

Poetry Series

# **Adorn Keketso**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Adorn Keketso(17 march 1991)

Adorn Keketso Mashigo is a poet, a student-cum-mentor studying International Communication and a contributing freelance journalist. Keketso's poetry journey began at the early age of 15 after meeting up with an intellectual dedicated rapper (Macdonald Lekhuleni) who encouraged him to use poetry as a medium to express himself and communicate/convey decisive message(s) to the world through word-power. He recalls very precisely what Macdonald once said, "before the world it was the word and the word was with God, today the word is with the poet", he reiterated I write more often to grow in the poetic sphere before he could take my work to Goodenough Mashego (a renowned poet) for review and criticism, in mashego I discovered a gem, a poet who manipulates the poetic language like he was born with a poetic drum palpitating in his heart only to be translated into words, Mashego further encouraged my writing by suggesting I read more than I write, "read read read and read, books are the source of knowledge and poets are the tongues of the silent minority", he said. He fed me books and the first book I ever enjoyed amongst the many he gave me was 'Young Blood', by Sifiso Mzobe. He fed me books such as Frantz Fanon (Black Skin, White Mask) , Aziz Hassim (The Lotus People) the imposter by Damon Galgut and many more others. I still refer to people like Vonani Bila, Matete Motsoaledi, Moses Seletisha, Goodenough Mashego, Rumi, Oscarine Humanity, David Maahlamela, Dennis Brutus, Nadine Gordimer, and Macdonald Masta H Lekhuleni among others as the people who shaped my poetry and still shape poetry. I write poetry because that's the obsession I am the closest to, I write what I like, In the spirit of Steven Bantu Biko I write poetry!

12.06.2009

It peeled her skin  
entered the pores  
defiled her blood  
oppressed her soul  
and destroyed her  
body beyond recognition

slowly, painfully slow!  
it devoured her soul  
rip her flesh  
butchered her conscious  
I watched her die  
as she waved goodbye  
I saw a flood of tears  
escaping from the corners of her dark  
exhausted eyes  
from crying the whole night  
I gave her painkillers  
but what good will free drugs do her  
she just held back her tears  
to seem strong  
I realised that pretence is the sign of bravery  
alopecia left a wisp of hair on her burnt skull  
asphyxiation caused catatonia  
inferno burnt in her flesh  
pains danced rhythmically in her soul  
to persecute her life  
every moment was filled with pains  
both physical and emotional  
it's like a punishment to die painfully slowly  
while praying every night for your soul to be saved  
praying for your own death  
to ease the pains from the flesh  
it's a punishment to witness the one's you love die! ! !

her body incubated carcinoma, lymphoma, and melanoma.

Chemotherapy and radiotherapy couldn't stop the carcinogen  
her deformed breasts where decaying slowly like a burning cigarette stub!

And finally,  
her soul grew wings  
I realised that life  
come once on earth  
but a life well-lived  
once is enough  
hers' was too short  
and too quick like the sound of a striking match stick.

Adorn Keketso

# A Black Bird

When the power of Love overcomes the Love of power the world will know peace.

- Jimi Hendrix

'the world is too much with us'  
He decides to be on his own  
flying high close to the moon  
near paradise in the world of perfection  
He soar with angels  
where there's no right or wrong  
in lonely lands,  
lonely nights he endure,  
for insomniac sinful owls owe sleepless nights

He drinks in every ocean  
from West to North  
East to South  
Earth to Heaven  
Jupiter to Venus!  
No patriotic Acts  
He sit and eats in every country  
No lands Acts to limit his freedom  
No trespassing!  
He sit alone but with love in the heart  
he have long replaced power with Love  
No hatred to deter his happiness  
No racism  
for colour is a mental reflection  
a delusion of grandeur  
a figment of imagination  
he wrapped God in his soul  
he's no pious to any indoctrination  
No religion(s) to separate their Testament with God (Love thy neighbour as  
you'd want to be Loved)

He hide in the light of blue mountains  
in the palm of your hand

and in the conscious of your mind  
and in the presence of your Love  
a falcon of Love he is  
a predator of Compassion  
He fly high in the skies to curse the world for what it has become  
Blood defile life  
the love of power  
catalyse cruelty  
and cupidity over life is absolute power  
look @South Africa  
(Marikana)  
Syria...  
Asad is taking innocent lives  
American drones creates collecteral damage -

something is enevitable  
Death is reality  
the day the bird dies  
He shall know peace  
for freedom is an illussion  
that's why Love is still elusive!

Adorn Keketso

# A Note To A Friend

(Comrade Mpho Msiza)

let's sit down  
under the tree of life  
feel the shelter  
and shadow of poverty  
while drinking from the cup of life  
filled to the brim  
with the tears of our parents  
and the blood of our heroes

let's sit and look  
when guilible folks  
queue to renew their scars  
to vote for another version of  
betrayal  
and watch them screaming  
when another dildo rip apart their  
ears  
for another 5years  
it's not nice to watch black lost  
sheep  
skinned alive by its own sherperd  
a high treason behind the closed  
doors of government

let's pray calling mary the virgin  
to salvage us from the force-full  
blow-jobs we endure  
that silence us like a dummy  
while infants die from a starving tummy...

Adorn Keketso

# A Silent Poem

A poem  
that doesn't  
speak is  
but an insult  
it provokes neither  
emotions nor actions  
it defies literary structures  
and goes beyond  
rational reasoning  
it's a mystical force that  
separates love from hatred  
a spiritual silence that  
speak to the soul with an undecipherable language that transcend human  
comprehension  
for a silent poem is  
but banal and blur

A poem  
that doesn't  
have a tongue is  
but mute

it speaks in foreign tongues  
and cannot articulate across  
the authors feelings  
and mark down his pains in a clear unequivocal immaculate tone  
it's only a reflection  
of light  
and circles of darkness in the reader's mind  
gagged by its own  
meaning and twisted  
interpretations  
a silent poem grants the silence of its warmth in the reader's hearts  
it makes its silence speaks louder than its context  
and its message stronger than its silence  
for it'll forever live your hearts  
but a silent poem is  
an insult  
only understood



by readers who don't  
wag their tongues when reading  
for the silent get inculcated in their hearts  
speaks to the soul  
and manipulate its trust

a silent poem is an insult  
it never makes it clear where it start or end  
for its silence blows and darts with the winds in the empty corners of your mind  
transcend ordinary brains  
appeal only to the gods  
it applies mystical structures  
in silently painting the divine face with silent words

a silent poem is an insult  
it withdraws pressure  
from a painful wound  
deep in the soul  
quench the thirst of your spirit  
and feed your brains nothing but silence  
the silence in this poem  
can't be heard  
for it is silent  
and go beyond metaphysics and  
traditional philosophy!

A silent poem is really an insult  
it's neither prose  
nor poetic and doesn't appeal to the aesthetic orientation  
its expressionism is silent  
only heard by the divination  
who seek to understand  
spiritually its silence  
its communication is the language of soul  
it overlooks allegory  
and metaphors  
for a silent poem is an insults to experts  
the poetic veterans  
it gives them a silent fatal blow on the mind!

Adorn Keketso

# African Voice

[they] call me  
the dark skinned  
spiral hair beauty  
a polished gleaming  
brown gold  
that can never be sold  
my story began  
before my survival  
it's the existence of my true being  
my existence dictates  
the narration of my true life story  
I am the 'history'  
the past  
the now  
the future  
the time  
the space  
God's face  
the true reflection of humanity

I am the hero of my own life  
the architecture of my origin  
no man alive can stand the  
struggles of a black child  
and I'm not the last  
and never will be the last

[they] label me a kaffir  
a philosopher of facts  
and the origin of truism  
a black seed of the drunkard  
a mere creation of the prostitute  
manufactured in the black society  
and sold to the streets of poverty  
society of the wise husslers  
where a slice of bread is to be

'shared'

[they] label (US) the true humanity  
the true origin of Love  
here [they] come  
calling me an alien  
in the country of my origin  
when oral stories around fires  
declared [them] the landless  
[they] counter-act with 'cow-  
mirror' stories  
and civilization  
to brain-wash the brain of a black  
child  
and dilute oral stories  
to make our heroes useless

[they] call me the negative dark  
force  
not realising their soul is dark  
their white skin is flowing with a  
scourge of alien diseases  
and my skin is brown  
the incubation of love  
where respect is embalmed  
to be served in a warm dish of  
unity  
they shun the philosophies of  
Frantz Fanon  
propounded by Dr Kaunda and  
Sékou Tourré  
and feed a black child Greek  
philosophers  
defile his logic with Greek  
mythology.

O' they label me an African

the Son of Moshoeshoe  
the child of the Khoi San  
the daughter of Seretse Khama  
the product of Biko  
'black is beauty'  
'black is unity'  
black-love  
black-unity  
black-humanity  
black-white  
I am the spirit  
the oxygen  
the soul  
the life and death  
just like you! ! !

Adorn Keketso

# Art Or Fart

## TRADING FART FOR ART NOT SMART

I've always rebelled that art can't be a candle with blurred distorted illumination; but rather art should be independent from all forms of corrupt activities and influence from other sources of power. Art should be a light of grandeur on top of a societal table to bestow wisdom, knowledge and intelligence on the human species. I am aware that there exist a strong religious, semiotic and linguistic dichotomy between what is being referred to by knowledge, intelligence and wisdom, perhaps that can remain a debate for lexicographers, linguistics and philosophers for they are the cardinal sinners guilty of 'connotation, meaning and denotation'.

Art should challenge social norms while at the same time portraying the world as changeable and help in changing it; its purpose should be to discredit authority as the truth and credit truth as the real fundamental basis where authority ought to be built. The actual quandary faced by art and artists is to create the real in the ideal. So in the best artistic space there exists no conflict between the real and the ideal, between the thought and the dream. For the ideal is nothing but the manifestation of logic and solid reason.

Art, in the dignified sense of the word, shouldn't exist to disappear in a month or a year. Fame and money impaired our artistic qualities and betrayed our moral, ethical and sophisticated judgment to distinguish between fart and art as Goodenough Mashego once decried in his essay where he blatantly critiqued 'abstract poetry'. Unlike fart, art must maintain its presence through its time-immemorial essence and aesthetic qualities. Only a few certain intellectual artists, whom I can boldly claim understands the fundamental nature of art and its purpose, do not live, think or write only to appease the now-moment and walk away with an award to claim fame on the mainstream.

They do not write on the range of the moment, but they produce art that indisputably challenges social orders and bestow the next generations with new voice of dissent and fertile grounds for intellectual growth. I do not attempt to endorse the tired-narrative proposed by those artist who come from a capitalist school of thought who espouse the notion that art is not meant to inform, educate, liberate and help change socially constructed norms but to entertain so that the commercial markets can reap lucrative rewards. No matter how much detrimental and perilous the art threatens to be on the mind of the consumer. Rather what I fundamentally champion is the fact that art is obliged to betray the fat rat on the red carpet and expose covert agendas designed by the fat cats. Art is not meant to perpetuate the social detriments imposed by the evil agenda.

That most of our artists produce their artistic works like bird droppings and claim artistic superiority is one of the sorriest aspects of today's art. These kids are reluctant to learn and cultivate the necessary skills needed on the artistry space, they make self-conscious effort to evolve and mature but their artificial growth on the artistry space proves awful when their art qualifies as fart.

It is empirical that longevity - predominantly, though not in every respect, is the privilege of an old school of art which is practically non-existent today. Only Pac, Biggie, Nas, Dree, Uncle Mda, Uncle E'skia, Ausi Nadine, Noria Mabasa, SharpShut, Michelangelo, Jackson Hlungwani, Brother Molelekwa, Uncle Abdullah, Koko Achebe and many other intellectual artists you can think of produced art that still enjoy our confidence today.

These flea markets produce rotten potatoes and employ public and media relations to dupe us to celebrate these lazy worms for artists. I mean when we elevate mediocre (intellectually paralyzed) artists like Emtee, 'Malume' Cool Cat and Casper Nyovest on the pedestal and use them as qualified criteria of artistic success then you realize that our art is following our politics deep in a dark abyss of ruins - a serious creation of a junk state.

Art deals, not only with the ordinary challenges of the day, but with the eternal, essential, international problems and values of human existence; art is dominantly altruism and partially egocentrism. It does not document, thumb-suck or photograph; it creates and projects. It is concerned - in the words of Aristotle - not with things as they are, but with things as they might be and ought to be. Above all, these smartest dummies who label their abstract mish-mash of gibberish junk art ought to be conscious of the fact that art value philosophy and reason, but it also recognizes the fact that there is more to life than reason: there is passion, there is pain, there is hedonism, there is wisdom, there is friendship, there is sex, there is betrayal, there is lust and there is love.

Adorn Keketso Mashigo is an anti-social construct activist.

□

Adorn Keketso

# Dear Government

(a cry of a politician)

tax the rich to death  
drain them comrade  
so we all can enjoy the fruits of corruption  
tax the rich to hell  
have them sucked  
of the juices of their sweat  
to sustain the ailing economy  
and keep the GDP growing  
let the rich work hard to collect more wealth  
deteriorate their health  
so we can gain from their demise  
for when a rich pig dies  
we are forever ready to feast on 'em  
comrade let's SARS them to hell  
circulate the silver plate  
so we can enjoy the cheese at the dinner table  
while writing his obituary

dear government  
tax the BEE Mafias  
tax Motsepe and his elites  
so we can build Nkandla  
let Lekota and zile yell  
even the lord himself won't hear  
tax them too  
so we can sit at the media briefing  
and gala dinner in the gravy train  
laugh while enjoying their sweat  
I'm poor comrade  
all I want is to have such a pot belly  
a Rolex watch on my wrist  
a black suit  
a skunk and a big engine

dear government  
give me a position  
I have no qualification

but I guess you not looking for intelligence  
but rather a political relevance  
and no evidence  
a knack to be plausible enough  
to be smart and cunning  
please give me a position  
so I can enjoy the pleasures of snatching away panties  
from affirmative action  
wet my thirsty tongue with the blood of the innocent  
and teach me to wipe away the smear on my lips  
when live on TV  
teach me to smile and welcome criticisms  
so the public cheer in my presence

dear the giant government  
I implore we oppose nationalisation  
let's fight against youth subsidy  
and promote the secrecy bill  
so the nation don't smell our stinking shit  
let's create job opportunities  
and have the rest of the money to build fire pools  
upgrade security  
and feed our Cows

dear government  
I need to taste the devil's pie  
fill my empty pockets with the roots of evil  
can I get a piece from the fat steak of tax payers lucre  
so I can fly a private jet  
for having no money  
is the root of all evil

dear government  
sin tax alcohol and smoke  
preach the opposite of what you believe  
'ban alcohol advertisement'  
knowing exactly it's the life-blood of our economic system  
the breath of million families  
behind the curtains  
let's negotiate shares from liquor companies  
so I can be the next Richard Mdluli



infest the government departments with my hungry puppets

dear government  
the conscious say power is an illusion  
it's elusive  
well I guess they're delusional  
for even words possess power  
that's why words bewitched their intelligence  
all I want is the power of money  
to gain access between the thighs of any women  
to have the power to turn water into wine  
they say money can't buy you a life  
but it can improve your condition  
only intelligence is elusive  
for curiosity killed a cat  
and politics gave a juicy  
bone to a hungry black dog.

Adorn Keketso

# Dear Life

DEAR LIFE:

We find -  
We lose  
We lose-  
We find  
We fall from you  
like when we fall from the womb  
and sink to the tomb  
like when we fall from sleep  
to drown our souls in the grave six-feet deep

We're born from breath  
to be asphyxiated by death  
the same as when we began from the dust  
created to be flesh  
and from the flesh to perish  
back to dust  
It's a must!  
'Ashes to Ashes'

Our beginning was knotted on you  
so do our ending  
You are our Genesis  
Our Revelation  
Our Creation  
and our destruction  
Just like the religion  
we created to divide our nation  
You cracked from heaven  
carrying a plague of fatal diseases with a matrimonial hearse  
infected us with death but in death  
there ease  
than in breath  
there's no peace!



# Dear Prof

(your dispute over what poetry is)

I call this poetry

dear Prof,

an abstruse expression of the world's positive and negative forces

a combination of evil and good

a center of battle between life and death

that which transcend human comprehension

this is the inextricable link between me and the creator

a narrator interpreting God's voice

hidden in him

poetry is a medium of God

or must I be blunt and say it is the physical tongue of God

spitting ink to translate silence into words

to put an explanation of our souls with no limit

poetry is creation

and not words construction

for in poetry we love before we see

we love before we create and not after

for poetry is life

growing in the womb of our surrogate minds

it is the creation of understanding between the earth and human

the soul and the spirit

the dead and the living

God and human

poetry is the evidence God exist

it is a story of different worlds

What exactly is poetry you ask, is it love and death, happiness and sadness

I must be honest with you,

What poetry is I don't know

but i can certainly declare

it is just a sense of relief

it is what heals my soul

you can believe in no God

poetry is my religion

for it is the reason I breath

it is my sha'ria

for it is the reason I can commit Jihad

it is just a feeling

and a cure for broken souls

or wisdom to self-imposed intellects



# Have That Time?

Have that time arrived  
the time that Martin Luther King  
dreamt about came,  
where black and white become  
things of the past  
or are we still two different creation  
from the hand of the same master  
that time which he dreamt of us sitting  
on the same table partaking on the same feast...  
where black reflect white and white reflect black

Have that time arrived  
The time that Biko spoke about  
Where a black man realise he is on his own  
Where a black man realise racism still  
Divides us like blood and tears  
Have that time arrived  
The time that Steven Bantu Biko spoke about  
Where a black man realise that the colour  
Of their skins is doesn't define their destination  
Where a black man realise that unity in diversity is fallacious  
Where a black people start realising that we are not inferior  
And that the architecture of apartheid  
Designed it to affects us after hundred of democracy  
Where a black man realise that apartheid-capitalism  
have a symbolic relationship with the democratic-apartheid  
have that time came  
where a black brother realise  
that affirmative action without structural transformation  
is an illusion  
that affirmative action without employments  
is a policy that is aimed at insulting us  
this is that time where a black man  
realise that cosmopolitism is colonialism  
  
have that time of black consciousness arrived  
where an empty glass of a black man  
is filled with pride  
where a black man inculcate in their hearts

the strong definition of non-white  
where a black man realise that the strong weapon  
in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed

have that time arrived  
where 'we' need unity in our democracy  
where we define the problems we are face with  
and know them for what they truly are  
so engage in national discourse to diagnose  
political scientists detect the viruses  
recommend prescriptions for the political  
and social break-down so all dope in tranquillity  
have that time arrived where social engineers realise  
capitalism is evil and globalisation is neo-colonialism  
that this imperialists are ejecting  
their sperms in our native blood  
that we losing our culture through culturization  
when will that time come  
the time that W.E.B Du Bois' spoke about  
where Double consciousness become history  
and a black man no longer look at himself through  
eyes of his white master

have that time came into fruition  
where blacks stand in unity and solidarity  
so we achieve Ubuntu

Have that arrived  
The time that Frantz Fanon spoke about  
Where a black man understands  
The psycho-pathological and  
Psycho-analytical approach of the anger they carry  
Where black man stakes off that white mask  
speak on the language of his mother  
and support its weight and culture.  
That time is now  
Because it is this times like this that cause erection  
And blow-job my pen to ejaculate poems of this nature  
it is times like this that cause arrogant poems  
like this to be written!

Adorn Keketso Mashigo Bushbuckridge, Madjembeni.



Adorn Keketso

# Nokuthula Nene

I was the sight of the soul that lived in a prison  
Darkened by illusions of the world thought I could kiss the moon  
Noon passed and days needed pills to cure my sanity  
All I could see and smell was the scent of darkness  
My soul trapped in the darkness of a cheap coffin  
Death came naked calling upon me like a dark angel  
I smoked weed trying to salvage my sanity  
But flowers don't only grow on fertile soil  
They said wild seeds don't grow but a loving hand lifted me out of the abyss  
What was breathed in the rose to wake up to the calling of the sun  
To break open and dance to the rhythm of bees  
Was breathed in my lungs and hope became a seed planted in my life  
My dying flesh responded to the calling therapy became meditation  
Conversations over night with a soul displaced by distance  
Only present spiritually the cosmic connected us and our world became one  
She became the moon I became the sun  
She breathed and my heart learnt to breathe again  
Healing is difficult they say but it's just a feeling I say  
Saving one's sanity is difficult as demons always call upon one to embrace death  
"Take one day at a time, take one step a time" she said  
I felt drops of cosmic water drop on my tongue to quench my thirsty soul  
Thirsty to live and touch feel the smell of life and kiss hope again  
Doctors called it depression but it was more spiritual  
Maybe a calling but unemployment and high rate of alcohol  
Were also quoted as the main perpetrators  
But my heart was my only enemy envying this and that  
Only to blunder on the realization that reality is realier than fart  
Spirituals said I needed to consult with the dead  
Only to realise blood was not the only sin needed to be washed  
Cleansing preceded by cleansings calling my ancestors names  
Night came, day came. Night came, day came - Prayer was all I could afford  
Songs became another pill I took to turn and toss the buried bones of my  
ancestors  
I sang when I was broken and danced in my own blood  
But a healing hand made me realise all mortals will taste the bitterness of death  
But only a few who dare to live will taste the sweet scent of life

Adorn Keketso

# The Tongue Of Blue

the tongue of blue flame  
burning ink into word of consciousness  
leaving ashes and fossils of sentences in my page  
printing my soul down the white diary of life  
that can stomach my daily struggles  
leaving a legacy on planet earth  
a mark like a scar

the tongue of blue flame  
burning words  
translating ideas into life  
scrawling the truth  
immortalising it into the grave of my books  
only a stupid will find it hell  
and try to avoid the oxygen of life  
for those who don't breath truth  
live to exist and not exist to live  
for a book is useless to a fool  
who see the world through the eyes of the media  
very useless to a stupid  
who believe what the naked eye can show 'em  
but who am I to tell people the madness of my third philosophical eye?  
the conscious of my soul  
the inner me speaking in tongues  
the ghost within me  
smoke weed pray hard  
there ain't truth in this world  
than the only truth to find the inner you  
that's the achievement of the soul  
the riches of the spirit  
a blind man can't see his own reflection on the mirror  
he still search for God  
not realising God is the existence  
the breath he breath  
and the Life he live

the flame of consciousness  
burning blue in the empty minds of pseudo-philosophers

who traded philosophy and  
black consciousness for politics of the belly  
stole cheese on dinner table  
to feed their paunchy bellies  
Spin Doctors roll a silver PR tongue to have us duped

the flame of blue  
rising in the sea of words  
poems smoked 'like space cookies'  
on a journey to realise the delusion of reality  
of a poet crying from hunger  
replaced with Goodenough's 'taste of my vomit'

the tongue of blue flame  
burning red  
printing pains into words  
pains of a mother who sold her femininity to prostitution  
to feed her children cheese  
pains of a civilised cannibal  
whose cries of hunger got replaced by a bullet  
pains of a child's cries substituted with a galloon of skokian

the flame of blue is burning  
ashes of pains scattered on the pages  
politicizing hunger  
and philosophising poverty  
publishing romance full of poetic flowers  
but this flame burns to make you realise the power of  
expressionism  
the aesthetic power of ink  
and the truth in poetry

Adorn Keketso

## Verse 1 & 2

### Verse 1

paradise of fools  
fools paradise  
where we anal sex our gender  
and call it gay  
chocolate factory of the LGBT  
gay motion makes one seem  
stupid  
in this paradise infested with fake  
pastors  
who advocate against  
homophobia  
and avoid a cruel cold bullet that  
shoot in the anal  
gay is real - prison is proof  
I'm a christian  
I think God knows better

### Verse 2

I might be wrong  
but it's right to be wrong  
and wrong to be right  
quite frankly  
I hate to know  
because I witnessed an enquisitive  
cat die from curiosity  
after a 7year old got sodomised  
maybe Charle's Theories becomes  
real  
it's evolution  
men becomes women  
and women becomes men  
but gay is real - Jerremy proved it  
I didn't prove it  
for the art of knowing  
is evil  
ignorance is bliss

and knowledge is poisonous  
for after you've discovered  
knowledge will induce a state of  
uncertainty  
and you'll die from curiosity  
disorder of the intellectuals

Adorn Keketso

# We Hold

We Hold...

We hold on  
to our pens  
gag them by force  
smile with every  
spasm of our penis's shafts  
not knowing  
it's a symbol your  
baby is gasping for air  
in another men's brutal penis!

We hold on to our pens  
excuse me Prof!  
Poetry doesn't sell  
rather write obituaries  
for Aids victims  
and police brutality  
for in poetry  
there's no economic benefit  
judged by the way you write  
poetry is cheap!

We hold on to our pens  
teachers bonking sisters  
trading economics for Doggy-style  
it's social science  
when sisters give it a reverse cowgirl  
bribing mothers with KFC drumsticks  
affirmative action  
employers snatching panties behind closed curtains  
interview questions  
sold for blow jobs

We hold on to our pens  
poetry doesn't sell  
writting articles under  
the pretext of consciousness

opinions sagging down like the panty of the rapped granny you ignored  
selling prettified lies  
R2.50 per word  
so you can splurge on booze  
and catalyse the Aids demon

We hold on to our pens  
when the dawn breaks  
mikes are give to birds  
they sing nonsense  
because common doesn't make sense  
Thomas paine left us no choice but Common Sense  
we speaks in tongues  
religious oppression  
claiming supremacy to God  
while they cling to a load of lies and shit shipped from Europe

We hold on to our pens  
making no hope for tommorow  
playing a blind eye  
for poetry doesn't sell  
while brothers in Zimbabwe and Mozambique die  
with a stack of papers in their pockets

We hold upon our pains  
Baptists mutate into rapsists  
praying our soldiers  
return home safe  
getting hit by a stray missile  
trying to protect dictators in CAR

let's spill ink  
for brothers who died on black on black violence  
for the mother who died queueing for a bucket of water  
while Gala diners are filled with bottled water  
for blacks who were killed by police in Brits

Let's wait a minute  
close our eyes and pray  
for poetry is cheap



let's smoke marijuana  
for black consciousness  
preached in church  
to perpetuate black hunger

Be hold  
for poetry is cheap  
doesn't contribute to the economic status quo  
but perpetuate hatred between white and black  
since this racial colours are the two different sites of the same hand of a black  
man  
blame no poets  
for they just speaks their minds

We silence our pens  
gagg our eloquency  
and let the truth pass by  
the apartheid blame game is so lame  
for we'll end up feeding on the livers of our own  
and milk dogs for breakfast

We gagg our pens  
when blacks bring back  
the dop system  
feed our brothers Nyaope, whoonga  
and Skokian  
and get rich from perpetuating violence  
but it's funny how we blame the justice bitch system  
when the same brother rape our wives and daughters  
forgeting we didn't sell them a bunch banquet flowers of love and respect  
but Nyaope

We shut the voices in our pens  
for poetry doesn't sell  
books are expensive  
and Africans don't read  
only they're reading is your everyday move  
watch out for your purse  
for they were never granted a chance to live to love

but to live to survive

we hold on our pens  
mothers holing bleeding babies  
praying they make it to hospital  
daughters raped  
by men who pretend to protect them  
wearing blue uniforms

Adorn Keketso

# What Do You Say

What do you say  
to your sister  
who just got raped  
Do you hug her  
pull a sad smile  
and whisper deep  
in her ravished soul  
'everything will be fine'  
how do you look her in the eyes  
Do you order her to open her thighs  
so you scrutinize the penetration  
and tell her she's not dirty  
Even though you know  
society will perceive her otherwise!

What do you say  
to your sister  
who got raped  
while on her way to fetch a bucket of water  
for you to wake up 5am  
and take a bath  
to walk ten kilometres to school  
As a teen  
do you squeak a hue and cry  
loudly curse  
break glasses  
or do you give her a glass of whisky to solace her soul

What do you say  
to a sister who got raped  
do you take a picture of her  
to show her she's still beautiful  
Look her cleavage and declare is still attractive  
do you squeeze the tip of her fingers  
to absorb her pains  
cook her a warm meal  
to show you understand  
tell me what do you say  
to revive back to life the butchered soul of your sister

Do you keep it a secret  
pretend everything is Ok  
and let her die slowly from the inside  
while smiling from the outside  
What do you say?

Adorn Keketso

# What Happens?

'it is often during crime that the life of the famous collide with that of the rest'

What happens when a prosecutor prosecutes a tear  
mix a cup of blood, screams and pains  
to reverse events and detect a bullet that ceased a night of romantic passion and  
hatred  
after a long night of surfing porn  
and soft masturbation

What happens when  
a prosecutor prosecute a  
thick tear?  
Connects small invisible  
dots to glue together a visible picture of evidence  
twist lies to work against the accused  
and prove him wrong  
a cooked potpourri of forensic and medical evidence  
threatening the credibility of witnesses  
but contradiction is every man's weakness

What will happen when  
the prosecutor prosecute a deceiving tear?  
the self-imposed intellect of a lawyer  
will show to be no more than the wisdom of God and nature  
for truth will circumcise the foreskins of the evil tongue  
expose lies and stupidity  
drive a man insane  
and let him contradict his own testimony  
guilty conscience will work against his own instincts

God is addicted to the truth  
no man made rehab can rehabilitate his passion for the truth  
money can't reverse nature  
and undo the strange damage!

What happens when a prosecutor prosecutes a tear  
convulsion of adrenalin and blood electrifies the heart with fear

and catalyse sweat on the slippery tongue of a coward misogynist  
hearsay disturb the success of designed artificial lies  
left a Calvinist with no legs  
to stand on  
they say trauma is a witch  
disability might be the cause  
but I say 'loving to possess' is a witch  
how can you possess what you don't own  
and own what you don't possess  
And kill what you didn't create!

Adorn Keketso

# Why Are We

Why the silence  
so quiet all  
of a sudden  
bite our tongues  
and grow silent  
while vultures feed  
on the flesh of our people  
beast chew their bones  
and erase the historical prints of our heroes

what went wrong to those revolutionary poems?  
we're left stranded trapped in a dark cave of the western mentality in black  
skins wearing white masks  
searching for direction  
in a dark abyss without any torch-bearer to illuminate the future

What really happened to the souls of black folks  
what happened to those conscious poems  
with this beautiful freedom of expression  
aren't we supposed to write what we like  
in defence of the social ills of the wretched of the earth

Where is the anger  
the anger use to have  
where is the love  
where is the hatred  
when people declared  
'poets are our last hope'  
we promised them our words but our poetic voices grows too faint  
to be heard  
too narrow to reach the ground roots level  
and too complex to be understood

Why do we suck thumbs  
sugar-coat facts and embellish lies

when government destroy  
the lives of the down-trodden minority  
spend the next 50years trying to deny  
20years was enough for development  
what happened to the promise we made to the people when we told them their  
voice will be transparent in our poems  
what hope are they left with when we write artificial poems  
sell them a banquet of illusionary words  
defiled with gigantic rhymes  
to sound pompous and abstruse

Where is the voice we promised them  
what do we tell them  
when their children lives  
get swallowed brutally  
in the civilized corridors  
of pit-toilets  
while Mama Angie  
make of us a laughing stock  
perambulate to China  
to flaunt Matric results  
while paedophile trade Life orientation for fellatio  
exchange Grammar for Rama

What happened to the voices we promised them  
are we dying silently  
with the voice of the people  
and let pastors sodomise our boys  
while silence suffocate our rage?

Speak and tell the people  
they are dying for answers  
growing too impatient  
to hear your reasons  
mothers are dying  
queuing for a buckets of water  
where is your voice  
police brutality suppress black's movement  
secrecy bill pulling a red tape around our vocal chords  
trying to gag



us to die silently  
from asphyxiation

why are we so quiet  
while we made it to the top list of rapists  
we are the capital country of rape  
our culture is dying  
and humanity is following

Ordinary lives are  
lingering on the edge  
of a cave  
they fall everyday  
for we have failed them  
where is the poetic voices we promised them?

Adorn Keketso