

Inside the River

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by

Mangaliso Welcome Buzani

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This thesis is presented in two parts, English and isiXhosa, in separate manuscripts

Abstract

My collection is of imagistic associative poetry, influenced by Spanish and other kinds of modernism, and written in my two languages, isiXhosa and English. My approach to producing these poems is first via the mastery of sound, not on the actual meaning of a poem; working on the meaning would be the last stage. The language of each poem will be encountered as it comes down on the paper, leading me to the words meaningful for that particular poem.

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I

To my father

i have made the remains of you my home
among the falling bits of your dead body
i'm chewing your tendons
that have become my chewing gum,
your body the sea
that has become a graveyard
that drips the fluid of the dead
that wakes me up wiping my face repeatedly
to drink such water
salty from your pores
i hide under your ribs
thinking it's raining under the ground
you feed me with rotten intestines
a half rotten heart
which lacks the flow of the blood
to make it softer than a brick
but as dust
i have to follow your light
live among your bones
because you are more powerful than ever
much holier than yesterday
and i must obey the commandments of
the ancestors

Revelation

From my palm
i blow away a pile of dust
that flies away with my flesh

for the first time on earth
my bones see my nose
and start to run away

and i say to my aunts
the choir of God was here
wearing clothes of dust
they look at each other and
laugh at me

The rain

Straight to the garden
the rain came wearing clear beaded shoes it
landed on the naked seed
which was fast asleep on its bed
the first creaking sound i heard with my ears
was of an old bed
that needed some missing screws to
tighten its legs
but the rain kept on falling
the bed kept on singing

Themba

Themba my brother
sing your songs
the same Christmas songs
we sang with combs
both before a mirror
Themba
Themba
sing in me
use my tongue
i'll say what
ever
the strength of worm that
ate your brain
and left you dangling on a rope
sing in me
i'll say what
ever in my last
poem
that your body was full of earth

The oven of God

Out of clay
from the oven of God
we came down here
losing our feathers
one by one

after each star we
left behind
to be human beings
we lost the word of God

to pick up thorns for our feet

inside the river

inside the heart of the river
i want to be a sea-dog
but this nose
can't sniff the scent of *umamlambo*

inside the head of the river
i want to be a writer
but this water
can't keep the paper dry

inside the shoes of the river
i want to walk like Christ
but the floor of the river
can't keep up with the weight of my feet

and i sink to read poems under the river

Before i meet Jesus

if you are already dead please
take this letter to God i want
him to wash my hands before
i lift the name of Jesus

My first lesson

i was a speck of dust
but after the work of the holy hands i
rose up like a wave of the sea
to praise the Sky:

on my arrival here
i looked at my hand
and i named it a hand
i kept on naming things
until a full body arrived
with little feet to move around that
was my first lesson on earth
there are no available spaces for angels but
there were for birds
so i settled among the flowers
quiet as leaves

Ants eat ants

in this cold season
where ants eat ants i
pass two butterflies
talking together
i who have rabbit ears
overhear
their conversation “there
are no families find a
wife
and close your mouth”

II

A school kid

Once more
in darkness
beside the bones
of his mother
he closes his eyes
forever this time
without words to
explain
why
he is leaving
his lunch box behind unattended

The season of hunger

On the way here
to the part of the town
where pigeons
and hobos
fight for stale bread
i walked past her
stretching at her arms to
reach my heart
but because i had no money
i looked away from her
to buy bread
for my singing stomach

Dreaming about the words

i live in a world
where stones are piling inside my head
reminded everyday about my failures

last night they stabbed me many times with
words
today i wake up bleeding from my ears
my stomach singing its chorus song

*your dreams
are not
going to put
bread
on your table*

Kiss me

Touch my lips
with your lips
because the day will shine
it will throw away its pale face
so let each bird sing
how we love each other the
house will be warm
even when blankets run away from us at
last we will be naked
before the face of a bored God
we will be the lost children of Eden
He will smile to see us back in His garden
kiss me
touch my neck
go down to my sacred stick
which once Moses used to hit the rock
picking the salt of my body with your tongue
our fire will cook love
and both of us will enjoy
God's special recipe.

My daily bread

Far from the love of God
children armed with stones
surround me

they are sweating for hell
ready to lay down my bones

they dance about
patiently
to take the daily bread away
from my weary hands

Naked in your fire

With that look
your look
full of methylated spirits
you blaze my fire
burning from feet to head
i throw my clothes on the ground made
drunk by your beauty
i begin to promise my lips
today you will get a kiss

Heaven

I'm told: there are shelves in heaven
taller than the space between the ground and the sky filled
with papers from scrolls to books
all singing glory to God
there are no tables there
for drunkards to drink a beer

since there will be no time to dance in heaven let
us make a table for the last supper
listen to jazz music
and find the time
to finish a bottle of wine

The day he left

An old man hears a noise outside his house
he kicks the blankets with his wrinkled feet
and steps on the cold floor
determined to cause chaos
he leaves his wife behind
begging him not to go outside
with hands of Samson
he goes to war

kneeling on the ground
he pulls his club stick from under the bed
to kill the intruder
the sound of thunder
doesn't lessen the strength of his mind
as if God is around
he walks in darkness
wearing no shoes

inside the kitchen
before he switches the lights on he
falls on his back
crying for help for the last time on earth he
meets his death
among the pots that
have no hands to
help him stand

Death of the leaves

Kissing petals
the sun
wearing a yellow robe
and silver shoes
kept on touching the trees with fire
one by one leaves left their homes
falling without a word
light in weight but heavy with pain
they lost their green
their bones
their clothes
among the stones
where children were playing hide and seek
in the cold they continued to die
under the soles
of blind shoes
unnoticed

Around the corner

With knives
longer than the length of my arms
they are waiting for me
around a dark corner
where i will meet my death
maybe next to a spaza shop
where those who long for a piece of meat
will come out with onions,
chicken soup,
huge pots
to cook me
alive

Completely clean

Between the rails of the train
that seem to touch each other in the distance the
man walks toward his dreams
too tired to open his eyes
he approaches his death
through the wheels of the train
at once
his body in two halves
his soul wearing new shoes
jumps over his bones
to reach for God

III

the poet won't be here

∴

listen
we must find a way
to throw these heavy clothes away that
take so much money
out of our pockets
i'm tired of polishing my shoes
of my holed underwear
tired of pulling up the trouser
especially when I'm with
you of knotting a tie
that scares ants away from me the
roll on
that makes me smell sweeter
than those who smell sweat
i'm no special
come down O my holy candle
i'm waiting for you in the garden
the moon has lost its light
lead my eye
to my grave
the other one to God it
is so hard
to cross this graveyard
without your candle light
i have to sleep here first
just for bedtime stories
for the last time from my ancestors
before i join the choir
of God in Heaven
sneeze fire

i feel like a toilet roll
i'm tired of my age
36 years
with nothing
sounds like a song
they sing for me
when they lament
there's no life for a poet
God i pray

give me this day
my daily poems
i want no water
no butter
to catch me flies
for my dinner
there's no way i kiss the devil
that's against my will
God if you have lost
the art
of helping the poor
burn my bones
make me ashes
take me out of life's chessboard
i don't want to be a knight anymore scare
my queen
with the hooves of my feet
ready for wars
i want to be somewhere
where the soul
flies free

∴

You said:
there was no me
i'm going to die

clouds wept
the sun wore a black gown
mourning beforehand
for my death
and i heard the footsteps of
my coffin
coming towards me

my poem begins here
so sick
wearing no clothes
it strolls down the road
to the grave yard
to tell the dead

the poet won't be here
on this coming Saturday

⋮

The soft touch of your hands
that leaves me
lying on my back
carries my body
to the mortuary of lovers

helpless
without a voice
among other corpses
you wake me
with a kiss

excited
i begin
to talk
about the stories
of heaven

⋮

Scared to make the noise
that my tongue enjoys so much
my soul closes its mouth with its left hand
careful not disturb the sleeping bones
with the other hand it writes
love letters for my heart

⋮

my country
that has become a
graveyard
of walking corpses
sweating to kill God

next to a dumping ground
i share my candle light
with a rat
which works with me
on the night shift
here
i find it difficult to breathe

⋮

Tonight i play with light
at the bottom of the dark sea i
make torches
with my bones
next to the grave yard of turtles
i pinch the sad dolphin
it looks at me and
starts to sing
about the secrets
of the deep sea

Tomorrow i will be gone,
hammered thin with stones
i will take only my soul with me
and leave dead meat behind

you will choose a coffin for me,
a spaceship to heaven
where i will wait for you
planting flowers in the clouds

there i will open a door for you
where lovers sing for God
and you will smile
and sing as well

Since i'm thin
a rope carrying a balloon
i'm standing close to the moon feet
firm on the cloud
i carry my head
to God

Since there are no chairs in heaven
i will leave my bones behind
for you to make a bridge
to reach God

now with this head
that has become
a runway
i kiss you at once
here is my head
use it
lead my eyes
with your light
say one poem
i will sing
more

⋮

Out of options
to live another day
my stomach close to my back
i look to the sky
heart broken

a pure voice
calls me
to come upon
with a blunt knife
that has forgotten how to kill

i open a door
for my blood
to crawl on the ground
ears every where
drinking words

my soul
reads an obituary
for my bones
Manga
is nomore

⋮

Now that everything is over
you look at the river
no language
no science

the bones are no longer floating the
brain has suffered
the same blow

at last
your heart is shedding light
after each word i see God

soul
keep on saying a word

IV

Leaves

Here in the windy town
i go up the stairs accompanied by dry leaves
i look at them as they crawl on the ground
wearing assorted camouflage
they are soldiers here but
nobody besides me
seems to get their attention as
they carpet the steps
i run to the library
to begin reading
A Rage in Harlem

Ear

A heart
has its language
the voice
of a drum
that's too difficult
for a soul
to understand

ear
my only ear
do me a favour
tell me what
my heart
is saying
to my soul!

A landlord

Saints are scarce
and sick words are renting inside my head
my soul has become a rude landlord
who always swears at my ears
scaring my bones, saying
one day i will throw you outside

A poem

i beg you - be a poem
i'll come inside your room
to listen to your music
i'll take my second eyes
out of my pockets
and read you

The fire

Among the burning coals
i want to write purple poems
the way the fire lifts its hands and writes the
way it recites its poems
burn the wood
for children to gather around me and
follow the light of my spirit

i want to hold a pen
look at the moon
let loose words on paper
like God throwing stars in the sky
i want to be a light
to Lead your eyes

Poetry

poetry must speak for itself
it must say what pictures it want to paste in the scrapbook it
must sing about its shoes
what clothes it wants to wear
it must swear to the poet
that it won't blow its candle light out
for the acceptance of teachers
i have mastered the rhymes
of two little birds *Tswi! Tswi! Tswi* in the tree

The supper
(variation)

around the table
a small talk over a plate of rice
a poet with holed shoes
surrounded by stones
turns everything to poems ears
eat
the light
of a burning tongue

Dear Song

Dear Song whose art is in the tongue of God,
give me back those dancing shoes
and take me back to the garden of lovers
where flowers are dancing in the wind take
my sorrows away
fix my clumsy dance this day
make it very quickly O please Dear
God until i find that good flower
that will live forever in my heart

A journey

On a dusty gravel road
a half naked child
walks towards a tree
which calls him by his name

carrying an empty basket listening
from his singing stomach he
meets his sorrows
wrapped with thorns

on the shell of a passing snail
he reads his daily verse
another coming 20 years with
nothing on the table

he weeps blood
from his aching wounds
without a handkerchief
to wipe off his tears

with his own hands
he takes leaves
to give them
his sorrows

The bread

With bare feet recently
from the oven of a
baker
i don't know
whether I'm the bread
i'm looking for
or i'm the bread
the world is looking for
but i'm scared
to feed the world
with sorrows

A prayer of a leaf

and i'm asking myself almost everyday
after i've rendered a long prayer
what if God has gone deaf
not to hear the simple prayer of a leaf o
dear God
turn my green tomatoes red

Untitled

d I

At Ferguson Road
many are dead like
lost feathers of a
naked chicken
they are gone
to somewhere
i don't know

II

A street becomes a city
of prostitutes
a girl shows a leg
a boy buys a package
of big boobs
and big bums
for fifty rand
and screams out
"Hillbrow Inn"

A poem of a de-arranged mind

Under the weeping sky
i sit watching the fire
eating the wood
with feet sinking in the mud
birds above the sky are laughing
throwing feather on my head
decorating my hair with droppings...

laughter in the air
sadness in the burning twigs
but no one comes to their rescue
not even me the one who is watching...

The drowning heart

The ocean is deep
exactly like the wound of my soul
and I'm trapped here, inside a raindrop
i cannot swim
i have lost my legs
all this has happened
in my heart too

Seed of a lily

To you i bow seed of a lily
staring at your thighs under the water

take me to your world where
you feel no cold

i want to bath with you
listen to your quiet heart

Rain

Hit me rain
sit on my chair inside my garden
and admire the legs of the moon
i want to show the sky my yellow dress
which the banana had lent me
my green shoes
which a leaf gave me as a gift
my friend rain
i want to walk like nobody in the wind
bend to the left
bend to the right
and hold on to my black hat

Only then

Now with pure petals
huge hands of little flowers
i'm going to raise butterflies
let them drink from my dimples
keep them under my green armpits
away from the hands of the boys
until the girls come with their hair
only then i'll tie them at the ends of their braids not
to leave the garden again

Dear doctor

There's something that is happening inside my head
it feels like maggots eating up my brain
that's how i can explain the situation
of my disappearing brain
headaches today
tomorrow again
don't send me away
with a pain tablet
dear doctor that's how i can explain the situation of my brain there's
something that is happening inside my head
when winter begins i have to put it inside an oven when
summer begins i have to put it in the fridge

Untitled

Perhaps i'm the only one
who breaks the frail ribs of a dry leaf
with a size seven shoe
the loud voice of my tiny toes
that disturb a tired ant on
a night shift
a bird who is trying to finish its duty
of counting leaves
my restless breath that
makes a spider point a
finger at me
i have become a threat
to my own friends
when a dog sees me
it runs away
even a cat
will jump a fence
fearing the stone
i can pick up
i wonder
with this filthy heart
will i ever
enter Eden
again
or must i promise God
with a lot
of long prayers
that repeat the same lines "God
forgive me
i will throw away my last sin
and remain clean
next to your door
in this way
without the feet
the shoes
i will never
wake a tired ant again"

My wish

Among the stones
that are pregnant with fire i
have become a saint
who feeds his heart with wax

my soul a wick
i'm covering the bones,
the brain, the blood, the
meat
of a bird that will die tomorrow

i would like to be a good father

The river

Only now
the truth comes to me walking
in the air:

it is only the river
that will flow forever
not my blood

To my family

Today i will paint my house
with warm colours
i will paint the table
for six elbows
three chairs for
three bums
you will get your bowls
your spoons
i'll paint my love
your faces before my face
smiling
because you never smiled for me before
always a sour sugar
always a sweet salt
a sadness i cannot tell

V

a naked bone

∴

I remind her about bananas, weary yellow shoes, apples with red-green-golden shirts, pears with huge hips, pomegranates with bloody seeds. She smiles and says to me, i used to bring you these when you were young. I nod my head and continue to show her a pumpkin with its yellow meat, cauliflower with its pimpled face, a potato, a carrot, a beetroot, a swede, an onion with its favourite all weather jacket, all with muddy shoes made for those muddy houses... mealies with their hairy bodies which inspired God to come with the hairy arms of Esau, all those who are not shy to look the sun in its eyes: the slender sunflowers. She smiles and says to me, i used to cook you all this beauty when you were young... at this time she shows signs of tiredness... she sleeps and i continue to remind myself of her love.

∴

Tonight we are not going to sleep, we are going to jump to bed with our shoes, and continue to walk in our dreams. You on the paper writing poems, me behind the paper reading poems. We will do this together, exactly the way lovers make a baby together.

∴

I look above my head: a cloud cover. Before my eyes: rain drops caressing the leaves. I rush to the taxi rank: there's no space for my bums. The last taxi pulls off, the rain falls on me on the way. And i step home, completely a flower.

∴

Before a pen – a prayer: before a pen – a poem: before a pen – a song: before a pen – a story: such energy: fire from a piece of paper.

∴

This is how we were made: two equal glasses of water to the sand and the sea: two waves singing a duet. Do you think the wind can separate us now?

∴

I want to stay awake. Let the birds, that land on brows in search of dry twigs, fly way. I want to watch you in this special night – touch your breasts until they become ostrich eggs in my hands.

∴

I kept on losing my smile: my hairs thorns, i lost my movement like the umga tree careful not to prick itself, i stood in the bush waiting for summer, for inxanadi: to feed me with a dry piece of meat.

∴

For Kekeletso

in this cold, i'm not going to let my little daughter wet her clothes. in this wind, i'm not going to let her catch flu, let the hands of death pull her underground. i'll give her paintbrushes, to paint her cold home with warm colours, so that she can lift the smile of God from the sad face of the earth.

∴

The wind is whistling, so wear as your scarf the arm of your lover round your neck: once more the bed brings closer the sweethearts to share one pillow. The wind sings, the bed sings, the song of the lovers.

∴

How difficult to know what you want. I continue to live wanting what i don't want. in the middle of the day, i throw down the pliers before a patient who is waiting for me to pull out his troublesome tooth: Grandfather, O grandfather, i don't want to be a dentist, go to the clinic.

∴

God's sticky hands that drip glue go on pasting each bone to another bone. We come into the world as body, a grape with its heart that pumps the wine, a soul that makes the drunkards feel even more holy than when they are sober. We live in such a sea, hard as seeds...people with their curiosity... from the choir of the vine... they pull one grape... they cut it... and then we are swimming in the sea of love... but this is not the end... we meet again inside the grape.

∴

Death is a street where all the lamplights are broken. There are no voices other than the sound of a cloud that is about to break into pieces of teardrops. The lightning, whose smile is just a fire. That's how you see your hole inside the skull of the soil.

∴

Under your blue face, your teardrops glide down my nose to reach my lips. How sweet your pure blood is, to touch my tongue with stories of heaven.

∴

To feel you in me is to touch this world with my hand. Once more under a leaking roof that keeps my mouth open as long as the rain is falling. This drop, that drop: each drop that i catch with my mouth keeps my tongue tasting your soul.

∴

Today i'm face to face with death, i feel more drowsy than ever on earth. My eyebrows are heavy, i don't know when they gained so much weight. Because with these twin eyes i still want to see the light, exactly the way my eyelids want to cover my eyes.

∴

A naked bone which is still thinking about what to wear for the day. A bone which has no shoes, an injured bone which recently lost its legs: the powerless child of an animal. Still they are standing to finish it with stones and hammers, to break into its holy house and steal its only life, its marrow.

∴

Flower, you give dignity to the garden. The sky weeps when it sees you, the stars refuse to close their eyes. The sun is in trouble, it can't go away forever, it keeps on coming back for its lover. Dust particles caress you with their little hands which even microscopes cannot see. Everyone wants to see you, you in your dress – the colour. The light has made a plan to visit you, the light during the day, the darkness at night, and i every time.

∴

I don't think it is too late. We can still be together in this night. We can make the fire, see each other's faces. The moon is high but its touch shines on us. We can't play with that, it's too sacred to throw on the ground.

∴

Every day, wearing the clothes of a prickly pear, i ask myself when i got these thorns that fly out of my mouth every time i say a word. Is this the language a poet should have on his tongue? To swear so much that he disappears from anger?

∴

it's hell to work inside the room downstairs, there's a ghost on the upper floor who doesn't sit down and drink a cup of tea. Pacing the floor, he teaches cupboards, chairs, tables, shelves, even the doors how to tapdance on the floor.

∴

The world is a field of war. The pomegranate has come with its soldiers still dripping blood, the cherry with its red shirt still wet with blood, the strawberries with their muddy shoes dirty with blood. Red is happy when it claims the world as its own.

∴

I believe one drop of sweat of God can make one drunk, after His hard work of creating the world. You can feel from the fermented grape what made him drunk when He was creating the drunkards.

∴

Last night the rain was pouring cold tea inside my cups. No guests complained, even the weeds smiled in the garden. We were drinking tea from heaven.

i keep myself warm next to a loaf of bread. Every day i collect crumbs, and make muffins for my tongue.

∴

in my dream we were both chasing birds. You told me i eat words when i speak: i woke up preparing words to write.

∴

The hand is God. When you touch me i breathe. The river within me fills oceans with music. This heart sings – this soil sings – this mouth sings – these hands sing – these feet sing. You have given me life, in the month of September.

∴

The sky looks so sad today. I don't know why, whether it's because God is punishing angels in heaven or because of the sins we continue to caress with our holy hands. The sky is black, black like a crow on the crossbar of an electrical pole, sensing there will be some dead meat soon on its plate of tar.

∴

It was beautiful last night, i ran my fingers through your soul with my palm facing the ground. You soft like flour, rough like salt crystals when water evaporates, when i was caressing your billion particles of dust and life. Earth, my only bed of soil – i just want to sleep on you, with my ear to the sound of your heart between your breasts.

∴

Just after i've finished cutting my nails, ants come close to where these fallen grave diggers remain for their funeral. Tricked by their shapes, they conclude "God has thrown down crescent moons". They carry them on their shoulders, convinced they will see the darkness again.

∴

The fig gets all its lessons from the weather. it goes through the university wearing a green gown. Through long lessons it gets the hips of a woman. The fig learns to master its walk while it is still hanging from the branch of a tree. Through the levels of the institution, it goes around wearing a red gown with a yellow hat, or a yellow gown with a red hat. But the life of the fig is for birds and human beings.

∴

Without thinking, i ate your fish. I put my hand into the sea, it came up with the fish into the air. The fish was begging for its life but i was too hungry to listen, i'm sorry. I threw it in the pan and fried it on the moon.

∴

I looked at the tree's face with my sad eyes. My lips were dried meat. it looked at me. Pity ran down its roots. it stretched out its arm full of fruit and threw into my cupped hands two guavas, my lunch for the day.

∴

When i enter through the door of my bed, the narrow hole of my blankets, the mood changes, my hands refuse to lean on the balconies, the four edges of the bed. Away from the eyes of the lightbulb they remain under the blankets caressing my warm bums in search of a heater.

∴

My hair, you are everywhere in me: people tell i'm hairy, and it's true. But they are blind to your beauty, my hair.

∴

Rose, tell me how is it to live inside my heart: how the bony burglar bars of my ribs have kept you safe from the pickers. I'm glad no tsotsi has ever seen you in that camouflage of blood.

∴

Under the belly of the dove, where soft feathers keep eggs warm, a saint is cooking – a small bird born from a floor of dry twigs that has never been scrubbed. But from that shack which gave it feathers, it sings of its love. I don't know why other eggs fell on the ground and chose to continue life rotting in the cold. I don't know.

∴

A fig knows the truth. When a hand reveals a wedding ring, that's the end of its life on the tree. Faces with the eyes of children are shouting to their mom "we want jam." A fig Christ dies for the empty stomachs of the children, without lifting a stone.

∴

i'm scared: if the sun falls into a river, we will run out of water, the grass will become thorns, the trees will turn to human beings with fire, cows will disappear. And so will we, if we can't kiss one another.

∴

A nest has only one room, no private room for meetings or lovers. it has no kitchen to cook mushrooms, no bathrooms to bathe the young. But it has a veranda to view the world from. A queensized bed of feathers and grass, it is full of music... for the pink feet of birds to dance on.

∴

The guava tree with its golden breasts looks more beautiful at night than the woman next to me. After a long waterfall of a pee i am tempted to touch it, but i stop myself. What would people say, seeing a shadow harvesting at night? I don't want to get the old lady into trouble and be accused of being an iQhwira.

∴

Feet are supposed to carry us to our graves, but we choose to close the doors, sit in our chairs, and wait for death. We produce nothing for God, not even a simple praise poem about how we love bread. We test new beds and give them wrinkles, shallow holes that we create by each beat of sex.

∴

It doesn't matter what they say about me. As long you are here i'm fine. Come to me God: pull me by my nose. Turn me into a torch in the dark house of those who eat weeds for supper. Turn me into bread. Each stone you built me with is enough to bring back Christ. Make my words fishes so i can talk to starving children. Give me your word so i can give these poems wings to fetch more birds for your choir.

∴

With a whisper of the air, you make me open my eyes. I hold litres of bitter wine in the creases of my forehead. And you, who always touch my forehead with your lips, get drunk with my name, singing out Mangaliso, Mangaliso.

∴

My dog digging the ground says, this is our grave, we will sleep here together, this bone I'm hiding here is an anniversary for this day of master and dog.

∴

in the dark hole of the house the rat has become a landlord. i'm not ready to make you quiet with my howling stomach which sounds like a dying dog. i'm not ready to let your tongue taste the wine which is made of my teardrops and sweat. i'm not ready to throw two crumbs of bread on a quarter of a broken piece of a plate... Wait a bit longer, my child, frozen in the hands of God. Tomorrow when the cows and sheep are playing in the fields, and chickens and pigeons are singing with small birds, i'll come for you. Open your little hands: see what you have brought for me from heaven.

∴

The stone grew ears. At last i have someone to talk to. But the world is still quiet. The stone has no mouth to tell me its recipe for cooking fire when the cold winds seep through the house of the peasant, full of holes.

∴

The child went to his mother complaining about what wanted to come out of his stomach. She took a plastic bag folded beautifully, like a schoolkid off to school. The boy squatted as he was told, dropped one small mountain into the plastic. By the look on his face, he was in peace again with the world of God.

∴

I have never been happy in my life. With scars on my soul, i trace back footprints from my present size seven to the unknown size of my woolen baby shoes. I hold a meeting with the fig tree which once dislocated my elbow. I ask the rusted nail of the fence which once pulled me down by the turn-up of my trouser leg, why it broke my wrist in the middle of the night in my sleeping neighbourhood.

∴

My country – a graveyard with prison warders. A palace of skeletons wearing plastic clothes – the ill, the dying – manure for the garden of the president. On the table – a banana a lemon an orange a cabbage an onion without life.

∴

Little by little: maybe that's how i was made. The sand is piling up before my eyes, making sculptures from the hands of the wind – with shells for eyes. God, your breath goes a long way gathering particles to build lives. One breath, a thousand human beings; one blow, a thousand graves.

∴

After eighteen years of disappearance my father came to me with empty hands to say he wanted to be a father, to be a brother. Confused by what title to give him, i called him by his name, but he complained i was not respecting him. How hard to call someone a father, after so many rough years of living without one.

∴

I love my head with its disappearing M of hair close to my forehead. I wonder, my child, if you will be able to carry the likeness of my hair on your head. if you'll be able to take the punches the balding man takes every day, his head that makes the whole world gossip that he's mad.

∴

For Nwabisa Qhanqa

School life was far better than street life for us. Both of us excelled with As if not Bs. They named you a queen and i the king. I don't know why we didn't put that into practice. Maybe i was blind then, or maybe you were. But now it is too late to comb your hair with my fingers – you are completely the soil.

∴

it is winter season: even the wind wants to reach for the lips of the moon, to caress its grey breasts. I want more blankets, you peel off the watermelon to cover me, until i disappear in your red world of brown-black seeds.

Ndisabhala Imibongo

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of

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by

Mangaliso Welcome Buzani

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Isishwankathelo (Abstract)

Le ngqokelela yemibongo ibandakanya isihobe esigqame ngezafobe nemifanekiso-ntekelelo echaza ukwakhiwa nesimo sombongo ngamnye. Ugxininiso lwam ekubhaleni le 'thesis' lube kwimibongo ngokubhalwa zimbongi zale mihla kanti nakweziphuma kumazwe ngamazwe, kwiintlanga ezahlukeneyo. Kula mazwe ndiqwalasele ngamandla imbali nentlalo yoluntu ethe ndakuphawula ndafumanisa okokuba iyelelene nentlalo yethu thina sizwe somgquba kweli lomdibaniso, eMzantsi Afika. Ifuthe elikhulu likwimimangaliso edalwa zizandi zamagama, iintaba ezinesanxwe ukumemeza wakuzibika imbilini yakho ukhwaza ume phakathi kwazo, zitsho ngempiliso yomphefumlo, umculo owonwabisa iindlebe, kwanorhwatsha-rhwatsha weepplastiki namaphepha athi akuchukunyiswa atsho ngezawo izandi, hayi inkcazo-ngcaciso gabalala yemigca. Ubunzulu obusoloko bulindelekile kuncwadi lwesiXhosa ngakumbi kwisihobe abunanzwanga kwaphela. Amanye amagama ophulwe, esandiswa okanye esolulelwa ukunambhitheka kwezandi zawo. Umbongo ngamnye kule ngqokelela uye waphuhliswa ekugqibeleni ukukhawulelana nezandi zamagama athe asetyenziswa.

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I

Yabhideka Embhareni

Wambhaqa ngaphantsi kwezibane ezimabhanyabhanya
emhle ngaphantsi kweloo litha esisimoyoywana
yachwechwa indoda icebuka kwelo hlanga lakwandoda
kancinane ukunyathela yaba ngucwethe
de yafikelela kweze ntokazi iindlebe
yayiphethe ihamile ulwimi layo
kwanezikhonkwane izwi layo
yazibethelela zonela ukumamela iindlebe zaxineka
ngoba yona yayithetha oku kwekhwelo ukuzibika
yathulula olu lwengqaka uthando
isihlabela mgama ngencoko
yalujika - jika ulwimi iluxuba ngezilwimi
iphatha kuqhwanyaza ivala amehlo
ngoba ezentlanga iilwimi ziyalukruna ulwimi oluqinileyo
kodwa yona yavunywa ngoba yayililo iciko
ayizange idukise yathwala owayo umthwalo kwa oko
yawakhomba amehlo ebobosini
izimisele ukusichitha isithukuthezi
yaluvula yaluvala ucango
thina seva ngengxolo
sagqiba ukuthi ilugqibile usana
kanti ingcamle ubisi lomdlezana
imilebe emabelini
njengasezi *filimini*
ukuwugcobisa umzimba
kwaaaaaaaa! Saatsho sahleka
zokusihlebeli iindonga
ngamachaphaza amathe omhlophe
osana olusesuswini

USinethemba

USinethemba umkile
usithele uyile
Phaya kude ekuphumleni
Yena uyimini
Ukhanyile
Uhleli uphelele
Akananxeba
Ucocekile ulizulu
Akanavumba
Likhweba iimpukane
Nqwa nobusi
Ubiza iinyosi
Itsho ingoma icace
Aah! Isihlobo sizolile
Ngaphesheya kwenyanga sincumile
Ngonyama yeentlanga

USigantsontso

USigantsontso wayeyindoda elikroti
wayesithi akunyathela luphakame uthuli
ngoba yena wayengahambi nje wayenyathela
ngezo nyawo zazakhiwe ngekonkriti yezitena
wayengothuswa nto
ngoba ezakhe indlebe zazingeva nto
elakhe ilizwi laligqekeza okwelesibhaka-bhaka
ewaphosa amanqindi okwamathontsi emvula
eyakhe impama yayiyi mvala-mlomo
indoda wayeyinika inkunzi yempama
izule ifuna imazi yempama
yanda impatho embi
zanda nezishwabulo ezibi
abalila bentliziyo zibuhlungu
imbilini yabo ihlungisa amazulu
imini yabanye ikroti labaliphaku-phaku
libona ukufa kwisipili sokujonga ngemva
layiqhwitha imoto ngezantya
uyokuntlitheka eliweni

UNdoda

Phambi kwalo mbono
wayencume okokoko

Intombi yayiziqenya
ihamba isiwa amacala

Wanyusa amendu umfo omkhulu
efunga esith nali elam izulu!

Yothuka kwanayo intombi
isiva ezo zingqi zazixhabashile

Yabheka ikhamisile
izimisele ukukhwaza

Yacimela indoda yedlula
isinekile izinqanda

*“Hayi asinguye lo
ingaba ngokaThixo na nalo!”*

Yatsho yothukile
ngulo mbono womlomo onxeke-nxeke

Umfazi oze ngaphandle kwelobola

Umfana okulunga kwesinyabi
uye waluka okwesibini
kuze umakoti ekhaya
omadakhi amnyama ukunxiba
waligqumathela ngeshwangusha ikhaya
ekhohlwe kukuvala amathanga
uye watsiba iintango
eyokubuza impilo kumelwane engqengqe ngomqolo
umfazi oze ekhaya
ngaphandle kwelobola
akakhathalelanga qhiya
le yembala

uphume engena
ebulowile
ezinyusile iinwele
iintungo zizixhomile iigatsi
kuloo milenze yayikhanye isisibane segesi
abheka-bheka amaxhego
ekhuza engenangxolo
bancedisa oomama
bengenalo nelizwi lokulamla
umfazi oze ekhaya
ngaphandle kwelobola
akakhathalelanga qhiya
le yembala

iye yasebeza indoda ngelasemzini ilizwi
noko ibethwa ziintloni
yahambisa isinekile
kaloku yayisele ihlaselwe
ngowayo umkhethe
yathi ingcangcazela
noko zibhijele ngombhinqo mfazi
akuthethwa olo hlobo
nentombi eqhele uswazi
yayithi baxu kwakanye indoda
isithi ayifuni kuba krwada
intombi eze ekhaya

ngaphandle kwelobola
ayikhathelelanga qhiya
le yembala

kwasa ipakisha
ingenawo nomolo komaazala
ingenzanga neti yotatazala
yayishiya indoda imbhombholoza
kodwa izimisele ukumkhulula
ngoba nayo zange iyihlawule ilobola
yaphuma intombi ngesango
iwuthe qhiwu gesandla owayo umthwalo
iinwele sele zineenjibhabha kukukhuthuka
neziyalo zekhaya
yenyuka indlela izithutha
yayihla iyokusithela izingomba isifuba
ndokuhlala ndiyintombi
umendo undoyisile

Noluvuyo

Ndihambile
Ndizula
Ndifunana nawe
Ngomxhelokazi ongazenzisiyo
Ndizolula ndizamla
Kula mathafa
Ndisozela
Ndiqotywa ngamaqhina
Ndibuzisa ngawe
Kwezi ziganga zobuntwana
Hayi bo!
Awaziwa nangala magqabi
Sasidlala ngawo
Nomoya uhlukehla intloko
Ndakuphatha igama lakho
Ndiyazibuza
Uphi umcondo wakho
Ndilandele umkhondo wakho
Wayokusithela phi na, Noluvuyo?
Uthini ngento owayishiyayo
Igungquza ngaphakathi kum?
Nesigqibo sethu
Sokuziqamangela ngeqhina?

Ukuwa kwendoda enobuntu ebantwini

Waphuma umfana kowabo ephekekile
exhathisile ngomfazi emile
wasingena isixeko wawumisa owakhe umzi
exhobe wafohlela ngowakhe umfazi
basiqala esabo isikroxo bengabalingane boqobo
belibeke ngaphambili ilizwi likaThixo
zangena ziphuma iintsana zifuna iswitisi
okungathi ziva elikaYesu ilizwi
lisithi: *bavumeleni abantwana beze kum*
kwabanjalo kwesisikroxo salo mfo
indoda ibhasela ngomkhondo omhle
lakhula uncumo kumfazi
wafuma ke nawo umzi
ngoba amadini okumdumisa uThixo babewakhathalele
ekhuthukile amadolo
kukuguqa becoca imiphefumlo yabo ngemithandazo
ityathanga lomtshato lasikeleleka
ngobuqilima bobunye ukuma kwiinqhwithelo zemimoya
bama ngothando kwemdaka imimoya
bama ngoxolo kweyengxubakaxaka
into entle ibukwa zingelosi zodwa
hayi ngabantu abasinekayo ukuncuma
kwabanjalo nalapha kulo mzi uzinze emhlabeni
sazibona ipeki
akuzange kubekuhle kwezomfazi izihlobo
nangona amadoda ayencoma ngochulumanco
amehlo elungisa awabuboni ububi
kwabanjalo nakulomfazi
kwabanjalo nakulomyeni
wancunyelwa
was'ke watsho ukuthabatheka
anjani ni na amadoda
ukungaliboni na iyelenqe?
waphela umzi ilali ibukele
waphuma elila umfazi
ekhutshwa lidikazi
isihlobokazi sakhe kuwo amadikazi

asizange siphinde sive nto ngaye
ngoba oluthando lalixhabashile ngezantya
yasuka indoda emva kwetili
ngokomyolelo wedikazi
yatshomana nomabonakude
kuwo unomathotholo yazindlebe
iindonga zezitena azifani nezecangci
ngaphaya kwazo usebesebe akavakali
lasebeza idikazi
libhasela ngomkhondo ombi
ayizange iqaphele nto indoda
ngoba yona yayililo ilungisa
kodwa yaqaphela nto inye
ikhohlela impilo ikekele
yanqwala intloko

abangeneleli abayazi intsukaphi
zokumoshakala izinto abanyamezeli
kwaba njalo nakwel'idikazi
lishiya isoka nokhohlokhohlo
laduka nesixeko
asizange siphinde sive nto ngalo
yashiyeka izikisa ukucinga indoda
wena ungaziyo wawunokuthi iyaphambana
kodwa thina baziyo sasinikina iintloko
wayejikile umfo omkhulu embi kunemfene
indoda ayifanelanga kuhlekwa
akuphela amandla
zaphela iintloni
sakuzibika isisu

Ebomini

Kukho amafu ebomini
Angwevu aqhayisa ngengubo yawo

Aphakamile akude
Mahle alungile

Gqume ngobumnyama amile
Ahamba nam encumile

Chu andikhangelisa intlantsi yomlilo
Cwaka ewuvalile umlomo

Ndiyakhumbula

Ndiye ndahlala
Nezihlobo sifundana
Kumnandi
Sikude nobubi
Mini inye
Lenye umbane
Usicanda kubini
Yajika imini
Nanko umoya ombi
Uvuthulula ubuhle
Bentwasa-hlobo
Ubumbano lwezihlobo
Hayi ukugqemfezelana
Bambi beziqenya
Bezikhomba
Ngempumelelo behlungisa
Abanye
Bechitha intembeko
Besamkela izono
Hayi ububi obungako
Ndabubona
Ngala wam amehlo

||

Langa

Uliyeza
Ichiza lomphefumlo
Unempilo
Uthi wokuvela eMpuma
Budede ubumnyama
Busaba ubukho bakho
Amandla okhanyiso lwakho
Evusa zonke izidalwa
Wena unewonga
Uhloniphekile
Ewe mnumzana
Uthandwa ziimbila
Zizoneka kuwe
Ziqamele ngamatye
Butho lakwabani
Elibonwa ngemini
Uhlaba umhlaba
Uthule uyeke ukulila
Zome iinyembezi
Zishukume izikhuthali
Zikhotheke zinxanelwe amanzi
Ngalendlela uyondla
Eziphila ngokukhanya
Zityale zilinde
Eloxesha lendyebo
Mhla usithi ngca
Kulamathunzi amnyama

Dlala moya dlala

Kuvuthuza umoya
uphakamisa iilokhwe
ngezandla zawo ezingabonakaliyo
sibona izinto ezifihlakeleyo
bayanqanda oosisi
ngezo zandla zixakekileyo
bengayekanga ukuthukisela ngemilomo
isifana siyancumeza
amadoda ayakhuza
ootamkhulu bayabheka – bheka
bebisa ukujonga
loo mathanga amdliwa ukondleka
dlala moya dlala
abafana bathula iminqwazi
ngenxa zonke baguqa ngedolo:
ngokubabonisa indalo entle kaMdali -
amatuma nemihlantla efihlakaleyo

Umboniso Wesivuno

Namhlanje sithweswa izidanga
Sitshayela amabala ngemithika

Sibubusuku emini
Bugqame ziinkwenkwezi

Ncuma Philisa ncuma
Namhlanje sinxibe imixhaga

Bonwabile abazali
Bayayiyizela ngemilomo ebukhali

Akukho chuku sonwabile
Asiphekuzi neempukane

Sikude empini
Sicula kufuphi nentsimi

Ncuma Philisa ncuma
Namhlanje siyavuna

Nombongo

Wena uyimpilo
Isondlo somphefumlo

Utyiwa yindlebe
Ingqondo ityebe

Unika ubomi incasa
Emnandi ingoma

Ziyolisane izithandwa
Kuse zincamisana

Iqhina kunyuka indlela
Esingisa kwamkhozi

Cikizwa

Cikizwa ndiculele

Ntwazana ndigoduse

Umzimba udiniwe

Igazi lomile

Ndinyuse ngengoma

Izandla azinamandla

Ndise eZulwini

Ndiyokudumisa neengelosi

Ntsasa yelanga entle

Ubude bemini nguwe

Sivuno sam se-apile

Ecaleni kwakho

Ndincuma okokoko

Zide zithi izihlwele ndiyaphambana

Ntsasa entle ndenziwa nguwe

Phambi kwakho ndiyimbovane

Ndikhoboka ndisethembeni

Lokungqengqa ecaleni kwakho

Ndibalise ngeenkuni

Zokubasela umlilo wothando

Intombi endiyifunayo

Ndifuna intombazana
Intombi entlana
Noko apha esimilweni

Ndifuna intombazana
Intombi ebukekayo
Apha entliziyweni

Ndifuna intombazana
Intombi echubekileyo
Noko engqondweni

Ndifuna intombazana
Intombi egqibeleleyo
Apha eluthandweni

Ndifuna intombazana
Intombi eyindlezana
Noko apha ebantwini

Ndifuna intombazana
Intombi engawasondeziyo amanzi amdaka
Apha emlonyeni wayo

Ndifuna umfazi
Intombi emhloniphayo uThixo
Noko isecaleni komyeni wayo

KwaTye

Umbethe upolisha amatye
ngetshefu elimhlophe

Ayakhazimla amatye
atyebe bubuhle benene

Intsente igutyukile
phaa kude iwele
isiya iba ngumhlaba

Amagqabi aqhwaba izandla
amatye athe ezintsha iimpahla

Hayi ukunyathela
kukuzinza kulo mhlaba

Amahashe awo akanamagama
ngoba kwatye akunxitywa *adida*
njengakwaNtu ukuqhayiswa

Naliti mthungi wamanxeba am

Ndifuna ukuthanda
ngqo njengentliziyo ukundithanda
dum – dum – dum ukundiculela
kumaculo omphefumlo
kumaphepha amazibulo noontondo
kwinani elinye ukuphila
ndifuna ukuncamisa
munxu – munxu ukumonxoza
mngcwa ukusondeza kwesam isifuba

Usigcawana

Kukho isigcawu esincinane
esiyithanda gqitha eyam indlebe
ndithi ndakuvula ucango
sitsho ukuwunyuka ummango
sicothoza kweyam ingalo
okonina endamsindisayo
kumothuko wesam isandla
kwathamba intliziyo kobo bumnyama
besigcawu esasinxibe mnyama
zangcambaza iinyawo zinxilile
ukulibhekisa endle elo nenekazi
laliziqothile kweyam indlebe

Utishala

Ngugqirha wengqeqesho
Isanuse somkhondo
Uphilisa izigulane
Ngamandla amayeza
Uhlaba inaliti
Qwenge ingqondo ubusuku ibe yimini
Axilonge ngemfundo
Awayihlohla kwantlandlolo
Ezi zaci namaqhalo
Izibalo namahlelo
Qhashi izibane
Kwanomlomo ushukume
Ulwimi luthethe
Imfundo yesikolo setishala

Ubomi

Ngumthombo
Umpopoza amanzi abandayo
Kwinyanga yoMnga
Kucula amaza
Aculela imbewu kulwandlekazi

Isiqalo sobomi bam
Kukhala umntwana
Unyunjazwa bubomi
Bubomi
Ubomi bam

Notumato

Ntombi yakwasityalo
Yakwamfuno ngesiduko
Qhayiya lesitya
Mntwana kamama
Owatyalwa ngutata ngentlonipho
Yiza nganeno
Ngalo qhiya yakho iluhlaza
Sikulindle ntombazana
Wena sikuthabathela phezulu
MWisile ongubo zibomvu

Izihlangu

Izihlangu zakho zicula kamnandi
Ntombi entle ungumculisi

Chu ngocoselelo uqamba ingoma
Ngaloo milenzana yakho igqwesa ngomkhitha

Qhwa! Qhwa! Isandi sezihlangu zakho
Omnandi wona umculo

Uphazamisa iindlebe
Ngoyolo zimamele

Musa ukuma
Hamba hamba

Bheka phaya
Hambela entla

Ndisamamele umculo
Wezihlangu zakho

Ilanga

Lihle ligqamile
Libonakala mbombo zonke

Chu ngcembe ngentseni
Libetha ngezihlangu ezibomvu
Nezimthubi emini

Iciko lakwabani
Livula umlomo
Lincokole nezityalo

Liqavile liyaphatha-phatha
Ngezo zandla zalo ziliwaka
Litshisa amagqabi
Ajike abemthubi
Lishushu liyimbawula

Esam isihlobo

Sifikile esam isihlobo
sizokundixelela ngenyaniso
ngokweyaso inkolo
sisolatha ngentla ezihlahleni
sisithi eyooBawo
yyisisiqhumiso
ubuqholo bempepho
iliyeza umhlonyane
ukuwudiliza umkhuhlane
ingumhl'awuvuthwa
ukuwanyamalalisa amathumba
babevika ngeyeza
kwizisu eziqhinileyo ngokrakrayo
babeyazi impendulo
nqwa namakholwa eNkolo
kuphilisa elikrakrayo!

Ubuhle bakho

Mhlawumbi ndishwatyulelwe
ngobugwala ndiphehlelelwe
kutheni kubamnyama xa ndinyathela
ubuso bakho busithela phakathi kwemitha yelanga
ndikhubeka ndisiwa kungekho matye
amazwi ephelela emqaleni ndifuna ukuthetha
ndiqina xa usithi thu
ndome ndibesisitetywa ndithi tu
makube ndibethwa bubuhle bakho
okanye nditsalelwa ngemva luloyiko
lwamabele akho
kodwa ndiyakuthembisa
ngenye imini ndokuyibulala le ntaka
ndithethe elubala
ndithi *'mabhebeza'*
ndiyakuthanda

Nolizwe

Umhle uhonjisiwe ngeentyatyambo
ujikelezwe yimilambo
iilwandle zinengoma
uzele zizityalo
imithi ethwele iziqhamo
ibhuzwa ziingcungcu namahle amabhabhathane
ubomi bezidalwa zikaThixo
uqhayisa ngelanga
ufumbathe inyanga
kubusuku obuzele ziinkwenkwezi
uvuthela izilonda
uphilisa amanxeba
ngomoya ohlambulukileyo
ziphole iintliziyo
unochapha-chapa
izingqi zemvula
unomculo
uthwele unomathotholo
intaka egxalabeni lakho
unencoko
usebesebe wezithandwa
zonke eziphilayo
zisezandleni zakho
zikubulisa ngentseni
wolule ezo ngalo zakho
kugqame ibe yimini

Emthunzini

Ndiphuma nesitulo sam
Ndibizwa lilanga
Incwadi iyaziyaleza
Nqaku ndiyayithatha
Inja yam iyandikhokela
Okwemvumi umoya
Nam ndiyalandela
Chuu! ngezihlangu ezikekeleyo
Ndiyokukhanyisela ingqondo
Vuu! emthunzini
Ndamkelwa ngumthi
Onxibe idyasi eluhlaza
Nam ndiyabhotisa
Kushukuma amahlahla
Iyavuma iNkosi
Ndicenga umthunzi
Amehlo aqalisa incoko nencwadi
Iyahamba kwanemini
Ulonwabo lonele
Umphefulo upholile
Intliziyo iyahleka
Amabali ayayinyumbaza
Nqeke amazinyo abomvu
Bayabhala abantu
Amathambo axelela igazi
Ilulutho le ncwadi
litolike ilizwe ncwadi!



Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi

1

Ndiyalila
ndimanzisa umhlaba
nalu ulwandle
nanga amaza
ayandigubungela
ndiyakhala
ndiyangxola
andivelwa ntweni

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

ndiyazika
ndiyinqanawa
eyenziwe ngenyama
ndintlitheka ematyeni
nazo inyembezi
aziyeki ukumpompoza
kophuka amathambo
ahlaba intliziyo
intlintliza amahlwilwi

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

ndihamba ndigxadazela
hayi kukozela
hayi ngumtshov'alele
ndirhaxwa ngamanzi
ndiphandlwa yisanti
ndinyikinya amehlo
ndivuthulula uthuli

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

ndisindwa yintlupheko
ndikhaliswa zizivubeko
ndiswele iimpiko
namhlanje ngale mini

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

ndibekwa izandla
ndizama ukuncuma
ndiyakhala

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

ndizama ukuphumla
ndirhaxwa ligazi
ndixukuxa ngegazi
ndiphehlelelwa ngegazi

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

2

Ndimanzisa umhlaba
ndigcwaba umphefumlo ngodaka
ndirhono-rhono ndimbola
ndilila igazi
kunjima ukuphuma ezinyembezi
ngoba intliziyo ilimeva

ithi yakubetha
ibe yinto enyameni

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Ndiyatsha
amathambo ahamba elahla inyama
kutshotshozela amehlo
aphandlwa ngumbilo
ndiyimbiza eziko
ndiyabila ngumsindo
ingxaki zim' entungo
ngokuphemba iinkuni

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Kunzima ukuhamba
inyawo ziyashixiza
zomba umhlaba
zivula indledlana
iminwe yolishumi
ikhombe emangcwabeni

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Kuvuthuza umoya
kuwa iinwele
kungqina intshebe
uyacwenga umphefumlo
ayabona amehlo
konke kuba mhlophe
ziyaxuba iinwele
nazi izimvi

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Ntlungu zingamawaka
eminyaka andazi
ndothula umnqwazi
ndiphekuzisa umoya
ezi ndaba
eziya
nezi 'ndaba
zindenzela isifuthu – futhu

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Naku ndingqengqa
ndisindwa yintloko
ndidumba ubuchopho
ndihlutshwa yimithambo
kothuka intliziyo
koma igazi

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Ndisuke ndaziva ndingumfi
bonke bayahleka
bathi usizi alutyiwa

Unyawo loMkhonzi

unyawo loMkhonzi
luhle lubanzi
chu! elukholweni
lunyathela ngaphandle kwebatha
apho imitha yelanga
ikhanyisela khona
izidalwa zehlabathi

lona lunamehlo
athe ntsho ngobutsolo
apho amandla kaThixo
ame khona ngobugantsontso
luzinza kumhlaba ongcwele
lujoja lusezela ivumba lobuthi basemaZulwini
luzinikele ekufeni
ngeminwe yalo yolihlanu
amazipho ntsho ukuwanqwenela amazulu
akhuthaza unyawo
luzinze kuThixo

lunyathela ameva
ulwimi lukhuphe into ngomlomo
umntu uzibangula ecula izithuko
de lokungqengqa ecaleni kokufa
lubanda ceke ngamaqhwa omhlaba

minwanw' imdaka
kukuhla linyuka imimango
lindwendwela amaziko entshumayelo
kaloku iindlebe zalo ziphila zokuva ilizwi
pha pha livuke liphilile emangcwabeni

Umtshayelo Somandla

Kukho into endingayithandiyo
ubumdaka bobuqhophololo
le mibungu igqugqisa intsimi yam
ezi nkumbi zingenalusini ngenzala yam
umtshayelo soMandla!
umtshayelo tshayela!

Kumdaka kweli lizwe
kumahlwempu kuphandle
iindonga zineemfata
izindlu zikekele zilindele ukuwa
umtshayelo soMandla
umtshayelo tshayela

Izinxiba mixhaka zikha amaxhaga
ngemilomo enyinyitheka ngamafutha
ziyangxola ngamaxilongo
tyumba mna ndokupha unqiyoyo
umtshayelo soMandla!
umtshayelo tshayela!

Izikhali zife ziqumbile
nam ngokunjalo ndiqumbile
ngulo mfo uxova udaka ngegazi lam
ubuxoki obungakanana sihlobo sam
umtshayelo soMandla!
umtshayelo tshayela!

Thethelela abangaziyo
isininzi esivinjwa imfundo
esigcinwa ngeminyaka yendlala
sithezela mhla kuwisa inkomo
ukwakha iyelenqe elinye lokuvota
mhla imbalwa iminwe yokugcobisa amaphepha

Umtshayelo soMandla!
umtshayelo tshayela!

Lo mntu

Akalunganga umntu
Ohamba nam
Ungcolile umdaka
Akalunganga ke qha

Akalunganga lo mntu
Ethi ehleli nawe
Uyatshiseka ufuna ukuhleba
Akalunganga

Akalunganga lo mntu
Ukushiya apha
Aphume aye phaya
Ebuzisa ngamaqhinga
Akalunganga ke qha

Akalunganga lo mntu
Uphuma aye eCaweni ngenzolo
Abuye eliva elitsolo
Akalunganga

Akalunganga lo mntu
Ugigitheka kamnandi
Kanti ucinga ngobubi
Akalunganga

Akalunganga lo mntu
Ulala emhle entliziyweni
Avuke embi emphefumlweni
Akalunganga

Akalunganga lo mntu
Ugcobisa owakhe umphefumlo
Ehlungisa owakho
Akalunganga

Akalunganga lo mntu
Usidalwa esifana nam
Ungabulisi kubuliswa
Ungcolile akalunganga

Akalunganga lo mntu
Zithi zakulunga ezakhe
Ahlekise ngabanye
Akalunganga usiziba
'sinzulu Akalunganga

Sithi Enkosi

Thixo sonka sethu
Sikudla imini nobusuku
Sondlo somphefumlo
Usinika udlamko
Sitsho sikudumisa
Gcukumba lemihla ngemihla
Kuwe sifumana ubulumko
Busuku budlule kuse sizizilumko
Gqirha wemikhosi
Sithi enkosi ngale mini
Umhle ngokungalali
Ixesha kuthi lokuthob' izikhali.

Mkhulu lo Thixo

Mkhulu endithembele ngaye
Uphangalele akangangazwe
Unamandla akanakulinganiswa
Umhle akanakufaniswa
Mkhulu- mkhulu lo Thixo
Mkhulu- mkhulu lo Thixo
Uphakamisa ilanga ngentseni
Kuse ibe yimini
Ubasela inyanga
Ikhanye bakufika ubumnyama
Mkhulu lo Thixo mkhulu
Uqhayisa ngothando
Kuthi nco entliziyweni ibeluxolo
Mkhulu lo Thixo
Mkhulu
Bona indalo iwugcinile umyalelo
Ingenakulindela umgqaliselo
Ilandele indlela eyayalathwayo
Ithobele amaxesha eyawanikwayo

Imisebenzi efihlakeleyo

limpuku ziyadakasa
Ikati isadla ikhefu
Mama jonga ngoku
Umbona uphelile
Biza ikati ibuye
Ithi *nyawu, nyawu*
Idle zonke iimpuku

lintlanzi

Nina makholwa
Nilindelwe ngaphesheya kwenyanga
Zizithunywa ngemhlophe imithika
Ngolonwabo eyomphefumlo ingoma
Yomelelani ningothuswa kukufa
Ngoba uThixo uhleli eloba
Ewe bazalwana
Ungumlobi
Nina nizintlanzi

Ubude bamaxesha

Okwangoku isezintlungu

Zisika kabuhlungu

Kodwa ekugqibeleni

Iyokubasithi

Singcwaba iintlungu

Andina nto

Akukho sekhaya apha
asiyo yam le nyama
ndiyibolekwe ngumhlaba
nawo lo mphefumlo
ndiwuthunyelelwe nguThixo
asizo zam ezi ngubo
zezenu ngomhla wochilo
mna andina nto
ndibambebele kolwexeshana ulutho

Imini yomgcwabo

Kuhla ibhokisi
chapha chapha iinyembezi
ihlakula umhlaba

Impandla

Kumka iinwele
andazazi ndizenze ni
zimka zingabazili
zabasithelayo emhlabeni
wambu iingubo ezimnyama
chu ngebhutsi ezimnyama
zingena endleleni
zindishiya ndingena mnqwazi
ndingumthi emoyeni
oze ongenamagqabi
ndibuxhegwarha
ewe kukumpandla

Ndibhala umbongo

Ndibhala umbongo

Iyeza elivuselela ibhongo kumzi kaXhosa

Eliphilisa amaxeba kusapho oluNtsundu luphela

Incasa ekrakra kumzi womgquba

Ingoma yolwaluko yakwaXhosa

Ethetha ngezithethe namasiko

Ubuntu nembeko

Ubuciko nenkcubeko -

Kodwa lona uthi mandithule

ZezaseMbo ezo

Kumzi kaQaba.