraai
'n Rug wat uit gemokerde ruggrate ontstaan
En nou ruggraatloos ween en treur
Here, fok dit
Ek weet hulle raas
Maar hoor jy hulle?
Hoor jy ons?
Hoor jy my?

Schizophrenic times

by Nomzi Kumalo

We cross giant earth bridges
For life was never this divine
Never this wary of sacrifice
These edgy and neurotic soils
Each suspicion hidden in things
Unforgiven.



Two poems

by Thokozile Madonko

Becoming

You and I will become friends.

Kissing friends stealing the sugar and spilling it on the kitchen floor.

The mosquitoes will eat us both but I will scratch and you will rub. I hunt the scorpions while you sit under the light attracting their prey.

We sing together with the cicadas as night falls. When the stars come out and the old baobab becomes herself, you and I will search out hyenas for new friends.

Crocodiles disturb my dreams but yours are quiet and uneventful. I've lost my poems and you have found yours.

We come apart as the elephants arrive.

The dirt roads took us away from Mosi-oa-Tunya.

I can see your hair help catch insects as the bakkie navigates mud and stone.

We are apart.

You don't see me eating Pringles on the Greyhound longing for the taste of spilt sugar.

Who was she?

She was never here or there.

She was never to be with him or her.

She could sing and not use a power tool.

She could iron and choose not to.

She had loved fire and hated being ignored.

She had a taste for money and never had any.

She became cisgender and non-conforming.

She became coloured and an ama-salad.

She forgot to be polite.

She forgot to say fuck you.

She left and never said why.

She left who she was.

We Are Mostly Water

by Deborah Seddon

They are telling tales of you in Spanish
on both sides of the Atlantic.
On Facebook you have written up a small legend
of your time in Buenos Aires.
Your tattoo, the tango championships,
your appearance on Rock & Pop FM.
A ring for every finger in the street markets.
Strolling under the gaze of the pink house of parliament,
its rose-coloured colonnades once tinted with the blood of an ox.

In Grahamstown the taps went dry for four entire days.
The townsfolk were dirty and mad.
The police brought helmets, shields, and a water cannon
to the protest.
In the crowd, one woman suggested inciting a riot,
just to get a shot at the water.

Each day there is only air in the pipes.
How strange, that the absence of water
should sound so like an ocean.
The suck and hiss on a line
as the phone connects across acres of sea.

At dawn I carry buckets from the rain tank.
Warm three large pots on the stove,
squat in the bath like a frog,
and toss them, methodically, over my head.
Wet.
Soap.
Rinse.

My life has made me an artist of bucket baths.
Of making the most of very little.
But how I curse the brevity of connection
when all the modest pots of it are done.

As I turn again from chopping board
to empty tap to rinse my hands,

I think of reaching for yours.
And ponder how it is that water is like love.

We are drenched in it. Steeped.
We play with it, waste it.
An outage brings a reckoning with need.
How deep and vast and recurrent it is.

I know, I know, even now we are connected,
an ocean holds our continents in the crook of each arm.
But I am listening for water in the pipes.
I want to hear the sound of it
gurgling closer to home.

I want to bathe again,
to wallow and luxuriate,
run its little rivulets into all the hollow places,
connect with every inch of my skin.

From my crown top
down
to each
of my
toes.

When All the Water Leaves Us

by Christine Coates

Agapanthus unfurl,
proteas torch,
everywhere the frenzy of cicadas.
All I can think of is
how terrifying summer is.

The sea sings a high-pitched flute,
the wind whips up waves,
hangs fences with plastic,
papers streets with
chip wrappings and polystyrene cups.



OPAL GOLDRING

The verges turn brown
like Joburg winters, clouds fly north.
I watch weather reports,
the dam levels drop,
a weak cold front teases on by.

Out there feels dangerous,
temperatures soar, heat hazes the Flats,
I keep glancing upwards,
hoping the south-easter will turn black, with moisture.
Then February brings its worst.

I flee the city.
Along Baden Powell the gulls
all face one way, whirlwinds sandblast the car.
A helicopter carries a magnetic scanner,
searching, searching.



tuin van digters

buitedieboek

14 & 15 SEPTEMBER 2018

Kom kry inspirasie by die skeppende tuiste van
Afrikaanse digters en digkuns in Suid-Afrika.
Jaarliks in September in Wellington.

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Knysna Fires

by Sean Metelerkamp



On the 7th – 12th June 2017, Knysna burnt as gale-force berg winds carried “the perfect fire” across vast swathes of the drought-ridden Garden Route. 180 square kilometres of developed and natural land were razed to ashes in infernos intensified by large tracts of alien and fynbos growth. Seven people died, 1042 homes were damaged or destroyed, hundreds of firefighters brought in from around the country and thousands of people displaced in an area that has since been declared a disaster zone.

The photographs are from the remains of the interior of my father's house. They explore the aftermath of a sudden loss, beauty in destruction, and new territories in the burn scars of our belonging.

When the fire started I was stuck in Cape Town and the only way to gauge what was going on was to incessantly refresh the Knysna fires 7th June Facebook group. Communication with my family was irregular because of the lines going down whilst they were evacuating. The shock of the cataclysm forced me rigid in my chair in front of the computer – this is how I kept informed that night.



Beth Kingma Anyone know if barrington road is ok

Like · Reply · 36 mins



Casey Nel Last I heard the fire was spreading to lower old place?

Like · Reply · 1 · 36 mins · Edited



Amanda Busch Any news on fires in Hoekwil?

Like · Reply · 2 · 21 mins



Alicia Briss Any news on rondevlei

Like · Reply · 12 mins



Bianca Russell Does anyone know if the the houses in Salie Avenue are ok. My parent's home is there.

Like · Reply · 8 mins



Bernadette Hickman Look Please any news on Karatara please

Like · Reply · 2 mins



Knyana fires 7th June was feeling sad.

5 hrs ·

Residents in Eastford surrounded by flames,
please let anyone who can help know!


Like


Comment

Share

18

Chronological




 **Knysna fires 7th June** shared Natalie Wienand's post.
1 hr · €


 **Natalie Wienand** · Knysna fires 7th June
1 hr · €

This was seen on FB - Any news or information?



URGENT! CAN ANYONE HELP!? I got this message from a good friend of mine :
My mom and her neighbours are trapped ...

See more

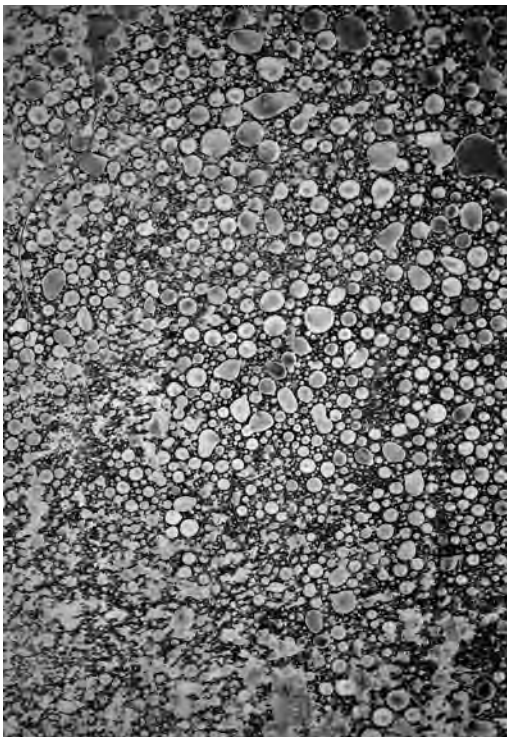
 Like  Comment  Share

 25 Chronological

View 5 more comments

 **Jacque Munro** My parents are as also there, but my dad returned to his house but no one had seen him since 6pm. Last I spoke to my mom at 8pm there was still no news of him. They were right against the lake but the flames were falling on the ground around them. I have lost all contact with my mom. think the phoned died.
Like · Reply ·  2 · 42 mins





Knysna fires 7th June

2 hrs · 🌐

RAIN !!!!

👍 Like

💬 Comment

➦ Share



🔗 1.3k

Chronological ▾

215 shares

Lo Mlilo (This Fire)

by Retshepitswe Makhatha

Mama, lo mlilo uyashisa?

She responded: "*mnt'anam'*, fire is nothing to fear."

Fire burns in the passionate veins of our people
and the thunder of their toyi-toyi echoes for generations to hear.

Fire is the flavour of crackling skin
basted in revelry at family gatherings.

It is the foundation of smoke in rondavel homes
and the rite of passage at your initiation.

Fire is stoked like the forgotten embers of forbidden lovers
and gives rise to endless struggles.

Mama, lo mlilo uyashisa na?

She responded: "*mnt'anam'*, fire is nothing to despise."

My eyes have seen cities die
and from the ashes rose people's rights.

Flaming tyres have shed more light on crisis
than boycotts, sit-ins and campaigns of defiance.

"Kodwa mamela my child

because what I say now may save your life:

Fire! is also the voice of warring guns
and the piercing cry of deafening silence.

Fire is nothing to fear, you must know that my child,
but remember that fire is still fire."

**Mama, lo mlilo uyashisa na? — Mom, is this fire hot?*

**mnt'anam' — my child*

**mamela — listen*

**kodwa — but*

Languish

by Liam Lynch

All poetry is a wound.

In the desert, you can see the past coming.

Here, Afrikaans is spoken like a blanket,

Woven thick and course,

Desperate and lovely in its warmth.

Daar's niks fout met vaal foto's nie

deur Merwe Wiese

maar

as bakstene kon bloei
sou ek 'n blokman wou wees
en as lugversorgers kon huil
sou ek 'n sielkundige wou wees

as kragtorings kon omdraai en glimlag
sou ek die barmhartige Samaritaan wou wees
en elektriese trane oplek
met 'n skurwe tong

batterysuur
wat sinapses laat afvuur en
koolstofmonoksied
wat angstig 'n uitgang soek

interne ontploffings
deur whiskey ontsteek

die spoel
draai vinniger
met elke rewolusie
die kragdrade klap
en snak na ontlasting

die oerkanale ontsluit
bars uit hul nate
beweging word stilstand

ontkieming

nasate



KLAVUUR

LUAN SERFONTEIN

Two poems

by Sihle Ntuli

Madala

dlala madala
whiskey breath
cheering on, watching

blow by blow
the rose of soweto
out and blooming
in six directions of boxing

burnout
hotstix mabuza,
don laka
super nova
tapping shoes of madala,

blomer brown blazer
vintage cressida, life iskorokoro
behind the steering wheel
and cruising.

Jomo

orlando stadium
a dance floor
spinning, the top of a football
the flair, the tsamaya
the two step, defenders left
in the open,

show me your number
number ten
legend scores
dlala jomo

a legend leaping
into the cosmos.

MY SLAGTER
GEE MY
HOENDERVLEIS

– penwortel



NEW SURREAL COMICS

ongetiteld

deur Tertius Fourie

rawekloue glinster
die helderste in
laat ure van
verbeelde
donker
wanneer gestaltes
van muffbedekte
gedagtes soos vloeke
vanaf takke
hang
en die koue lem
van metafisiiese
sens saggies
my menswees tot
wakkerheid
oes



Harfield Village

deur Fourie Botha

GODFREY C. LUYT

Ek knies oor my verkoonpte kothuis
soos 'n wit mens al slaap daar dak-
loses op die stoep van my bure,
streef 'n laaste keer oor hortjies,
eer die reëlmaat van plankvloere,
wil mure soos 'n malle soen.
Vir die kliptuine onder Kaapse
brûe, rugvinne van steennisse,
kan 'n mens nie lief raak nie.
Net vir klinkers en 'n sinkplaatdak,
stewig in selfs die swaarste weer.
Dit weet Adams en Apolis goed
toe hulle lank voor my dié deur
vir oulaas ook op knip moes trek.

Twee gedigte

deur Hennie Meyer

Kondoom

wie sou kon droom
u kon oom

Die Gedig

'n gedig het die lig gesien
En gevlug van posh Stellenbosch
geryloop met die hoop
dat 'n man met die van
Marais haar nie optel nie

sy het haar goed gekamoefleer
en vir almal gelieg
dat sy nie kan vlieg
tot vlerke verkleer nie

maar onder haar klere was verse vere

sy woon nou in 'n boom
ver van Stellenbosch
of Potchefstroom

as gilgeel parakiet
gelukkige droom

RIP kind ('n ware verhaal)

deur Clive E. Smith

net soos dolke name dra
diep in die metaal gegraveer
met geen betekenis bo die letters
die groewe vlak verhard met bloed
en vel en vet droog verdonker
soos jou hart verklein van moord
en oë swak word van leuens



**BOME DEUR PIERNEEF
FRANCOIS VAN ROOYEN**

en jy jou kind verloor in pyn
jou hart verdwyn in alleenheid
met een sy van mes
is dolk se tweesnit wond diep
met jou bloed in jou naam
en die gif van haar tong in die
grousele van jou hartwande
soos die gesuis van jou bloed deur jou ore op pad grond toe
slaan jou kop neer om jou te red van die hartpyn en hartseer
help jou oor die kweslem van 'n moeder se wraak
en jy word vinnig niks en vinniger verdwyn jy
van held as pappa en vriend
tot 'n dood van niks en dordroog verlate vlakke, leeg gebloei
hartseer kindloos liefdeloos zombie pappa wat bloei en huil
en koudsloop in sy bed en bors
alleen loop in sy wese
mal in sy kop gebroke kap-kap klop teen bitterheid en haat
en zombie-Ma en zombie-Pa en zombie-Kind eet ek my eie se
breins
breek skedels oop met lepels vol tot maan vir wolf hoor huil en graf
open met lig van goud
pik-pik
dweep-dweep met flitse van kerse
lepel na lepel mondvoll na mondvoll
verorber hartseer my kind

Man in the red cap

by Cat Pritchard

I don't want to see you today
man in the red cap
And yet I know you need to be seen
by someone
Do you remember me?
You came to my garden gate a month ago
maybe two
cap in hand
CV in the other
perfectly placed
in a plastic sleeve

your pride and joy
like a university degree
diploma
certificate
none of which you have
I know this from the CV you handed me
all those months ago
with a silent bow
and a pleading smile
begging me to read it
to be impressed
that's what they told you right?
That a typed CV and a neat appearance impresses people?
Sets you apart
from the next
unemployed man?
How much did they charge you for this wisdom?
I could have told you
for mahala
What your CV says to people like me
prospective employees:
that you have the education of an 18-year-old
but not his eagerness or strength
that your skills are few
and better served by a machine
that your references are kind
but not encouraging
speaking as they do about how well you wash a car in just a few
hours
when we all know the rain does it perfectly well in 10
that your range of experience speaks more about your desperation
than your contribution
to an industry
company
society
all of which have found you to be good natured
but disposable
like this CV you hold so dearly in your hands
like it was a gift
of great value
to give someone

instead of just a new way to write an old tale
no different to a beggar holding out his hands
holding a makeshift board
no job, no hope, family of four to feed.
and it makes me so angry
at you
at the world
That I say I have no work right now
but pretend to be impressed by your CV
and take down your details
Because you never know
when I might need someone skilled
in the art of everything
master of none
not even their own destiny
And how I wish I could offer you more
than just words of encouragement
like some stupid government slogan
A better life for all
Better together
Together we can
that keeps on changing with every X marked
against their name
just a new take on an old story
they present to us
like a gift
in a plastic sleeve
that we can't even pretend to
be impressed by
can only shake our heads over
and wonder
Why
why
why
are you not on the streets
cap in hand
begging to work
for us

'n Seksuele rewolusie op die Vrystaatse vlaktes

deur Willem de Lange

Saterdagmiddag-sport by die hotel se bar met crimplene rok en gepermdde haar vergesel Tant Gertie 'n songebrande Oom Daan. Jan Schoeman het sy beste rugby shorts aan en Tant Gertie is nuuskierig oor wat sy daar gewaar toe hy onnetjies van die bar stool opstaan.

Sy down haar halwe Cinzano vir ekstra moed en fluister vir Oom Daan ekstra soet:
"Ag toe pappa, kom ons swing 'n bietjie?"

Sondagoggend se half-tien diens. Die preek gee raat oor hoe om nugter te besluit. In die gebed word daar ook gedink aan tant Miens, die Kinderkrans verkoop karringmelk beskuit. Oppad uit skud Ds. Swanepoel hand totsiens en Tant Gertie sien Mevrou dominee se onderrok hang uit.

Die nagmaalwyn gee haar die moed en sy vra Oom Danie ekstra soet:
"Ag toe pappa, kom ons swing 'n bietjie?"

Woensdagmôre by die naaldwerkgroep kom wys die dames hul swemklere af. Yolanda se eenstuk laat Gertie se oë blink. Daar word afgesluit met tee op die stoep. Sameul kom natgesweet in die straat verby gedraf en Tant Gertie besluit om tuis iets sterker te gaan skink.

Daan vang haar later in die yskas lig se gloed en sy vra met 'n Castle asem ekstra soet:
"Ag toe pappa, kom ons swing 'n bietjie?"

Die hele gemeente is Saterdagoggend daar vir die fondsinsamelingsontbyt en kenmekaar. Freek doen sy ding en die euforie loop hoog. Tant Gertie drink skoon uit die JC se tuit toe Swannie besluit dit is tyd om in te gryp;

daar is nou al vir weke gerugte oor Gertruida se jolyt.
Gertie word inderhaas met gebede omring
en almal vra vir genesing van hierdie aaklige ding.

Na al die seëninge en die laaste amen,
staan Gertie orent soos 'n pen.
“Ek dink ons verstaan mekaar verkeerd.
My bedoelinge is alles rein,
al is dit wel so dat ek eers uiting gee na 'n glasier wyn.”

Sy klim die 5 trappies na die verhoog
en hou haar champagne-brekfis omhoog.
“Dit is waar dominee, my liggaam is 'n tempel...”
Sy vat 'n slukkie. Oom Daan sit stom.
“My liggaam is 'n tempel en almal is welkom.
So klim uit jou dop,
maak die borsrok los,
poets die oude doos,
en kom ons swing 'n bietjie.”

oefen oefen oefen

deur T. Ezekiel

(Met apologie aan meneer Dreyer)

die geraas van niks spook soos die siel van die wit
bordkryt wat huil op wiskunde swartbord sekondêr
inrigting is gelyk aan gelykbenige driehoek norms
liniaal van staal breek deels oor kneukels soms

speel ons op avbob se stoep asook glybaan
van water beskadigde plafon vol geleentheid
wat verdwyn uit oop vensters en neerstort op
teerpad soos standaardgraad papiervliegtuig

wrak van eksponensiële waansin wat vryhand
omsingel met seer presisie die maatstaf meet
die sakrekenaar suigeling sak sy kop in skaamte
formuleer verwyf wat faktore verweer en verwoes



VAN GOGH-
UITVERKOPING...
NET EEN OOR!

– penwortel

Two poems

by Nick Mulgrew

I'd like to thank our wine sponsors Leopard's Leap

if I had to pay for all the wine
I drink at my book launches
I'd make a loss on my writing

(for more people liked my post
about the book launch than came)
the arithmetic is that I am too drunk

to recognise my failure is failure itself
complimentary Pinotage is a soma
I literally cannot afford to renounce



a list of things that Ruth said made her sad while we tasted wine outside the gift market near Stellenbosch

people who bring babies to wine farms grape-
stomping tentacle porn people who walk
slowly poems with abrupt enjambments res-
taurants with bad waiters genocide when

Monks plays The Fresh Prince of Bell-Air theme song
when you are on hold when people ask you
to "lean in" "I am GetSmarter" booty
shorts in the office sex in Japan when

it's too much effort increasingly these
30-plus-year-old virgins too tired
socially to try an emotional
commitment they just couldn't be bothered

The Boom Boom Quiz

by Ambre Nicolson

Spot the difference. Turn to page 62 for answers.

1. Marijuana strain or golf estate?

- Euphoria
- Utopia
- Golden Harvest
- High Constantia

2. Private property development or novel by Wilbur Smith?

- The Eye of Africa
- The Turning Point
- The Pearls of Umhlanga
- Vaal de Grace

3. Film starring Liam Neeson or security estate?

- Rob Roy
- Camelot
- Dunkirk
- Cloud's End

4. Walled parkland residence or marmalade brand?

- Wedgewood
- Le Domaine
- Monaghan Farms
- Cotswold Downs

5. Horror film or residential estate?

- The Edge
- The Gates
- The Wilds
- The Woodlands

6. Adult entertainment star or townhouse complex?

- Bona View
- Amber Lee
- Blue Valleys
- Savannah Hills

7. Mythological utopia or gated community?

- Shangri-La
- Valhalla
- Eden
- Olympus

Answers: These are all names of gated communities in South Africa. According to property research company Lighthouse, gated communities now represent 15% of South Africa's real estate market. Have an idea for a new lifestyle estate? Send your suggestions to recreatingapartheidoneboommatatime@gmail.com.

Afskeid

deur Hennie van Coller

Wat ons gehad het, was mooier
as waarop ons kan hoop
in dié lewe.

Maar vir my moet die liefde knetter,
vonke moet spat, spring
soos in 'n smidswinkel
woeps, hoog die lug in.
Strooisels van sterre,
vuurvliegies van ekstase.

Koud het dit geraak,
ál die hitte weggeëb.

Weet jy, afskeid neem is 'n kuns,
maar min mense beheers dit.

Draai jou rug, stap weg,
moet nooit terugkyk nie:
uitgebrande as is onthutsend
én bietjie treurig

("sielig" vat dit beter vas)

Dit smeul byna nie meer nie.

Vee dit netjies op 'n hophie,
gooi dit in 'n Checkerssak,
gooi dit in 'n vullisblik.

Was jou hande.

Bietjie doodgaan is nooit
die einde van vuur nie.



SHE 6 MONIQUE PELSER

The hunters (found words)

by Tania J. Spencer

Catherine and David,
Bob and Rhonda
At the 17th Avenue Grill –
After a cocktail or two,
Wondered about bagging
A buck or two.

In new safari pants
In NO LIGHT COLOURS,
We crouched in Africa.
At nightfall,
BANG BANG BANG.
Bob took a fine nyala.

“Some days are full of
Nifty trophies – others
Nothing shootable”.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.
Bob shot a fine zebra.
BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG,
And an excellent kudu too.

We glassed game, looking
For perfect shoulders.
Dinner was nice.
So were the locals.

BANG BANG BANG BANG,
David shot two springbok.
At last.
“You shot him in the gearbox!”

Sometimes the PH (Professional Hunter)
Had to finish the job. BANG.

And then Rhonda shot a beautiful,
Beautiful impala,
BANG BANG BANG.
BANG (PH).



BANG BANG BANG,
Gosh, David shot a third springbok.
"A fine head and – as
Expected – a beautiful,
Beautiful skin.
This completed our bed
Rug collection!"

And just then, BANG,
BANG BANG BANG BANG,
"David squeezed off another shot
And again, hit the blesbok
In "the gearbox!"

BANG BANG BANG,
And Rhonda collected a mature
Warthog – with perfectly matched tusks –
Which can be used for a bar tool,
Or handles for beer mugs,
I haven't decided.

(Rhonda said she wants a shoulder mount, though).

BANG BANG BANG,
Bob shot a very acceptable blesbok.

On our last day,
We glassed the feld (sic),
Zebra were crossing
Over the track
Below us,
BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG,
I shot the first one.
He was down in deep grass.
I had reloaded,
When the other two, turned
To look at us.
BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG FUCKING BANG,
I shot the second one.
"Two rugs! In two minutes!"
BANG (PH).



Die rooibokooi

deur Mariet Steinmann

Die rooibokooi val neer in die koue stof op 'n plaas in die Vrystaat. Sy was 'n moederooi

(een van)

in 'n trop trekbokke. Ek het haar met 'n bladskoot grond toe gebring. Sy was

(hopelik)

op slag dood. Behalwe vir die springhaas van die agterkant van die bakkie af om die geweer se mik te toets, was sy die eerste dier wat ek dood, wat ek geskiet het.

Dit was 'n koue Vrystaatse nag wat gevolg het op 'n warm stof-en-plaas-stap-dag. Ons het na die lammers gaan kyk en tee gedrink en koek geëet en stoep gesit en torre geluister en rugby en weer gepraat en donkies gaan stook en die gewere gaan inskiet.

Ek het haar by my gevoel lank voor ek my donkergroen trui aangetrek en agter op die bakkie geklim het.

Toe hulle haar warm dooie liggaam naderbring en haar keel afsny, so afsny dat dit haar byna onthoof, het haar warm bloed oor my skoene en oor die stof en droë gras getap soos 'n warmwaterkraan wat oor 'n bad oopgemaak word. Ek het in die bad gesit en ek het haar kop in my hande vasgehou en haar lyf het gehang en ek het poseer vir 'n foto. Haar vel was so sag.

Dit het gevoel soos sy.

Ek het haar kop neergelê en oor haar gesig gestreel. Terwyl ek die sagtheid van haar vel voel soos dit kouer en kouer word, voel ek my hande minder en minder. Ek probeer die koue uit haar uit trek en my eie hitte aan haar afvee. Ek wil deur my vingers in haar ingaan en haar word en my eie liggaan leweloos in die veld laat lê. Maar haar oë is dood. Haar lyf is dood. Ek is myself nie meer nie en sal nooit weer wees nie. Onskuld verloor. Die eerste keer was toe nie so lekker nie, ons sal maar net maak asof dit was as hulle vra. Hoe ry die boere sit, sit, so.

Terwyl ek haar kop streek, word haar maag oopgesny en al haar ingewande op die bebloede stof-grond voor haar uitgebraak. Die derms en die gat in haar maag stoom en daar is vir 'n oomblik 'n wolk voor die maan en alles is donker.

Die snyer se hande is vol bloed en warm. Hy gee vir my die ooi se lewer aan. Dit is tradisie, dit is 'n ritueel. Hy bied dit aan soos 'n kneg aan sy koning – met die eerbied en ontsag van iemand wat iets heiligs aanbied.

Ek eet dit net daar.

Ek eet dit rou.

Ek verorber dit met 'n lus wat nie gedelg kan word nie. Ek is hol en probeer die gat met haar toe te stop.

Ek kyk in haar dooie oë terwyl ek eet.

Die kwynende lewenssap vloei uit die orgaan uit in my mond in en by my keel af. Oor my ken af. Tussen my vingers deur en drip drip drip in die plas bloed waarin ek staan. Loop spoortjies oor my bloedstofklontskoene.

Die nag is geluidloos. Die wind is stil en die veld slaap. Net die bokke kruip nou weg. Stil, so stil beweeg hulle luidloos agter donker bome en bosse in om ongesiens dalk nog net een dag in vrede die veld deur te loop.

Hulle smeer haar bloed oor my gesig. Ek het oorlogstrepe oor my wange. Gevlek tot op die been.

Soet slaap sonder sonde vanaand.



Drie-enigheid

Foto: Wikus de Wet / Gedig: Jaco van der Merwe

Goddievader dra gemaklike skoene in sy troonkamer. Hy het al alles gesien. Hy is everywhere you go. Goddieseun se voete is plat op die sement. Hy weet hy gaan daai wyn moet drink, in die meantime probeer hy maar besig lyk. Goddieswartkatheiligegees kan nie stilsit nie, sy wandel in die nagte rond wie-weet-waar, maar kom altyd huis toe met geheime in haar oë om weer die driehoek te voltooi. In die kombuis breek 'n bord en iemand skree.

'n Stel gedigte

deur Francois Lion-Cachet

'n Politiese estetika is binne-in my aan die groei, dit straal uit my oë uit en klou na alles in die landskap, dis dofgrys en -blou, opgewonde grou, dis jags en somber, met lus en swik – dis alles: dis wit; veral, en Queer, soos 'n kanker wat jou omvou.

Naby Prins Albert, 25 Desember 2017

Jou WhatsApp-boodskap was 'n klip,
maar ék is Dawid
Ek vang die klippe
en laat dit sagkens neer
Ek bou vir julle 'n klipstapel
en vat my geharde pad

* * *

Sewe Duiwels en wat hulle gedoen het
'n Studie aan die P.U. vir C.H.O. se Instituut vir Bevordering van
Calvinisme
oor Sondagsport en Nie-Blanke Vakbondwese
Die sondes van ons vaders
bly met ons uit die graf

* * *

Ek het in myself begin glo
Spiritualiteit gevind
Opgewonde geraak
en verval in depressie

Voor ontbyt

* * *

Hijack
Katarsis
Wees 'n groter, beter boom

Groei
Haal asem, gee asem
maak skadu en vertak, wees ryk

Met die lees van spiritualiteitsboeke
is daar rede, is daar hoop
in tye van hongersnood

*Vat jou issues en maak kuns daarmee (2018),
gevonde objek met teks*

12



'n Houertjie blueberries
neem my terug
na ons motorhuis
Vol blomme

Dit proe soos:
Tannie Daleen sou trou
en ma het al die blomme gedoen
Ná 'n rangskikkingskursus
in 'n meenthuis in Dainfern

Honderde daisies
Ouma, aan die ander kant van die familie,
het kom help

constructing coloured masculinity aan die hand van 'n YMCMB-kêppie

deur Ryan Pedro

straight na voor

ek's 'n bad motherfucker –
ek force eye contact en
avoid dit at the same time.
dis okay met jou dat die helfte
van my gesig in die skaduwee is;
maak 'it minder awkward wanneer
jy eventually die street cross.

tilted to the side

'is good homie,
'is all swagger, no daggers,
ek accept jou awe graciously
met 'n smile, check it –
die gap wat jy gedink het daar is
tussen ons is klein, ek sê –
'is rustig homie,
'is golden.

straight backwards

my oë eekhoring op jou lippe rond
en gaan sit stout in die mikke van jou mond,
dis okei
dat jy my kakpoenankies vind,
maar this life, baby, is nie vir almal nie-
dis 'n everyday struggle,
en jy moet kan byhou met die hustle;
but that's just me.
ymcmb.

aan die lissie van die 501

nothing about this is permanent.
oor 'n week raak die fresh fade weer nappy,
en almal is op hulle nerves.

Twee gedigte

deur Donnay Torr

Katvoet

Vir Cathmandu, 6 Maart 2018, Epping

'n Wasmasjien op
spin cycle pienk
marshmallows op
stokkies 'n
(pierre)waaier op 'n warm dag.
Dickensiese vraagtekenstert en 'n
kop vol koekoekklokke;
speldekussing omhul
in fluweel.

Puntenerig, presies stik
sy 'n ragfyn stippelpatroon –
druppels rooi al teen my enkel af.

Nat

My vel verdamp een
sel op 'n slag in
die laatmiddagson

Oop en (ont)bloot,
fluweelsag lus
uitgeplas.

Jy kom in en
streef my
terug aarde toe.



UNSPOKEN BY DOLF NEL

TOLLIE

deur André van der Hoven

"Dis i tollie!!!!!!!" – Bobby van Jaarsveld op Twitter.

knus en kompak
in die kokon, kronkel voetjies
en vetjies rond, ogies toe
en salig onbewus hoe
op swart en wit
die waarskynlike
beslistheid en ontwyfelbare
klaarblyklikheid
van die bondeltjie
bulletjie ontleed
word.

al lê die berge in my pa se oë so
rotsvas en stram, gee dit mee
met 'n vloed van trots en
dank; uitgespoel
oor my kaal
ongebore
seuntjie
lyf.

dankie Here
vir my tollie –
met Hom, kom
ek niks
te kort nie.

Sangoma, somer, Stellenbosch

deur Le Roux Schoeman

Ons gaan verskriklik oud word ek en jy
Sy sluit haar oë stip na my
Nie soos 102, 103, 104
Net oud op 'n verskriklike manier
My lewe kantel uit sy baan
Sy lag en toor die aircon aan

Junior Senior se soveelste ongewone en ongeplaasde brief aan die gedrukte koerant

deur Le Roux Schoeman

Die redakteur,

Hier is my dag: Van stres het ek 'n tipe ontsteking rondom my anus. Soos ekseem. Dit jeuk so erg ek moet my vingernael laat groei soos sommige kitaarspelers doen om dit na behore te kan krap. Wanneer ek enige plek 'n toiletdeur kry wat sluit, hurk ek en krap toe-oë, soos iemand anders dalk 'n hartjie teen 'n opgewasemde motorvenster sou trace, en dan wag ek vir die verligting en shame en frustrasie en ekstase wat klokslag deur my oogballe bruis onderweg na die traan-ducts waar dik korrels slaap dit sal blok soos Ubers wat in die middel van die pad talm. Ek rig my dag in rondom hierdie roetine. Eerste ding wanneer ek ontwaak. Soms, om als te verwar, het ek nog 'n verdwaalde oggendereksie van die 1,5 liter sparkling water wat ek snags glug, so dan sit ek daar met die koerant se leefstylbylaag op die vloer tussen my voete en 'n dawerende ereksie wat druk teen my lae maag en my oë nog vol slaap besig om te probeer lees oor opwindende nuwe siektes en gemoedstoornisse en dan blaai ek na die kleinadvertensies en soek die sekswerkers se kennisgewings uit. 'Klein maar getrain'. 'N uut in die Strand'. Ens. Dan is my kop in die gutter vir die res van die oggend en ek het nog nie eens tande geborsel nie. Buite, agter gordyne is dit dalk 'n mooi dag. Waarskynlik 'n mooi dag. Die krap van hierdie veltoestand gee 'n gevoel af wat indien 'n gewone gesonde lekkerkry, byvoorbeeld, 'n 6 uit tien is, hierdie op 'n 9,5 te staan sou kom. Hierdie geswaai van ondraaglike ongemak na salige verlossing is onvolhoubaar en van korte duur. Natuurlik! Anders sou ek heeldag sit en my hol krap het. Ek doen nie. Ek skryf ook briewe aan die koerant. En bel vir 'N uut in die Strand' en 'Klein maar getrain' en vra hulle hoeveel 'n halwe handjob deesdae die sak ruk. 'n Regte ou grapjas is ek. 'n Onskadelik beskadigde karnallie. Nogal odd, want ek is nog maar net 11 jaar oud en toon soveel belofte.

Groete

Junior Snr. (11)

Weird in die Strand

How my uncle died last year

by Karl Kemp

My uncle fought in the war in Angola. Before that, he was studying LLB at Tuks in Pretoria. My dad says he killed a lot of black people. When he died last year, the Church was packed. He was a devout Christian. During the service, dozens of medals and military decorations were displayed behind the coffin, and printed on the memorial flyers. The coffin was closed. The Badenhorst coat of arms was splashed on the top of the coffin, with a Dutch slogan saying something about lions and eternal struggle. After the war, he came back to Pretoria and worked as a mechanic. He used to take my aunt for Sunday drives in an old '67 Shelby Mustang he'd spent most of his military pay on restoring. He never stopped calling it Noord-Transvaal. He never had kids. He never had much after 1989. Whenever I went to his house with my father, we wouldn't talk much. He'd smoke a pipe stamped full of Piet Retief tobacco, and drink brandy after brandy on the rocks. My dad would ask how it was going with my aunt, and my uncle would say that she was fine, the nurses hadn't had to tranquilise her for weeks now, and that my dad was welcome to visit with him that Friday, but dad never did. When I turned 14, my uncle started taking me out for drives in the Shelby. Sometimes he'd talk about 32 Battalion. Sometimes he'd ask me to come visit my aunt with him, but I never did. I went with him to the poor white neighbourhoods sometimes though, on those drives. He didn't have a lot of money but we took them egg sandwiches. He'd been working on the Shelby's chassis in his garage when the front end slipped off the jack and crushed his skull. My dad told me later that my uncle had forgotten to loosen the lug nuts, which is odd, since I knew he did that religiously.

Slaaf

deur Andries de Beer

van agt tot vier
loop ons soos primate
geskool en gedas
evolusionêr aangepas
'n model van struktuur
die volmaakte
sirkusdier...

SMILE BY CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL BAKER



Four poems

by Saaleha Idrees Bamjee

Bombs

The thing about those is that they blow up more than their surrounds
you could be learning how to float on your back and when you twist
in the water, they are counting dead on the gym's TV
forget how to be buoyant, mistrust the depths
you could have lost your fear of footless water
but now you exhale iron, swallow chlorine until it cuts
there is a brick beating in your chest, sink
at the packaged headlines, the limbless, the bloodied
you have cousins who share the bomber's name
look around the pool, no one knows yet

The Book of Spells (a found poem)

Have you lost
your loved one?
Do you always have nightmares or bad dreams?
Are evil tokoloshe disturbing your house and family?
Are you always making accidents while driving
and seeing evil on the road?
Is your dog barking during day and night
without seeing nothing?
Are you feeling evil tokoloshe moving in your body
or hearing any evil sounds?
Live a fresh and a balanced life.

A Proposal

Dear Beloved
I am writing you this poem
in good faith.
My name is Amina Nohaam
now undergoing treatment
for cancer of the will to go on.
I was married to Mr Lovemore

who buried his wealth
in the flowerbeds
outside our bedroom window.
The doctor has given me months to live.
We must act with haste
before I expire.
I have nominated you as the beneficiary
of my love. My desire
is for you to build a kingdom in my shell.
It will please my heart to hear from you
via my email

Navigation

The world is so lit up
but the light is harder to find

cities have rubbed
out the stars
we send up
our own
talking satellites

"in 500 metres
turn right"



DOLF NEL

The Loneliness of the Last Great Auk

by Alice Inggs

The great auk was a flightless sea bird
Hip-height and black and white
with a curved, grooved bill like a small canoe carved by a fisherman
We used to pull its feathers out
and let it swim away from the rocks
to die by itself

"I took him by the neck and he flapped his wings. He made no cry.
I strangled him." Those are the words of the man who killed one
of the last two known great auks – a breeding pair huddled on an
egg – as one waddled away to the edge of a cliff and stood there
looking at him

The last auk in Britain was captured on Stac an Armin. Three men
from St Kilda caught it. A storm surged over the bare rock, so they
killed it because they thought it was a witch.

There were one or two sightings after that
until 1852 – the final recorded sighting of a single great auk on the
Grand Banks of Newfoundland
a solitary diver

circling back, circling back,
not knowing that the fault in its internal compass
was not its fault

searching each stac, rock, bank
for something like itself
and each hoarse scream, louder than a razorbill
snuffed out by mist, storm, spray
and the never reply in the wide wide world
imagine the last auk looking

as the currents changed
sliding out onto the place of the last colony
empty nests, old bones, rotten eggs, the wind
looking into the filled burrows, the deep pools, the old caves



DIE BERGE DEUR
FRANCOIS VAN ROOYEN



Suicide note

by William Bhekumuzi Masango

I should be flying
Because I feel so empty
I should be flying
And watch all my troubles bury
I would be one of the stars
None like other for being torn
I would be one with the stars
And reveal what life was born
Nothing seems so as streamlined
When your heart is broken
Everything you think of is out of line
When your faith is stolen
I wish to believe in myself
Still fail to overthrow my disappointment
I dream to believe in myself
More of so to become my replacement
I write everyday with or without evidence
So that today my life comes to an end
I don't have enough hope to live for in reference
Though I hope with my love your heart will mend

Africa you were once great

by Vuyolwethu Robert Jack

From the dance of freedom we welcomed democracy
unbeknown to the birth of pythons slithering beneath the warm
grass, snakes with tailored suits with sweet velvet tongues
bending every truth into conspiracy

We were given false prophets that prophesied of miracles while
profiting from goldmines dug in our backyards,
we waited patiently for a Messiah, but He or She never came and
so the voiceless voices became mute

Freedom Charter where are you now? Adopted by the gods but
the scripture is lost in translation, now death be our saviour when
darkness consumes the hearts of men

Mythical is the mind when faced with calamity for over two
decades, the promised land is a legend foretold to all those that
believe in magic (but no vetting was given to these magicians)

The beauty of Africa is etched in fossils and ancestors and the
statue of Mapungubwe drawn to remind us how to live

(The stench of racism is still alive and well yet slowly we are rising
to defeat that beast)



JEPPE MEN'S HOSTEL III BY OKKERT BRITS

Two poems

by Francine Simon

Loose

I think of this often now. You had been working at the factory two months when I lost the child inside me. It was not yours. The ladies on the floor talked behind my back, commenting on my need to take three days off. The girl next door from me, who chatted with me about her husband and children, refused to look in my direction. She could not ask for a different cotton and I could not borrow her measuring tape.

I took my tea alone at my machine, wishing to press the hot mug to my stomach. It was paining so much. I knew they would guess. I knew they would ask each other, *whose you think it is?*

Later, I came from the toilet and heard one lady tell the others, *She, she's loose that one.*

Pyjama

crab killer in dreams I eat your bulge head
choke each tentacle down my gills you try to
slit them or grasp coral do you like this?

in our green valley I know you eat my dark capsules
so I look for you where do you hunt, gorgon?

I only smell your delicious disguise you must hide
in shells I cannot see you
with all three eyelids fuck my myopia

the otter

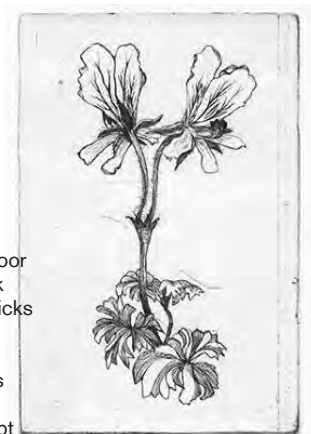
by Toast Coetzer

the otter came at night
and tore at the chicken coop
under the old pear tree
with the dripping tap

the geese inside were five
and listened and watched
as the otter lifted stones
with its hands, and dug

its claws met cement by the door
but around the crumbling back
it struck a hole in the rotten bricks
and slipped inside

the otter got down to business
the fowl had nowhere to go
and the dogs of the house slept
and the people too



CATH THERON

the otter's teeth sank into a white neck
and while its comrades watched
a goose was pulled through the hole
and into the world beyond

the otter contained its lust
for sweet meat and blood
until it reached the edge of the field
where evidence was left, an exploded sheet

now the geese inside were four
in the cold, grey light of dawn
and quiet as they were counted
and let outside to roam

Vermeer

deur Loftus Marais

as ek nog één gedig oor die aard van lig
in 'n vermeerskildery moet lees
gaan ek 'n fokken beroerte kry

so bedees, sy optic-softporn-diensmeisies,
o Defuse Muses! ek raak vies, maar darem
sien ek iets wat my verlei, soos ek huistoe ry:

“micro trenchers”, mini-monsters
van die nywerheidgereedskapsmaatskappy
Vermeer wat slote grawe langs die pad

vir fibre optic-kabels lê – VERMEER, so
gehandelsmerk langs suidelike rooi grond
daar in hope – nie die kamers nie,

nie rame nie, net riool en wortels en ook
prakties aangelêde lig wat strek - strome data
onder strate, ongesuiwer en direk

Neigh

by Liam Kruger

It is true; each second is little more
than the sound of a door
closing behind us.

Better to think of ourselves
as horses;
better to think of the door
as a stable's.



ROCHÉ ERASMUS



CONGO STREET, KARIAKOO, DAR ES SALAAM BY SALIM MUBA

Amina

by Godwin Godson

She looks like her!

'Clear the road, clear!' I shout, jumping from the van. I nearly rammed into Sergeant Ebuka. It must be her. If it isn't her, why had she seen me and then run?

'Major Johnson! Major Johnson!' They call after me. They have stopped the van and are running after me now.

'It is Amina!'

'Who?' Lieutenant Peterson shouts back.

'Amina!' I grunt in disgust. 'My neighbor's daughter. The one Boko took.'

Hearing this, my boys intensify their speed. The market people make way frantically for us to pass. Who wouldn't? Three fierce soldiers wielding big guns could only equal trouble in these parts.

I sight her!

She sees I have sighted her and...

'Kama ta, kama ta,' I shout. But the people just watch us in awe as we chase her.

A teenage boy accelerates himself from his seat in front of a shop and joins the chase.

'Leave me alone!'

We follow this cry.

The crowd make way for us.

'Uncle Johnson, tofi maza maza. Tofi!' She cries, trying hard to get away from me.

I can't believe this is my Amina. Her brilliant eyes have sunk deep into her face. Her only clothing is a dirty oversized shirt that barely covers her bloody knees.

Out of the blue, Amina cries, 'It is under. It is under,' signaling with her mouth to her shirt.

I lift it up. The redness catches my eyes. It is counting down. 9...8...7

Baviaanskloof

deur Naomi Haupt

Kom voel onder jou vingers die ruwe rotswande van Waterkloof, En ruik die malvablaar se suurlemoen-roosreuk van geur; Verkyk jou aan die skakerings groen van die boomvarings en die rooi Enon-konglomeraat se kleur.

Kom stap in die vroeë oggend grondpad, stomende koffie in die hand, loop vêr; Rokies wat trek uit die wit skoorsteenhuissies, honde wat blaf, bokke en skape wat blêr.

Die dag begin ontwaak en begroet jou met 'n sonnige kus, daar is mistigheid op die damme water; Die staaltjies uit volksmond, van heuningkarrie en die watermeerminne sal jou laat skater.

Hier voel jy hunkering, 'belonging', dis 'n harts- en sielskosplek; versteekte grotte en skatte, onvergeetlike avonture wat wag, dis 'n plek van ontdek.

Sit in die stilte van die nag langs 'n knetterende vuur, Gedagtes wat sommer wye paaie loop, die Melkweg wat verstom; jou oë wat in die verte in tuur.

Gaan soek die pienk Klapperbos, die sku bergluiperd, die helder oranje Aalwyne in vol blom; Ontdek hier jou eie nietigheid, die grootheid van jou Skepper, die naggeluide en naglewe wat verstom.

Kom haal kos vir jou hart, haal behaaglik asem en los net jou voetspore hier; Omhels inspirasie, lag dat die trane loop, sing uit volle bors, jou geborgenheid om te vier.

OPPIKOPPI

NOMAKANJANI



Timycha se tong is nie op Twitter nie

deur Jaco van Shalkwyk

Toe vrouens nog wesens was,
“wat se breins nie kon werk nie”
byt Timycha van Sparta haar tong af
en spoeg dit teen die voete van 'n wrede man.

Sy was toe ses maande swanger,
vol sagte geheime
van nommers, kennis en die lewe.

Gemartel voor die dood,
met haar tong op die grond
het sy nie 'n woord verklap nie.

My onnoembare toon

deur Louis Duvenage

Die begin is nie woorde nie.
Die begin is die onnoembare toon tussen die kleinton en die
middeltoon.
Om kennis te neem van die onnoembare toon bring medelye.
Ook empatie.

Want wat regtig hier om ons gebeur,
is Amerika met 'n geweer,
toegegee,
ook Noord- en Suid-Korea wat mekaar die hand gee,
akkoord.

Maar sien ek raak dat die krotbuurt
se krieketveld verspoel,
dat die riool nou deur regby spoel.

Of val daar geen klippies in die poel van my brein nie.

Die begin is my onnoembare toon.

Twee gedigte

deur Ludwig Spies

Ode aan Samuel

Met kastaiing oë en hare
en 'n sagte harembroek,
Met bloedlemoene lippe
en Rigoletto ritme,
Is jy die mooiste ding wat hemploos op my koshuisbed kom
neerval.

Jy ontsnap

Ek het hierdie huis gebou,
uit papier die mure, gange gevou,
volgeteken, ingekleur,
sonder vensters, sonder deur.
Ek hoor jou saggies bid vir reën,
om die dak bo ons koppe oop te skeur.
Ek sien jou hande soek 'n skêr,
om los te knip uit dié koevert.
Het jy dan nie een ou seël,
om op te plak en saam te speel?
Ek vra en skryf so mooi, my lief,
bly by my hier in my brief.

my vriendin die aktivis

deur Kobus Burger

my vriendin die aktivis
teef deesdae met 'n loopmaag
oor hoorsê en fopfoto's
spoel mond en maag uit
met aanlyn-applous in amen-kommentare

'n kring eenogige katlagters
spuug binne sekondes in dieselfde kol
rol vinger vir vinger, elektronies, hul moue op
moerskont!

dit was 'n mokerhou
ledemate spat oor landsgrense heen
'n hople feite word saam met vel en been
uit die pad gegee

my vriendin die aktivis
deleete nie; sy's altyd reg
sy teef teen die tyd
& trend geloofwaardig
poefbetogers se moses!

kakmaak is 'n kunsvorm
bely my vriendin die aktivis
en knibbel aan 'n kekerertjie-tjippie:
sonder deurdagte aksie gaan niks verander nie
#EkOok eggo dit in haar notifications
en sy roer die peperkorrels en komkommerstroop dieper die
jenewer in



“Ons kyk hoe Wagter poef.”

Reflections

by Aluta Humbane

Cleanse my soul from the harshness of life.
For I long chased you down mountain glades, unto a table laid a
feast
That is revealed of your path.
I thirst for relief.
As tears burn my eyes, they reveal my soul which ails unto the
heaviness of the clouds.
Your orgasm – has fed my being.
As I stare at the reflection of my face,
The gaps, reveals your father, whom in turn looks down upon me.
High and Mighty.
Filled with misty shapes that is your home.
And as a teardrop falls.
You gobble my sigh – and a part of me becomes you.
In you there is life. In you there is death.
How ironic a table laid with a magnificent feast?
Yet harbours a world unknown
I sea, I saw.

I see that your existence has more power than I could ever imagine
I long for the shower that would cleanse my soul
From the harshness of life.

blom

deur Sjaka Septembir

die bloed bly blom
waar die wond nie wil genees nie
ek kan nie oor jou skryf nie
ek het alles toe gedruk en in plekke in myself
gestop
ietwat oorhaastig netjies gemaak sodat ek kan aangaan
kan aangaan om sinneloos my huur te betaal
kos vir myself op die tafel te sit
vir myself myself
ek kan nie oor jou skryf nie
want dit ruk kaste oop

dan tuimel alles uit
ons het drome geskryf met mekaar se lywe
in lang aande waar ons passie geheime
briewe geword het
waar ons orgasmes diep gaan myn het
so diep dat ons geskrik het
vir spoke van 'n honderd jare terug
ons is deur Napoleon gebalsem
het geglo saam met St. Agustine
in die kerk van ons twee
waar ons mekaar se harte sal heel maak
liefde wat borrel in orgideë om ons voete
revolusie in die lakens en sweet teen die plafon
maar die bloed bly blom
ons kon tydelik mekaar
skadu bied teen vrees en haat se skril
melodieë
maar die bloed bly blom
ryp nuwe wonde
ons drome
ons liefde
kan niks
genees nie

Open

by Athol Williams

she came out
as being openly
human

WHITE NOISE
BY PENDA DIAKITÉ





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Queer love and other Dis(eases)

by Jarred Thompson

i.

I use to imagine myself a girl
kissing boys in games of *boyfriend and girlfriend*:
renaming ourselves away to escape detention,
toward the fun of rehearsed adult games
that always existed elsewhere.

Moffie,

was what she called me.

As if some bug had stung me before my brain had formed, and
now,
exposed, I watched myself with her eyes.

ii.

(No swaying hips, no twirling wrists, no high pitched yells
no tears for words that sown into the lining of my tongue)

Her breasts were peacock-feather-stuffed pillows in my hands
(the toilet cubicle walls pressing into-onto me)
But nothing: she fell through, a waterfall,
my body not catching a single drop.

iii.

Aliens carry the burden of home on their back
where I was once a girl in a boy's body
oblivious to chronic dis(ease).

There was no word for the game him and I played:
hip bone against hip bone, the smell of Stay Soft tumble drying the
air,
brittle hardness snapping, dissolving in a union,
our bodies

double-stitched against and with each other.

We aren't moffies,

but he didn't believe me,

somehow knowing my ironing-board body could not offer
a safety of holding patterns and milky retreats.

iv.

Disappearing behind dis(ease):
naked torsos in magazines,
queer skeleton bodies in mortuaries,
a Savior crucified to cure my sin
anonymous chatrooms crucifying *Alyssa* over my name
praying for a different story.

v.

What was in me that held a key
to homeless nobodies, drunks on the street,
prostitutes and genocidal machete-wielding phantoms
who know only of the dis(ease) in their bellies
and a history that's betrayed their humanity?

vi.

Only an exchange of words could salve
the stigmata of an archaic Roman nail.
Put your hand in my side; now do you believe?
Only broken skin can heal.
Only blood brought to the surface can coagulate.
Only broken borders can offer a renegotiation;
a nation remade in a bodiless image.

vii.

What happens when belief meets dis(ease)?
When a boy, a man, a nation faces the naming wasteland,
chanting mangled-mixed incantations to alien flowers just
beginning to
take root
and shoulder through sediment.



DANDYDELLA

PROTEA

Boekhuis Book House



In 1992 het Protea Boekhuis as intieme boekwinkel in Pretoria sy daure oopgemaak, en kort daarna is die uitgewersafdeling gebore. Vandag is Protea Boekhuis een van die grootste onafhanklike uitgewers in die land en spog dit met 15 winkels regoor Suid-Afrika. 60 persent van die uitgewer se algehele boekproduksie is kinderboeke, maar Protea Boekhuis is ook 'n gerespekteerde uitgewer van akademiese werk, volwasse fiksie, poësie, geskiedenis en biografie. Van die bekende en geliefde skrywers wat deur Protea Boekhuis verteenwoordig word, is Hennie Aucamp, Jeanne Goosen, Pieter W. Grobbelaar, Johan Myburg, Dot Serfontein, Franz Marx, Karel Schoeman, Daniel Hugo, Sue Grant-Marshall, Leon van Niekerk en Kris Kombuis.

Besoek gerus ons webwerf www.proteaboekhuis.com om meer te wete te kom van opkomende publikasies.

Distant

by Liam Kloppers

There might come a time in your life
When love is only a mirage in your rear-view mirror
Speeding from A to B
In your climate controlled destiny
You'll forget what its warm touch felt like

If you do stop
It might be somewhere colder
And to warm up
You might have a drink
Or two
Or three
And maybe take a pill and whisper
"I don't want to feel like me"

These helpers
Take you warmly by the hand
Light your fires
And turn on your lights
But you can't afford to pay the rent
They leave before the job is done
And once again
You'll be in the cold
In the dark
Alone

You'll learn to live in the cold
Wear more layers
Take hotter showers
Hug more

And you'll have conversations with friends
And admire strangers
And someone will talk to you about their passion
With that spark of hope in their eye
Then the seasons will change
And the warmth will come back



LIAM LYNCH

Shukuti Fight Club

by Ian McNaught Davis

Once a year in the village of Shukuti in rural Georgia, men celebrate Easter with an afternoon of *skop*, *skiet en donner* as Shukuti North and Shukuti South fight over a 15-kilogram leather ball filled with sand, wine and the blessings of a priest. The aim is to throw the ball into the opponent's river. Two shots from a double-barrelled shotgun kicks off the fight and the game is followed by an enormous *supra* (feast) where rivals get to sing, toast and hug away any grudges.

These shots are from my current project on masculinity at www.ianmcnaughtdavis.com





wolwe

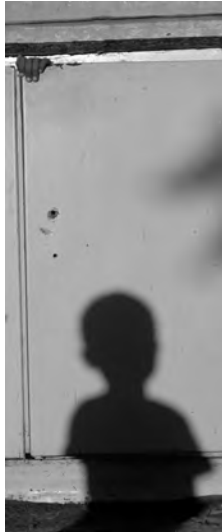
deur Jo Prins

maak die venster oop,
sê my ma,
dat die kanker bietjie kan uitkom –
dis so donker hier binne.
asof die lig van helderberg se kant
haar lewer gaan omtower,
die proteas morfien,
die suikerbekkies
soete lafenis

gedweë trek ek
die luik op 'n skreef,
honde kom snuffel vir aandag.
die huis ruik na groentesop
en naeltjies.
êrens fluit my pa
uit rigoletto:
la donna è mobile qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento – e di pensier

mamma jy gaan koud kry,
sê ek, die aandlug is skerp.
moenie laf wees nie, die suurlemoentee
wat julle gebring het maak
my van binne af warm.
johannes, fluister sy sameswerend,
weet jy daar is wolwe
in die berge?
in die nag vreet hulle aan my voete,

hulle lok my weg van hier



GODFREY C. LUYT

EK KAN NIE SLAAP NIE
DEUR FRANCOIS VAN ROOYEN



Ouddigter met 'n deadline

deur Erns Grundling

As ouddigter met 'n deadline
voel ek effens uit my diepte
om vanuit 'n verbeelde of fisiese hoogte
(ek is immers tans 30 000 voet bó Namakwaland) weer 'n slag
my verweerde gansveer in inkt te doop of eerder die iPhone met
minder wordende batterykrag se raaskerm met genoeg fokus en
presisie met my linkerduim en regterwysvinger te tref
ten einde geboorte te gee aan iets wat voorgee om 'n fyn
uitgewerkte vrye vers te wees

maar my gedagtes huppel mank deur hoepels van vuur
herinneringe kompeteer met begeertes en boesemsondes en
gedagtes wat liefs nie op papier of LED moet wortel skiet nie

buite die venster laat die afwesigheid van wolke my dink aan hoe
bang ek as kind was vir foto's geneem vanuit vliegtuie wat beweer
Jesus Christus staan tussen die wolke en hou kywie oor ons almal,
dalk besig om miljoene gebede te prosesseeer
soos 'n ou Pentium met te min RAM

ek wonder of daar ook 'n herberg is vir onbeantwoorde gebede
in 'n dimensie buite tyd en ruimte 'n plek waar verlore kouse en
deleted WhatsApps ook aanklop vir 'n bestaansreg

dalk meld hierdie gebede aan soos vlugteling – verstote en
gehawend en honger en moertoe moeg gestap – die skietgebed
van 'n doelskieter in die Wêreldbeker wat die penalty gemis het en
nou op die grootskerm sien hoe kinders met landsvlae gevef op
hul wange in hul hande huil

wat sal twee gebede vir mekaar sê in die verbygaan in só 'n
tydlose waggkamer?

Sal daar woorde wees of sal elkeen in stilte knik en met heimwee
terugdink aan hul onderskeie hoopvolle geboortes: 'n nietige
mens – 'n sterflike stukkie sterstof – wat dapper en desperaat 'n
selfreferential missed call al prewelened in die eindelose eter in
stuur.

Eendag dag hy sien bloed

deur Frederick J. Botha

Die hoofingang se hefboom lig op. Hy ry die kampus binne, al langs die fynbosbegroeide duine verby. Die oggendmis wat dig om sy kar gevou het toe hy 'n uur en 'n half gelede sy woonstel verlaat het, is nou weggebrand. Soos hy oor die tweede spoedhobbel ry, sien hy die groot blou bord aan sy regterkant:

Warning Caracals

Cape Flats Nature Reserve

Sedert hy twee jaar gelede deelyds by die departement aangesluit het, het hy nog net die voëllewe van die reservaat ervaar.

Hierdie tyd op 'n Vrydagoggend, 'n halfuur voor die aanvang van die eerste periode, is parkeerplek op kampus nog nie 'n probleem nie. Hy parkeer naby die Ou Lettere-gebou en stap na lokaal C5.

In die lokaal is daar reeds 'n handjievul studente. 'n Paar van hulle lê op hul arms en slaap. Hy glimlag vriendelik vir dié met oorfone aan. Hy sit sy goed neer en skakel die rekenaar aan; kry sy skyfievertoning gereed. Hy verdoof die lokaal se ligte sodat die studente beter op die skerm kan sien en blaai dan vir die soveelste keer deur sy lesing wat hy uitgedruk het, net om seker te maak dat die bladsye in die regte volgorde is.

Die studente kom geselsend in klein groepies die lokaal binne en neem hul sitplekke in. Die voorste twee rye word doelbewus oopgelaat en sal later, weet hy, deur die pliggies en laatkommers beset word. Een van die studente kom staan by hom.

“Meneer, ek wil net weet wanneer die sieketoets gaan wees?” Die student staan byna op hom. Hy ruik haar ongewaste lyf en proe haar vrot asem. Hy staan 'n tree terug.

“Die sieketoets is volgende Woensdagmiddag, maar net as jy 'n doktersbrief kan inhandig,” dikteer hy die streng departementele sekretaresse.

“Ek het nie 'n doktersbrief nie, meneer,” sê die student jammerlik.

“Dan kan ek jou ongelukkig nie laat skryf nie,” sê hy ferm.

“Maar meneer, my ma-hulle het nog nie laas week gepay nie. Ek het nie geld vir die bus gehad nie.”

Hy sug soos die student 'n handgeskrewe brief uit haar jean se sak grawe en vir hom aangee. “Van my pa af.”

Sy oë gly oor die verskoning in gebrekkige taal wat hom dwing om sy verskoning te laat val.

“Die sieketoets is volgende Woensdag tydens middagete in C1,” sê hy sonder om vir die student te kyk. Hy vou die brief op en druk dit voor by Die Afrikaanse Kortverhaalboek in.

“Dankie, meneer,” sê die student en gaan neem haar plek in.

’n Groep van ses studente kom by die lokaal ingestap en pyl op hom af. “Jammer meneer, maar ons kon nie laas week se semester skryf nie,” sê die groep se voorpratertjie.

“Hoekom nie?” Hy skrik vir die irritasie in sy stem.

“Die trein het nie geloop nie, meneer,” sê die voorpratertjie met die ander studente wat kopknikkend beaam. “En al Macassar se taxi’s was vol.”

Meer studente kom nou die lokaal binne en vanuit die banke neem die rumoerigheid toe.

“Kan ons asseblief die sieketoets skryf, meneer? Ons het regtig vir die toets geleer. Belowe,” pleit een van die ander studente in die groep.

Hy het hierdie verskoning al so dikwels gehoor. Tog weet hy dat hierdie soort probleme met openbare vervoer ’n groot uitdaging vir baie van die studente is – ’n realiteit waaroor hy nie die reg het om gefrustreerd te raak nie.

“Maak seker dat julle elkeen voor middagete vir my ’n e-pos stuur sodat ek julle name en studentennommers kan hê, en dan kyk ek wat ek kan doen.”

“Dankie, meneer,” sing die groep en gaan neem hul plekke in.

Hy kyk op sy selfoon se skerm. 08:27. Hy gaan gee die presensielys vir een van die pliggies wat in die voorste ry sit en gaan staan weer agter die kas waarin die rekenaar toegesluit is. Hy neem ’n sluk van sy water en wag om te kyk of daar nog ’n paar studente gaan opdaag: hoopvol dat al 122 geregistreerde tweedejaarstudente wél vandag sy lesing sal bywoon.

Om 08:30, op die kop, groet hy die studente tot stilte. “Môre, julle.”

“Môre,” brom van die studente terug. Dan is die lokaal stil.

“Goed... So, vandag se lesing fokus op betrokke literatuur, met Dido se ‘Die Prediker’ wat ons as voorbeeld sal bespreek. Ek vertrou julle almal het die notas oor betrokke literatuur in die studiegids gelees?”

Van die studente knik hul koppe, ander blaai verward in die studiegids rond.

“Aangesien die notas in die studiegids redelik volledig is, gaan ek nie onnodige tyd daaraan spandeer nie. Het julle dalk enige vrae oor betrokke literatuur?”

Die studente in die voorste rye skud hul koppe.

“Is daar enige iets wat onduidelik is?”

Hy kyk na die res van die studente, agter in die lokaal. Hulle kyk hom stil aan.

“Niks nie?” probeer hy weer, wetende dat die studente in die blokweek voor die eksamen gaan toustaan tydens sy konsultasietyd in die tutors se kantoor; ’n stortvloed e-posse in sy inboks: Meneer, ons verstaan nie.

“Nou goed, dan begin ons met die kortverhaal. Wat het julle van die verhaal gedink?”

Daar is weer ’n effense oproerigheid onder van die studente soos hulle gedagtes uitruil.

In die voorste ry steek ’n student haar hand op.

“Ek het baie daarvan gehou, meneer,” sê sy.

“Hoekom?” moedig hy die gesprek verder aan.

“Dit het maklik gelees, meneer. En dit was snaaks.”

“Ja, die verhaal lees nogal vlot,” probeer hy erkenning gee.

“Maar wat is dit wat so snaaks is aan die verhaal?”

Die student langs die een wat eerste geantwoord het, steek haar hand op.

“Die feit dat die prediker deurmekaar was en toe in plaas van forehead daai ander woord vir die man se dinges gebruik het.”

Die studente wat wél die verhaal gelees het, bars uit van die lag.

“Ja, omdat hy ongeletterd was. En so het hy eintlik onwetend die treinpassasiers laat vergeet van die bom wat heel moontlik op die treinspoor was,” bring hy hulle tot bedaring. “Ons kan dus sê dat die skrywer ’n lewensgevaarlike situasie deur middel van humor ontloft het.”

Sy woordspeling gaan verlore.

Die lokaal se deur gaan oop en drie studente stap stadig binne sonder om eers in sy rigting te kyk. Hulle skuif by die voorste ry in.

“Wat het die res van julle van die verhaal gedink?” vra hy om meer studente by die bespreking te betrek. Party maak aantekeninge, ander glimlag vriendelik vir hom.

“Het julle almal van die verhaal gehou?”

“Ja!” kom dit in ’n koor.

“So, wat is dit van die verhaal waarvan julle gehou het?”

Niks.

“Enige iemand? Onthou daar is nie ’n verkeerde antwoord nie.”

Agter in die lokaal besluit ’n student om ’n kans te waag.

“Dit was nice dat dit alles relatable is. Soos met die treinstasies en so. Jy was self al by daai plekke, so jy dink jou half in die verhaal in.”

“Mooi,” sê hy. “Met ander woorde ons kan sê daar is ’n sterk Kaapse geur in die verhaal wat die milieu herkenbaar maak.”

Nog aantekeninge word gemaak.

Sy oog vang die tyd in die regterkantste hoek op die rekenaarskerm. Hy sal moet aanbeweeg, anders kom hy nie deur vandag se lesing nie.

“Voor ons begin met die bespreking van die verhaal as voorbeeld van betrokke literatuur, net gou ’n interessante feit oor Dido. Sy was natuurlik die eerste swart vrou om in Afrikaans te publiseer.”

Dis die studente in die voorste ry – die pliggies, nie die drie laatkommers nie – wat hul wenkbroue beïndruk lig. Tevrede maak hy die eerste skyfie van sy lesing oop.

Buite die lokaal klink ’n rumoer op.

“Nou goed, as ons eerstens kyk na die titel van die verhaal, dan...”

Die lokaal se deure bars oop en ’n mansstudent met ’n rooi hemp en rooi baret stap binne. Hy het ’n megafoon in sy hand. Agter hom volg nog drie studente.

“Die titel van die verhaal aktiveer eerstens die verwagting dat...” Hy probeer hom nie van stryk laat bring nie, maar die student met die megafoon kom direk na hom toe aangestap.

“Die verwagting dat ons hier...”

“Sorry, Sir. My apologies for interrupting,” onderbreek die student hom.

Hy laat sak sy lesingnotas.

“May I please just have a moment to make an announcement?” vra die student.

“I’m busy with a lecture,” sê hy. “You can come back later and make the announcement during the last five minutes of the class.”

“No. I have to speak now,” antwoord die student arrogant. “It is very important.”

Hy sal moet versigtig wees. Dis deesdae so maklik om onnodige moeilikheid op te tel. “Make it quick,” sug hy.

Die student met die megafoon en rooi hemp en baret draai na die studente.

“Comrades!” spreek hy hulle selfversekerd aan, sonder die megafoon. “As some of you may know, we are still waiting for NSFAS to pay out all the bursaries. This while our fellow brothers and sisters are going hungry!”

Hy sien ’n roering onder die studente.

“How can we study on an empty stomach?! How can we buy books without money?! This is bullshit!”

Van die studente klap entoesiasties hande en knik hul koppe instemmend.

“We say enough is enough! Come join us now as we march to admin to demand answers and put a stop to this nonsense!”

Dieselfde studente wat hande geklap het staan op en kry hul goed bymekaar.

“Hei! Die lesing is nog nie verby nie!” protesteer hy.

“Sorry, Sir. Orders from the SRC,” sê die student en trek ’n brief van die studenteraad uit sy broeksak.

Verstom kyk hy na die studente. ’n Hele klomp is al besig om die lokaal te verlaat. Die res kyk hom onseker aan. Die dekaan het gewaarsku dat hulle in hierdie tyd gereed moet maak vir sulke onderbrekings.

“Ek’s jammer julle! Lyk my nie ons gaan vandag iets uitgerig kry nie! Ek sal met die tutors reël dat ons vandag se lesing iewers inwerk!” roep hy bo die geraas van die geselsende studente wat uitstap. “Maak net seker dat julle voorberei vir volgende week se lesing!” probeer hy weer.

Met die klas verdaag, is al die studente nou besig om op te pak en uit te beweeg. Gefrustreerd vat hy ’n sluk van sy water, skakel sy skyfievertoning af en kry sy goed bymekaar.

“Skuus, meneer,” hoor hy ’n student skielik langs hom. “Ek was nog nie in een van meneer se klasse nie. Vandag was nou my eerste keer.”

Hy voel hoe die woede in hom opstoot.

“Ons is dan al halfpad met die kursus. Waar was jy?”

“In Jo’burg, meneer. My ma’t daar gebly, maar nou’s sy dood.”

Hy sug en kyk die student sonder ’n antwoord aan.

“Ek wil net weet wat ek nou moet maak met al die werk wat ek gemis het?”

“Ek het al die skyfievertonings van elke lesing vir julle op die studenteportaal gelaai. Jy moet nou maar seker maak dat jy daardeur werk en dan met my kom gesels as daar iets is wat jy nie verstaan nie,” gee hy bes.

“Dankie, meneer.”

“Julle moet oor twee weke 'n werkstuk vir my inhandig. En jy kan volgende Woensdag die sieketoets kom skryf. Al die inligting is ook op die portaal gelaai.”

“Baie dankie, meneer. Ek waardeer,” sê die student en stap saam die laaste studente uit.

Hy skakel die lokaal se rekenaarselsel af en beweeg ook na buite. Die gebou se gang is leeg en stil. Buite klink die dreunsang hard.

Dis op dae soos dié dat hy dankbaar is dat hy nie 'n kantoor by die departement het nie. Hy kan huis toe gaan, homself afsny van alles hier, en aangaan met al sy ander vryskutwerk.

Buite die gebou drom hordes studente saam. Hy sien die student met die rooi hemp en baret wat nou op die biblioteek se trappe staan. Oor die megafoon skree hy instruksies, en met sy gebalde vuus in die lug, neem hy die voortou in die optog. Die studente begin stadig agter hom aan te beweeg.

Dit sal beter wees om die langer pad terug parkeerarea toe te vat, besluit hy.

Die studente in die optog agter hom begin sing. Die lied klink vir hom kwaad. Gevaarlik. Tussendeur word krete oor megafone geskree deur studente wat by die optog aansluit.

Voor hom sien hy 'n groep skreeuende studente wat sy pad versper. Hulle staan in 'n kring en stamp hul voete en swaai hul vuiste. Hy oorweeg om om te draai en ander pad te vat, maar die oproerige studentegetal in die optog agter hom is vinnig besig om te vermenigvuldig. Hy druk sy skouersak stywer teen hom vas. Die enigste uitweg is vorentoe.

Hy hoor hoe die studente in die kring al hoe luidrugtiger raak. Hy probeer so ongesiens moontlik verby die studente skuur sonder om enige onnodige aanstoot te gee, maar hulle staan so dig dat hy sukkel om 'n pad deur hulle te kry. Hy besluit om terug te draai en in die lokaal of die departement se teekamer te gaan wag tot die ergste verby is, maar ander studente het reeds agter hom verskyn en staan hom nou toe. Hulle druk en stoot en gil en hy word al hoe nader aan die middel van die kring gekolk.

Hy ruik sweet en angs. En bloed.

In die middel van die kring, sien hy nou, is 'n rooi kat vasgekeer. Hy blaas en wys sy tande, sy gepunte ore plat agtertoe getrek. Die voorste studente wat langs hom staan, blaas spottend terug en wys hul tande vir die kat. Die kat sirkel in die rondte en swiep sy

kort dik stert verbouereerd.

Een student tel 'n klip op en gooi dit na die rooikat.

Die rooikat koes en blaas harder, wys meer tande. 'n Bloedvlek op sy pels wys waar 'n klip hom reeds getref het.

Nog studente volg. 'n Klip tref die rooikat tussen sy oë. Die studente juig. Bloed loop langs die swart vertikale lyn op die rooikat se gesig af, en vlek die wit ken.

Een student druk 'n klip in sy hand. Hy kyk haar met groot oë aan. "Toe, gooi!" moedig sy hom aan.

Hy klem die klip in sy sweterige vuis.

Die rooikat bloei leeg oor die gruis.



A NOTE FROM PHOTOGRAPHER GODFREY C. LUYT

As a social activist I would like to think of myself as a photo-activist. My focus has and will mostly be on various social issues, which cripple the human race. But I also focus my lens on the beauty, opportunities and possibilities which we have in the country. I have no formal training and just started using a Canon IXUS 145 about six months ago. I believe that humanity is now – more than ever before – in need of love. It is the only thing that is going to change the future of humanity for the better. Until then, we are on our way to destroy ourselves and the entire planet with us.

Contact Godfrey if you'd like to collaborate: gcluyt@gmail.com



REAL FOOTBALL
BY PENDA DIAKITÉ

Two poems

by Sello Huma

Soil-daughter

There she goes touching my
black heart with her unconditional love
Turning my feelings upside down
Just like the free birds creating real
music without drum and bass

Sweet

melodies and trueversations
We talked about personal revolution evolution of the minds
downtown Newton

We chilled with the doves,
rolled the holy grass and kissed

Then she got me walking barefoot from
Mandela Bridge to Braamfontein for a brunch
I could feel the chemistry the blues and the poetry in her eyes

so

cool as the breeze brewed from Johustleburg
full of adventure like a soul rebel with a cause
she really put me on another level of love
She is not afraid of any vultures, last one left to revive the culture
So fine like matured wine without any boundaries to be mine

Dipšišamare tša Marikana

Thake o sa gopola koša tša maloba tša mešito gona kua thabeng
tša mabadi ne go tuka mollo re kopane re le bodikana re tswere
marumo a bogale re latelela modumo dumo wa badimo le modimo.
ao! atswela mamila le dikeledi dibetša tša ratata bokatladi gona kua
marikana diepapolatinamô bahwela ditokelo eng ke nnete batswetse
ba gaotse thari malapa a aparela ke ditlala.diwele dikakapa mašaka
a gonama gwa šala digomara le mapodisa ka melato mehlala ya
dinyakwa ya sepela le beng ba yona mabetleng. Lefase lona la
ruruga dimpa ba mošo ba gana go boloka dibe tša bona

Translation from North Sotho by the author:

Marikana's Sorrows

Mate do you still remember yesterday songs full of hopeful sounds and chants at the mountain of the scars. We were gathered there by the spirits united with one aim sharpened spears and blades following the echoes of the ancestral call when mucus was covered with tears all over the nation, the fire was burning and the guns were crying like thunder at the Marikana marathon, platinum workers killed for slave wage increase. Yes, it's true the African family backbone is broken and hunger will now revisit us. The warriors have fallen and the cattle kraals need more Christ only their godly sticks, knobkerries and blankets remain in the eyes of the gods. The mighty footsteps have disappeared with its owners all the way to the drains veins graves as the world's swells with stomach ache – no ministers and cops found to offer obituaries refusing to bury their own sins.



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Two poems

by Andile Ecalpar Nayika

Gquma izimanga

Busuku ndithi lala, mini vuka biz' ilanga
Phez' kwe ntloko egxiz' idaka
Thyini gquma izimanga
Nizixuba nizivanga
Ezingapha kwendalo yenu,
Nizimpukan' ezimdaka
Andilifumani ibanga lesisizwe sobhubhane
Iligquba imiphanga
Ijikeleza okwe vili –
Nguma bil' ibanda,
Ingxola rhoqo phezu
Kwe mikhuba 'le minyaka
Ay'cing' ithule ayizilanga
Lutsha niwongwe ngezenkukuma izidanga.
Nizi khulul' azizi hlanga
Thyini! Tu! anizinvanga iintetho zaba phambili thyini gquma
izimanga!

Translation from isiXhosa by the author:

Hide your indecency

Night, sleep I say, daytime awake and call the sun
Over mud-dripping heads.
Oh, hide your indecency.
You overindulge in things beyond your nature.
You're filthy flies.
I cannot find a degree of this death-stricken nation –
Death is abundant –
It spins around like a wheel –
Working without end.
It echoes all the time on modern shenanigans.
It won't stop, it is not mourning.
Youth, you are blessed with accolades of garbage.
Take them off, they are not pretty.
Oh! No you never listened to words of your fore fathers,
Oh, hide your indecency!

Through Dead Eyes

As I travel very deep into my unbreathing soul,
Through broken bones and contaminated blood on what my
visions stole.

Reflecting the last glance of life from my scarred memories –
Seeing our dying souls dancing to angry-gun melodies.

I woke up before my eyes opened unlike days before.
My heart faced the rage in War, we'll make them knock on Satan's
door.

"What do they hate us for? What do they take us for?"
Puppets, machinery controlled and programmed to praise their
laws?'

I threw these thoughts inside my mind and I started hating more.
The rage picked me up from the cold and vibrating floor.
Then I started making sure that the voices of painful tears were all
taken forward.

The sky sees thousands of souls in the streets, an amazing
moment-
For Retaliation against Segregation until this pain is slaughtered.
I joined the common hearts very blatant –
Throwing our emotions naked open, about the laws of brains
disorders.

Over our bile-boiling bodies the clouds were immigrating, falling
As the stones and petrol bombs were causing traffic –
In the midst through tear gas, then the scene was all dramatic.

After the Anthem of guns, the Anthem of guns, the Anthem of
guns!
My heart never feared less then it got more than tragic,
Then I turned back from what my mind thought would call epic.
Running, jumping over dead souls it was problematic.
Segregation was winning; my life was getting chased by bullets.
Unable to survive damage, damage got my brains wounded.
With three bullets in my skull, I saw the end of my story.
I lost victory and won defeat, so you have to find glory.
As I travel very deep into my unbreathing soul,
Through broken bones and contaminated blood on what my
visions stole.
Reflecting the last glance of life from my scarred memories –
Seeing our dying souls dancing to angry-gun melodies.

Rain and cats

deur Jacques Myburgh

Vandag is weer 'n Goddelike mooi dag
The West is the best, sing Jim Morrison
Maar in die Weste dam daar swart rook vanuit asgate
En ek wonder wat van daai vier rondloperleeus geword het,
Hulle word nou as voortvlugtiges bestempel – Die Fochville Vier
Die fokken yuppies, copywriters en snotneus-klerke sit soos
snobistiese siamese katte en prop hul kieste vol flatbread, flat
whites en gesondheidsdrankies.
Kom vlieg Wes saam met my
Soos die Heilige Ibis
Verby die Westdene-dam
Verby Triomf
Waar verwronge en gebroke bene en harte onder die puin van
Sophiatown lê
Verder Wes
Na Krugersdorp, Blikkiesdorp, Burgershoop
Daar waar daar fokkol hoop is
Kyk na die 12-jarige met die pienkvoet op die heup
Kyk
Die junkie, Houtbeen, wat sy vrou al weer met 'n baksteen
bygedam het
Sien jy die Nigeriërs wat die poorte van die buurt bewaak
Die jong meisie wat vir 'n bietjie tik deur hulle betas word
Môre is sy weer terug
Maar daar is mooi in hierdie ongoddelike land van verkragting, hoë
verwagtings, moord en popsangers (name word weerhou)
Kyk die koraalboom se vurige blomme
Lekkend na die hemele
Soos die geweld, vlamme en petrolbomme
Van Eldorado Park
Ek dink nie aan my kat as die R70-steekhaar-special van
Wierdapark se pet shop nie
Sy's 'n vaalboskat, *Felis Silvestris Lydica*
Die kwêvoëls sidder en kerm
Vreesbevange vir haar teenwoordigheid
Sy behoort in die Melville-koppies
Waar veldmuisie vryelik tot haar beskikking is
Die lewe moet net vol reën en katte wees

"Full rain and cats"

"Full of rain, that's all, just cats and rain, rain and cats"

En ek voel by die dag hoe my lewer so bevoes raak soos Bukowski
en sy woorde

"Full of cats, cats and rain, rain and cats."

My kat het rooi vlekke op haar ore

My veldgids-vriend sê dis omdat sy wildekatbloed in haar het

"Rain and cats, cats and rain"

Modjadji, heet sy

Sy bring die reën

"Rain and cats, cats and rain"

"Very nice, good night."

Gegroet

deur Engela Duvenage

Om te groet is meer as net tasse pak
dis ook die gesoek na die regte stoorplek
vir refreine en woorde

van briewe en foto's

wat van een vlakte na 'n ander gespoedpos word
totdat die eerste bloudun lugposbladsy wegraak.

om goed te kan groet

moet mens verkieslik 'n kurator betaal

wat darem net soms kan afstof aan die frases en toonhoogtes
inleidende paragrawe

en albums

net ingeval een weer op 'n dag sou opdaag
en sy naam in die besoekersboek wil soek.

The Doornfontein Pigeon

by Sarah-Jane Stewart

soft swift feathers

legs glisten like oil

beak like a toothpick

eyes like a demon

swooping and pooping

the Doornfontein pigeon.

'n Facebook inskrywing

deur Stefan Burger

25 May 2016 · Mohokare

What is on your mind today?

Hy het op Sasolburg se stasie gesit en die lug, gevul met kapitalistiese swael, het sy keel togetrek. In 'n rugsak: 'n paar foto's van 'n lewe wat verbrokkel en gebreek is en wat nooit weer heel sal wees nie. 'n Goedkoop bottel whiskey. 'n Paar stuk klere – eenvoudig en grys, anoniem. 'n Paar swart leerhandskoene. Sy oupa s'n gewees. Hy klim op die trein. Suid. Weg van dié plek. Doof die mense en klanke uit met sy selfoon gesange wat met klein oorfontjies in sy kop in begelei word. Hy gaan sit alleen. Hy sien 'n ou man met 'n koerant. Herken homself op die voorblad. 'n Ouerige foto. Hy lyk nog jonk. Gelukkig. Hy registreer nie al die woorde nie. "Vigilante". "Wreek gesin se dood". "Vader moor, moordenaars". Hy voel dood. Hy stap na heel agter in die trein. Forseer 'n deur oop. Die koue oggendasem blaas in sy gesig. In sy ore "Waar daar 'n wil is, is daar 'n weg..." En toe spring hy. Na hulle toe.

Waar is jy?

deur Stanley Cierenberg

ek soek na jou om elke hoek en draai
in elke straatkafee en selfs die man wat
Hoofstraat vee, skud sy kop en sê "Nee"
Ek soek na jou by die hotel se afdakke
waar mense lag vir mekaar se grappe
Ek soek na jou by my ma
Ek kyk op na die hemel en vra
vir Die Here God... waar is jy?

Waar is jy?
Waar is jy?
my lief
Waar is jy nou?
Waar is jy?

"Néé, néé my Dolla, néé!"



plasticboer

Drie gedigte

deur Zian Blignaut

Hersenskim

Vir F

Ek onthou boomhuisbou met jou
hoe ons daarin sit na die gekap
nuuskierig aan mekaar vat
splinters in die boude

Gisteraand droom ek ons is oud
ringe aan die vingers
'n tuiste uit baksteen gemessel
portrette teen die muur
ons sit by die kaggel
luister na die hout wat knetter
maar dan maak ek my oë oop

en onthou dat jy nie meer asem haal nie.

Gertruida

Na Ronelda S. Kamfer

my moeder blom uit perdeklou
lief vir haar seun wat skeef
uit haar bloemblad groei

haar been en bors gekneus
soos somerye op Toevlug

na die ongeluk duskant Paarl
is sy sonder my groet dood
met 'n lyf verhard tot 'n heuwel

waarvan ek die klippe
elke aand lakrimaal uitgrou

Uitklimbrief

sy ma ken al drie jaar sy geheim
en dwing hom om dit vir sy pa te sê

hy skryf 'n brief om plaas toe te pos
waarin hy bieg dat hy al van laerskool af fabulous is
dat hy gehuil het by 'n here wat hom nie wou straight maak nie

die boer se seun stel hom gerus
hy is nog sy selfde klong
steeds met 'n renons in algebra, enjins
en rugby
maar hy wil dalk met 'n flank flirt

FOLLOW AL KROK
ON INSTAGRAM
@KROK.AL



Twee gedigte
deur Tom Dreyer

Kastaiing

Hy drink onsuier water, eet vis,
seeslakke, en elke spriet
wat voortspruit uit 'n donker aarde.
Sy hare raak lank. Hy raak siek, maar bly
verrassend aan die lewe. Hy kry sere en eelte,
en ontdek eendag in 'n sloep 'n gedeelte
van sy seiljag, 'n tweepunthakie eens vas
aan daardie mas wat toe al die tyd
soos 'n tandestokkie kon breek.
Hy praat toenemend met homself,

en begin met see-anemone identifiseer:
altd oop, altd reg dat iets moet gebeur.
Die aande is die ergste. Hy mis vroue
en tennis en Tanqueray. Hy ken die trajek
van planete, maar mis die gloed van motorligte
En selfs wanneer die nag ontvlugting beloof,
brand die see se onverkwiklike horisontaal
in die katodes van sy brein.

Hy wens soms dat hy soos daardie
man van Atlantis kon swem en somehow,
in die maling en paniek, sy laptop gered het.
Sodat hy nou vir iemand 'n email kon stuur.

Leeu-Gamka #4

Nou luier ons vaalblou Sierra
in die skadu van twee dun sipresse.
Ons is onbesonne; ons lag en terg; ons twyfel
of gestorwe bemindes ons enigiets kan leer.
Want vandag is vandag, en ons het mekaar.
Jou sonbril rus parmantig teen jou kop,
jou jean is gebeur, en jou slentergang
maak 'n hemel van hierdie Karoo-kerkhof,
verbleik deur die verloop van 'n duisend seisoene.
“Gertruida de Koning (neé Verwey), 1851-1904”.
En dan dié oordeel: “Bowenal aan die Here getrou.”
Was sy ook wulps, wonder ek,
kon sy ook tier met cowboy-boots
of langsaam wieg op die ritmes van Metallica?
“Dit is volbring,” lees jy, iewers buite sig. “Sela.”
Die wêreld voel beide klein en groot. Dit is die kring
van ek en jy; dit is die verlatenheid wat om ons dein,
meedoënloos soos die rimpeling van tyd. Later wil jy roer.
'n Hekkie kla op droë skarniere; 'n janfiskaal se roep
gee gestalte aan 'n smal groen boom. Gou is ons weer
op pad, jou stewels nogmaals op die dash; jou vingers
'n sweem oorywerig op die klank. Ons vermy die tru-
spieëls, ons sintuie slegs rakelings bewus
van die yl figuur wat agter ons – ontsettend –
deur die son-deurdrenkte bome tuur.

Excerpt from *Between a Rock and a Hard Place*

by Carsten Rasch

Chapter 60

Halfway to Trichardt, the Kombi farts, hiccups, and lurches. A quick glance in the rearview mirror reveals a large cloud of white smoke trailing behind. This is serious shit. White smoke means a blown gasket, at least, as bitter experience has taught me. I drive until I find a roadside shop, where I stop and phone the bar in Trichardt. Paul and the rest of Noggin are already there, having left earlier than me. They'll tow us in after they've unloaded. In the meantime, we – that's Alison and I – have to twiddle our thumbs and hang in there.

We saunter around the shop, which is really just a plaaswinkel. They have a fast-food counter though, and I buy us each a mince vetkoek which we munch on while checking out the area. All around us on the horizon, distant stacks of smoke rise up into the air. Every now and again huge trucks loaded with coal trundle past, interspersed with farmers' bakkies, the whitey driver, elbow sticking out of the wound-down window, glancing at us, the darkies sitting in the back ignoring us. The air has an acrid chemical smell, the sky a yellowish tinge.

I light a smoke, drawing deeply on it. This is not a good start ...

After two hours, I spot Paul's Kombi. They pull in front of my stationary bus, and we load the gear into his.

"What's it looking like?" I ask, referring to the bar.

Paul grunts, then says, "Not what I thought."

Thirty minutes later, we stop outside a rundown-looking hotel in the middle of this town named after the Voortrekker Louis Trichardt's son.

In there, Paul says, pointing to the BAR sign which is flickering, even though it's broad daylight. A message on the door says WHITES ONLY. I'm wondering what we'll do about Gary...

There is no way the bar can hold 300 people. The "stage" is meant for a duo. The wall behind the bar counter is plastered with Scope centre-spreads interspersed with a few stuffed antelope heads, a string of panties and bras adding the finishing touch. Boeremusiek is playing on the sound system. A lone bearded drinker is sitting at the bar, staring intensely at a book on the counter. When we enter, he looks up, points two fingers at me,

and goes Twa! Blowing the imaginary smoke from the imaginary gun barrel his fingers symbolise, he smiles thinly, and goes back to his reading. The bartender, an unsmiling witness to this unusual greeting, continues polishing glasses.

We look at each other. This is going to be a very fucking weird gig. The owner is okay, though, Paul says, who just then walks in from the back.

“So you make it!” he says in heavily accented English.

“Welcome, man! Welcome. Everything is jus about reddey. Ve whole town know about dis, and dey all say dey is coming.” He’s having problems with pronouncing ‘th’, but there’s no doubt he’s a friendly chappie.

“Kom, kom, let me show you ve room. Oh!” he says, noticing Alison. “Here’s a lady too! O shit, wat maak ek nou ...”

“Don’t worry about me, bru,” Alison says, “I’ll stay with Cas.”

“Oh, you are, um... married?”

“Nooit, bru, no fucking ways am I married,” Alison says, highly offended by this assumption.

“Wat het jy verwag, Kosie,” the lone drinker chips in, gesturing with his book. “Dis mos Sodom en Gomorra se mense wat jy uitgenooi het—” He interrupts himself with a racking cough, clears his throat, and spits in a bucket on the floor next to him.

I notice the book he’s reading is actually a photo book, “Saboteur” printed in large yellow letters on the cover.

Recovering from his cough, he looks at us with distaste, then goes back to reading, mumbling to himself. Kosie grimaces, shaking his head lightly as if to say, What nonsense, just ignore him.

So Heather and Tim get the pink-and-white themed honeymoon suite, complete with hickled toilet-seat and spare toilet roll covers in the en-suite bathroom. The room is dominated by a huge circular waterbed with dozens of pillows of all shapes and sizes proliferating upon a chiffon bedspread, itself a masterpiece in the art of ruffling – it’s the kind of room where everything (or nothing) happens – while Alison and I end up staying in Kosie’s house in Secunda, in his spare room with two single beds.

Chapter 61

Night falls quickly in Trichardt. One minute the sun is still an unhealthy-looking red disk on the horizon, next minute it’s gone,

and seconds later you can cut the darkness with a knife.

The Elementals pull in about an hour before sunset, do a quick sound check, and are resting in their rooms upstairs, hopefully abstaining from the monkey business the room is designed to encourage. Fortunately, Gary couldn't make it for some reason, and they have another bass player in tow. I have a feeling a darkie musician would have had some difficulty in this burg.

Kosie is doing his best to make everyone feel at home. Supper is on the house, and breakfast tomorrow morning will be too. The stage has been made bigger with beer crates and chipboard, and Kosie is sure the evening is going to be a huge success.

"Don't worry, hey, Cassie, ve peoples are coming," he says. "And we'll sort your Kombi out on Monday. Ve mechanic is a friend of mine ..."

I'm sitting at the bar, sipping on a Lion Lager, and flicking through the Saboteur photo book the lone drinker left behind, waiting for the people to arrive, as promised.

"Vatso, julle vuilgoed!" Saboteur shouts while he guns down several Cuban terrorists creeping up on the hero helping the damsel in distress.

In these stories, published monthly, there is always a kidnapped girl, a bunch of hapless terrs – either Cuban or Angolan – and a sadistic officer. The terrs are always killed and the girl is always rescued, promptly falling in love with Saboteur. The books never fail to end with the girl's returning to the Republic, leaving a solitary, feeling-sorry-for-himself Saboteur sitting on a rise surveying the world below, unable to allow himself even a moment of emotional weakness, because he's a killer who has to kill an endless stream of communists.

A faint roar distracts me from my reading. The roar rapidly becomes louder, until it's right outside the bar. With an unholy revving of engines, The Wholigans arrive.

They string past Alison, who has been tasked with manning the door.

"Hey, bru, sorry," says Alison, trying to stop them, her voice rising, "there's a band playing, you have to pay an entrance fee ..."

No one takes notice of her, but one guy with a droopy moustache, dirty stars-and-stripes bandana tied over his balding scalp, and an evil Lee van Cleef glint in his eye, takes the time to stop.

"Um," Alison gulps, losing some traction under his glare, "come

on, bru, it's only R1,50."

The biker points to the bar counter where his brothers have gathered, "This," he says with soft menace, "is our bar, and we only pay for drinks."

"Oh, okay then, bru. Have it your way ..." Alison shrugs, instinctively knowing when not to insist.

The joint morphs into a bizarre menagerie as the locals pull in: big guys, even bigger guys with long greasy locks, short guys, monsters with brush cuts, skates, boilermakers, thin dangerous-looking ducktails, petrol-heads, rockers, more bikers, fietas, smooth operators, hot-rodders, welders, ghost riders, grease-monkeys, and an assortment of impossible-to-describe individuals. I even spot a schmuck or two. There's a smidgen of females, mostly imitating their male counterparts. All of them are intent on getting schmangled, one way or another. By the end of the evening, some will be fucked up, others fucked over, the remainder simply fucked. There's a definite feeling of no-one-gets-out-of-here-alive developing.

Alison is having a hard time at the door. These guys are not used to paying an entrance fee, even if it's just a buck fifty. The place is heaving, but few have paid.

Noggin comes on, but it's a bit early for the okes, who are still greasing their throats, and the band's mainly ignored, apart from a few standing right in front of the stage, glaring at them and unnerving Jimmy, who smudges some tunes.

When Noggin finish their set, relief visible on their faces, the bartender's choice is AC/DC. The crowd likes this, and they start head-banging in front of the stage, turning the space into a mini mosh pit.

By the time The Elementals take to the stage, the scene is as heated as a botch of tomcats spotting a lone pussy in estrus. The band are all dressed up in black, Joburg style, except for Heather, who is wearing a suit, a blue streak painted on her face.

I'm standing at the back, thinking how the fuck are they going to pull this off. If composure were a drink, this crowd would be teetotalers.

Tim strokes his guitar, Herman ze Cherman rolls, and off they go. The crowd perk up. Or rather, half the crowd do, making their way towards the stage and dancing, while the head-bangers take a well-deserved break to unscramble their brains by way of downing shots of Springbokkies, a lethal mixture of Mint Liquor

and Baileys Irish Cream.

Three-quarters through the set, the other half have had enough of this poncy shit.

“Play some fucking Deep Purple!” someone shouts.

“Fuck Deep Purple, let there be rock!” someone else shouts.

In the next break between songs, a heavily made-up biker chick grabs the mic from Heather and starts mouthing “Smmoooooke on the waaater, a fire in the sky-eye,” me thinking, Now that’s a suitable anthem for this hellhole of a town.

Heather grabs the mic back, but the biker chick won’t let go. They pull it hither and thither until something goes. Heather has the mic back, and the biker chick’s got the chord. She continues singing into it, laughing her head off, her boyfriend cheering her on.

A scuffle breaks out at the bar, probably between Deep Purple and AC/DC fans, and drifts towards the stage, pulling people into its eye, until the entire room seems embroiled in the fight.

The band, realising this is the end of the show, grab their instruments and make for the door

I’m still in the back, my hands to my head, thinking all the gear is going to get fucked up. A little guy with a mullet cut by a lawnmower and a full-face helmet in his hand appears next to me, surveying the scene, eyes bright with excitement.

“Fuck, man, there nothing like a good old wrought, hey!” he says, more to himself than me, before flinging himself into the melee.



DEAF IN ONE EAR
BY CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL BAKER

'n Storie

deur Rozanne Vos

Dis die dag voor Moedersdag en ek en my ma kyk die sonsondergang op die promenade in Seepunt. Die klank van die branders is strelend en dit voel tog so goed om saam met 'n wisselende, wemelende groep mense stil-stil saam te stem dat dit 'n goeie idee is om na 'n lang week die see se spieël dop te hou en te wag vir die water om in kwik te verander.

Ons gesels al om die rante van die inhoud van vanaand se gebeurtenis. Die onderwerp is immers een waaroor mens so maklik kan verskil en dit is dan nou so lieflik; 'n mens wil nie die vrede versteur nie.

Ons is op pad na 'n geleentheid geskep deur kurator, Gavin Krastin, met die naam Arcade. Arcade beoog om 'n ervaring te skep vir eksperimentele, proses-gedrewe, jong en opkomende kunstenaars, met 'n fokus op performance art.

Arcade het vertonings vanaf sewe kunstenaars ingesluit, uiteengesit oor twee aande. Die kunstenaars bied 'n verskeidenheid van ondervindings en kommentaar aan. Voorwaar 'n arkade van gebeurtenisse, hetsy dit siklies, voortdurend of reisend is. Alles begin gelyk en almal word aangemoedig om te kom en gaan soos die kyker sou verkies.

Ek het my ma gevra om saam te kom kyk na Kanya Viljoen se projek, 'Die Skrif Is Aan Die Muur'.

"South Africa, I am writing you a letter. One that has been written before. One that is etched on a bathroom wall like a confession of love by a teenage girl. I am sorry. It might not be legible."

Ander kunstenaars wat opgetree het sluit Namisa Mdlalose en Lesego Chauke met 'Matthew 16:24', Julia de Rosenwerth met 'When we were older', Tazmé Pillay & The Death of Glitter met 'Dancing with Mary', Mark Azmodeus met 'Kali Ma', Tandile Melubakho Mbatsha met 'Junxure (Indibano)' en Naledi Majola met 'Where is the black samurai?' in.

Nes ons by die gewese kerk in Woodstock aankom waar die Theatre Arts Admin Collective hulself tans huisves, maak ons seker om die kar se deure te sluit en ek is haastig opsoek na 'n badkamer.

Ons is onkonvensioneel vroeg, byna 45 minute. Ek hoor

bekende geselsies vanuit die dames kleedkamer en maak dringend die deur oop. Kanya groet my met 'n warm omhelsing in 'n wit, knielengte nagrokkie en ek kry sommer koud namens haar. Daar is 'n tasbare opgewondenheid, teerheid en spanning wat oor my spoel soos ek die badkamer binnetree en onmiddellik oorweldig word deur 'n gloed van rooi lig.

My oë pas aan en ek lees grepe van Marlene van Niekerk se 'Brief aan my Vaderland' en Fokopolisiekar se 'Brand Suid-Afrika' tussen die skriftelike chaos op die wit teël muur. Ek sien honderde teetyd-koekies en doilies hang van die plafon af in die eerste toilet-hokkie. Die tweede hokkie se toilet het 'n hoop stywe, koue mieliepap op die deksel. Daar is rolle en rolle toiletpapier in die ander hokkie. Ek het 'n nood. Die badkamer is beset.

Ek vind verligting in die mansbadkamer en gaan rook 'n sigaret buite, terwyl ons wag vir die amptelike opening van die aand. My gedagtes dwaal nie, maar hulle drentel alreeds deur gange met veronderstelde doodloopstrate namate die vinnige voorskou. Meer en meer mense daag op, dit voel asof almal mekaar ken in die Kaap. Die gevoel is veilig, liberaal, divers, geesdriftig, ywerig. Die groter deel van die gehoor is jonk. My ma sê onderlangs dis vir haar lekker om met die jongklomp tyd te spandeer. Ek is verlig.

Arcade word amptelik en informeel geopen deur Gavin Krastin en almal vaar hulle onderskeidelike rigtings in om hulle togte te begin. Ek stap weer in die badkamer in waar Kanya se installasie is, hierdie keer sonder die biologiese nood, eerder met swart koki byderhand. Kykers word aangemoedig om aktiewe deelnemers en medeskrywers aan 'n ope brief aan Suid-Afrika te word.

Die badkamer is beknop: heelwat mense, twee fotograwe en die geroesemoes van 'n klankbaan vol krapmerke, klankgrepe van die toneelstuk 'Die Kortstondige Raklewe van Anastasia W' (Marlene van Niekerk, 2011) en 'n wasige weergawe van Carike Keuzenkamp se treffer, 'Dis 'n land' (1987). Kanya sit en bibber op die vloer van die middelste hokkie. Sy lyk angsbevange, kwesbaar. Ek staan in die hoek van die kamer en kyk hoe mense die vertrek beloer deur hulle selfoonskerms: iets wat eintlik help met afstand vir estetiese perspektief in hierdie geval.

Die groep begin skryf en reageer op die skrif aan die muur. Soos die realiteit van anonimiteit inskop, raak die kyker en skrywer uitbundiger. Daar is 'n bloedstollende gil van buite, die nuuskierigheid lok byna almal na die performance van 'JunXure (Indibano)' deur Tandile Bakho Melubakho Mbatsha. Ek bly agter

en begin met blitsige oë die mure lees: "Uit die perd se bek"
"Bloed en yster, bloed en grond Bloed en olie, bloed en grond
Bang en lui en desperaat Daars niks nuuts onder die son nie En
in die skaduwee brand Suid-Afrika" "My depressie gaan poëties
wees, poëties en polities, en ek gaan raas" "Ag, kots" "Jy lag kras
vir my dagdroom." "Jy kan mielies in sy ore plant" "Die land is in
sy moer! Die titanic se ligte was darem nog aan." "100% Boer"
"Speak Afrikaans or shut up" "Kinders moet mos gesien word en
nie gehoor word nie. Kyk nou." "So kô, lat ons sing"

"South Africa, you do not have a name" "Is dit nie al wat ons kan
doen nie?"

Elke persoon wat inkom voeg ietsie by. Die energie is die
van angs, bevryding, ontlasting, nood, verligting. Dis privaat, dis
publiek.

"Soek jy pap?" vra Kanya ewe skielik klokhelder agter my. Dit
voel of ek wakker skrik net om dieper in 'n koorsdroom ingetrek te
word. Sonder om te dink, steek ek my hand uit en vat 'n klont koue,
stywe mieliepap en grill vir die gedagte om van die toilet deksel af
te eet. Soos ek wonder wat ek nou gaan maak met die pap, sit sy
'n handvol in haar mond en beweeg aan na die volgende kyker en
bemoedig hulle aan om dit saam met haar te eet.

Baie van die kykers weier om dit te aanvaar ("No thanks,
I've had enough growing up"), terwyl net so baie verward die
pap in hulle hande aanvaar en 'n paar mense eet dit, langtand
of selfs smeulend ("Thanks, dude! 'n Snack!"). Ek laat val
myne in die wasbak soos 'n paar ander voorlopers en lees die
geborduurde psalm bo die wasbak: "O GOD DIE DROEG ONS
VOORGESLACHT IN NACHT EN STORM GEBRUIS BEWIJS
OOK ONS UW TROUWENMACHT WEES EEUWIG ONS
TEHUIS" 'n Noodkreet wat oor die meerderheid se kop gaan.

Die mense begin weer in die badkamer in stroom, die fotografe
se flitse laat die installasie soos 'n moordtoneel uit 'n film voel. Ek
gaan weer rook, my ore suis en my palms sweet. Daar is 'n knop in
my keel. Dis moeilik om 'n brief te skryf vir Suid-Afrika. Ek het pap
in die mond. Ek haal vlak asem en dink diep.

My ma het intussen die ander kunstenaars verken en beveel aan
ek in loer by 'Junxure'. In die donker saal glinster en skoffel 'n byna
naakte man met repies papier op die vloer om hom. Hy is gesmeer
vol botter en hou die repie met die woord "DECOLONISATION"
op en wys dit vir die kykers wat in 'n sirkel op die vloer om hom sit.
Die meerderheid klap hande, knik hulle koppe in goedkeuring. Hy

smeer die papier oor sy liggaam en sit dit weer op die vloer. Ander repies sluit in; "GENDER BASED VIOLENCE" "PATRIARCHY".

Ek voel beter, ek wonder hoe lyk die skrif aan die muur. Ek wonder wat sê Suid-Afrika vir Suid-Afrika. Ek wonder hoeveel pap daar al geëet is.

Soos ek weer die brief binnetree, is die mure heelwat voller. Kanya vra verbouereerd vir 'n man of hy asseblief die 100% wat nou 80% geraak het, kan verander in 70%. Hy kyk na haar en sê: "I don't speak Afrikaans."

Sy sê: "Maak dit asseblief 70?"

Hy sê: "I don't speak Afrikaans. No. What?"

"Sewentig persent" sê sy en beduie na die skrif hoog teen die muur waarby sy nie kan by kom nie. Hy weier weereens en gaan voort om 'n diagram op die muur te teken, soortgelyk aan 'n familieboom. Hy maak 'n vraagteken langs die huidige "80% Boer".

Die skrif raak al hoe meer uiteenlopend, dringend, deurmekaar, deurdag, onleesbaar: "Speak Afrikaans or shut up." "Why?" "BUT THE LAND" "tears in the cubicle next door" "my volk gaan ten gronde as gevolg van 'n gebrek aan kennis" "Ek praat met jou!" "Ek praat Afrikaans, maar ek is nie 'n Afrikaner nie. Ons is almal bang." "Ons almal kak die reëls uit waaraan ons almal verstik het."

"Black mental health matters" "Handjies klap, koekies bak, bring die meel, nie te veel" Iemand het vir Suid-Afrika 'n klomp hartjies geteken. "Sterkte Suid-Afrika x" "I warn you, you're a nationalistic narcissus" "NB Give back the f-ing land"

"Ek versuip al in my eie spoeg van oor myself praat. God weet, ek het al myself verloor. Van hoe wit ek is, van hoe wit ek voel." "Dis 'n fokop. Alles is 'n fokop om aan vas te klou"

Ek kan nie meer nie, my oë kan nie ophou lees nie, my hart kan nie ophou jaag nie. Daar is so baie harte van mense sonder gesigte op die muur en dit breek myne.

Buite die badkamer skaterlag die geselskap, bespreek hulle die res van die aand in die stad se planne. Binne die badkamer weerklink die lirieke spokerig: "Daar's 'n land waar kerse brand en vele mense tale / en ek weet die land is net vir my en jou bedoel / Dis 'n land vol drome en toekomst ideale / Laat die mooi van môre oor jou spoel"

Kanya het al kommerwekkend baie van die pap geëet. Baie daarvan het tussen die hand en die mond op die vloer geval. Sy deel nogsteeds. Byna niemand wil meer hê nie. Daar is al 'n uur en 'n half verby. Ek gaan eers weer rook. My ma sit op 'n bankie en

wag vir my om klaar te kyk. Die mense raak minder en die ander kunstenaars is klaar. Die kykers wat oor is gaan vir oulaas om te kyk na ons gemeenskaplike poespas van 'n brief aan Suid-Afrika en Kanya wat sukkel-sukkel nog koue pap afwurg. Die man vantevore kom terug, krap die vraagteken dood en verander die 80% in 'n ronde 0. Ek let nog 'n paar strofes, sinsgrepe en krabbels op tussen my bekommernis vir Kanya en die toekoms van ons tuisland: "Propaganda. Dis alles net propaganda" "As ek gebreek voel maar almal sê vir my 'Jy's oraaait' Jy dink so, maar jy is verkeerd. En so, my emosies word nul en void en dit maak sin" "En niks is dood nie, en alles dans. En reik na naamlose dinge uit. - N.P. van Wyk Louw" "Let us all take a moment to look at this thing of land. Locate yourself. How did you come to be here? A: 1) GIVE IT BACK 2) TAKE IT BACK. Epistemic disobedience is for the brave." "I will not learn to love the bomb" "Ek is nie Afrikaans nie. Ek is net so gebore"

Ek hoor hoe Kanya die deksel oplig en begin braak. Almal kyk hoe haar liggaam ruk. Almal weet hoekom, almal het gesien hoe sy eet en eet en eet en sommige het saam geëet. Sy is onbegaanlik aan die kots en huil en die fotograaf neem haar af. Die reaksie wissel van strak tot besorgd. Iemand bied vir haar water aan. Kanya antwoord in Engels: "I am just going to keep throwing up."

Ek trippel senuagtig in en uit die badkamer. Dit voel of ek 'n privaat oomblik versteur. Dit maak my angstig om te hoor hoe sy opgooi. Ek sien hoe sy teen die koue badkamer muur vol uitlatings rus en stelselmatig stabiliseer. Ek soen vir Kanya op die voorkop en loop in stilte saam met my ma na die kar onder die straatlig, onder die maanlig. Ek hoop regtig ons sal môre op die Sabbat bietjie kan gesels en ons onderskeidelike ervarings deel oor 'n koppie tee, met 'n koekie of twee. Al praat mens mos nie eintlik oor geloof, seks of politiek nie.

NS. Die algemene geestestoestand van die jeug is versteurd en verbouereerd, maar meer kognitief, opgevoed en geïntegreerd as ooit. Dit word nie makliker gemaak deur die dekking vanaf die drukpers of sogenaamde Afrikaanse nuusbronne nie.

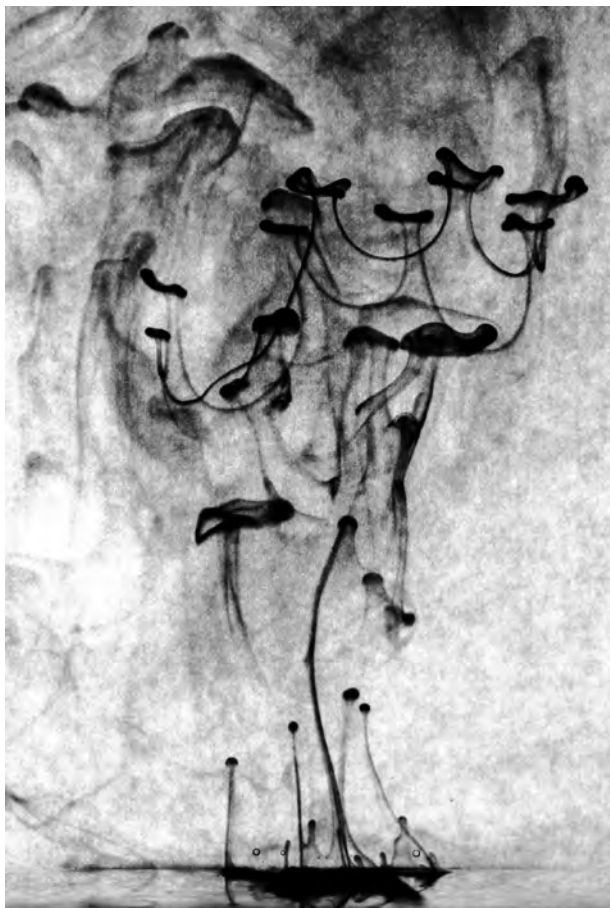
Depressie en angs is aan die styg en die debat is aan die gang. Die Afrikaanse kunstenaars beleef nie tans "'n bestaanskrisis sonder enige gravitas of benul van hulle nodige rol" soos Barnard Beukman in sy berig verklaar nie. Hulle is inderdaad aktief en besig om te veg teen die media wat verseker dat die sienend en

siedende jeug stom bly. Maroela Media, Netwerk24, Die Beeld en so meer word 'n monopolie wat weier om verantwoordelikheid te aanvaar vir die verspreiding van skadelike, problematiese retoriek, vir ingeval hulle dalk hul agtergeblewe, ver- en alt-regs demografie van lesers mag verloor. Afriforum eis 'n taal en kultuur en ons weer om daarmee te vereenselwig. Die "ongemaklike uitdagings" waarna Beukman soek gebeur in vervalde kerke, skool- en lesingsale, by feeste, op die groot en klein skerms, laat aande in kroëë, op Instagram stories en sosiale media - oral behalwe die koerante of Netwerk24. Weens 'n gebrek aan ondersteuning, blootstelling, foutiewe verteenwoordiging en onvermydelike, geleidelike kulturele apostasie, skep ons kreatiewe geleenthede om na mekaar te luister en moontlike oplossings te vind. Ek sal nie langer dat 'n middeljarige, onkundige witman namens my praat nie. Ek sal nie stil gemaak word in my oortuiging as gevolg van 'n gesagstruktuur wat bouvallig is nie. Om jou hande in onskuld te was en jou blind te staar aan die aard van Kallie Kriel se uitlatings, is medepligtig. Apatie is 'n pandemie geanker in 'n vals vrees wat aanhou versprei word. Hierdie 'swart en rooi gevaar' gedagtegang wat nogtans onderliggend en blatant gespu word is gif en belemmer die belangrike verwickeling van die gesprek oor ons gemeenskaplike verbetering as Suid- Afrikaners. Die gulsigheid en gierigheid is om van naartoe te word.

Maak oop jou ore, luister. Maak oop jou hart, voel. Maak oop jou mond, gesels. Maak oop jou huis, deel. Maak oop jou kop, dink. Ek sou sê maak oop die koerant en lees, maar om Vadersnaam, eerder en asseblief nie.

•
deur EM

keer op keer
sal dit gebeur
waar spier en bloed
en are meng
verstrengel raak
(en) merke laat
van losskeur
klou en dan
verlaat



ABSTRACTION 3
BY ZANDER ERASMUS

Look into my bullet hole

by Henali Kuit

I faked a kind of incompetence till my father was forced to come back from the war and take care of me.

I centred the incompetence around my mind. Not my own anymore, I said (weepily). Dunno what to do, I said. At wits end!

Sure enough, my father showed up on the stoep a few days later. Looking important missing an ear because of the warring.

'Pappa!' of course this was an exclamation and my face was flushed.

My father emptied his pockets in my palm in response. A feather (red, soft). A porcupine quill. A handful of shiny rocks I didn't want and about which he had a lot to say.

Finally: a bullet hole. Rounder than I'd have thought possible. Bloody, very bloody. But somehow not sloppy. Circular. Perfectly focused. My father turned it over in my open palm and right away my palm held it proudly: a bullet hole right through my hand, next to the swell of my thumb. Right away it ached like something I'd misplaced but never lost. I lifted it to look at the world through its bloody frame. I could see the white of my tendons when I tilted my hand away from me. I brought it up to my face to smell it. It smelled like rust. It smelled like the farm late at night.

Growing up on the farm was the first gift my father ever gave me. It was an inadvertent gift because he didn't really have any place else to put me but I considered myself lucky nonetheless. The bullet hole would be a grand addition to my life here. Would the bullet hole whistle in the wind when I run across the fields? That would enhance the experience of running. Underline it in a high pitch.

'Thank you, Pappa,' I said, holding the bullet hole up to him and clutching the other gifts in my other hand. My father responded by ruffling my hair and telling me to get him a cup of coffee. My father sees me as a person with soft turns in a soft personality, as someone who ask for things and waits to receive them. In turn I look at my father as someone who sits down on the stoep after returning from war and asks for coffee without as much as entering the house first. And yet my father brought me the bullet hole after I had merely expected the shiny rocks I didn't want. You see how I underestimate him.

'Cream?' I asked.

'And sugar,' he responded.

As I brought the kettle to a boil, I held my hand over the spout and watched the steam rise through my bullet hole. It was delightful.

My father devoured a plate of Hertzoggies along with his coffee. The sweet tartness of the jam compliments the bitter coffee.

'Ah', he said

I had garnished the plate with the red feather and three of the shiny rocks. When the cookies were gone, my father took the biggest little rock between his fingertips, brought it to his lips (there were Hertzoggie crumbs on his moustache), stuck out a small pink tip of tongue and licked.

'Uh' he said, taken aback, bringing the rock up to his eyes to inspect it. He moved his eyes to me, glared.

'More coffee?' I asked and he nodded silently.

In the kitchen I lit a fat cigar, opened the window to send a smoke signal to my fiancé on the farm next to ours. I brought my palm up to my face, inspected the roundness of the bullet hole as my lungs burned with smoke. I made a wish and exhaled right into my bullet hole. As the smoke funnelled through the hole, I felt a sort of childhood glee returning to my body. The smoke had a reddish tint when it came out on the other side. I made a long spout of smoke like I was a dragon. I pumped my arm and imagined that that would make the smoke expel with more force. I brought the cigar to my lips again and sucked. I exhaled one long strip of smoke and three short dots all of them through my bullet hole. It tingled.

Alot immediately I heard my father from the stoep. The sound wasn't a word. It was a noise that feigned surprise to suggest welcome. My father might have said 'look who's here' if he were the type to prefer words to noises.

'Fiancé!' I exclaimed because I share my father's features but not his muggy silence.

In a flurry of emotion I did not really expect, I froze at the kitchen window and kissed my new found bullet hole, poking my tongue through it at the bottom-end of the kiss. I felt a warm brush of feeling start at my buttocks and creep up my back.

'Sit, sit,' my father said from the stoep and I heard my fiancé remark on the missing ear and the smell of war clinging to my

father's handshake.

I prepared the coffee carefully. I put Hertzoggies on a plate and garnished, once more, with the red feather and the shiny little rocks. I squinted through my bullet hole to look at the treats glistening in the red frame.

'Ah,' my father said when I brought the tray out on the stoep and my fiancé stood up and smiled. His eyes ran over me and got bigger on my bullet hole.

'What happened?' he took the tray from me and put his face close to my hand.

'Nothing,' I said, 'it was a gift from my pa.'

'I see,' my fiancé meant it literally. He did not stop looking at my bullet hole till he had finished two cups of coffee and three Hertzoggies. I am a very intuitive person and I knew that he was looking at the bullet hole itself and not through it.

After a while the air got cool and we watched the sun go down. My father sighed with appreciation. I said that the farm was beautiful. At that my father motioned with his hands that it was time to go indoors. I sat down in the living room and my fiancé waited for my father to retire to the next room before he got up and came to sit next to me.

We sat on the loveseat, my fiancé grazing his leg against mine, the heat slowly raising in my chest, my father eventually clearing his throat importantly from the next room.

'Well I need to get going, then,' my fiancé said more than four times but did not go, sat next to me, twice brought my hand up to his face to look into my bullet hole and smile. I realised then that the saying is true: all happy families are the same.



Contra Naturam

deur MS Burger

Nog 'n Sondagmiddagskof in die boekwinkel, en die gereelde kliënte is reeds op hul pos. Op 'n gemakstoel in die leeshoekie het die ou man homself vroeg al met 'n tydskrif tuisgemaak. Hy sal binnekort sy skoene uittrek en aan die slaap raak. Hy is elke dag hier, sê nie 'n woord of koop nooit iets nie. Tussen rakke digbundels met hul rûe op die wêreld gedraai, soos gewoonlik, blaaï 'n paar skoolseuns deur liefdesverhale oor gay vampiere. Hulle sal dit later lomp tussen die geïllustreerde sonette van Shakespeare indruk, waar ek dit elke Sondaggaand kry en terugsit in die LGBTQ-afdeling.

“Wanneer kom George Martin se nuwe boek uit?”

Wonderlik, die geeks van Wetenskapsfiksie is hier! Die boek is nog nie eens geskryf nie, maar hulle is altyd gretig om geselsies aan te knoop. Winter is coming, lag ons vir mekaar. Ten minste is hulle net eensaam, nie ongeduldig en gemeen soos die literatore wat aandring om Houellebecq met 'n Franse aksent uit te spreek nie. Of opgeblase en neerhalend soos skrywers op soek na hul eie boeke in die winkel. Dis op bestelling, sê ek maar om hul ogies weer te laat blink.

Ek werk saam met Werner en Derick. Hulle is goeie ouens, nou nie die sout van die aarde nie, maar ten minste kom hulle werk toe en bel nie elke naweek in siek met 'n verskoning soos runderpes nie.

Daar is twee trollies met nuwe boeke wat op die rakke uitgepak moet word. Ek en Werner pak terwyl Derick by die toonbank staan. Derick se gesig is deesdae 'n botterige geel, sy oë 'n ver deurskynende grys. Arme ou, sedert sy boyfriend hom gelos het, het hy elke uur van elke dag geëet en soveel gewig opgetel dat sy langbroeke almal hoog bo sy enkels optrek en sy T-hemde met 'n tuit oor sy maag staan.

Werner werk hier sedert sy vrou hom twee jaar gelede uitgeskop het. Sy broek hang laag oor sy gat en hy is vir die eerste keer in sy lewe gelukkig want hy gee nie meer 'n moer om oor die rat race nie, vertel hy gereeld.

Binne die eerste halfuur is daar moeilikheid. Twee taalstryders kla omdat daar so min Afrikaanse boeke op die rak is. Ek systap

hulle, maar kom nie ver voordat ek ook getakel word nie.

“Haai, werk jy hier?” Hoeveel keer ek al hierdie vraag gehoor het. Nog altyd wou ek nie sê. Nee, ek werk nie hier nie, ek pak sommer net die rakke reg.

“Ek soek 'n boek.”

Ah, 'n boek. Natuurlik. Die boek wat iemand nou die dag oor die oggendradioprogram genoem het? Die boek wat op 'n Oprah heruitsending was? 'n Boek met 'n pers omslag, 'n dik boek, omtrent so breed soos 'n baksteen. Een oor hoe om maklik en vinnig ryk te word of een wat jy laasweek in ons vensteruitstalling gesien het maar nou nie kan kry nie? Dan Brown se snert, *Fifty shades of Grey*, almal se liefling James Patterson?

Hierdie mense is soos vlieë, sê Derick gereeld, altyd op soek na kak. Die nuwe gier is inkleurboeke vir volwassenes, ja, net die regte geskenk vir daardie spesiale familielid. Ons verkoop tonne van die goed.

Ek val uiteindelik vas in die Religie-afdeling, waar 'n mens soek maar selde vind omdat dit so deurmekaar is. Solly Ozrovech, Francine Rivers, waarskynlik albei deur Nigeriese sindikate gesteel en op vlooiemarkte verkoop. Ek vertel vir my kliënt dat religieuse boeke dié boeke is wat die meeste gesteel word, veral Bybels.

Hey, die musiek is te hard, kla 'n kliënt. Hierdie etiket is só geplak dat mens nie die stofomslag kan lees nie. Die winkel is koud – kan julle nie iets aan die lugversorging doen nie? Gaan lees Dostoevsky of Solzenitsyn, en kom kla dan by my oor die koue, wil ek sê, maar ek verduidelik dat die sentrum die lugversorging beheer en ons niks daaraan kan doen nie. Die skof ontaard in 'n nagmars teen dubbelpas met 'n klomp kerngatte en werksfone wat lui en kinders wat mekaar om rakke jaag.

“Het jy geld?” vra Werner toe ons vir 'n oomblik tot rus kom. Hy lyk soveel jonger as hy glimlag, sien ek, maar daardie dae is meestal verby. “Ek gan nie die skof maak nie, dude.”

“Ek't 'n paar rand.”

“Ek bel gou.”

'n Halfuur later, en na vele meer kliënte in verskillende fases van ongeskiktheid en ongeduld op soek na 'n boek, is Werner se kontak daar en ek en hy gaan na die agterste kantoor. Dis nie veel nie, maar dit behoort ons deur die dag te kry.

“Vee jou neus af,” sê ek vir Werner voor ons teruggaan.

Derick wieg op sy voete terwyl hy na 'n vrou se relaas oor duur

boeke luister.

“Charlie wil jou gou in die agterste kantoor sien,” sê ek en neem by hom oor.

“Hoeveel wins maak julle op die boek? Lees is so belangrik, maar mense kan nie meer boeke bekostig nie. En kyk, hierdie boek is in Suid-Afrika gedruk en kos net soveel soos oorsese boeke. Hoe is dit moontlik?”

Ek kners op my tande en kyk na die prys. Karin Brynard se Plaasmoord.

“Die prys is belaglik,” sê ek en snuif. “Hierdie boek is heeltemal te duur, o ja, heeltemal te duur. Wat besiel Karin Brynard om soveel vir haar boek te vra?” Ek wonder of sy kan sien hoe my hart deur my lyf klop.

“Ek wil hê jy moet hierdie boek vat. Free en verniet. Asseblief, hier, ek sit dit vir jou in 'n sak. Vat dit net.”

Ek kan die windstil oomblik sien toe haar seile om haar vou en vir eweig pap hang.

“Dis nie wat ek bedoel het nie,” sê sy, draai om en loop uit. 'n Gebroke vrou.

Nou antwoord ons telefone, help kliënte, pak trollies af en pak rakke reg, somer so alles gelyk. Fiksie A – M – gedoen. Ons werk, man, ons WERK! Stapel en rangskik tydskrifte, probeer Relegie alfabetiseer. Boeke spat in alle rigtings soos ons werk. Ok, wat's volgende? Die kinderafdeling? 'n Slagveld van platgetrapte lekkergoed (ek hoop dis 'n Bar One en nie iets anders nie) en prenteboeke wat loslyf geruk en oopgevlêk rond lê. Ouers los mos hul kinders in die boekwinkel asof ons 'n dagsorgsentrum is. Maar dit maak nie saak nie. Solank een van die snotkoppies net nie weer tussen die rakke siek geword het nie.

Ons is ywerig, ons wil werk, ons stamp mekaar uit die pad om eerste by kliënte te kom. Alles is so maklik.

“Ek soek 'n boek.”

Natuurlik, jy is by die regte plek, 'n boekwinkel. Ek snuif en kners my tande. Het jy die titel, die skrywer, 'n ISBN nommer?

Werner vervang die koormusiek met Bruce Springsteen en haal die fone van die mikkies af dat die gelui net kan ophou. Derick is besig met 'n lang, sinnelose verduideliking van waarom hy nie 'n sekere boek kan bestel nie, al is dit op ons internetblad beskikbaar. Iets van 'n vragmotor wat gebreek het en 'n pakhuis in Tennessee en nou is alles op back order.

Ek werk deur die ry kliënte, lui op, gee kleingeld, maar voel tog so effense hoofpyntjie aankom.

Jesus en homoseksualisme.

Ek draai die boek om en lui die prys op.

“Jesus kan jou genees van homoseksualisme”, verkondig die stofomslag. ’n Gloed slaan my tussen die oë.

“Ek is jammer,” sê ek, “maar hierdie boek is nie te koop nie.”

“Maar dis op die rak. Ek het dit op die rak gekry en daar is die prys.”

“Dis ’n fout,” sê ek en vat die boek, kyk daarna en frons asof ek ’n geheime kode ontsyfer. “Nee, definitief nie te koop nie.”

“Daar is ander kopieë op die rak? Ek verstaan nie.”

Gee my die krag van ’n leeu, en moet asseblief nie dat ek vandag iemand bliksem nie.

“Nie een van die boeke is te koop nie.”

“Is daar enige iemand anders wat my kan help?”

Langs my haal Derick swaar asem.

“Nee,” sê hy.

“Sy’s reg, dude,” sê Werner, “dis nie te koop nie. Toe hy sy mus afhaal, verwag ek om groen mos tussen sy hare te sien groei.

“Wel, kan ek dit bestel?”

Ai, die kliënt besef nie ek probeer hom ’n moerse guns doen nie.

“Nee. Jammer. Ons het nie kontak met die publiseerder nie. Ons kan dit nie bestel nie.”

“Maar dis in julle winkel?”

“Ja, maar ons kan dit nie bestel of verkoop nie. Sê as daar nog iets is waarmee ek kan help.”

“Kan ek met die bestuurder praat?”

“Gee my jou nommer dan vra ek haar om jou te bel.”

Ons is nou almal so half op ’n crash. Derick kry die ander kopieë en stapel dit agter die toonbank op.

“Ek gaan nou ’n tottie op elke boek se voorblad teken,” sê hy.

“Goeidag Gesalfde, Jesus wil jou genees.” Derick teken ’n vuurpyl met ’n stewige voorvel en twee balle. “Wat sê die Bybel oor homoseksualiteit.” George Clooney is gay, skryf hy in die kantlyn. “Kan daar genesing wees?” Hierdie bladsy skeur ek sommer uit. “Homoseksualisme is Contra Naturam.”

“Wat de hel beteken Contra Naturam?” vra Derick.

“Ek weet nie, weet jy Werner?”

“Hey dudes, hoe moet ek weet? Julle twee is die

homoseksuele." Hy glimlag soos lank gelede.

Daar is nog net 'n paar paar minute van my goeie bui oor.

"Fok, is daar niks meer om te snuif nie? Oven cleaner, nail polish remover, Bostik, poppers?"

Ons hang oor die toonbank, moeër as ooit tevore en net so geïrriteerd. 'n Ry kliënte in 'n koue en deurmekaar boekwinkel, onder die toonbank 'n hoop verskeurde boeke en die laaste uur wat soos 'n koue bad se verstopte drein tot in der ewigheid draal.

Gurp gurp, zeep, gurp gurp zeep, begin die ou man in die leunstoel snork. Ek roep een van die sekuriteitswagte nader.

"Gaan maak hom wakker en herinner hom om nie weer sy skoene hier te vergeet nie. En begin solank die potplante inbring, ons gaan vanaand vroeër toemaak. Ons het baie om op te ruim."

Maandagoggend, net nadat die winkel oopmaak, roep die bestuurder my in.

"Net 'n oomblik, ek kom nou," sê ek en blaai verder deur die Merriam-Webster woordeboek tot ek die definisie van Contra Naturam kry. "Teen die natuur; nie in ooreenstemming met religieuse normaliteit nie."

Die agterste kantore is stil; ISBN-nommers word op die inventaris ingetik en etikette aan die ander kant uitgespoeg sonder dat iemand opkyk. Die bestuurder maak haar kantoordeur toe. Op haar tafel is 'n potloodskerpemaker in die vorm van 'n ronde, blou buddha.

"Jy het R64 opgelui, maar net as R46 deur die kredietkaartmasjien gesit."

"Regtig? Dis ...dis verskriklik?"

"Jou personeelnummer is op die transaksie. Jy moet die geld inbetaal."

"Maar dis amper 'n hele uur se betaling."

Ek sukkel om die verbasing uit my stem te hou.

"Dit is wat jou fout die winkel gekos het. R18."

"Ek sal dit aan die einde van die maand betaal."

"Goed so."

"Is dit al?" vra ek, en probeer om nie te begin lag nie.

Fever Dream

by Xolani Mahe

When the pastor was killed, people got sick. We are chilling at his house, when Chief tells me about this. It's not the first time he has told me this story, he whines. Often, I'd doze off or transmute into unimaginable horizons, he jeers. Calmly sleepwalker-like, we traverse the house – taming the tedium. Chief's holding the Chalice with one matchstick, stirs out the dirt. I'm at the window pondering, the oily violet sky pending . . . Chief, engrossed in the cup, stirring and sky churning; a concoction of cats and dogs.

How does he do that . . . using the Chalice?

Back to the couch, eyes bloodshot, my stomach churns too. Each time Chief stirs the thing. Again, we are at his house. Often times, I've been taunted on the streets, that one of these days '*your jailbird friend, Chief will ruin your rectum!*' Sick people mock me, coughing blood and mucus. The whole town is sick, except for women and dogs and cats and flying things.

Chief stuffs the cup with ganja and more of this red ganja I'm stranger to, for he maintains I come alone all the time, that I never complained about his red ganja and am always compliant. At last Chief lights - we puff and pass. The ganja is hypnagogic and slaps my eyes with such heaviness for Chief to think I am too large a wet blanket to doze off during story-time. Pass and puff, I'm entranced by his whole house. Suddenly, think of the Pastor in his house now full of smoke. I look at Chief, who's afloat on the smoke drawing on the wall opposite. Don't bother to ask; instead gawk at the sky, cooking dogs and cats; feel pity for myself, thinking of the torrents. Roof rattles!

Startled by a thunderous laughter coming resounding from Chief's mouth, *Hahahahahahahah*, rolling on the floor. Chief has drawn yet another animist caricature and dragged it out from the wall. Standing there, the man-fish-caricature. Under the red-ganja. Dumbfounded. Sick-people-who-cough-blood-and-mucus have said about Chief that ngu Phuncuka, infamous for his elusiveness and craftiness. Townshippers have it that, one night at his prison-cell, he drew a car on the wall and told his mate to ride out with him. The mate thinking, *he must be crazy*, he was left shocked and choked to death on the exhaust-smoke.

Lounging in the couch, the three of us, puffing and passing. The invader, man-fish announces that he now lives in the Pastor's house. Spellbound, I want to go in search for belief. Truth, I find no relation between sick-people-who-cough-blood-and-mucus and Pastor's death.

What's with this fucking Pastor, anyway? Burst out! Whoever can hold back a loud thought?

Chief staring cold, now brazen-faced as ever. Stupid Chief for not sketching this thing's face. When is a fishlike thing sad? Can't deduce in its case. However, soon relieved when it begins to cavort; jumping up and down in rhapsodies, reciting this about the Pastor:

This Pastor was an outsider, iTshange from eNtshona S'khonkwane, God-sent to establish some Church. Makes sense. Recall my indecorous callow brother embellishing along with fellow bastard friends about the Pastor's astonishing crotch. Remember laughing this with my old girlfriend uNoPlate. I love pussy. I cannot express myself simpler than that. I Love fucking. To even decode that Pastor came down furtively for the same cause makes me want to listen more to this stupid caricature.

Nightmarish nights for disgruntled husbandry in bed. Whole-night prayers after another. Frustration accrued. Hell broke loose. Then one hell-hot day, embittered men ganged up into a throng to his house. Pastor was *fucking* the wives. Moment's silence, for man-fish to catch breath, to touch his crotch, feels it bulging.

Look away at Chief, still stern, tinged with visceral sadness with borrowed brooding air of Death. I've forgotten about the window, the sky and what it's fixing. Chief, *thinking* . . .

* * * *

The night before this, in a dream, I escaped Death with a whiff of breath. A knock, I opened. She sat casually down and relayed the news – my time has come. Indeed, said the list: No. 50 Mthunzi. Thinking, Jesus Christ! Can't be now with so many books I haven't yet read. Curb the thought with cunny gallantry. It works. I make Death tea and ill-muffins. She fast falls asleep. So, I begin to scamper to the room, come back fast like rolling stone crashing into her thighs, Death. She shakes but not wakes. Spasm makes the list fall right between her thighs. Fucking Death to doze off my

couch like a haggard drunkard-tramp with legs wide spread out. Makes me forget all about the eraser in my hand, plan was to fix the list. Enticing the vagina of Death with its sup-oozing succulent lips. Out my mind. Prodding the thing. Pining. I've always wanted to eat this kind of meat. Can't believe I'm to fuck Death. Truth, for Christ sakes, I don't really know what made Judas despicable. A friend has it, he got sick of being beleaguered by Jesus who would come over his house demand roasted fish, command him to wash his feet, meanwhile, talking shit which made the tasks excruciatingly painful. I can only imagine HIM, rolling - reduced to sadness, is Judas - with strident disheartening laughter, mouthing, *Hahahahahahahah, you stupid acolytes, I tell you to jump and you ask, How High. What a joke!*

For fuck's sakes. Hectic here, I'm fingering the vagina hard. Roof rattles, Death, panting, breathing heavily; she hardens my crotch. Tongue deep, wet, with pus all of my face. Ndixhaphile. She shrieks. The delight coincides with uMthondo bursting out the trouser. I want to laugh. Believe, not a simple thing, to suppress a laugh just like fart, because, when I glance up, couldn't finish that; with one moerse-klap, she sends me rolling like stone smashing against the television set. Whole house in a tremendous tremor. Flinch when I think of Mother's dispiriting rebukes.

Fuck you, Death! And wipe my bloody mouth. Scoot to the toilet. Shut the door. She recovers her consciousness then goes after me. She bangs the door, cracking it. I clutch the toilet paper, break the fucking window; use it, as rope and climb down, impressed by the strength of this paper. The ground below is, vast and shiny black like a drove of buffaloes or Fish River at night. Land, look up. It's my friend, Chief, head stuck out, eyes far apart, with yet another widest grin of mankind like a cartooned horse. *Where do you think you're going, buddy?* Coupled with a cranky cackle.

Yet I'm still at chief's place, riveted and gripped by the red-ganja, he's been feeding me since my impromptu arrival. Hold tight onto my elephant amulet hanging loose around my neck. I want to break free from this enchantment with Hermes's swiftness. Condemn the thought - without the helmet, wand and wings. I miss fucking uNoPlate wam. Man-fish finishes with his fetish. Stubborn still thinking, *there's no way the Pastor could have*

caused sick-people-who-cough-blood-and-mucus.

The enraged throng stood aggrieved outside the house. Pastor purple with heat came out. Tried to reason. Didn't see it coming, showers of stones poured like cats and dogs. Strong cries smothered by stones. Temple bloodied by torrents of stones. Pastor stoned to a soupy mesh of bloody pasta. Same bloody stone, but different hand, struck, grabbed and flung; and then again in the same manner, till these men's hands were drenched in blood.

It begins to drizzle with stitches of lightning zig-zagging. Stand up. Chief wide-grinned insists he draws a crow to fly me home. *Fuck you, Chief!* Pissed to have wasted my time with this pig-shit no-moral-tale, slam the door behind. At the gate, I finger the elephant around my neck. We ride home quiet. Unfulfilled on my elephant's massive back, thinking nothing but the Pastor's disturbing death. Killed simply for enjoying worldly pleasantries, pussy. The vagina now is too much for the dying men. Give thanks, I salvaged uNoPlate from this miserable mess. Feeble foolish men of this township to kill an innocent man. *Doof-boof-doof!* Elephant thud for each thought . . .

Why these witches are not sick anyway? Who was the first to get sick here and spread it all over? Could it be the Pastor? Through those bloody stones clamped in cracked hands . . . ? Sad, the thoughts terrify me. Home is a long way, my elephant.



GODFREY C. LUYT

the sea is history deur Ryan Pedro

boxing day 2002 ek staan met my nuwe tjommie op die beach sy blonde ma kom gryp hom aan die arm ek in my onderbroek twee leë koeldrankbottels onder my arms ek dryf daddy gooi sy bier neer hy skree alex gaan haal daai fokkieng klong daar mammie vlieg blink op tussen die tinfoiled leftovers ek dryf alex kom aangehardloop daddy skree mammie ek dryf in die see die blou see die rowwe see die koue see die see vol bene vol arms vol koppe wat lag ek dryf tussen my mense maar daddy skree gaan haal daai fokkieng klong daar tussen die bene die arms die koppe wat lag ek onthou boxing day 2002