

This document consists of two (2) parts:

Part A: Thesis

Part B: Portfolio

Part A: Thesis

Aloe

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by

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Abstract

My thesis, 'Aloe', isse poetry collection, wat focus op modern Khoekhoegowab. Die opgittiekinne wēke van my Ancestry se mēnse van mēnse, |xam-poets: Diä!kwain, Kweiten-ta-lken, |a!kúnta, |Han#kass'o, en oek |Kabbo, deērie Dytse filoloog, Wilhelm Bleek, dien asse guide, moerrie vēse gisoak in combinations van Ancient Indigenous, en modern Goema-klange. Die purpose vannie collection is ommie use van Khoekhoegowab innie Afrikaans literature asse integral component te view, ennie iets foreign nie, diesselle way wat Arabic, Indonesian, Malay en Dutch languages, die culture ennie language gishape en givorrin-it. Deēl vannie skryf-style wat ek employ in my thesis isse fusion vannie lyric poetry van Linton Kwesi Johnson, Gill Scott Heron ennie praāt-poems van Peter Snyders, oa. Music, assie primal connection toerrie past, speēlle central rōl in my wēk asse 21st-century Indigenous writer. Die thesis reference die works van veteran cultural en linguistic aātisse en lyrical poets; in echoes van marginalised en displaced creatives soes Tinariwen, wattie stōrie vannie Tuareg vocalise in woōdt en klang, ennie Chamorro poet, Craig Santos Perez van Guam, innie Western Pacific Ocean, wierrie indigenizing mandate se vlag lat wappe, bínne innie gisig vannie American presence daā.

Grassroots-Soet Solidarity Yttie Sahara

*Friends, companions, hear my truth
And my conviction
These banishments that befall us
Bring no joy, neither to my heart
Nor to that of the youth
You suffer the bitterness of that oppression
Which annihilated the old folk
On whom you counted
And tortures the soul of the heart
That knows no hatred*

- Tinariwen, 'Imidiwan Ahi Sigdim'

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Tribute

Die global village
se Indigenous Ma,
en vrou in general,
was randomly,
savagely en
repeatedly girape, as
demonized barbarian,
en pregnin, en
often soemma net soe,
oppe vlak gilos,
toerrie elements
van dai tydt:
gidisgrace,
gi-expose,
gidestitute...

Dié collection
is in haā memory.
'n Follow-up sal
in order wies,
om dié blai,
'n boek te maāk.

Die Busker

“Dag-sē,” is vánnag biessag om te fade, in favour van sy iewwiknie in ōs Ancient Indigenous Moerstaāl, soes Indigenes hille most natural identity embrace. Om ieman dies-dae te hoō ‘!gâi lgoas’ in greeting sē, is langkie meē exotic. Large swathes vannie general Indigene public innie cities, is finally annie biggin, van bigginne op-catch saāme hille Ancient tong-klap, despite hilleselwis.

Jarrie, ek wēns: back in the day, was *my* koppietsie glattie by Indigenous. ‘Ahoy’ en ‘Irie’ wassie greeting, gifollow deē wall-to-wall music, meēste vanne normal dag; wanne-rie *Varke* (poellies), ōs ytlos. My focus, *toe*, was op waārie ding rik. Vi my wassit by Busking.

’n Serious, 9-jaā kyk nā dié, seemingly unstable, mis-fit, maverick profession, herrit eventually, full-time, my natural environmin gimaāk deērie dag. Hīe sal ek, soes anne Buskers, oek doggedly moet navigate vi speēl-space, inne sea van stalltsies, traders, office en general workers, tourists, pick-pockets, bēgies en Noon-Gun, ennie call van Palm-tree Mosque. En oek ou bedt-lak (die *Varke*).

Die up-shot van dai, virrie nay-sayers is, innie aāne, in my eie space – het ekke lekke warrim meal – consistently. Glattie sleg virre unstable profession moet rickety scaffolding, en knīē skēp wat agintoe poke. Wat hille (die nay-sayers) toe noggie wiettie, is, ek mīet dai sēlle jaā, finally, my Busking-family inne veteran pro Busker.

Mo Peters isse master-percussionis en natural Blues-man, Pā en Oupa, en paāt-time clown. Waā annis ’n klom *twee* chords gitokkillit sōnne sout, het Mo, lettilik, net twīe chords gispeēl – dan wil mēnse emote en couples stywwirre handtsies hou en blush en giggil in mikkaā se nekke, en, en...

Tog ... exact Mo nie tribute, al is hy oek bikkendt assie Kōning van Greenmarket Square. Siekke ma om hy noggalle presence command: moet sy jumbo jembe (talking-drum); funny jester-hoedt moet klokkietsies; colourful sarong en over-sized elton john-style sunnies; jolly, jokey, open personality; gruff, bluesy stem; blaring kazoō; en Afrika sandals moet dik tyre soōlle ... jade-groennis.

Ynlik lyk Mo rof, grof, soes ieman wat oōrre goeie paā hakkies-, en laāttirre, sny-drāre,

gispring-it al – 'n war-vet – ma isse pure treat vi kinnitsies. Nā nette pāā miniette saāme hom, wil hille nie trig nā hille parents, gifascinate moet sy drum-playing, personality, accessories, en of course growwe stem. Die parents lat giwoōnlik-ie kinnis sèlf hille contributions innie tips-box gooi. Dan loep dai kinnis dēm proud en super-reluctantly weg daā jong, en kyk glattie voōrrintoe; handtsie beēr net los vannie parent.

En langk nā hille weg is, flit en float hille stemmitsies nog rōndt ommie square.

Dan is daārie dag-tourists, international en local, *Soppie-Koppies*; dié vindt hom totally irresistible, wan, somewhere innie mix van exotic, raw straāt-energy en -glamour, genuine homeyness, intrepid entrepreneurship, fascinating eccentricism en nostalgic cover-versions, wat hille soe love, stiek daā, onviwags, soemma 'n free drum-lesson oek yt.

Dit, het vi Mo oek vánnag endear annie West-Afrikan jembe merchants oppie square, koz-why, nie langk ná-rie lesson moette touris, het hille nogge sale of twē virrie dag giclinch. Mo het hille laātirre gibigginne tax, wantie tourists trip elke keē, baie excited – trig nā hom, om hille newwe dromme te ko wys, wat Mo dan moet sign.

Oek is hy vi jāre die go-to-ou, wattie tex-boek example provide vi iennagge eēne, wie ideas koestir van Busk virre living, soes yours truly. By hom sal ek leē hoe om jou cool te hou, reg talking-drom te speel, consistent beat te hou, en oek endurance, tenacious persistence, en om nooit op te gie-nie.

Bygisē, leē ek, asse previously disadvantaged wanna-be Busker, dat asse mēns jóu ding consistently doen virre focused period, daā goedte gibeē wat dji nie aālydt sien kommie. Ma, as dji jou hyswēk gidoennit, dji – nie soemma maklik – onkan givang kan wōdtie; dji kan dai ma gan tseck me-rie law van averages.

Mo het oek meēste vannie gangsters giken, en moet sy rowwe, skrik-vi-fokkol-looks, gruff stem en diep experience vannie lēwe innie Manenberg vannie 80's, het hy oek vi my-rie safety-net giprovide, wat mēns need om te survive asse Busker oppie strāte vannie Mother City; Sy, kan jou vikeēdt inslik inne trice as dji mistrap of smug raāk.

Laātirre, toe ek nou-rie move soē bietsie biettirre snipe, toe vistaān ek hoekko ek vi 8 jaā – 'n volle octave – nieman mīet, moet wie ek reg broōdt kan briek oōrre glāsie music, en saām kan groei yttie experiences, nie net dronk raāk. En daā was baie collabs wat consistently vas was. But admittedly, agv random acts of gods, oek baie keēre, heēl los-en-vas, en altydt punctually

– *op Afrika-Time*. Oek ma min in glāse-glāse, meēssal plestiek-glāse. But Mo het nooit gidisappoin. Die idea hét in my gigroei, la Kurus, Creation, iets in Haā Mo vōer. Moet dié as basic deēsneē backdrop, wēk ekkin Mo dai circuit, en pump hom heēl wiek, elke dag, excep vi Maāndae, wanne ōs yt-lam ennie Plyn giniet vi allis wat sy wiet.

Dié eēn Saārrag het ōs nógge bitaāl-gig, maāk vroeërre klaā, en push off deērie tightly-packednis, groet ou cronies en anne Buskers trig, winding ommie tāfils en stoelle oppie pavement, mock-dāns en maāk gat moette familiar waitron of drīe, aāllie touristy padt af tot waā Shortmarket en St George’s Mall mikkaā prop’ly mīet.

Hīe, sittin buzz blinne Bakgaānga-Blues Gospil-singing gitaris, Pot-luck en sy vroutsie, Sis Nono op kratte en maākke joyful noise toe hille lōdt; Pot-luck speēl *boer-stryk*, plat-vinge.

Die gite face hom firmly giplant op sy skoōt, die nek pointing aāllie-padt hiemmil toe. Sis Nono sippōt haā man diligently op squeaky, ma sincere alto, moet oē bot-toe. Ma syssie daā virrie sing rērag; haā ynlikke job is ommie pak te watch: ‘hoe later hoe kwater’.

Virre wylle hang ōs by hille, lyste nā hille eēllikke gikatsarrang, ōs solidarity briedt ginoeg. Die touris-kinnitsies wys vi hille parents die blinne gitaris, en dan, “I’m not staring mom.”

Dan gly ōssie Mall in proper, moet aāl sy variety en mishap.

Oōkan by Standard Bank, moet James Small se restaurant agte hille, kommie mellow dollops van Jesus (sy sandals) en sy mirimba band an gibounce nā ōs, soes kinnis wat hille Mā mīet byrie hekkie, naē lang dag van slog byrie wēk. Jesus en sy ma-gents attract āltydt good crowds, soes hille tips-box kan attest. Dié predic 'n lekke nat ending toerrie dag.

Voō by Wimpy, is my fav dancing youngsters van Khayelitsha, tissin 7 en 14 jaa, saām wie ek sometimes jam innie trein, in Toun toe en yt. Dié troupe coin-it vaddag. Hillis soe toegipak, pitei mēnse crane bihoōrliek hille nekke, but dĵy siennie eēn va hille, hoō net-ie dromme, kinne-stemme, hand-claps en jiggling vannie ankle- en arrim-bracelets, handt-gimaāk van bīer-borril doppies.

Ōs val by Texies in, waē enterprising dronkiē complicated-looking manoeuvre in Breaking doen, tot some non-committal, random Rap-song van sy mates. Ōs collec ōsse pre-order; Snoek-en Chips-paāsil, Rasta Gatsby, 6 Rolls enne Lemmin Twis. Lekke honge, la wai ōs soemma soes ōssit kry. Soes ōs yttie fisheries gly, gooi ōsse paā kaātte narrie counter-ladies. Hille gissigte se poses, is quite on par moerrie mirth wat yt hille monne van goudt girōl ko.

Weē byttekan, waārie enterprising Break-dancing dronkie, nou finally gimanage-it om homself inne complete tangled ball te Break. Hy wōdt literally yttie padt girōl, deērrer fellow-dronkie. Ōs, wie noggie quite immune is tot spectacles van dié soōtte, is innie halfte givou vannie lag, aāllie padt narrie Kasteēl se kan vannie Piraārre, waā ōsse lif gipark is.

Krissie, isse ou tsummie en nīewwe social worker, en ōs lif nā vaddag se bitaāl-move.

Sy kyk op, toe sy gilag-lag hoō anko. Van dai kot, but still safe distance, tseck Mo haā moette prescient aāndag ... soes ōs naārre saunter. Toe ōs nou reg voō haā te staāne ko, groet ek haā verbally, en Mo, moerrie sēlle discerning aāndag, oppie boem agte, en net viby haā linke-oōr, knik nette paā keē, tiwyl ek biessag raāk moet intro's en goed.

Naā-rie intros, en soes Mo cover-take oppie vēste kan vannie klyn Mazdatsie, tease Krissie, “Hou van jou sunnies hoh Mo.”

Mo's distracted big-time, kry nette paā mompils yt, tiwyl hy-rie mīerre oppie tarmac study. Ek en sy groet in Ancient Khoe, deērie grip van regte voō-arrims, moet mikkaā se regte hanne; by default align-ie pulses, maāk contac, en voel ōs soe oek mikkaā se heart-beat en riddim. Moet dié ka mēns-ie help om eye-contac te maāk-ie. Needlis om te sē, oē issie vēnstis vannie soul, en soe kry dīye kinda eēste-layer-idea van ieman wat dīy nīetlings mīet.

“Ai, dīy móet nou *hīe* park,” kamma-admonish ek haā.

“Wel, jī sal móet gewoond raak hoor boy-fiend,” sy jab haā dym narrie Kasteēl, “want binnekort gaan Khoekhoegowab-lesse einste *daar* gebeur.”

Soes mieste mēnse, ek included, ma nog come toe terms moerrie Khoe-clicks en anniste turns-van-Indigenous-Moerstaāl-phrase, pronounce sy-rie *Khoekhoe-gideēl*te, *koe-koe*, ipv *kwe-kwe* soes in *kwela*.

Ek doenne whip-lash, incredulous ... my mon skiellik bitte tot in my keēl: “Naai man Krissie, serious?” Dié is soe-rie kakste good news, en ek willie-rit waā hē nie, soe ek sē-rit ma sag.

“Ernstig,” sē sy en kyk nā Mo, smile sag.

Mo smile twīe-dērdis self-conscious trig ennie anne dērde bigginne hy soemma te vroettil vi iets in sy sakke. But hy hettie – ōs altwīe dra sarongs.

Ek dink, jarrie...? Mo skaām ...? Ek shudder ... mannie vi Mo, virrie bom wat Krissie nou la vallit. Kannie my gril hou nie. “Fok man Krissie, kan hille da-niē anne venue kry nie myrre?”

“Hulle kan boy-friend, maar dan is dit kak en betaal vir die NPO.”

“Wat vannie ou Slave Kēk? Daāt daām niks torturing gibeē.”

“Vol geboek vir die seisoen.”

Krissie ken my experience en misnoë moerrie ou bedt-lakke Kasteēl ennie *Donker Gat*.

“Shit girl-fren?”

“Nie my besluit hoor ... kan ons maar ry? Jy reg Mo-tjie?” Sy klim innie kar, start op, en mis completely die effec van haā laāste woōrre op Mo.

ōs dip innie vehicle. Sy gie gas en aim-ie karrintsie se nies immediately nā De Waal Drive.

Mo sit reg agte haā, en maāk homself soe klyn as possible. Ek tseck sy dicomfort: “Wat sē-rie Breaker toe Mo?” Hy brik homself van voōrraf en bigginne weē te munch annie paāsil. Ek kry gidagte vannie Rasta Gatsby. “Girl-fren, daāsse surprise virrie vegan oek.”

“Haai regtig?” Krissie is genuinely *taken*.

Ek point my dym agtintoe. “Is Mo se skildt. Moennie my blame,”

Mo half vistik innie snoek en Krissie kyk concerned innie rear-view: “Jy ok Mo? Drink bietjie van daardie Lemon Twist wat jy daar het. Kyk in die pouch voor jou, daar moet 'n redelike skoon glas wees daar-in hoor. En dankie vir die kos en die gedagte van dit hoor Mo.”

Mo mompil net en maāk homself nog klynnirre. Die drienk se sudden pop is surprisingly hadt innie klyn karrintsie, but level mooi yt innie sagste effervescence, soes Mo sking.

Ek bigginne ‘n spliffie rōl. Is fairly good grade. Giscore by *Get-a-Fix*, 'n trancey-bohemian chill-space, en eēn vannie min plekke wāē mēnse joints kon roek in relative peace, sōnne-rie *Varke* aroun. Mo se niggie, Nōra, assie resident Joint-Roller, churn elke heēl-dag king-size, single-blader zolle yt: R10.00 each virrie owner, R1.00 vi haā. Die down-side was, sy moes self mush, wat van haā rōl-tydt gichomp-it. Die up-side was, sy kon aāllie mush-kaf kry.

Lunch-times het-os dai ‘kaf’ weē ko mush. Soe’t ōs angikap virre heēlle paā seasons, besides Mo se anne sources, op sy many-splendoured random contac-lis.

Gou’s ōs nāby University Estate en spliffie girōl. Krissie’t giwag vi dié momin, en paās vi my, moet haā oē oppie padt gifocus, ‘n klyn, bryn borrlitsie moerrie woōrre: “Kan hewig raak.”

“Ooh, dji surprise ōs nogal trig nuh?” sē ek soes ekkie bottiltsie reg kyk: *cannibis oil*.

Sy wink, “moenie vir almal se nie boy-friend, ok daar agter Mo-tjie?”

Mo’s nóg by mompil, sy mondt vōl givis die keē.

“So wat’s my kos-verrassing Mo?”

Stil.

“Rasta Gatsby,” offer ek, en smeërre paā drops vannie choice oōllie oppie spliffie. It ryk stēk nā hash en is nou ‘*reg om te sterf, sodat ons almal kan lewe.*’ Ek nail-it an my mon, light-it, trēk ... hou in ... filter yt my nies ... doen-it nogge drīe keē en paāssit nā Krissie.

“Gee maar vir Mo,” sē sy, “vir die ‘surprise’,” add sy, “te vroeg vir my hoor.” maāk sy klaā. Mo’s oppit – honge – engage dai spliffie moet relish, reduce ampe die heēlle arrimme ding tot as, innie sēlle tydt warrit vat virre fluorescent tube om an te blienk ... muffled setties-klange van agte, soessie infused spliffie se effec manifes.

Naē extended lang rik van net kar-klange, hou Mo sy handt yt nā Krissie tissienie seats, moerrie spliffie daā-in: it lyk ēg abused en oōllierrag.

Krissie tik sy hand speēllirrag moet haā elbow, “sal later Mo-tjie. laat ek maar liever nugter bestuur. Julle twee kan maar klaar maak. Ek sal my maar by die volgende een skaar.”

Mo trēk sy handt trig. In gibaarre- en lippe-taāl biddye hy an my, “wat klap soe...?”

Krissie snap-it: “Ons gaan nou die seremonie-dametjie optēl in Sir Lowry’s Pass Village. Ons gaan miskien bietjie hoog, maar nugter daar aankom. So asb Mo-tjie, moenie die nippy whisky wat jy daar het oopmaak nie toe?”

Mo, urgent op my skoue: “Wat *doen* ōs dan daā?” Ek smile van diep agte yt my reverie ...

Krissie save my: “Julle speel terwyl sy besig is met die reinigings-proses Mo-tjie.”

“Wat speēl, hyssie-hyssie? ōs te oudt vi d ...haāh! Boem-Hyssie! Eksie boem en jille twīe-rie bladtsies ennie lighter...!”

”Potent,” is al wattik ytkry, wannik notice iets lively oppie sidewalk, wat ammal mis.

Ek snipe Krissie’s biessag om vi Mo nog goedte te sē, tiwyl ek soulfully slap-links depart oppe anne concentrate: ‘n Klyn skilpadtsie, gispeed-lynne, oppie side vannie bakkinde padt.

Skillie-Boy’s oppe moerse speed in skilpadt-tydt. My oē’s girivet op hom. ‘n Drōl-mistitsie try hom te match. Bihalwe virre dainty insekkie in bassiellie-groen body-suit, bloed-rooi stilettos, high-cheek bones, horn-rimmed brille, rooi lippies, rooflis peak-kep enne clip-board, wie, admin-giwwys, neutral staān ennie order handthaāf, is aāllie anne klyn diērtsies en insects, op *dai* strip vannie skoue vannie padt, biessag om te bet vi hille fav hottie. Omtren my heēlle earnings virrie dag is op my personal fav: “UP-U Skillie-Boy!” cheer en por ek hom loudly ...

jarrie, ek imagine hom skiellik in rooi *Nikes*, soes hy lat fly, en dai kak-anbringer hands-down beat: ōsse ou Skillie-Boy...

Die laāste portion vannie Krissie/Mo dialogue, het ek inne disjointed way gihoō, en girealize, dat in aāllie tydt wattik vi Skillie-Boy cheer, ōs glattie gimove-it ... wan, bisef ek, ōs staān inne police check-point queue ... en waā en wanne het Mo dai nippy whisky gi-appropriate?

“Ma’s ōssie kan dringkie, kan ōs siekke nog roek nuh?” mock Mo.

“Jā ōs kán nog roek Mo, daās nóg,” gooi ek in return. “Krissie en ek sal tseck virrie *Varke*, right girl-fren?”

Krisse nod.

Mo se kop, nou minus jester-hoedt, etc, appear laāg innie gap betweēn-ie seats. “Smaāk djy rērag nou nogge spliffie Mo?” vra ek. Sy kop skidt – nog voō ek reg bigginne en klaā is. Ek paās hommie res vannie smoking-kit. “Glory halliloejaā!” val Mo weg innie nex roek-ding. Mo, die hardened smoker, maāk *nie* spliffies. Mo’s by bomme: cones; drēe-bladtsie wonders; vet voō, din agte. En blits-vánnag. Hy toss-it vi my. Voō Krissie kan snipe, paās ekkit trig, saāmie magic oōllie. Hy tikkie bottiltsie strategic’ly en gierrit trig.

Ek hourrit yt nā myrre.

Krissie kyk narrie bom en dyns trig in abject horror...: “Jirre gottalla! Wat’s dié *ding*? Wat wil jille my dik drug?!” Sy sē dié innie perfecste Goema, Kaāps en Afrikaāps en idiom, tiwyl sy-rie steering klem moet wit knuckles, determined ommie annie *ding* te vattie.

Ek kyk agtetoē, shrug. Mo se oē rōl in hille sockets. Ek light ma op en gan deērie sēlle motions vannie eēste spliffie, en paāssit weē vi Krissie.

“Ag nee wat boy-friend, ek sal maar wag tot naby die einde. Ek moet nog baie ry vandag. Ek sien ook die *Varkies* worry net van motors regvoor in die lyn, so julle kan maar rook.”

“COOL!” harmonize ekkin Mo in chorus, en roek ek myself setties en paāssie bom agtintoe.

Mo, glattie ly nie, tuck ientoe dai bom, assault-it bihoōrlik, en kot voō langk issit warrim en uneven gitrek, nessesie current political-lyne.

Die sēlle lang stilte vannie previous spliff gibeē ampe mirror-image, but sōnne-rie athletics oppie sidewalk die keē. Mo briek deērrit en address vi Krissie: “Giste aān lekke miskiette givang,”

“My heene Mo, wat’s so lekker van muskiete vang? En,” lat sy hom vërre wiet, “behalwe dit, ishulle nie *mis*-skiette Mo-tjie, hulle skiet mēns te raak,” en sy gië shudder.

“Mo is unperturbed. “Ek hettie main-miskiet givang, die mentor-eēne.”

“Watter een is dit Mo?”

“Die eēne wattie youngsters leē hōe, waā en wanne om te stiek. Die irritatingste eēne.”

“Um ... jā ... én Mo?”

“Dai eēne wat soe zoem by jou oōrre-rie heēlle tydt. As djy *hóm* het, dan vallie res trig.

“My gedoorie Mo-tjie, regtig neh?”

“Ek hette vikoue gihadt giste-aān, en noussit weg,” slat hy oō nā nogge stōrie, soes hille twiētsies hille banter continue; Krissie, die clean-cut Social Worker, Mo, die sweaty Busker.

“En wat het jy toe gebruik Mo?” wil sy eagerly wiet.

“Krye.”

“Krye?”

“Jā.”

“Nie, *kruie*?”

“Naai, Krye.”

“Watter soort krui ... krye?”

“Khoe Krye,”

“Waar kry jy dit?”

“Hīe-en-daā.”

“Hoe bedoel jy Mo-tjie?”

“Pitei mēnse bring my, annis gan kry ek self.”

“O, ek sien, *daarom* is dit ‘krye’.”

Krye life

Annie BossieDoktis Van My Bloedt

Voō-affie:

Die hoegste Krye in dié dimension,

soewèl assie most fertile grōndt

vi krye cultivate,

is altwīe Djy jouself:

spirit being human currently,

running op rou potential.

i

lag my eëllik djas

virrie happy-clappy

protestante kēk:

protes, hille main wēk,

waāvanne close sekkin,

complain is,

van te veēl kēk attend.

Oppe tydt was ek daā

in hai period,

toerrie kēke nog fairly

honest to god was,

en vi ōs innocents, eëllikwaā,

niks anniste gileērrit,

as net gentle jesus meeky mile wies,

altydt smile en nice wies,

al voel djy hoe kak en

glattie nice wies,

moet djy net opgitof wies

moet forkinne ‘gentle jesus mickey mouse’.

en van gèldt,

inne bōdtsie gooi en maggie trig vilang;
ennie-rie papīe-gèldt eye,
soessie silver plate van offerrande,
viby blink;
collection-lyse,
virrie nex kēk-dāns
organize;
raffles,
virrie nex cake sale
bak;
rummage-sale,
virrie fund-raising
vannie annual
Sunday school outing
hou;
en, “Yes Jesus loves me,”
oppie top van jou kinne-stem
sing;
en weē, twīe keē,
en dan,
“the bible tells me so”.
Nooit vigiettie,
tot op jou ou-dag
onhou,
“the bible tol’ you so”.

Gillikkag oek lesse soes,
“Kom kniel by die kruis”
(djy ka inne wheēl-chair oek ko),
choir practice,
genuflec,
bidt (ek doze af),

catechism study,
sunday school,
brigade
en wyn;
ol' brown sherry virrie nagmaāl,
binne innie vestry,
waā ōs choir-, en altar-boys
tunics steam en prep vi dienste,
en dannie altar-boys watch,
hoe hille-rie pirre se robes steam.

father hess het ōs gitrus,
tiwyl ōs, voōrie services,
en na,
en noggie dētien,
sy wyn steēl,
en dan sing soes ingiltsies innie choir
en sèlle tydt-ie girls oggle innie kēk-bangke,
en kannie wag om byrie hys te ko om draādt te trēk,
nie oppie beat vannie kēk-organ.

Min tot niks rērragge life-skills
was ingicalculate,
om te help wegko va dependency,
waā-ytte mēnsse solid livity kan cultivate,
vi jousef en vi jounne – in extension.

But wat gloe baie important was
vi ōs om elke dag te leē,
was western-european culture
en hollanse mirrissynne.

En bihalwe giestillikke dependence
oppe alien invader-godt,
nie eēs eēn iota van krye;
dai gannie vi jou docile,
pliant en gidweē hou,
tivrīede moette sistim wat
al klaā jou spiritual destiny
gihijack-it,
gidemonize-it,
gi-eien-it
en nóg control,
en nou jou
– very soewwirrynne siel,
oek wil oōvat.

ii

Ek stiek yt oppie scene moet
kawa ḷgūxasig
niewwe ywwir
nuwe ywer
entsha enzondelelo
new zeal
fresh en vars en gretig en eager,
in aāllie official en unofficial tāle
vannie ‘feeling’
– fokkie ‘tydt’.

Deēp down, ma siekke
ma nog altydt eēnne:
protes in my bloed,
ma langkie meē
moet dai *tant*:

ytgitrēk moet fokkin roōt en al – *voetsak!*

Hy't omtren allis
wat genuine is,
givigal:
die genuine soekke;
die genuine questions;
die genuine, childlike, hope;
die genuine belief;
die genuine remorse;
die genuine humbling-down;
die genuine ywwer,
ommie boōdtskap te spread;
die genuine trust;
die genuine trusting gibedt,
nā gibedt, nā gibedt *ad infinitum...*
die genuine disappoinmin,
oppie realization,
die kille eēn:
dies daārimme stil,
unengaging,
nooit involved,
exclusive,
unaffected God.
Sy poes dan.

iii

Is allis nog netsoe,
al dai passion van hīe boe,
ma allis gan nou in klang,
in skryf,
in compose,

in songs maāk,
in music speēl,
in activism,
in Krye:
die dink,
die praāt,
die *doen* daāvan,
ennie anpaās vannie knowledge daāvan.

En vi al dié bitte praätte
van alien invader-krye,
choose ek even van *hille*,
boekkanne alien invader-godt.

Agte-affie:
“Ek vistaān nou
dat Ek,
Grōndt is,
die womb is,
en alle ideas,
wat deē, in, en om my flow,
saādde is.
Ek snap la Ek,
as Grōndt,
of vrigbaā is,
of nie,
vi dai ideas om,
of te onkiem,
of nie.

agte-os

as dji sien ek halloep
issie vi exercise
is virre hondt of my liewe of altwīe

athletics
was nog nooit goedt in
die ekki
nooit gichoose vi
rooi
blou
geēl
of groen hys
rīeddilik goedt givitraāg was ek
ma dai's my lyf se eie catalysis

ammil het siekke maē bietsie
van slakkie en skilpadt gi-inherit
enne lae tolerance vi bitte-blaārre
ma ek staān regvoō vi agte-os
watch hoe ammil daā ko
van klyns af laāt vi omtren allis
-Delayed Loit

Don't pray for an easy life, pray to be strong

Gibedt het vi my giraāk,
soes omme kar se wiel
yttie grip-sandt te stoōt,
tienze fynbos backdrop,
tiwyllie driver smugly,
anmoeddiggings maāk
van binne, agte-rie wiel,
ma fokkōl doennie.

Sorogowab

Back in the day het ōs daām
gijump op dai disco-vloerre,
vi “Pump up the Jam”.
Kaätte giskiet en giblom van gilik.
Ōsself pap gilag en gibrandt van passion.
Givries van vreēs vi gangsters.
Gibloei van djammitte as ieman,
vanaffie daānsvlōe gimanniengil-it.
Die nex paā wiekke skrik ammal hille vrek
vi dai ieman se spoek.

Daā was dae,
goudt-geēl van cowardice,
gras-groen van jealousy,
poes-pēs van kwaādt,
en asvaāl van skrik.

Ennie oh so random dae,
wanne ōs weē ōsself nērf-af val,
virre scam, of in love,
en kwyn van iets wat biggin op bitte,
but valiantly strive nā soet,
en yt-even, en settle,
op bitte-soet
vilange.

Bosbifok

Innie nag raāk plekke
soes kirstenbos,
rōnnebos,
en proteabos:
Donkebos,
Bangbos
en Tokkelōssiebos.

Bittebos was back-up,
virrie groōt skrikke.
Hille was my eēste klas-kaāmis.

Cheerios

Ek het niks geloef,
hapskiet bihae, buggerall,
inne vision vannie future,
vanne vrou wie vi destiny,
net deē *twee* blou oë sien.

Sy sak hille en loeppe lang drai,
om te reach virrie naaste cliché;
“Hy sal change man.”
Soese ou, pap gebēdjie,
van mēnse wat jou sal lat wiet,
lat djy van biettirre moet wiet.

Dais wanne djy mos bidt moet newwe ywwer,
al profess djy,
in jou profess-periods,
bidt is bietsie *twee*:
“La
elke
diffrin
colour
Cheerio
in
dai
boks,
dié keē,
assiblief anniste smaāk,
ennie ammal oppe striep diesselle,
en soessie boks self-ie.

allien innie city of saints

hewin:

ek reach yt nā my kitaā
en sy's hīe,
kop-boe-skoues elegant,
tissin aāllie varieties van aloe.

purgatory:

ek reach yt nā my kindt
en kyk vas in dysinne giboue,
lock-down queues en kēke,
strāte wyd, nou en myriad,
tissin ōs.

hel

die één ding
wattik nié wil hē moe gibeē
moet iennagge mēns-ie,
háppin toe moerrie heēl laāste eēnne,
wie soe iets moet experience;
my bff se eēste toddler naārrrie mis.

is eēn van hai outsies wat soe engil is,
wat op soē eēste-trīeē-,
val-,
kryp-,
gly-,
syl-beat, anko,
moet soet-bekkie,
eēste onne-tandtsies-smile,
en blingk-wakke oeggietsies,
en omtren *iennage iets fair game*,
om nou gitest te raāk.

Vaddag issit sunbeams,
ennie tissin-spaces,
wat oeppe deērre mos provide,
se turn.
En sy's soegilankies soentoe op padt
— vánnag.

Ek kyk dantoe, it lyk toe.
Ek hoep van harte die onnedeē,
issie net toegistoōt, but oppie skyf.

Soes mieste vannie tydt
wat *hope* bitref,
is dié gou proven wrong,
giverify deërre sliver vanne
sōnsstraāłtsie soe tiny,
wat deēsny ... ek drop allis.

Gie lang haālle om op te catch,
wattie help-ie ... jirrie sy *move!*

Die precise momin
wanne-rie cheetah wiet
watte kan toe haā prooi gan gooi,
swenk sy eēste,
en haā meal val in haā skoot:
net soë vou in tydt,
prevent my van bitydts respon.
Kannit-ie stop. Wil soe graāg ma
gan meē damage cause as control.
en kry ek klaā seē,
vi wat nóggie gibeē,
en plik soegilang mentally aloe.

Haā vingitsies:
iennousin,
unwitting,
soe fairy-fyn,
touchie slivertsie sōn,
moerrie eēn handtsie,
en moerrie anne,
drik sy tiennie deē,
ennie slivertsie vidwyn

virre nano-second,
en reappear
asse skēp piep-klankie,
wattie giwoōnweg
in haā vocal-range vallie:
te stil virre outright gil,
but eēne wat urgently wil.

Ek sien hoe komme engil
se vingitsie inne deē
en hoe sy, eēste-rie sliver
en dannie deē – *kyk!*

En dan heēltimal van hille vigiet,
en al haā attention drai,
nā dié newwe bloeisil op haā vinge,
ennit moe incredulity biskou,
haā fyn featuretsies oppe knōp,
soes sy nie vistaān,
hoekkommit *soe*,
moet brandt-ie.

sol

eēn marrag loe ek
vi “*soul*” en “*soil*” soe,
enne dyf ka-flap-flap
skiellik hīe by my ōre
en deē aāllie jumble in my attic,
en yt byrie dormer-venstitsie,
los eēn down-veērtsie.

Watch ek, enchanted,
hoerrit staārag tumble,
gi-illuminate deēre bold,
laāt-marrag winte-beam,
finally ko settle oppie skin,
vannie pool va my thinking:
die top-most layer;
die board-walk;
van certain insekte en
elkeēn se personal christ.

Niē ripple oppie waāte,
en crystal clear tot onne.

Sublime soul, en gritty soil.
Die ienagste viskil
tissin hille twiētsies
lyk soes “*u*” en “*i*”.
Of is dai te maklik,
te convenient,
te los-en-vas,
makeēre controlling force,

om hom in toōm te hou?

Die toōm is “ōs”,
en net music kan vi my,
dai marriage consummate,
van “surreptitious” en “serendipity”.
Hille maāk-ie kwaiste couple.

Die kine of ‘surreptitious’ wat ék mean,
issie mean, en nooitie vicious,
en my ‘serendipity’ is minus
die ‘pity’-activity,
ennie debilitating sympathy,
wat allis wil shadow en vimif .

Ek kan ma net imagine hoerrie sparks sal fly,
as hille twē moet ytvinne,
hille smaāk ynlik mikkaā,
hillis nou ryp vi mikkaā,
en mág ma oōslat nā doen,
soes soul en soil, same diffrins.

Dan sal haā daāddilik ’n pastōr gikry moet wōdt,
wattie noōrragge magic woōrre
– sacramentally móet ytspreek
oppie happy couple,
waāvan-ie eēn baie eager lyk,
ennie anne bietsie bīewwirag.

Die marriage van soul en soil,
is net soe dōnnis visceral soes
‘niks worthwhile

wōdt whimsic 'ly gi-attain':

ma ek móet nog hoō

vanne miskraām,

offe still-born.

En as djy hille al twīe ythaāl

yt hille comfy zones,

lossit vi jou saāme sol,

ōsse jong sōn se latin baādtsie,

en royal-blou velvet skoentsies,

moet cool, natural suede-trim,

subdued, but spiffy,

mint-groen silk-viettis,

enne flaming wig.

Die gi-chug van washing-machines, dish-washers en lawn-mowers

Plak-Plek Unlimited

nyg nou nā nationalize:

pandokkies gi-erect,

reg op boundaries,

waā hynnings moet wies;

fenceloos,

niks privacy;

heklis,

vulnerable;

jaātlwis,

niks parking;

defenceless,

anarchy-prone;

disorganized kamma.

net-ie structures is,

nierrie families;

trus me,

nieman hīe, isse dwis.

Sink hazards in

hit-of-mis strāte ,

house die meēste van hille.

Som al soe viby hille use-by date,

dat dies, wat nog rég wēk,

ma an-chug moet rikke:

ageing washing-machines;

ancient lawn-mowers;

dish-washers moet

serious long-problems.

Hille moet ynlik ammal
oppe striep giretire hoōdt:
die *base* skop tien aāllie karre daā, op aāl wat
baas-jaātte is, skop hille, *in* hille unhappy kanon:
“Nuwes gaan op die end van die dag, vir ons ten
duurste ko. Tweede-handse is ook nie ‘n opsie nie.
Die rede is voor die hand liggend, soos ons laaste
vergadering se notule kan getuig: ons kan nie met
dié nuwe modelle, nee wat, hulle’s te onbetroubaar.
Ons hou maar by die oues, en gebruik maar liever
daai geld oppe lekker, Sokkie-naweek by Lui-Baai.
Julle is meer as welkom om julle wasmasjiene en
skottelgoedwassers saam te bring.
Die grassnyers kan dien as sekuriteit.”

Djy sien hille
saāmie voēltsies vroeg
op elke oggin,
som nog *voōrrrie* sōn
sy eēste pis vat;
hefty lywwe, well-worn,
op dikgeswelde enkils,
klop-klop glattie saāmie
toxic, taxi sounds sōnne,
nie net smaāk en tact,
but oek conscience,
waā-in hille
baie
swaā
in-klim,
en laāt elke aāndt,
som langk naārrrie sōn,

sy laāste pis givang-it,
relieved yt-stagger, en eēste bietsie staān en wobble...
vi traction en balance, en relief,
virrie walk op hystoe,
plastic-sakkies ever-present;
moette kos-ding,
'n vrig-ding,
'n soet-ding,
'n jelly-tot,
'n wine-gum,
'n ietsie ommie tiny-tots
tys te treat
– lekke naārrie daily dose,
virrie bitte-jong bōsies,
wat net deērie ou krangklikke dish-washer se krye kennis
kan skoon-spoel.

Nag-klankke

Tsoep-stil staännie outlines
vannie moon-shadows.
Die ienagste klankke
hīe vannág,
bihoōt annie stilte:
die low hum van Kriekkelandt;
die soun' vannie sea;
muted effervescence;
bubbles oōrrie rim vanne frosted glaās;
jou bloed wat whisper
deē jou aarre;
die combined seething,
hissing en susurating,
vannie human-, kat-
en slang-populations,
saāmgismelt moette innocent onnilaāg
van oullikke bybbie-klankkies:
angibring deērie syggillinge
van net twīe species, vi nou:
primates en anne diërre,
sōnne tune, of forrim;
net eēn blanket-statement,
tot binne in my bryn:
9 minutes paās 12 oppie Bass,
9 minutes voō, oppie Volume,
5-paās oppie Mids,
en 12 o'clock innie Viscera:
nikse gigrumble meē.
Ek, het hille gitame.

Net soes alien invader-krye,
is girraās ma wannabe's:
dissonant giklangkies,
wat soe graāg wil
musical klangke wies,
soe is meë gikkerrim
vi recognition,
vi gilyste nā wies,
en gihoō te wōdt,
serious givat te wies,
soes ma iennagge mēns.
Ek kan liewe moet dai.

Ek hét sy spirit,
speēl saāme-rit.
Doen soes Indigenous
ma doen:
kyk vi ways
om te engage,
te involve,
include,
saām transmute,
innie, random,
on-the-spot,
spontaneous music
wat ek *trig* maāk;
klang-calls wat ek ytstiē,
deē hom, binnin hom,
om hom, boe-op hom.

Choice is synne:
of, hy gan raās moet sy

gikrangkte giklangkery
somewhere else,
of hy raāk paāt
vannie beat,
en klang-answers,
wat of trig echo,
of hy hang nerraā,
innie stiltis innie music,
iets wat hy,
despite homself en sy nature,
respec,
en nie interfere mīe nie.

**hy, godt,
wag innie garage (eēste praātsie)**

Diena bidank vi
Kurus en vi
Krye;
Kooigoedt,
Kanna-Bossie,
en vi Aloe se Vera en niggies,
wat āl krye nou is,
wat haā ēgste pynne kan vilig.
angibring,
moet nette *twis* van lippe;
hy, godt,
wat vi haā, die *bediende*,
narrie garage order.
Die res is hiestirrie
meēssal oral.

Niks sterrintsies vi goedt doen,
vi iennagge Indigene in dai
wreēdde tye: tragic, hiesterrikil.

Die *twis* het hy, godt,
soe goedt gipifekt al,
darrie actual *sē* van,
“Sien jou innie garage,”
heēllimal gidrop is,
deē hom, godt.

Elke dag,
sometimes meērras *twīe* keē,
issit nette gitwis van lippe,

nevermine of sy nog seē is
vannie most recent-past
cruelty against haā,
wōdt sy, die *bediende*,
nog once,
van yttie shadows vannie gang,
en agte sy vrou se fyn riggie,
gisummon deē hom, godt,
waā sy innie scullery,
in knīe-diep,
in elbow-diep, en
in deadly-diep
dread staān,
in wasgoedt,
skorrilgoedt,
en niks goedt,
anniste as net haā,
otherwise weēloōsse klo-goedt,
om haā:
vīe myssies, al klaā giwek
innie garage deē hom, godt,
en *lieve jesus*
en *die trooster*,
wie *hy*, sal gistērrit kamma,
nooit nērins te siennie.

Ma net vi dai klyn,
window-periodtsie,
dan's hille weē trig,
ampe soes magic.

En soe, lyk *repeat*,

oek op anne plaāsse;
sōnne much fan-fare,
gibeērrrie stringe nāsāte,
angibring,
en gilos hīe,
deē eēn narrie anne
hoeg-djars colonial low-life,
en relateds,
wat gloe lekke-ryk siep
gan koeppit virrie bybbie,
reg oōrrrie landscapes,
van ōsse eie
half-anginaide,
democryptic
constitutional
corporation
aka ‘n republic
moet viflooide politics.

Ennie eēnne nex door,
mag ōs nooit vigiettie:
ōs eie bloedt,
soes ōs hīe,
in bondage daā,
innie previous Syd-Wes,
en half-anginai – voō dai,
deē europeans ginoem ‘die germans’.

Possibly feature jou en my,
en ōsse eie Mā-lynne hīe,
en djy, en ek, en ōs,
die random results

vannie veëlle vikragtings,
gicommit deē,
à la mineē wit supremacy,
onnirrie providential panopoly,
van godt
van *goeie boek*,
wat global Indigene vivloek.

Vasbyt my eie modern oer-mēnse,
die tydt vi vasstaān's,
op waā-rit rērag matter ...

Innie sèlle

More-or-less reluctantly,
kō ek agte,
bly ōs, vi kak-lang tye,
innie sèlle hysse.

En dai is goedt,
as djy nie mine
om gistuck te is,
jaā in en jaā yt innie sèlle slow-poison:
asbestos-dak hysse
moet aāllie antidotes,
in sy gat-sak,
nevermine hoe contrived,
wiesse main plan 'n
evergreen vim-pil is.

Parallel tot dai,
en vi bai riēddis,
bly ōs, vi nog langgirre tye,
innie sèlle slegte attitudes.

En dai kannie goedt is,
as djy nogal mine,
om gistuck te is innit.

En even as ōssie eēs meēre hys hettie,
nie even 'n dilapidated eēne,
bly ōs, nog net soe stuck,
innie sèlle ou bad habits.

deërie bank

Saffers was ōs
deërie bank ginoem,
innie London vannie 90s.
Minnirre as 65 jaā trig,
was som van ōs,
moet typical systemic reluctance,
van state-side dollar
en bank-vas pōndt,
virrie laāste keē,
op display gissit,
in cages oeppe.

Die Europeans het girave
ennie tips het giclatter,
die cages se ys-koue vloere,
vōl geldt gistrooi;
die laāgste denomination,
waā-ever coin-technology
oek mag exist: donkies.

Dai was soemma ōsse paymin oek:
“Look up savages!”
'n Paā stikke broōdt sal goedt in-sny;
'n hunk vrot kaās moette free mys;
en lekke baie complimentary rot-gut,
virrie european se idea
vanne lang cosy nag;
cosy wat aim om vi jou
goedt vrek te vries
– determined is,

nog voōrrie nag om is.
Vi dai was ōs,
saām moet tips gigooi
in yste cages.
Die scar-tissue
itch nog.

Dié jaa, 2020,
skryf ōs nog aālydt vannit
in outrage,
exactly honnit jaā, nā
Afrikaner nationalism,
sy tell-tale traction,
in parliamin table,
en, unfortunately vi *nie-blankes*,
official opposition raāk
oppe national scale.

Scaley, ommie minste te sē,
wan trig innie original,
patriarchal Father-land,
sourrie sèlle kine of spirit,
nog 38 jaā het,
om kamma,
– net vi entertainmin purposes,
purposevol te stare,
nā ōs,
in human zoōs
regoōrie western-europe van dai tydt.

In ōsse 'primitive' en 'natural' state,
nevermine of osse actual state

eēnne van extreme trauma was,
in *circa* 1958, *country* Belgium.

My gril se kindt, gril:
natural costume wassie treat.
10 jaā voō dai,
en 28 jaā naārrie NP traction kry,
surprise hy vi ammal en wēn-ie vote.
(Vērrē op innie map, innie sēlle jaā,
biggin Isra en El
handt in handt te window-shop,
regoō Indigenous Palestine
se eie true potential.)
Toe gril-ie landt éés.

En fucked-up is jóu life,
as djy,
die misfortunate
audacity giharrit,
om giboōrrē te giwiessit
ientoe nasies,
moet *ham* innie haārre
enne sign *innie* voōkop.

En nevermine of jesus,
yt *ham* se mirril-broe stam, en djy,
ytte lang blood-line van bossie-doktis,
djy gan nog one-time short ko.

En woe betide vi jou,
én jou mēnse boettietsie:
is reg deērie bank vi jille;

van voō tot van agte;
en van grōndt-
tot nā sky-floor;
en weē trig;
tot diep innie basement
(en wie djy ag as worthy
van jou energy, sunshine,
tydt, oppie-jaātgydt, talent,
loony-gydt, creativity, agency
en jou goedrintiērindthydt:
die mēnse van jou eie jaat);
as djy eēn is, wat dai tydt,
wit giclassify was,
en daā ytgivinne was,
djy hang innie townships yt;
niks siep kan jou save.

Tieng

In omtren elke stik
linear orchestration
wattik al gihoōrrit,
herrie triangle
sy appointed plek,
ērrins innie ordainde music,
en āltydt oppe hitte-te.

Nie hīe, in dié,
stik spontaneous sound:
'n piece aspris nie giprescribe.

Hīe speēl dainty *Sy*,
saāmie riddim,
but ómmie beat,
lekke ristag ien-betwīen
die baie subtle spaces hīe.

Hīe raāk syē integral
paāt vannie percussion:
vi centuries nette side-kick
nie deēl vannie discussion;
haā skoōn, oep gisig, blink,
in orchestral faces in girub in.

Nou hīe—haā pride of place.
Hīe staān sy wydtsbiēn yt,
soesse punctual haān,
moet crystal se clear stem,
enne coat of many colours.

hīe, in dié behoude bos:
van soe baie diffrin time-periods.
hīe, waā sy staān en lyste
narrie nīewwe musics
wat randomly deē-flow,
deē haā filter.

Hīe, soe fyn,
truly precious,
en in partnership moet Ancestors,
hīe, waā sy haā
most ancient van fragrances
release,
sē-rie sōn nie allīen
-tieng.

Oppie lynne

Koffie-fresh wallims,
bollang anew yt my groen tea-cup,
vīē-warrim in my glowing hanne.
Gie my nostrils nóg wings,
accentuated deērie freezing koue;
hīe biggin my dag se planne,
moet, Tawede, die watch-word
óp vi-oggin se *Welcome*-matsie.

Dié picture's soe inviting,
even klynste,
swatste spinnikoppie ever,
dink oek soe:
yttie hoek van my oeg,
oōrrie koppie se heated rim,
deērie billowing waāssim,
bungee-jump sy in,
vannie overhead ceiling-beam,
waā krye freshly ytdroeg,
secure an haā power-lyn,
en nogal rather min gispin,

Wippe paā keē op en af,
en settle oppe dangle,
wat reduce totte
hang-neraā-inne-bollitsie,
swinging liggies to en fro:
wiet nou nie of sy oppe call is,
offe What-what group-chat,
ma sy move-ie.

Ek blaās saggies nā Spinnie,
die lyn pendulum crazy,
sy move-ie, en,
lyk oekkie of sy nou djys
vas-klou vi dear life-ie.

Ek dink, “myrre’,
ek wiettie wie djy issie,
net, djy’s van
klynste,
swatste spinnikoppie ever,
se mēnse.”

Ek hourrie koppie,
larrie eēste steampies haā net-net vang
–sy skram weg, skee-daddle,
en gan hang...
...op tien haā rang,
soes *Road Runner*, weg,
van eēnne, *Wile E. Coyote*,
but sōnne-rie over-exaggerated
stof,
speed-lynne,
primary colours,
perspectives,
en klangke:
courtesy *tin-pan alley*,
of coyote-outback,
hollywood-mid-west
slap-stick,
of altwīe.

Ek hourrie steaming koppie
weē net-net: sy vattie que,
but regop dié keē, en out of reach,
en weg agtirrie wiring langisie balk.
Ag shame,
soe blerrie oulikkies skarril sy,
soesse bybbie wat kryp vi tiet.

**hy, godt,
wag innie garage (twierre praātsie)**

hy, godt,
se vrou,
het soepas birth gigie,
en hy, godt,
self, is nou soe heppie,
hy móet nou ammikaā celebrate,
en paāt van dai,
include massiewwe amounts
van Engil-dou aka Home-Brew,
Wit-blits, Mampoer, Knikkils,
Sallie-Haāllie en drē summonse
pe dag narrie garage.

Die previous aāndt
het hille haā man ‘ingibriek’:
en om hy, godt,
baas vannie plaās is,
stoel vannie kēk-raādt,
en oek, in hille distriek,
voōsitte vannie vikoōsse volk-branch,
was hy eēste turn gigun,
van dies wie opgiline-it virrie daādt.

Dié civilised patriarchie vannie distriek
ennie deēsneē kēk gristin leadership,
het vi haā, en haā heēlle kroōs,
giforce om in elke eēnne van hille se oē
te kyk, en eye-contact bihou,
soes elke eēnne van hille,
savagely haā man

ontman:

penetrate,
sodomize,
gang-rape modern tronk-style.

Hille Derra,
haā Man,
hille Hero,
haā Companion,
hille Future,
haā volle Sielsmaāt;
nikse anne halftis.
Pa van haā kinnis,
(even vi hille giwek deē hom, godt)
en Bloedt-lyn Leader
van hille Ancient Khoe-Kraāl
-afgivat,
en noue ma se poes se plaās.

Die maān het vol-bōs giskyn
dai aāndt.
En hy, godt,
was biwis vannie sacrednis,
attached
annie
Ancient
monthly dāns-rituals:
die brandt van Kooigoedt
“Die begin van die end vir julle, julle barbāre.
Kyk, ek vat sommer julle begin en julle einde,
en bring sy begin en sy einde, saām,
wreed tot ‘n einde.

Julle verstaan mos wreed.”

En, om sy pyn te skyf,
en siekke te maāk,
“die dōnnerse dom, lui, bossie-kop hotnot-jong,”
dros-ie gou weēnnie,
amputate hille sy twīe groōt-tōne
–diesselle aān –moette warning:
sy onne-lip fly byrie nex dros,
of attempted-eēne.

In dai ristagge rusticgydt, issit ‘n proper medical,
en of course gipattern op hoogste health-standard,
guaranteed by western-european oath, en gisummon
deērie court vannie kangaroo-kēk se klēk: nie-rie
eēne vannie far-flung rooi-nek hill-billies innie city,
wat oek al twīe-rie NT-good tempered love-gospil,
ennie OT-bad-eēne: kill-rape-pillage, klym, assie
Ultimate Waārydt, soewel assie title van civilized.
But allis vidomp in ‘Ingils! Ingils! Allis Ingils!’

Die sight van bloedt maāk hille,
nie meē soes wille diërre,
hille klaā dai,
it maāk hille-rie absolute worst vannie species;
moet gisigte wat feature in glowing rewieuz,
van Dante se *Inferno*, nooit yttie nieuz:
skoue-groōt monstis, drip sinister gwelle;
hind-legs kom skrams yt by kot murky coat;
snipe jou oō sy skoue, moet jowls wat gloat;
ytgiryl these days moet learners’ opstelle.
En oek double as dai voēls,

ytgiknip énGie pirrekante oppe hoep,
ytgibeēldt soes hille nooit sal admit,
en trippil as baie goeie gristinne,
op siekkirre dae, en op aāllie res.
bitte kak mēnse.

En daās hille soemma oek game
vi haā, die *bediende*,
en wil haā *summier* byko en la bloei,
ma hy, godt,
mean, *hy*
–iet kamma allīen haā.

Ekkis eēste om te erken,
dat ék, possibly, ‘n direct result
van dai type of rapes mag wies,
en my eie Ma, Ouma en haā Ma, etc.
Nie haā klyn- en agte-klynkinnis-ie.

Vasbyt my eie modern oer-mēnse,
die tydt vi vasstaān’s op,
waā-rit rērag matter:
worthwhile is...

Klem-innie-kaāk

‘This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms’,
lyk miskien naë kakka move
om weg mīe te trēk,
wan, clearly,
issit by dai, waā allis hak.

En ammal warrit dink,
dink-ie sèlle knee-jerk;
hīe ko rooi revolution,
gibriekte bīenne, līewins:
Khoe is kwaādt, nie cruel.

Dié vlieg-papīe,
ennie glue oppit,
dié vaseline,
ennie vlieg innit,
is equal toe,
dié leadership kaptynne,
hettie ginoeg sea virrit;
dié mushroom-kienge
en fly-by-night pastoōrre,
wiesse congregationil
soemma double as
hille ‘kraālle’ se mēnse van mēnse,
wie apparently,
ma min wiet van dié move.

En ma nog al an
moerrie blienkers agte
ou apathydt,

ou testimmin,
ou military-march,
ou calvin,
ou luther,
ou roman,
dutchmental punitives an.
Tog wōdt hille gitolerate:
Khoë is kwaādt, nie cruel.

Ek kenne dude, ou Klem,
moet baie krye-kennis,
wat oekke Khoë leader is.
saāme niks, nie eēs eēn,
vannie above qualities,
dink hy dat ‘Khoë-koning’
soesse mis-oes kling.
Hy mean, hy hou ma by
wattie mēnse van mēnse, self,
vi hom noem.
Soessit innie oertydt was,
moerit siekke ma iets wies
te doenne moet krye.

Nou dié bro,
ken Djawdz,
of te wel, George, Gi-org:
Hooggekraal;
Outeniekwa;
Auteni!oa.
Onstaān-,
giboōrre-,
naelstring-grōndte;

nurturing-,
groei-,
kos-en-waāte-grōndte;
opgroei-, afknou-,
klim-en-klouter-,
kak-en-pis-en woōn-grōndte;
terg- en speēl- en grou-,
en klang- en performance
en skou- en bigrāwe-grōndte,
vannie South-Cape coastal Khoe:
Autenlaes:
custodians vannie memory,
van dai bosse, dynne,
en potential mynne.

En nog niks sign,
of nyggings gisiennit,
van mēnse,
wie anne mēnse
innie sea in dryf, of wil,
waā-yt hille gikommit-ie.

Klem het aāl dai goeie goedt.
En anne goedtitsies:
biased tienan minorities;
phobic op homo en xeno
en even *sē-nou*, en dwars,
en TKLB-bittebek-awkward die aāndt,
en soetbek-friendly-rie nex oggin.

En tog, wie kan hom haāt?
“Daā gan ek deērie grace

van Kurus.”

Khoe se kwaādt:

nie gicalculate op cruel,

net restoring balance,

grōndt virrie saādt,

soul virre heart,

ennie bok-drōl se trail

narrie waāte-gaāt,

waā,

even-ie diērrē,

in peace drink,

en ristig ringkingk,

en unwittingly,

klang-poems maāk.

**hy, godt,
wag innie garage (dēre praātsie)**

Diena't self 3 maāne trig
birth gigie –an twins;
hy, godt,
was baie in sy noppies.
Asse token van sy
goeie wēnse,
toegineëndthydt,
en plig as goeie gristin,
oōrrie new-bloods,
2 strapping boys,
bigginne hy, godt,
haā soemma,
nā net 2 wiekke,
al weē te summon,
vanaffie sèlle pos,
yttie half-donke gang,
en moerrie sèlle impunity,
soes voōheēn.

Sy jong vroutsie: anaemic,
tinggirrag, asthmatic,
kan gloe nie hille eie bybbie voer;
“Klijne-baasje Klaasje bytten
baaing zeer op mijn tietten,”
kla sy, tissin bouts van
hyper-ventilate,
wheezing
choke,
hyg,
en besides, syttie-rie tydt:

“Veelen te doenen hier op het plaats.”
“Het niet problematisch mijn engellen”;
hy, godt,
promise, hy sal agte haā staān,
en sōg dat Diena hille blou-oeg,
blonne-koppie, goedt voer,
soemma innie garage elke dag;
“Geen probleemen mijn engellen.”

En moet summons nomme eēn,
klaā gi-execute virrie dag,
honour hy, godt,
sy promise an sy vroutsie,
om agte Diena te staān,
en bigginne hy, godt,
te mix en meng,
saāmie body,
van haā, die *bediende*,
die ongieērde,
die ongisiende.

Tiwyl haā twins,
angstig soek nā hille nannas,
daā byrie ou mean,
stink, vivalle, lekkinde
waen-hys, waā-in hille,
ongillikkag *moet* bly,
saāme rotte en kokkerotte,
voel syttie power yt haā flow,
same-size dj̄ezis sinne,
narrie bloeiende vrou,
voel sy haā kinnitsies,

haā Khoe-klongkies,
se warrim, nurturing melkies,
vánnag haā overloaded bosom vilaāt.

Soessit gilsag inne blou-oeg klongkie
se keēltsie af vidwyn, en,
in time-lapse reality,
haā bōste rapidly ytdroeg tot pouches
–rik haā soul yt haā liggaām yt, rise rapidly
en rōl yt soesse mat van mis, en hover ...
'n paā miēt̄tis boekan-ie garage se dak;
die lengte, briedte ennie res
vannie heēlle mis-oes.
Sy sien allis:
net precisely soes haā parents,
en haā parents se parents,
vi haā vitèllit,
en haā ancestors voō hille.

Ma virrie eēste keē van soē hoegte,
en perspektif,
enne koennektitnis,
wat in human terms,
net kan described wōdt as
breth-tykieng,
skien-crawlieng,
hē-raizieng,
en dai anne mooi woōrre,
vannie *Ingil* se taāl,
wattie net endt moet 'ieng',
but oek relate;
consciousnis oepgivou,

tot oppie v̄erre dimension,
paired,
moerrie awarenis van dai,
enne *there-* nis,
'n unfolding *is-*nis,
nie nette certain *being-*nis,
butte certain *becoming-*nis,
wat alle aspects
vanne v̄ie-dimensional whirl,
include.

Niks meē natural senses en emos,
instinct en human condition,
en aāl sy surprises gottalla.
Daāsse moerse klom rommil
oppie dak oek; reg-om geframe
moet boer-pampoenne en klippe.

En sy decide om te bly;
dié beings h̄ie onne dié kak dak,
wie sē hillis *mēnse*,
is te naiddirrag:
hoe reconcile mēns,
dié *mēnse*,
se repeated violation,
van anne mēnse se liggaāme;
vrou, man of kindt,
moerrie *civilized*,
christianized,
good news godtsdiens,
wat, *hille*, nie net sē,
but brēk, *hille* hientoe gibring-it,

net soes *hille* diseases,
wat *hille* niks van sē;
Cherry-picking *de luxe*.

Vasbyt my eie modern oer-mēnse,
die tydt vi vasstaān's op wat,
en waā-rit rērag matter:
worthwhile is;
purposeful...

Indigene Theatre

Ek love-ie courage
van Indigenous storytellers,
om centre-stage te vat,
off-centre,
vannie mirril vannie crowd:
waa Mantis patiently sit en wag;
praying, haā spaza,
stille waātes, haā shadow,
en – sudden attack,
haā nature.

Stok-insek, se camouflage,
is weē bot-stil ga staān;
hy hoeffie te pretend hy's doōdt,
soes anne less fortunates.

En skiellik issie stage,
soe vol colourful dīerre en insekte
larrie audience hyg,
ma nie ou Leon;
sy wieggil-waggil,
se speed, is lekke op,
but, sy teēming confusion
moet aāllie diffrin colours,
all at once, naai man,
maāk lat hy nie sy mine ka opmaāk
watte colour hy wil wiessie;
groen, orange blou of rooi,
en hy, altydt spiffy,
is nou muddy,

en wēns hy,
hy's by sy nannas byrie hys;
by sy eie ou Vikleērivrouintsie,
en Vikleērikinnitsies...
ma' dan snap hy skiellik toe it,
rik 'n mandolin yt daā,
strike a pose,
en serenade innie vērte in:
“When it comes to love,
I want a slow hand.”
En “hand” wōdt gipump
moette nasal-twang,
wat skrik vi nikse american
mid-west stage-version,
en ammal kyk op vi wie...?

Staārrag, en resolute,
ommie species nie te disappoint-ie,
byrie boek te hou: en nië momin,
vānnaggirre te clock-ie,
kom ou Skilpadt an,
en aāllie insects oppie stage
gan staān bot-stil,
en watch hom,
soes hy vi Leon oeggie knip,
innie viby-saunter,
op sy steady gait.

Meērkat,
materialize yttie lang gras,
scan-ie horizon moet sy binoculars;
dié cat cruise straight-up,

en is net skiellik weg.

Die maddening itch,
wat dji kry om te lag,
vanyttie audience,
ma dan lag Hyena eēste,
vanaffie stage,
en dji sit, enthralled.

Die klynne gladdebekkie,
Chit,
tel op van Meērkat
en flap excitedly rōndt,
hover op eēn plek,
en chirp hysterically in warning;

Cheetah's oppie prowl,
van stēt se pin tot jowl,
en vidwyn ly-weg,
innie lang savannah gras in.

Die wizey innie crew,
ou questioning Yl,
wie apparently nie hoōt in flight,
sit en observe dié moves,
altydt quite above-board
innie administring van sy wize-itties.

Die anne dierre joke, sy hairline,
gan nooit weē high-tide siennie,
is te yl.

Trig in civilization,

en chilling it,
Is Domesticated Jaāt-Hondt,
wat net dáí skills possess,
en Pavement Special,
wat pretend hy's mangk,
vi hand-outs,
en tit-bits,
en scraps.

Kai kick

Kryë kai...

nai...

'n kak-hys vōl kick,

assik aāllie blokkies

op official forrims:

die heēlle vark,

smug,

dividing,

scheming lot ginaiddirry,

soē moet relish,

eēn vi eēn,

binnin hille

niewwe-apathydt

moer in

tick.

Helter Skelter

Moette liefdis-saādtisie,
op modern Indigenous beats:
Goema, Kaaps, Afrikaaps,
Standaard Afrikaans.
Khoekhoegowab vi glue,
ingisny moerrie gies van Khoena;
die roōt-stry en -strive,
wat nooit kon trou,
net kon bly by vry.

Mōre-oō-mōre,
soek sy haā Arabic gistry,
oppie sèlle dag, Malay,
innie sèlle īer, Break ōs,
saāme Black Noise,
en Drum en Bass oppie Marleys
en Benji Voette se Rap.
Riel ōs, la-rie stof spiritual raāk;
dié Ancient dāns,
wōdt nooit meē afgiskiep,
nie in dié Drom se sèlle.

Van hīe af loep baie rivīerre,
sometimes tiggilyk.
It help moerrie alleged kwaālle,
wanne ōs lyste nā Busi,
se tribal echo en Sakkie-Sakkie;
saām kom-ie rivīe via Khoena,
van Maskhandi af,
en soessit die soul flood,

hoō ekke, hoe syttie concertina,
die mouth-harp, die violin,
ennie songs van anne aātisse,
hāre maāk.

ōs wag oekkie oppe newwe dag,
vi Enya, en anne Irish en Gaelic,
en Saāmi Yoiks.

Trig narrie Mother-continent:

Tuareg Sahara, Mali,

west-Afrikan en

Masai Blues.

Dan weēre titseltsie home-grown;

rou *en* acculturated en afgily van

Indigene Yodeling en Chants,

Naro Ncoakhoe,

Local port-klankke,

Tsakwe,

Sonesta,

Rooi-Rok Moles.

Dít, usher miskienne

bietsie Mexican in-huh.

Castanets en Cha-Cha.

Oekke bietsie Samba,

en Mediterranean,

en maāk klaā moet

my eie klankke,

vi my eie balance en account.

Djy, ekki, ōs

Niks beat 'n lekke stry,
wat oppe lekke stappie gibeē;
'n syncopation charming,
yt haā tilt,
'n buoyant lilt,
moet warrim, organic klangke,
wat jou skēp pinte svelte,
en glowing los,
djy's inne bōl kapok jong,
floating virrie slaggie
-op oek, fok!

Af van whatever pēdtsie,
ōs *mag* gisirrit op;
djy, ekki, ōs
solid ground *sal* ōs vang,
Soessie hoë voēltsie,
moet touch base, vi sy livity,
sal ōs gi-equalize wōdt,
op down to Erf.

Solid ground
bihou-rie balance,
oek om an te plant,
in te sny,
attention en motivation kry.
by bistaānde vegetation,
wat vi ōs oppe pos hou,
about waā ōs rērag staān,
ammal van ōs saām,

nie net die in eie-waān,
die heēlle bok waānne:
surprise-waān;
drog-waān;
blinne-waān;
luck-waān.
Ingistel,
ingideēl,
ingifeature,
ingiteēl,
ingibak,
ytgitune.

Kaya

Wyn kanne mēns se mine goedt blow,
daxa oek, vrouins oek, sunset oek,
’n simpil koppie regte koffie,
but wat my bryn *bom*-trigger,
is ōs eie planetary sistim.

Slange moult mos man, nie mēnse:
lyk my mine doen oek soe iets,
nie heēltimal-ie sèlle,
wan bybbil-characters soes slange,
issie paāt van my daily strive.

Dan is daā nog, dié heēlle wēril hīe *binne*,
wat nog móet gi-explore wōdt.
Ek scheme isse mirror,
van warraā bytte innie physical
en spiritual cosmos angan;
great plekke oppie sun-dial, but,
ek prefer-ie cross-over window-period
die purposevolle restling;
skoue-rubbing;
mix-massalla;
entanglements;
wiettie *quite* wat klap soe;
din lyn;
die photo-process se in-between momin,
wannirie negative oōslat narrie actual pic;
die crucible;
dai most intimate momin;
die sien deē aāllie layers van russian-poppe.

Pitei mense droem vannit.

“Droemme’s soes portals,

as djy nou wil common dink:

goeddynne wat oeppe maāk op glimpes ientoe actual scenes,

vannie nex life.”

Granted dat ieman soe ka dingk,

but ek wiettie vannie nex life,

of even vanne nex eēne.

Soes ek life hīe navigate,

wadeē ek meē en meē,

haā crises en haā cruises, en,

dat sy nie Life is, en

niē life is,

sy is wat sy is:

’n layer van Life.

Imagine-ie kop vanne wolk miggies,

dip skiellik, en dive head-long,

narrie glow vanne spray-lig,

wat sudden angan innie nat gras.

Imagine dai glow issie Mēns se mine,

en elke miggie innie wolk,

’n kaleidoscope van idea-volle gidagtis.

Imagine soē action,

nie net oppe inter-galactic skaāl,

butte inter-universe eēne.

Ek strive om dai te imagine,

énnie reverse.

24-hour life-span

Hewin is glattie innie air,
stof, pollen, vlieggoedt is.
hīe rangk petrol-,
vrot-, rivīe-
ou bloedt-rykke en fumes,
courtesy warrim bies-mis,
en vlieë:
dié eēne klink
soesse disgruntled teenager:
nog blindt oek, en mangk,
moette wit vibandt,
geēl vannie salf ommie kop,
van anmikaa 'n way yt,
deērie venste-ryt soek.

Gillikkag dārim net virre wylle,
accōrieng-ie scrolle:
in human terms,
'n heēlle life-span gitime-lapse,
ientoe 24 hours.

Oppie gibou

Ek wassie langk oppie gibou,
toe wōdt ek in my poes giskop
affit.

Vannie anne Brickies het gihoō,
toe ek vi my Brickie vra;
“Nou Maillie,
as djy-ran soe slim is,
hoekkos djy danne Brickie,
ennië Aākietek?”

Dai was nog innie dae,
toerrie hoekstiēne
van anti-gay kēke,
allien gilōs was,
ennie innie nagte,
pienk gipaint was,
soes dese days.

**hy, godt,
wag innie garage (vīerre praātsie)**

Diena hover...

'n paā metres boekkannie garage se dak:

haā eēste sense is, slightly-lam-innie-kop-toë-ly-lekke-lightnis en te fascinated moerrie
sudden skill-set lat sy ytbas vannie sing en lag, lag, lag, en sing en lag , lag, lag, en sing en jirre
daā raāk syē song en voëls slat stil en ammal oppie plaās is mesmerized moette strange
klang wat voel it kom van oōrals, nie vanne certain point, even van op yttie grōndt, die song
move rōndt, ennis soe lekke it stick, en ammal hummit, including-ie entire fammiellietsie
van hy, godt.

Unbiased, filter Diena asse song deē hom, godt,
free vanne physical body,
sīe-stof,
race,
colour,
klaās,
size van social status, lippe, labia, hieppe,
en obsessions soes lengte van nies en haāre,
in plaās van dae, patience, empthy en gilik.

Diena se consciousnis
is limitlis gisread,
diamantsies oōrals
oōrrie early-bird nature;
kostilikke displays van
silver spinnirakkietsies
langsi-ie voetpaādtsies.

Daāsse moerse fight innie garage:
Diena willie trig innie seē,
battered body van, die *bediende*,

wan fokkin ma se poesse slavery
is lankal viby, honnit jaā al!
Ma innie far-flung rurals,
wōdt specially dié gi-exploit,
en nīewwe legislation
kryp ma slowly in,
en once in,
varrit ma conveniently swaā,
en langk, om in te sink.

Diena kom om, but reluctantly en baie slow,
wan Warhydt wys vi haā,
die contrary mag miskien,
vannie alle-seēste wies,
ma die beste route vi hille:
haā twins;
hille Pappa;
hille Mamma se Maātsie;
hille en hille Heroine se Hero;
hille Ancient Khoe-Kraāl
se Bloedlyn-Leader se Rib;
ennie Ma van sy twins,
die iennagste van haā 6 kinnis,
wie yt caring liefde gimaāk is,
en wat tog soe lieffies is vi hille,
wat ouirre is, wie, technically,
yt rape gimaāk is, ma virrie twins
(wie ientoe Bōerre en Whitey sa op-groei),
bly hille ma,
Ousie,
Titte,
Kaffitsie,

en Myrre.

Daāsiē anne nomme vi Diena:

apparently nette ou *Boere-naām*,

but dig deep down, en diep trig,

en undo hom soe bietsie:

Die - na, of,

die - Na

Passop!

Djy mag afko oppe find soe simpil,

soe obvious, en soe dēm marvelous,

jou normally stil stem sal soemma wil

ytbas en ululate in purist primaries,

en jou lyf in dāns, Djyg en Djoebbilydt:

drīe vannie most Ancient Ancestors,

wie sy proudly, al vanyt adolescence,

soesse kop-doeck drā – ‘n twin-event:

‘n crowning, éenne marriage;

‘n becoming, éenne calling;

‘n finality, en closure.

En dannie marvel,

waā-oō allis ynlik gan:

die *seraphim* van haā Earthly being;

haā Becoming ientoe Jong-myssie;

en haā Calling ientoe dāns;

en nie net vi haā eie kraāl en stamhys,

but asse vital component van eēn

vannie laāste waves vannie heēlle area,

se original Khoe Ritual Daānsis;

Die †na,

Die Dānse,

Die Danser,
Umdanisi,
The Dancer...

Diena snap trig *in* haā liggaam *in*,
net soessie bybbie ampetsies net-net,
yt haā grip yt wil val:
sy bekkie, sy handtsies,
slip slow-mo, van waā,
sy nog soe oōvōl floei.

Agte haā, soes gipromise,
maāk hy, godt,
lawaierrag klaā,
en trēk, skiellik hastag,
sy godly grunts gou in,
sy holy broek op,
snap sy sacred krysbanne,
soessie true executive †nai
wat hy, godt,
is, vattie laitie by haā,
order haā trig scullery toe,
en, soes hy weg loep,
speēl hy niessie-niessie
la-rie kindtsie chortle,
en sing hye random wieggieliedtsie,
uncompromisingly yt beat en vals:
“pa en seun is vol geeēt, aham,”
oppie tune van,
Die padda innie vlei...

Die woōrre gan hang an hooks

vannie garage se balke,
soes groōt hunks vlysse vol vlieë,
inne downtown Jozi slag-hys,
moet drippils dik bloedt wat plof-plof,
innie te min saāgsils oppie vloë.

Possibly feature jou,
en my,
ōsse eie Mmmas en Oumas, etc,
brutally painful hīe,
meeste sōnne emotional sippōt,
of means van closure whatsoever,
oō aāllie donke centuries,
latte mēns jou gril-ie ka hou nie,
but ōs moet nou daāddillik,
*“Stop living in the past,
get a life, and move on.”*

Ek’s eēste om te erken,
dié, issie net tissin my en jou;
oppe global scale,
is Indigenous *ammal* afgiknou,
ommie european standard
golden te hou: mēnse se koppe
was vi centuries eēs trophies,
toe raākkit diēre,
en nou is hille wat hille is.

Ek gloe is nou-nog-soe,
net anniste in shape,
look en modus,
but quite diesselle in spirit,

mathematics en end-intent.

Ek, ken hom by sy klangkie,
en diés tissin my en djy,
en ōs wie ammal saām wakke slaāp,
Aware en Consciouslie die ding stry:
som van ōs maggie results wies,
van dai decent, civilized,
gristin rapes,
mā ōs issie,
en was nooit hille slaves,
of hille mirrors.
ōs is miskien ōsse eie,
ma ōs coexist-ie.
in *hille* wake,
op *hille* oxygen,
van *hille* validation.

Vasbyt my eie modern oer-mēnse,
die tydt vi vasstaān's op wat,
en waā-rit rērag matter:
worthwhile is;
purposeful;
meaningful...

hiemmil

Daasse hiemmil nét vi hille:
die *baasskap*-brigade;
mēnse wie sē hillis sielle,
ma wie vi hille vibeēl
hillis *baas* oō anne sielle.

Hille noem hilleself,
vaddag-nog, *base*,
en pitei mēnse follow nog blindly.
Djy kannit oōvitèl, dai stikkie.

Reg deē history own hille goedtis
—en oek mēnse.
Imagine ‘n mēns,
en noggalle gristin eēnne,
own ‘n anne mēns,
en sometimes soemma,
meerras eēn mēns:
heēlle fammiellies.

Ekkis truly,
heēltimal in my poes,
as ek dink an soë wēril,
darrit ynlik nóg exis.

Dan is daā van hai mēnse
wat hapskiet own,
niks grōndt vi self
groente en krye cultivate,
nie ees hille eie life-

of hair-style,
dress-sense,
doenne en laātte,
of hille eie sielle:
en miskien, because van dié,
obsess hille oōrrie heēlle idea
van *baas*-skap en ‘n *baas* wies,
of, as dai nie possible is,
at least, *baas* te speēl,
oō anne mēnse.

giraāk gimaāk

'n Certain potential,
hette idea gispawn,
ennit gilos,
fully giforrim,
hīe in ōsse fynbos.

Dai idea,
hette space giraāk,
dai space,
hette mound gi-engender,
dai mound,
hette hiewwil giraāk,
dai hiewwil,
het gisplit en, eēnne,
hette bēg giraāk,
dai bēg,
hette mountain range giraāk,
dai bēg-range,
hette cave bi-vat,
dai cave,
'n rockface,
dai rockface 'n canvas.

Dai canvas het toe,
in sy eie tydt,
innie passage van tydt,
'n drawing giraāk,
die drawing het toe ytgipan,
enne stōrie giraāk.
Die stōrie hette topic giraāk,

die topic hette lyn giraāk,
die lyn het ommie hoek weg giraāk,
ammal innie queue was ērg giraāk.

Wannie topic se lyn hette boek giraāk,
die boek hette movie giraāk,
die movie hette hart se snaār giraāk,
die hart se snaār hette drom giraāk,
die drom hette beat giraāk,
die beat, ‘n song,
die song, ‘n anthem.
Die anthem se aim is official te raāk.
Admittedly herritbai opgibriek giraāk.

Tot tydt en wyl ōs kan sē,
ōs is angiraāk,
deē ōs eie democracy se vingis
van holistic equality, equity en empathy,
remain ōs largely onangiraāk.

But wanne ōs goedte gan sē soes:
Khoe het physic’ly uninwolf giraāk;
mentally unengaging en ly giraāk;
giestillik apathetic en docile giraāk;
politically *miskien* complacent giraāk,
but defnitlie
dom,
inept
en
ack-leas, ‘voet-innie-deē’
party-politicals giraāk,
en, soessie weasel-ittie wil hē,

oxymoronic contradictions soes,
Indigenous politicians giraāk,
soe v̄ weg vannie substance giraāk:
soutlis en s̄onne diepte giraāk;
vals en back-stabbing,
big-fives giraāk.
Die braāk giraāk,
van even ōsse eie achievements.

Wanne ōs *dai* gan kwytraāk,
gan ekkit moet empathy stry,
wan, omtr̄enne vrag van *dai*,
herrie urban legend giraāk,
wat point n̄a,
ōs was al *dai* goedte – gimaāk.

Weg

“Die Heiland is gebore,
in stille Bethlehem.”

Djy dink dai kak,
en baie anne jokes,
ma ken djy vi Mayhem?
Innie styt van Israel,
is dai nie te vē van
occupied Betlehem.

Ennie modern wēril
se moer wat bly strip,
oō Ancient Gaza trip;
en Sy, soe ryk,
in biodiversittie?

Wat my bryn scorch,
issie stoic gigly, Wes-Bank viby,
en ytte landt, ryk van passaāt-winne,
by Haā junctures moet drē continents
–weg.

**hy, godt,
wag innie garage (vyfde praātsie)**

Diena se gihover-ry
herrie hoegte in giskiet,
en soe het haā kennis.

Sy hover nou nie meē
nette paā metres
boekan-ie garage se dak-ie:
Sy's ōrals.

En sy trus nou haā senses
meērras as ooit:
wanne sy slightly
warrim bigginne voel,
nie in, but om haā voō-kop,
en oōval wōdt moet, eēn lang,
ly-lekke lightnis', ennie skillset,
waāmmie sy nou minnirre fascinated is:
ōs raāk oek mōs used toe free te wies,
vanne physical body, air, kleērrre, hysse, kos.
Sy ka nou iennagge tydt haā liggaām los,
nerraā drop waā-ever sy is.

Hy, wat godt is,
is innie complete en utter zulu-blues,
but most certainly, by dié tydt
(accōrrieng-ie giknērs en giknalle,
van sy eie gitanne en giballe),
baie feverish va sy eie hoeg-gidjars,
“wat *nou* moet bars:
genade, dit is al een heel week!”

Die rykste en most influential ou
innie entire plaās-universe,
moerrie langste hāre en groōtste nies,
straight-ste piel en platste hōl,
moet oek nou vi Daisy offe skaap bitrēk,
of hynning span, saāmie anne draādt-trēkkis,
wan even sy jong vrou kannie by-hou;
bly moeg, seē, snottirrag en giburglar-bar.

Hy try om te dink an seksie tye,
ma al dai memories raāk nou hammis,
en attracted is toe groōt Miste Spykke:
bigginne hom haunt en rōndt djaāg
innie nagte: hy, godt,
kannie sense maāk van dinge,
gooi lieuwiste wye draie
ommie *mal hotnotmeid* ,
wanne Diena die ‘fits’ kry.

Hy, godt,
maāk sy plannitsies:

“Kan onmoontlik nie nou, verdomp!

Ons baba drink nog aan haar. Nog drie weke ... ‘n maand ... maar af. Sy sal moet van dié plaas. Af met aangenaaide familie en al – af.

Af, af, af, voor die volgende vol-maan sy verskyning maak. Af met geraas van barbaarse getromme en krale om enkels en arms, wat lyk soos ‘n tipe van ‘n toorgedansery: met voetgestamp; handgeklap; snaakse gesing en joebel in ‘n *click*-taal; al om ‘n vuur vir ure van verveelde ure, en wat is daardie boog-ding met die bedwelmende onderaardse *ge-twōnnng*, wat nooit stop, dat jou tande aand-ete liewer ‘n mis gee, en, vir die wis en die onwis, nog jodel ook, hygend hert, wat?! Nee wat jong, ‘n nuwe *hotnot*-familie sal ons almal goed doen, op dié plaas, en in dié distrik.

Die ander Broeders sal saamstem. So maklik soos *dit!*”

Vasbyt my eie modern oer-mēnse,
die tydt vi vasstaān’s op wat
en waā-rit rērag matter:
worthwhile is;
purposeful;
meaningful;
en birris by ōs, ōsse self:
in ōs eie strongs.

Ōs herrit fammiellies,
en like-spirited like-mindeds
van Indigenous opgroei-experience,
en conscientious consciousnis.

Kaisi en Kaise Gangans.
Rispek en Much Dankies,
en haāl my hoedt af vi
unfake Indigenous Liēddis,
wat examples *is*,
nie net sit en sē,
wan dai pēdt is vrek,
en gan nooit, ooit weē opstaān.

Ōs embrace die wie *nie* in clan-bound
en tribe-trapped val, net in states van
Woke en Kindness, en wēk oppie res,
soes my Ancient hiesttirrie my leē,
deē Ancestors regvoō, en diep in.

Van my eie fammiellie wie oō is al;
en eie an my,

is van my personal, en Ancestral guides.

Oek ōs heroines, heroes, champions,
companions en lig-bearers,
onne ‘n sōn watte Ancient yen het
vi tan, bronze en golden glows:
MamSara en !goro|gôas;
Xhorī en Autshumao;
Doman en Eikama.

En |xam poetry stars:
!kabbo en |a!kunta;
Diä!kwain en |han#kass’o;
ennie gitroure couple,
!kweiten-ta-!ken en #kasin.

Giestillikke guides is:
Heitsi Eibib en Tsui lgoab;
Kurus en kurus,
Creation en created.

Kai Ganganxasi Kurus,
Groōt Gratitude Creation,
vi abundant Bittebos,
enne being soes |kaggen;
Ancient Indigenous conscience-stirrer,
wie shape-shift om van haā powers te deēl,
ennis nóue biffil vanne bull-elandt:
kap sy voōpoōt tiennie grōndt
van sy groōtsies,
kap-kap, kap-kap, kap-kap, tot
hy saāmie rising stof ondooi,

ientoe insek-predator hotnotsgodt,
splendid in bright-groen toga ytgitooi
soe delicate die oujongnooi:
soe kallim en soe biddind kamma,
butte l̄gâuab, preying mantis van oudts.
en vi niks anne riēdde coexis,
as om haā species te continue,
en even 'n business licence het,
om 'Exterminators-on-the-Fly Inc',
te kan constitute ientoë environmentil
biodiversittie en pes-control initiatif,
en om vi ōs te remine,
net deē haā being,
vannie fragile balance
tissin ōs en nature,
en om vi patience wakke te hou in ōs,
virre life saāme justice
wat natural, non-punitive opskep.

Soes aāt,
true Indigeneity soek,
nie power,
of control,
of power, *oō*,
but power, *met*,
in al sy entendres en puns.

Soes aāt,
soek sy net natural balance,
en in dai natural soekke,
unblock sy vi unadulterated
child-like wonder, wat onviwags,

wanne-rie kraān accidentally oep is,

soesse angiflansde jaāt-pyp,
‘n paā keē giwound, but hopeful
in sy insulation- en sticky-tape,
random rōnd buck en spray en blertz,
in hapless abandon, virre wylle, en dan,
gisetties, settle oppe sagte hiss, wat
allis mooitsies condense, inne lens,
enlightened deē common sense,
watte informed chimera los,
van haā favourit mos:
‘n rainbowtsie, issit?

Die bandage-crew repair nie-rie
smally leaks,
en tiny sprays,
al
langis
sie
pyp,
miniature in hille sagte mis,
nog klynnirre chimeratsies,
en rainbowtsies, enne baby
spanieltsie gan ginat-nies an, en an, en ...
moet lekke baie oōrre ka-flappittie-flap,
sy rich tan baadtsie a-glowing,
en oō en weē springgindt en blaf, knōr
en val en tumble oō sy puppy-poōtte,
al langis said pyp. Inne ghetto waā niks
gibeē, soes Sores all en sundry moette
lekke normal aāndtsie toe-straāl,

en saggies sē,
moette laāste promising knik,

“Nag ammal.”

Part B: Portfolio

Portfolio

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts in Creative Writing

of

Rhodes University

by

Aloysius Sauls (Loit Sôls)

November 2020

My portfolio open moet my personal *Course Life-Line*, wat iets instructive, applicable en sustainable is, en oek mooi, en latch ek vannie very biggin al annit, as, 'n horesa, 'n constant companion, deērie Course. Nex issit my views op my thesis in *Opinion: Liēs-Vislag*, soes angivra. Vērrre bistaānnit ytte edited presentation van *Rieflektif Journils*, wattik wiēkly gihourrit during my MA. Dié reflections is rof-weg gi-organise accōrrieng-ie sequence van seminars wat ōs gi-attend-it oppie Course. My *Liēs-Research* en *Boek Riewieuz* follow knap nā hille, en kot op hille hakke, my *Poetics Essay*.

Course Life-Line (Ūib-Tsurib)

“Even if you are unsure of your writing, it should always reflect your true intentions.”

MACW Prospectus 2020

Inhoudtsopgāwe (!khō+gāb)

Opinion: Liēs-Vislag	5
Rieflektif Journils	7
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Opinion: Liēs-Vislag (†goms: Khomai-†hōa)

Wattie Reader se Report bitref, is ek in sync moerit en follow-rie prompts, en incorporate en wēk saāmie voōstelle. Ek voelle certain sensitivity innie Report, permutations in innerstanding, vannie *wēk*, assie wēk, en oekkie *gies vannie wēk*, assie wēk, innie deēsneē spirit vannie Report. Ek vang-it, nie net asse Indigenous, xoa-aob, writer, but oek asse, sō|ôa kaikai-aob, cultivator van Indigenous mirrissynne-plant, en composer-muso. Ek misvstaan miskien iets innit, but ek sal niks change vannie report: starting byrrie irrelevant Woōrrelys, wat ek gidecide-it, nie in-gannie. Dan lyste ek graag na dié type of advices: “... *die digter ... moet ... alliterasie, assonansie en rym ... gemotiveerd gebruik ... In Aloe kom dit op sy treffendste voor ... oor ’n sekere aantal versreels en dit ritme binne strofes bewerkstellig...*”

Ek vstaan dié above biettirre nou, waāmiē ek—in my previous works, quite nonchalantly an miē gigannit, ommit giwēkkit, dai tydt: wēk-ie nou, en minimize ek graāg dai over-use. Die Reader se nex voōstel maak ek toë rock-face, wattik duly myn—chip an dai klip: “...*plek-plek* ’n afwyking in liniēre en doelgerigte narratiewe ontwikkeling ... sou ek aanbeveel ... snoei tot slegs die essensiële oorbly...” Is clear vi my dattie above “afwyking” die nex eēne kan undermine: “... op hierdie manier raak dit makliker om al die elemente (narratiewe meganismes, filosofiese uiteringe, beeldspraak) wat bydra tot ’n geslaagde gedig, te harmoniseer.”

Sortieng deērie jetsam ennie flotsam in dié edit, kom kry ek, baie van “*al die elemente*”, is ynlik found-pieces, stepping stones en leyline-crossings, golden-means, tissinnie disparate streams, en elkeen het relevance—meēste vannie tydt. Soe, moet my vigoōtglāsie yt, gooi ekkie onnoōrragste yt, anniste staān—dié aspects—in danger van gi-kniēhalte’ of giblok te wōdt. In die harvest ek iets substantial, virrie ytbou vannie future van my writings, in hille gradual movemin: van jāre se monochrome, eēn-dimensional, charcoal- en pencil-sketch woōdt-exercises, in my initial skryf-endeavours in Ingils, ‘Unemployment Is Not Working,’

wat mooitjies na nērrins gi-endeavour-it; nārie ytgan en optel van my eēste found-objects, en my maiden, twīe-dimensional word-stringing exercises in sculptural-relief, in my start-up efforts in Goema, waāvan twīe, 'My Straāt en anne praat-poems' (1998/99) en 'Serious Kak-Praat' (2000), gipublish is moet maverick approach en al; na fully-fledged, in-the-round, 3-dimensional-testing-4 verse-sculptures in various media, in my dēre nonconformist attempt, inne Goema wat keenly morph, en soemma on-the-fly, bigginne om Indigeneity te include virrie eēste keē, en oek te publish as, 'Die Faraway Klanke vanne Hadedā' (2006).

Finally pan hy yt, tot die 3-dimensional-touching-4, mixed-media woōdt-reliefs, sculptures en painterly poetry canvasses, incorporating al my learning voōrrie Course, merging it moerrie newwe writing-styles, oppie Course gi-adopt, gi-engage in en giwēk miē, gan slaāp miē, droem van ... resulting inne poetry-collection, allis oppie Course gi-engender en gicultivate, as content vi my thesis, 'Aloe'.

Rieflektif Journils (†ai !gānu Bekhe †khani)

Aloe bloom in Makhanda. Haā bright orange blossoms, die single-most, welcoming sight innie padt. Is Maāndag 27 January en, Sores, ōsse sōn, is vi-oggin brightly beams en ampe balmy oppie spier-wit SOLL gibou. Die parking is vōl. Die car-guard knik polite trig soe ek viby trippil. Binne innie gibou issit skielik stil minus surface noise. Ek groet die receptionis soes Sores seamlis maāk hīe bytte, en pyl regdeē narrie kos-rykke: my Fellows is biesag om te iet en mīet. Ek gan, †û en |hû, iet en mīet, ma oek. Op padt squeeze ek tissin twīe kot dāmitsies deē wat an iets munch en chat. Ammal lyk fairly relaxed. Ieman groet ‘n professor Saule, wat trig wave en moet fyn brillitsies finely gibalance, vi smiley, understated in sy glow, ytdeēl innie viby. Nie ammal groet trig—die kossies is lossies mos.

Innie lecture-saāl is ek confused about drie-kwat vannie tydt, ma try ommit diplomatic’ly te disguise, deēre consultative demeanor te adopt, la miskien net, Kurus, Creation, ka sien. Dai wassie trant more or less die hēle warril-win wiek, en ek clearly nie myself: kyk-hie neh, ek dink-ie dji sal agree, ek *wiet* dji sal agree ... vi ieman om in te loep innie environs vanne droem; waā djiyrie taāl van jou tong-klap, *en* haā original Ma— *mag* praāt—relate in, skryf en study: ‘n taāl, wat net nouhie dag nog, afgiskryf was deērie taāl-cops, asse cocktail van tronk-, *skollie*- en labourer-, en dronk-taāl, oa. Ek, †â!ganu, reflect, laättirre innie session, ek hettiē clue hoe om notes te vattie. Ek het daārrim, dié eēn opinion vannit though: daās annis wie kop boe skoues ytstaān moerit, en wat ‘n resource is hille nie! Teacher Paul W assure my though, darrit orait is om net te note wat vi jou ytstaān, en allow larrie res deē jou spoel. Ek trus-it doen dai virrie res van my Fellows oek.

Die Free-Writes was toe nie soe new soes ek giddink-it: daāse paā goedt wat trig ko na my vannie 90s se Ngo-sector, twīe van hille is ‘Writing-Prompts’ en ‘Free-Writes’. Omtren aāllie NGOs herrit gi-use as ice-breakers in workshops. Ek was mistaken toe ek sē ek het noggie moerit gi-engage-ie: ek het, moet al twīe—apologies asb Teachers? Miskien het dai dae doer se presentations, soe min impression op my gilos, lat ek heēltimal vannit vigie-rit, offit

is te attached annie past, moet John Fredericks se heën-gan: hy, writer van 'Noem My Skollie' ('Call me Thief'), 2016, issie generous soul wierrie Music en Arts Therapy Klasse gi-organise-it vi ōs as trainee facilitators by Cred. In dai sessions is waā ek virrie eēste keē moet 'Writing-Prompts' en! Norasa-Xoa-i, 'Free-Writes' te doenne gikry-rit. Gou snap ek 'Writing-Prompts' in writing, ennie 'Found-Piece' in visual art, is fammiellie. In 'Technicians of the Sacred', noem Jerome Rothenberg hille, as ekkiē mistake hettie: "... a constant or 'key' against which all disparate materials can be measured."

Oō dié initial learning period vannie Course, biggin cultivate ek niewwe kombināsies van woōrre. Oek ways om niewwe āsim in ou woōrre te blaās, of om hille te ventilate. It gibeē more or less oppie trant van my (sōnne om an jouself *hoef* te articulate, wat exactly-rit is wat dji giblean-it) coming into die education van healing herbs; die sometimes back-to-front mathematics van music: harmonics, octaves, notes tot tones; notes tot scales; notes tot chords en chords tot chordal families (in hille countlis permutations en nuances), etc, but oppe baie vannaggirre pace, en, nou hīe moet bietsie meēre resources en support.

Waā, vān my ||ani, my Fellows, dinge onmiddilik gigrasp-it (ennik gun hille-rit), het ekkiē; it issie my nature om dinge soe readily te kry; oppie spot, dāddillik ... but liewwiste wanne als klaā is; in-betweēn-ie koe-byes ennie weg-loep, die pause ... die staārrag trig kyk oōrrie skoue, is waā ekkiē snap. Innie in-betweēns vannie in-betweēn, is waā als vi my opclear. Ek link in saāme Marechera, in my preference om te coexist waārrie klynnirre gestures meēre matter assie groōttis; *dai* space, waārrie glue wat vi ōs bind, simply alliēn gilos moet wōdt, ommie glueing te doen warrit suppose is om te doen; dai ou niетtilagge, insignificant en invisible spaces, is waā ek holistic'ly at is. Tog issitte strange givoel, dié particular learning; eēnne van securely giroōt wies innie soil van unfamiliar, but receptive soul ... ampe soesse energy soes Serendipity, surreptitiously opsluip op jou, en jou skielik shower en soak moet goue sōn-lokke, wat jou sunny los, en aching om te leē. Reason being, hīe kan ōs nou ankap moerrie wēk: vannie genres te *mag* mix, waā-in, en waā-miē ōs subsist, vi ōs, ōs fammiellie

en ōs kraāl se livity. Dié solidarity moet hybrid genres, is apparently eēn van dié Course se special focuses, waāsōnne ekkie wiet hoe ek anniste, in soē type of course sal gikommit-ie. Voōrrie endt vannie eēste semester hettik al gidecide, ek gan, at some point initiative vat, en in my “spare” time, translation/paraphrasing exercises en try-outs attempt. Ek het toe ingigan oppit, en vigiet iets: ek issiē translator. Nie even naby. Die beste wat ek kan doen is paraphrase, of soe iets. En dai was vi mye lesson learnt: ek kannie translate, but ek kan try. En ek trēk dai les an. En nou like ekkie heēlle idea van translation mal. Al kan ekkie, ekkis quite gitrēk torrit. Ek vinne oek, issie ammal wie hille wēk wil vitaāl hē, en share nie noōdtwendag jou frothing enthusiasm virrit.

Teacher Paul het my innie meantime vitel van 3 boekke wat ek *moet* kry en soes my bybbils treat. Ek het bihoōrlik gipounce op hille inne link van Teacher Stacy en kry dié engrossing piece onne ‘Primitive Means Complex’, innie pre-face van ‘Technicians of the Sacred’, deē Jerome Rothenberg: *“The translation, as printed, may show the “meaningful” element only, often no more than a single, isolated “line” ... but in practice the one “line” will likely be repeated until its burden has been exhausted ... It may be altered phonetically & the words distorted from their “normal” forms. Vocables with no fixed meanings may be intercalated. All of these devices will be creating a greater & greater gap betweēn the “meaningful” residue in the translation & what-was-actually-there. We will have a different “poem” depending where we catch the movement, & we may start to ask: Is something within this work the “poem,” or is everything?”(1967) pp. xxi - xxii.*

As die nie ieman op-fire, wat even nette passing interest in translation of poetry hettie, even ‘n complete Fillistyn—dan wiet *ekkie*, wan toe is ek en Earnest eēs dik brasse, ennie earnings nou nie double-time of time-enne-third, but blerrie goedt: ek bigginne rōndt-vra by 1st language isiXhosa speakers, of hille miskien game is, en van my Fellows was all for it yippee! Thanks guys! Baie generous *van jille, true.*

Ek tel hīe op, larrie exercise saāme anne tāle, nooit moet giskied, sōnne lat my oer-oue

Moerstaāl, Khoekhoegowab, consciously innie omtis issie: soet dinge gibeē wanne Ma naby is. Kind-of soes saāme Serendipity-hille: djy kannie anniste as om soes family te voellie. Die boek mention wat follow hīe onne, is net soe filial, but innie tydt vanne anne type van oōlog. Inne previous zoom reading vallie onus op my om “Valerio’s Story” te liēs, deē Alba Donati, vannie Spanish Poets, yt hille “Poems From Centres of Cataclysm” (50 Years of **Modern Poetry in Transition** [MPT]) Bloodaxe Books, 2016. Eds Dugmore&Constantine. Gitranslate yrrie Italian deē Stefano de Angelis. Soes ekkit liēs, strike-it my en recognize ekkit, but konnie place waā: wat, die poem self, bitref, relate ek moet certain aspects en parts vannit, because my en Valerio se ‘filial en parental’ situations, issie exact opposite van mikaā, en soe baie stories kan daā-yt flow. Soes bv, hoe lyk apathydt se stōries vi jou van “filial en parental” affiliations, tissin-ie Indigenous ennie *wit* mēnse van ZA? In dat daā, *a whole lot of shaking going on* angigannit, soes ōsse western-European wave van voō-oues vi ōs anginai-it; sometimes by brutal force. Dink djy soe iets, is iets worthy om van te skrywwe? Ek dink-ie soe nie—ek *wiet* soe. Dai stōrie moet yt. *wit* fragility sal graāg wil hē ōs moet *mum* wies oōrrit. Dai sal mean ōs moet dan ōsse mēnse fail.

Ek harvest oppie Course iets kai, groōt, van poetry: ommit te recognize binne in prose, en toe in my eie ‘prose’, wat by default gibeērrit whenever ekke RJ moes doen. Ekkis nou orait moerrie genre. Voel great om paāt van dai fammillie oek te kan wies en saāme te kan praāt sōnne naār raāk. Van fammiellie gipraāt, dié eēnne het my gigooi, dat die fammiellie ‘n groōt rōl speēl innie way my Fellows en Teachers relate moet mikkaā. Ek, wat nog self used toe my eie jong family raāk op my age, het nou skiellikke Writers’ Family: mēnse wie nes ek, deērie heēlle range van human emotions, human nature ennie human condition navigate, in hille research-readings, reflections en skryfsils. Mēnse moet wie ek consult, of, om mieē te consult—jirre?

‘n Telling lyric vannie 80s, wat vaddag weē relevant is vannie Police se hit-song ‘Message in a bottle’, vannie studio album ‘Reggatta de Blanc’ (A&M, 1979), relate toerrie recent

human-disaster off-ie coast van Greece: “*hundred billion castaways, looking for a home.*”

Sē baie van wattie Greek authorities dink vannie Syrian refugeēs as fammiellies. My innerstanding van ‘family’, is gipremise oppie ancient Khoen (‘Khoisan’ [derog., soes *coloured*]) prinsiep, dat ōs, saām, in die is. Ōs is ultimately ammal eēn. Ōsse splintered viliēdde assie mensdom, *moet* vi ōs remind, van ōs need om dinge, hoatsama, saām, te doen as humanity, nie as race; nie as klas: *dai* twīe particular notions was op ōs gifoist. It issie ōssie; ōs is *glattie* human races. Ōs is spirits, being human. Pansexual is ōsse true nature en nurture, en accepting, eēn vannie anne. “Ōs issie gibōre moet hate-ie,” hoō ekkie honey-flavoured echoes van ‘Paradise Road’ haā epic call gie ... vē af in Robbies se spine-wobbling tenor-sax en Errol anwoōdt brightly vannie braai se viētsie oppie side, in Sonesta.

Fast-forward ... rewind ... fast-for ... tape gitangle: ‘n bom explode oō Sydt Afrika: die eēste lock is down. Is March 25, 2020, en daās gif innie sistim. Even hēle fammiellies kannie meē socially ‘mix en meng’-ie (Emile XY? & Mixed Mense, vannie albums, ‘Cape Flats Uprising’, 2013 en ‘Afro Centric’ [Explicit], 2020) Ek hette anti-dote. Dié eēne is fail-safe ... soelang soes dji oek net 100% fail-safe is, nie net dai project, net dai doen. My anti-dote is *Skryf*. Asse strings-man kan ek vouch, dat, asse forrim van creative expression, is writing gouirre accessible, as om te leē guitar speēl, en dai’s besides-ie ecomomics. Dit kanne twin-ding oek wies potentially—of *raāk*— mettitydt. Hoe meē ōs sikke ideas cultivate en ytryl, hoe meē create ōs options vi ōsse youth vi posterity.

Ekkie vi jāre niē ding gihadt moet plagiarism, om ek my eie goedt giskryffit en self giperform het. Oppie Course vinne ek yt vannie fyn lyn between: ek was laāt virre Full Time Reading Group (FTRG) session, en moerrie in-loep gisnipe wat Teacher Nathan, by dai point innie sesion, articulate, van hoe om te engage moet iets wat klaā giskryf is, ennit—rewrite: soes in rewrite ‘Little Red Riding Hood’ *jou* way. Ek was astounded. Ek wēk nou saāmmit, nog bietsie cautious, but oek bly ommie area te kan biloop, oppie Course.

Nex toe haāl hy Scottish author Irvine Welsh se *Trainspotting* (Secker&Warburg, 1993) yt, en elkeen van ōs liēsse stikkie van Edinburgh se dialectical Scots-Ingils. Ek het hugely gifail moerrie reading, al hettik-ie parlance al goedt gihoō in my ythange saām aātisse daā.

Teacher Nathan het oek gimention, dat despite die dialect, daā structure is. Die poetry van Robert Burns het oek opgikom innie selle contex, soewel as questions van self-editing en -censoring. My take op dai was, dat ourre writers mag dink hille undermine hilleself, but oppe nogge level, mag hille, hil endt-meanings wings gie. Teacher Nathan se response was, darrit generational is, en jongirre writers nierrie need sien om hilleself te hoof please-explain-ie. Of course, hille wil oekkie readers alienate-ie, but oppie selle tydt wil hille oekkie hoof te beg-ie. Dan is daā mēnse wattie skryf, *net* om hille nie ‘reg’ kan spel-ie: nou *die*, bly vi mye sad-point, wan *die* is ynste, eēn vannie groot dinge wat stories blok van *wil* gibeē. *Die* isse worthy research-issue, vi wat meē confidence in promising writers kan tiweēgbring.

Surreptitious isse oudtsie wat mos—net appear in jou skoōt: giwoōnlik alliēn. Dan wonne dji ... hoe ... en wanne ... herrie peacefully slaāpinde kindt in jou skoōt bilandt...? Moet dié event though, het Surreptitious ieman saām gibring: nou, saāme dié personage innie omtis, nevermind waā, gibeē dinge consistently fortuitously, nog soes sy anko—sōnne lat dji even biwis is: dai is Serendipity se los-lit lippe-taāl, wat meē suffice asse bēg moet klom diamonds nog stuck innie mirril vannit. Serendipity is toē email van Teacher Marike, wat vi mye heads-up gie dat ek my RJs in Goema kan doen, en rik my yrai reverie ... ek tseck toe immediately wat klap soe: ek hette mis ... en 15 enne half van my RJs in Ingils ga staāne doen ... but Serendipity wys vi my, relax. Ok, ek doen toe dai wat sy suggest, but because of dai ‘mis’-vistaān van my kan, het ek ampe al 17 RJs vannie eēste semester in Ingils giskryf, in plaās van Goema. Omtren aāllie Ingils van my entire being gan toe daā in. En ek bikykkie move soe en sien net Ingils-idiom ytko; ‘n Ingils wat ekkie te goedt kennie; specially in idiom.

Al my desperate Kaapse- en ZA-Ingils se stock-phrases, sē-goedtsies en wanne-be idioms, wat ek giwoōnlik net gibryk vi self-defence, of vi my wickets keē, val toe yt. Dié wēk mis toe completely die lekke nurturing en disparate mis-match van, nie nerrie Kaāpse Khoe-Ingils, Kaāpse Goema-Ingils, Kaāpse Ingils-Ingils en Kaāpse ZA-Ingils, but oekkie idiom van elke eēne, wat in en yt in use kom. Dai, was my motivation om hille te vitaāl. Ek kry-rie feeling it wassiē typical *mis-vistaān*-ie: wat van eēne van *raāk-vistaān*—té raāk—in my gival: die *blank* slat, nog voō ek realize hy slat. Dai blank sal ek, half bihou, tot waārrit lig en clear, en ek bisef ... ek hette process gibigginne waā ek, unwittingly—Ingilse *prose*—giskryffit. On top of dai, *rewrite* ekkie prose, na Goema ...?! *Ekke*, wie prose van birth af adore, soesse 6-jaā oudt mal is oō smoothies giflavour moet spinach, broccoli en brussels sprouts. Ek gibrykkie woōdt *rewrite*, wan gōdt-wiet ek kannie translate soesse translator, en oekkie transliterate soē transliterator. Ek kan miskien paraphrase soe bietsie, buttie soesse paraphraser. Het nettie-rie training-ie. Stands to reasons, dat my rewriting engagement moerrie text, yrrie original Ingils narrie Goema, proactive ytgidrairit, en ultimately, eēn vannie beste exercises vi my, in my los-en-vas attempts moet ‘translation’. Moet dié final writ, wil ek net genuinely dankie sē virrie forces, dat my RJs se tāle onwiettindt giswitch was. Ynlik was dai eēn van hai rare ocassions, waā Surreptitious en Serendipity in perfec sync gidans-it in my skoot. Besides dai, het ek gidecide ek gan iets van Teacher Nathan se spel-method utilize, wat skoōnnirre is—en defnitlie proactive gan deal moet iennagge kind of lastagge superfluosity in my wēk, specially die final edits.

Diesse first vi my wan ek follow giwoōnlik ma my Ancestors. But ek tseck (ek kry die van Teacher Nathan: my “ts” is nog in, as well as clear meaning, wan *tsek*, kan construed wōdt as *voetsek*): sienne lat die heēlle Moerstaāl Goema-project ‘n pioneering move is, en, bihalwe vi my 2 bundles se woōrrelyste, wat saāme Afrikaner academics gidoen was, ekkie vaste consistency vērre oppit gisirrit ooit; sy consistency lē dan djeis in sy inconsistency ...? sy main character, en vice-versa? But Teacher Nathan is cool: hy sē niks. Hy sien my

inconsistencies in my wēk as viable questions, en sit nerrie anwoōrre neē, daā waā hille moet neēgisit wies en stiē-rit vi my. Ek tellit, of in my turn, of daādtlik, of bietsie delayed op, but ek tellit op, wan diē was eēn van my chief grappings: dai lastagge, oōtollagge stikkies kakkies, warrie tex soe onnoōrrag bispikkil, of nie, bv:

wan’	wan	(want, because)
vi’anne’	vi-anne	(verander; change)
onne’waate’	onniwaāte	(onderwater; underwater)
stiee	stīe	(stuur; send)
stieer	stiēr	(os; steer;)
mier	mīer	(mier; ant;)
mieer	mīer	(muur; wall)
meere	meēre	(meer [gital]; more)
vi’oggin’	vi-oggin	(vanoggend; this morn)
wie’roek,	wierroek	(wierrook)
vannag	vānnag	vinnig
van-nag	vannág	vannag (in die nag)

“Is dēm see’, en snaaks, ma, dji ka mos jou opinion mee soe vi’anne’.”

“Is dēm seē, en snaāks, ma, dji ka mos jou opinion meē sōe vi-anne.”

Ek was genuinely uncertain wat te maāk moe hille, en oekkie tydt gihadt om moet hille te deal vi jāre. Teacher Nathan het my ytgibail, in sy gibryk vannie ‘leaner’ en ‘cleaner’ look.

Reflecting op eēn van Teacher Marike se thought-provoking statements, en ek paraphrase; hoe daā oek som mēnse is, wie *dink* hille *ken* dinge. Ek vibeēl vi my die skryfsils van my het, soe nou en danne ding biet, wat iets *ken* ma *ek myself*, naai wat, ek maakkit-ie vi dai klas. Ek, myself, ken nerrie dinge wat ek wiet, net ginoeg vi survival in die spiritually vikrampte 3-dimensional wēril, wat sielle soe inhok, hille slat soemme oō na basket-cases. Ek hou meēre van dinge *wiet*, as *ken*, soes ek ginoemmit al. *Wiet*, sōnne dai dinge te gistudy-rit, of

ooitte boek oōrrit te giliēs-it. Ek sal ma miskien móette skryfsil attempt oōrrit, ommie *ken* te seperate vannie *wiet*.

In Dondrag se session split my gisig spontaneous, en elicit ‘n throaty lag vi, ‘He came down the street,’ van Mzi Mahola: *“He came down the street / In one hand / Holding a live chicken / By its wings / And in the other / A packet of onions / And potatoes.”*

Hilarious. In one fell swoop, vat dié poem my trig, reg binne in my regular dēre-klas waentsie, oppie tryn na Mitchells Plain, as paāt vanne happy-clappy kēk-groep. Ōs het inter-denomination fellowship gihadt, moet volle accusing-style, vinge-point, spittle-spray sermons. In dié self-same carriage, aāndt na aāndt, was daā altydt ‘n klom’ hoennis wat regularly hystoe gicart wōdt virrie pot, of om te vikoep vi ieman annis se pot. Shame, dan hang hille all dopey-eyed, onniste-boe van moeë hanne. Soe, op dai serious notes, *issit* tiséle tydt, ‘n serious seminar, warrie reading include van poetry, deē Teacher Hleze wat rērag-ie seminar lat happen-it: double serious ... warrie utter incongruousnis heighten, van dié bra, wat af innie padt gistap ko, moet said objects in sy hanne. On top of dai, hette nogge lyn, gibōre deērie imagery wat deērie poem gi-evoke is, die heël tydt deē my mind gispeël: *“He’s got the whole chicken, in his hands,”* toerrie tune van, *“He’s got the whole world, in his hands,”* ‘n ou chorus vanne nogge ane tydt in my life.

Teacher Hleze se seminar is gipas, wannit doen mye great service, in dat ek nog altydt my word-count wou reduce-it in my skryfsils. Iets *dyddilik* (cool) het gibeē, wat ytgiflesh is inne example, wat giseed is, yt dai experience in general, en dai selle experience— *in particular*: Hleze bilōewwe dat *Less is More*, en hy hette goeie argument; wat toe baie promising raāk, moet immediate results. Is sōë plisiē vi my om vi Mzwandile Matiwana te quote in, *The Intro* vannie Dinsdag FT Reading Group Tex’: *“Because the poets contemplate things and issues that should not be thought about, seeking to make life better for the other.”*

Die wies se Kaaps Reading Group (KRG) session moet Teacher Nathan Trantraal wasse definite wake-up vi my. Ekkis apparently soe out of touch moerrie various types van Afrikaans wat ek currently liēs. Die contrasting Afrikaans-stemme wat hy my stiē, as part van ōsse on-going KRG sessions (On-Line via RUconnected die keē), wat mye great gap gie, om te lienk, moerrie various versions van Afrikaans, wat currently deērie washing-machine van social-usage gan. In *Edna's Ruthie* (p.83), van "The House on Mango Street" deē Sandra Cisneros (Alfred A. Knopf 2003), komme mēns across striking examples vannie author se ability vi attention to detail: *"Ruthie sees lovely things everywhere. I might be telling her a joke and she'll say: The moon is beautiful, like a balloon. Or somebody might be singing and she'll point to a few clouds: Look, Marlon Brando. Or a sphinx winking. Or my left shoe."*

Kinda remind my vanne certain scenario in Marechera ook (p.100), in *House of Hunger*: *"A man to whom everything under the sun had really happened was walking home when he met a greēn dwarf who looked up at him scornfully, sneeringly. "Why do you walk with a crutch?" the dwarf asked with contempt ... The man ... "Can't you see I have no crutch ...?" But the dwarf spat on to a passing chameleon and said to the man: "You have the biggest crutch I have ever seen a cripple use." The man, astonished, and perhaps a little angry, demanded: "What crutch?" And the dwarf, spitting again at the skulking chameleon, said: "Why your mind."*

Die chameleon-act issie prompt hieso, vi some great satirical outpourings.

Chameleons is fascinating creaturetsies vi my: die shocked look, die wieggil-waggil, die ouirre-mēns houding; die 'vidwyn'; ol' sof-shoes, trapsoetsies.

Die wies het Teacher Paul W 'n question wat ek sal like om eēste te anwoōdt, oō hoeko ekkie anne skryfsils ytgicut-it vannie *Less Is More* Assignment van Teacher Hleze Kunju: ekkit giddink it sal vistantag (prudent) wies om advice, wat soe generously ytstiek, te vat, moette view om my pisonlikke creative 'wakke-slaap' te bolster, van Teacher Nathan: *"Wat ek sou wou sien is dat jy moet drie poems of soe vat, wat jy strong oo voel en se, dies my*

submission. Nooit fout met baie skryf ie, kan net goed wies. Maa ek wil oek he jy moet confidently kan se, jy wiet wat wek as jy skryf, en dai decision kan maak oo wat jou bestewek is.” (“What should like to see, is that you take three or so poems, that you feel strong about, and say, this is my submission. No problem with doing a lot of writing, can only be good. But I also want you to be able to say confidently, you know what works when you write, and able to make that decision about what your best work is.”) Ekkit klaa alle rock-solid idea gihadt watte skryfsils hille sou wies, soe it wassie glattie soë difficult job at all-ie.

Vi my thesis, issik biasag om moette recurring theme op te kom, ommie broader, meē overarching-theme te underpin: filter staārag ma fisiekke in en kom gradually binnin my grasp. Die drīe retained skryfsils hilleself, is key links torrie building-blocks van my wēk: *Omgikee* serve asse intro toe my roots in Goema. *Comic-strip* is part vannie shaping van my written- en spoken-woōdt outrage, op vēle velle throughout die yf se multi-skinned lyf. *Overheard* is multi-pronged: being eēn van my stēk links wat ek het torrie Mother, en proximity toerrie humour vannie national Cape Flats, etc.

Deē ou force of habit, liēs ek back toe front, soe die wiek se Kaaps Reading Group (KRG) session, fare niks diffirin. My eie skildt, wan ek ent toe op in my eie backjaāt, inne excerpt van “Wit isse Colour” deē poet Nathan Trantraal: Departures, waārrie writer reflect op Cape Town: “...waā eēn helfte vannie city heelyd vi jou remind hoe hopeless die helfte vannie city is waā jy bly en waā jy stuck is. Ek voel asof ek die city orals saāmet *my dra....*”

Mercifully, wōt ek gitransport oppe wolk moet “Stuck on you” deērie Commodores: eēn vannie songs vannie 80’s 90’s (en nou-nog) wat endeared giraākit an iennagge homey oppie national Cape Flats: ōs het even ‘n ‘saying’: “*Waā stuck djy?*” (*Where do you live?*)

Nex het Teacher Nathan my oppe see-saw, in twīe excerpts: “Elders” deē Erns Grundling, en “Op die Agterpaāie” van Dana Snyman. Grundling het instant lag-bōl gi-eliciteit, moette certain condition, wat baie mēnse, including myself, kan relate miē. But-it meere gidoen vi

my ... it het oekke skryfsil in die wiek se assignment gi-evoke, titled aptly: “Hoe Om Procrastination Nie Te Beat-ie” (How Nót To Beat Procrastination).

Snyman, oppie anne handt, maak my involuntarily rage; niem my reg tot actual accounts, nie fictional stories, nie opinions: van local Indigenous mēnse, wie, in die advanced 21e eeu, nog altydt targets is van skryinde *wit* supremacist racist extremism: diep daā innie diepste gramadoelas (beyond rural), way, way agte weggituck, in dai mooi panoramic vistas van blou-grys peaks, som tye gisuper-impose moet puffs kapok, of gistreak against ‘n agtigrōn van back-bacon, vanaffie N1.

Ek try girymme tydt om into “Murphy”, deē Samuel Beckett (Calder Publications, 1993), te kom, soes gisuggest deē Shepherd Paul Mason. Teacher Vangile Gantscho intro, in haā seminar, “*The Political is Personal: Writing Betweēn The Spaces,*” oō politics wat aesthetically gicentre is, die Japanese writing genre, die *Zuihitsu*: nogge approach torrie edification vannie beauty van aāt, albeit moet siekke die leas’ appetizing aspec’, innie spectrum van Life ... politics. Sē Vangile, wat anniste inspire: “*Our very lives are political, even when we choose not to be political, we are making political decisions. How do we extract thát beauty out of the political daily going-ons in our busy lives?*”

Apparently is politics vi haā die eēn ding wat elke aspec van ōsse liēwwins affec, irrespective nationality, race, klas, orientations, inclinations, level van one-up-manship, etc. Ek was immediately gimove deērie subject-matter, om eēn vannie poems te ‘translate’ in Goema. Nie soe seē lat ek *kan* translate, but lat ek some vannie layers ‘n bietsie biettirre kan vistaān, en om ek simply net baie vannit hou. Eēn van Teacher Vangile’s se eie poems, “an old bride who payed her own Lobola” (red cotton, 2018), het my greatly gi-affect, en gi-exhaust gilos. Ek dank haā virrie *Zuihitsu* binne-in ōsse sphere van reference bring as students; lyk promising.

Ekkis oek nou, op die laāttirre juncture in my liēwe (die sunset-, cocktail-, happy-hour),

finally gi-anoint deē ... dai thing-a-ma-djiek, wat ōssie altydte naam/woōdt voō hettie ...
butte baie necessary step vannie process is, en mag even paāt en parcel forrim vanne
groōttirre anointing, binne ōsse respective personas, nog steeds writers in hesitance,
gicompare moe hille, wat chill, as writers in residence.

Teacher Nathan vraë baie relevant question innie intro tot sy KRG session, die 19e wiek
vannie Course: “Wat is jou gevoelens oo die (Drama) genre? Issit redundant inne *age vanne
endless stream van TV?*” No worries sal ek sē. Sy relevance sallie opdroeg because of TV nie:
mēns is ma ginyg om options te soek. Wat hom wel redundant kan render, is iets binnin sy
liggaām, moerrie naām van ‘rot’.

In eēn vannie readings, ‘Moeder Hanna’, skrywe Barto Smit: *“en omdat hulle nie bang was
nie, omdat hulle nie aān hulleself gdink het nie, moet hulle maar weggesmyt word op die
vlakke - sommer vir niks, sommer vir die grap.”*

Vinnerit difficult om te relate narrie stōrie. Maybe issit-ie ou archaic “hero-complex” wat
my glattie move. Die twiërre eēn, vannie selle author (en selle tieppe Afrikaāns) het my in
stiches, moerrie central character, warrit reg-kry ommie local cop, die pirre, ennie doctor te
lat voel, hillis elkeēn-ie baās in, ‘Put Sonder Water’. Lag my in my chops.

Teacher Mxolisi se Poetry Readings virrie wiek, hette certain Charles Bukowski by quite ‘n
explosive intro: *“So you want to be a writer?”*

Hooo ... kyk hoe pity ekke iennagge wanna-be writer, wat mind-games speel moet writing,
soes ek deē Bukowski se boks vōl van *firewords* gan. Garcia Lorca sē, in sy poem, “Gacela of
the flight”: *“I have lost myself in the sea many times / With my ear full of freshly cut flowers”.*

Ennik sien nou-noggie blomme, waāvan ekke pic givattit, oppie pavement byrrie voō-hek
vannie éN-Gie kēk innie Malmesbury van 2010, waārrie groot long-winded trucks viby
snort, wind-briek en poep in installments.

Mzi Mahola se “Old Age Centre”, los my, soes apathydt-prins Jimmy Kruger se woōrre die

landt gilossit, toe hy gi-inform wōdt van Bantu Steven Biko se doōdt. Nou-ie dag reflect ek moette tsommie oppe paā dinge van writers en writs: poetry specific. Ek het, virre span van some years, mindful giraāk van, eēste-rie poetry inne given teks, dannie taāl: die wayrie taāl gibryk wōdt, omme multitude van effects ti engender inne potential reader se mind. Ekkis convinced, sōnnerrie Poetry issit net taāl. Poetry, vi my, meaning, it bigginne ērins, en vi my is dai opgislyt in twīe dinge simultaneously: die complete opposite van Poetry—niks Poetry: Poetry gi-annihilate; ‘n wēril sōnne dai sense, of faculty vi appreciation. Tiselle tydt is ek oek byrrie wake-up en wakefulnis tot, en van Poetry. Poetry gie vi woōrre incredible presence enne skārriwie, en—fragrant aromas en textures, en memories van memories, en van personality—of nie.

Die wiek usher weē eēnse great find in: Gustav Flaubert se, *Le Mot Juste*. Gi-introduce deē Teacher Nathan, in sy Maāndag seminar vannie selle naam, wassit, oa, oekke nostalgic trip af in baie memory-lanes. But isse baie pragmatic kind of method, en sallit definitely weē wil visit en broōdt brik saāmmitt. It engender ‘n vannaggirre way, ommie sometimes wayward thoughts van my, in te hem: surely kan my execution net vēddirre opgisharpen wōdt. Die following is wat van my fellow class-mates, saām wie ek gipair is die wiek, gi-edit-it en gicomment-it op, besides wat ek hīe gi-add-it. My eēn Fellow, Liesel, se edits hette paā minor cosmetic changes gihadt. Haā comments was sparse, but sensitive, en sytte great job gidoen moet my over-generous gibryk van ellipses, wat sy suggest-it ek remove (wat ek gidoennit), buttie voō ek givoellit ek post-pone hille virre future potential: miskienne verse-collection offe novella moerrie working-title, “Glipse moet iEllipse”, waā-in ek, possibly by dai tydt, hille gibryk philosophically speculative, yt-eēn ka sit. Vi dié wiek is haā suggestion spot-off, pun intended, en herrit die desired effek oppie skryfsils, wat noue minnirre ‘spotty’ look about hille het—Kai Liesel! My anne Fellow, Ashwin, het soesse ingil ytgiko, sy comments gimaāk en sy suggested changes. Die vi-anniringe wat ek apply-rit, hette cosier proximity, innerstanding en flow lat happen moerrie selected skryfsils. Die tone van dié skryfsils is mos’ly feel-good, conversational snippets van real-life situations. Ekkitt omtren al great convo’s soes die bigginne in public transport, locally en

over, waā dji nie often get toe say ‘hallo’ of ‘goodbye’, dji slat net yt in praāt. Wel at leas’ ekke. ‘n Final sē op edits en comments, is dat ek hille welcome, wan hille maāk vi my sense op meērras eēn level. En wanne ek gichallenge hoōdt, welcome ekkit nog meērre, wannit gie, vi ōs as students die opportunity om dinge saāme te doen. Ek voellis rērag goedt vi my, my writing en my oeuvre, en oek generally vi anne Fellows ... ennik paraphrase virre ou kennis in Portugal, Gerrit Komrij, Dutch Prins van of Poetry, 1944-2012: *“for the washing-machine, that poetry is, of society/humanity/life.”*

Ek kom vanne wēk-culture van creative en objective crit, en mine-ie ‘n challenge. Cape Town audiences ennie aāt- en graphic design industries het my goedt giprep. Soes ek die wiek op die assignment skrywwe, voel ek certain parts van my trēk, in directions in wat hille nie giwoondt is an, annis weē na completely unchartered areas, waā *ek* even, nog nooit giwandelit-ie.

About my skrywwe op tot die wiek: ekkis nog largely in positive flux saāme Ingils. Moet Goema is ek set: ek kan my hoogste aspirations en diepste dispair innit viwoōdt, en vannit is gipublish al. Ek kannit noggie in straight Ingils of standaard Afrikaāns doennie, *never you mine*, nog publish. Al twīe is vi my, right away, nog hysse van kaāre, in terms van regte, diepste ytdriking: die gravelly, intermediate sandt en glue, ennie sagte, nurturing purr van Moerstaāl.

Teacher Mxolisi se Poetry Reading feature toe Makhosazana Xaba, wiesse “Shit Street”, ek rērag kan miē relate, wan mieste vannie back-streets (het minnirre pot-holes) wat ek hīe in Makhanda deē navigate, is liberally gisplatter moet vivid vetkoekke van fresh koei-mis; dji sal jou steps moet ken vi dié lang-arrim. Eēn vannie Spanish writers vannie *New Coin* Poetry Readings, saāme Teacher Mangaliso, het soē rou nerve binnin my gistriek, lat ek literally girikkit, my mondt het bitte-soet gi-ooze vanyt sy binne-miērre. Moette final siēr zwist vilaāt hy my mondt, stēt annie twitch soesse *live* lektriek cable. Dié creative culprit is

Emilio Prados (1899 - 1962), die gidig, "There are Free Voices" (*Hay Voce Libre*), ennie lyn wat my ingitrëkkiet: "*and drums that rush on to the street without murmur.*"

Asse percussionist myself, knock dai my nogals sideways.

Wiek 21 se readings was gicompile deë Teachers Mxolisi, Kerry en Marike. Die eëste ēne offer vi ōs, droë bloedt en al, "Coagulations; New and Selected Poems" deë Jayne Cortez. It add nog fuel toerrie political fire, waāvan Teacher Vangile Gantsho tips gideelit saāme rie klas, van hoe hille te access, en generally, biettirre sin te maak van. Wanne ek dink an dié eēn particular poem, van die searing collection, sien ek ōrals vlekke van droë bloedt, watte paā goedt, unapologetically straddle. Onne hille is: "*Miami;/ the dried mutilated scalps of a Seminole nation; / a sea sick refugee in the gulf stream; / the Panama Canal treaty; / the Mr. Universe pageant; / a conglomerate of born again christians; / the weasel stink of little Pretoria, /and collapsing in the dark blue quick sand of Liberty City (a popular video games interpretation of New York City).*"

Dai's nette paā treats yt "Blood Suckers". Moennie worry nie, soes ek gisērrit, die bloedt is droeg. Die July/August 1981 edition van *Staffrider (Vol 4 No. 2)*, draë eery en visceral reminder, innie stem vanne ou stalwart en fellow-writer en associate, van my *Vakalisa Arts Group*- en *Cosaw*-dae, moet Mavis Smallberg, James Matthews, Tyrone Appollis, oa. Ōs ken hom as Keith Adams en oek Poenie. Hy skryf destyds in, "Thoughts Collected In A Ghetto": "*Batter the body! / Shatter the nerves! / children pregnant with hunger / teeth rotted in skulls, / mothers with aching loins / scarred by labour. / Knives gouging out eyes / drunks smothered in vomit, / lovers embracing cold earth. / hordes of flies sucking a festering wound / dirt mingling with food / watched by tongues dried of saliva. / A continual running of sweat, / an uncensored language accepted by all. / Disease, hovering, seeking out victims /a world isolated / where violence sits on a throne. / outside, the sun shines.*"

Ek het nou my way giwëk deërie intriguing en provocative fragments van Fernando Pessoa se "The Book Of Disquiet" (Serpent's Tail 2010). Vi'oggin maak ekkie boek toe, waārrit

oepe gilērit, en maākit randomly oepe ... op pp 154/155, wat ek noggie by ytgikommit-ie. hīe maak hye entry op 18 September 1917: *"I dont have the right qualities to be either leader or follower. Other people of lesser intelligence ... are better than I am ... more skilled at administering their intelligence."*

Hiēs iets van my hīe, except, ek maainie regtag om my experience te administer, soelankit net meēste van less lofty en spot-lighty positions kom.

Pessoa se humble attitude los dié 21st-century Indigenous pisoōn, moette healthy respect virrie woōrre van dáí 20th-century nie-Indigenous literary giant.

Happy om te sien, some vannie readings in Kaaps op identity, stop by niks ommie anomalies op te wys, in die putrid stink ginoem "Die Sistim" (Rastas noemmit "De Shitstem), waā ōs vinne, dat race, nie ynlik meerie main challenge is, vi dié, en miljoenne anne 21st-century Khoekhoena. Dié oppressing force, in constant attack-mode, gan virrie jugular: *"confuse hille taāl en demonize hille belief en cultural practices, soes ōs regoōrrie wēril gidoennit."*

Ekkis thus, nie at all surprised at die state of taāl affairs onne, soes ek my voice add toerrie call vanne paā exemplary academics: bravo virre show van support, solidarity en egalitarian sustenance, hīe binne, virrie masses daā bytte. Follow all girymme tydt, moet growing concern, dié developments. Sadly, oppe minnirre as engaged, of, in iennagge way involved manner, en thus ma sōnne much confidence in it, tot op nou, waā ek myself 'n MA doen in creative writing, moet Goema as my main taāl. Dié 2013 Stellenbosch University (SU) conference, "Kaaps: negotiating language and identity", dee Menán van Heerden (MvH), bivat some baie interesting, highly importin en skryinde disclosures: *"The standard does not represent the entire speech community."* (Menán van Heerden)

"Kaaps is a language ... in the sense that ... those who speak it, give their first scream in it ... do all the transactions of their life in it, and ... will finally blow their last breath out in it." (Le Cordeur, SU quoting Adam Small, 1962).

"It is common knowledge ... standard Afrikaans is based mainly on Oosgrens-Afrikaāns ... other varieties of Afrikaāns were, therefore, not recognised." (Gerda Odendaāl, SU).

“Odendaāl referred to a study undertaken by the Department of General Linguistics at Stellenbosch University. It showed a below-average intelligence level, of 50% of Kaapse Afrikaans-speaking learners, who took intelligence tests in standard Afrikaans. *Below-average performance did not occur when the test was rewritten in Kaapse Afrikaans.*”

Bliksem! Diessie clincher! Dié shit is politically motivated vi sure.

Laāste die wiek, buttie-rie minste: wat sērit asse conference oō *Kaaps*, byē historic’ly *Afrikaāns* university, gihou wōdt, in *Ingils*?

Teacher Nathan se KRG session vannie wiek, vra vi Fellows om te reflect op hoe various writers in Kaaps en Afrikaāns al giskryffit van hille Mammās. Hiēsse yttreksil van ‘Gertruida’, deē Ronelda S Kamfer: “*...my ma is bang dood / met ’n stukkende hart / ek tel die glasstukkies op / en begrawe dit onder my vel*”

Remind my van my eie tānnie; staunch catholic oppigroei, en is oōliēde, soes haā vision fade—op bright-geel Mister Happy—moet sy wall-to-wall smile boe oppie bryn kas voō haā—nie pictures van *wit* pope, blik-gisig engille, bibaarde italian jesus en pienk hebrew mary, ennie bloed-rooi sacred hearts, oppie gloss-miēr agte haā—nie. Jesus se derra was nērins te sien of givoel.

Ōs bly byrrie selle theme vi “ma”, deē Antjie Krog: “*Ma, ek skryf vir jou ’n gedig / sonder fensie leēstekens / sonder woorde wat rym / sonder bywoorde / net sommer / ’n kaālvoetgedig.*”

Kai. In sy simplicity lē sy groōtgydt. Clarice Lispector is oeppe op my bed-side tāfiltsie nou: ommie flap te protect het ekket afgihaāl en nou lykie ding soe damn intimidating: ‘n dik, vet, swat, squatting ‘*bybbil*’ ... trig gan dai flap soes in *nou* ... breathing is maklikkirre. Mōre Clarice. In kontras’ hettik dié wiek se Dondrag Poetry gi-enjoy en gire-enjoy by St Peter’s. hīe’s some excerpts wat ytstaān. First up, die laāste poem innie batch, ‘Sentences’, van

Chinese poet, Che Qianzi: *"a half-moon, two earths, one earth. / Very soft when stepped on, / very soft shyster."*

Ek imagine-ie subjek' hie is iets van great comfort. Dies definitely die province vannie following eēne, re-enjoyed, 'To my room', deē South African poet Robert Berold: *"The trees are coming into leaf today. / I tell you this slowly, because you've never been outside."*

Palestine se national poet, Mahmoud Dawish, doenne riveting entree, "To a young poet": *"Truth is white, / write over it / with a crow's ink. / Truth is black, / write over it / with a mirage's light... / ...I worry about you / from those who dance / over their children's graves, / and from the hidden cameras / in the singers' navels."*

In Teacher Marike Beyers se seminar *Wording The Unworded* reiterate ek my support en solidarity, asse mēns en writer, vi die troubled war-torn landt (wat soe my ou Indigenous hat skeē), in dié skryfsil, gigerate innie seminar: "nógge single-lyn rhyme", or "nóther single-line rhyme", soes gitranslate hie vannie Goema: *Then, / satisfied with my lot, / I refuse to go to bed / trapped, / so I go to bed / wrapped, / in a Free Palestine-flag, / in a victorius position."*

The Shoshoneans het onlangs part van my Indigenous college-knowledge giraāk. Well, noggie quite *in-depth*-ie, but ek wiet van hille nou, in Teacher Paul W se *Rain Taxi Book Review* (2014): die author Edward Dorn, 'n Indigenous American, wiesse travelling movements oō great distances, mynne kind-of mimic in some areas vannie article ('n travelogue saām moet photographer Leroy Lucas, 1966), skryf: *"if you see a man working on the car ... trying to fix it, the man is 'white,' it's a 'white' ghetto, whatever colour that man's skin. He has bought the package. When an Indian's automobile fails him he settles for that generally. It stopped."*

Conclude Patrik James Dunagan in sy article "THE SHOSHONEANS: The People of the Basin-Plateau, Expanded Edition": *"Dorn's widely engaged intellect is of that rare breed we only need more of as we descend further into the new millenium."*

Ek kry dai ... 'die package' kanne baie costly phenomenon wies. Herrie liēwins van baie gicclaim al; dji kan doōdt-gan, en, to all intents en purposes, perfectly liewwindag lyk, but ... iets vaāl byrrie kiewwe ... of iets noggie gireveal, sal jou af-mēk as doōdt: isse certain energy—niē annie gibeē—wat desperately try om te gibeē, unaware, larrit net spontaneously, nie net kan, ma wil gibeē. Dji kannit ampe sien, voel, na jou toe kom: it mag jou even groet, soē 'vis innie handt' kind of greeting: niks encounter, die vis herrit gicancel; it was koudt en distant, but sy *vrot* baie present.

Grootste lessons opgitel die wiek is: vindt jou way into 'n poem. Kyk virre opening in, of onne sy (de)fence, of sy comfort-zone. Once dji innie jaāt is, kan dji ienaggiets wies warrie poem is, of na toe lean. Van daā issit up toe jou ommie good graces vannie poem toe good use te sit. Venture innie tyn, die jaāt, die hys, en aālie kām is in, but net op invitation. maākkie effort ... gannie extra myl, en follow oekkie course van acknowledgements, wat langsie padt extended is, waā hille, hille magic continue.

Die poems wat yrrie assignments flow, wat ōs as Fellows deel en comment op, evoke niewwe poems elke wiek. Soe hīe bigginne 'n life-long pattern.

Lyk my ek het unwittingly Teacher Marike se 2e seminar, '*Wording the unworded*', gipre-empt: "*Diē phenomenon het my inside-out, al my vital organs op display, soessie sakke vanne bomber-jacket, wat inside-out gidrai is oppie washing-line, flapping en flopping inne bristin male south-easter, wat vaddag mēnse omstoōt, en vrouins se skirts oō hille koppe gooi, agtestevoō: jesus dai italian bra, moerrie donke van kleē twin-broe innie middle-east country van israel: gilove en adore deē countlis Indigenous mēnse die wēril oō.*"

'*Wording the unworded*' is baie needed though; ek het sōe baie goedte unworded.

Seems asof vannie niewwe creations, *Le Mot Juste* gipost-empt-it, wan, accōrrieng toe some feedbacks, is my stanzas lately able om alliēn te staān, soewel as being part van volle skryfsils. 'n Telling furtherance vannie positive influence van Teacher Nathan se *Le Mot*

Juste seminar. Ek innerstand oek nou, die riēde hoeko ek soe baie tydt spend moet commentary gie op poems: ek bigginnit actually te enjoy! Vi reasons klaa ytgilē, was ekkiē reader van poetry; my reading-interest was meēssal mixed moet baie speculative philosophy. Soes nou well known is, het ek gi-incline torrie vomiteria, wanne ek myself saāme prose moes mix.

Ek love die: Teacher Nathan feature, in ōsse KRG session, weē ōs Mammās die wiek. Toni Stuart vat haāself saggies byrrie handt in eēn lyn, wat oekkie poem se title is: *“Ma, ek ko huis toe”*

In diē simple lyn re-root sy haāself saāme haā mā, waā oek al sy mag giwiessit innie wēril, toe sy diē compelling poem giskryffit.

Hīe follow ‘n excerpt van Ronelda S Kamfer se ‘Hammie’: *“My ma groet gangsters en kēkmense dieselle / wan sytie kēkmense geken / voo hulle gangsters geraak et / ennie gangsters voo hulle / hulle harte virrie Here gegie et.”*

Diē poem wys oekkie ‘stable side’ van life op, oppie Cape Flats. As ek op eēn plek giblyrrit oppie Cape Flats, sal ek siekke some vannie gangsters en kēk-mēnse gileē kennit, voō hille gangsters was, en vice-versa. Soes life churn, bly gangsters en kēk-mēnse ma oekkie āltydt op eēn plekkie. Soes ammal van ōs, wōdt hille oek ma gi-uproot moet niks comments van upstairs, nie eēsse ou poeppie.

Elisabeth Eybers, vat vi ōs ammal die wiek (22), elke single human being, irrespective van class, trig nae tydt soe palpable in, ‘Die moeder’: *“met die onsigb’re naelstring wat nie breek.”*

Klinke bietsie baie éN-Giejiragge (Dutch Reformed) hymnal, but it kryrrie message oō, short en sweet.

Die following paā paragraphs, wat needs be, moet Ingils biggin, is waā ekkie nieuw kry dat ek my RJs in Goema ka doen, tiwyl ek unwittingly biesag was moerrie Ingils vannit. Ek stop toe immediately allis, en bigginie process van translating neraā:

“As a dedicated and proper misfit, I am always unsure of my writing, even while I am sure: sounds like some weird anomaly, but that’s how it is. Don’t mind being unsure. Doesn’t at all imply inconfident ... I just don’t care about knowing the all and sundry of a thing. I like to be surprised—still—with my sense of wonder remaining intact, after the last surprise has played itself out. The more you know the less you wonder. The more I wonder, the more I heal. To wonder is catharsis. But hey, to fall asleep while slobbering on a choccie, with another chunk in your ... huh? Did you hear that? I just heard (confirmed) that I can also do my RJ in Goema.

Mulling on this, I decided to make the transition slow and meaningful; existentially echoing and putting into practice Teacher Nathan’s gentle, encouraging goad, calling us, like a hen to her chicks, to always remember, feedback is never punitive. I remember his *tone of voice* distinctly. I responded to that. *That*, made the single, greatest impression on me on the Course at that time, bringing me right into the lap of the Course, looking up expectantly, waiting for the lekkerr story to continue.

Goema transition, hīe kom ōs:

1. To fall asleep while slobbering on a choccie, with another chunk stuck in your fist, equals falling asleep in your own somersault.
2. Om aān die slaap te val terwyl jy slobber aān ‘n tjokkie, met nog ‘n chunk wat in jou vuis vassteek, is gelyk aān, aān die slaap val in jou eie bolmakiesie.
3. Om slobbering ane chokkie annie slaap te val, moette nogge chunk stuck in jou vys, is equal toe annie slaāp val in jou eie bollimakkiessie.

Ek raāk wakke nourie-oggin, clutching-ie laāste hoekkie vanne Bar-One—tight.

“The Complete Stories” van Clarice Lispector (New Directions 2015) nou oeppe op my lap,

en ek thrilled moette great find innit, saāme wat ek kan relate: die riēde lat music even kan exist: “Silence” (“Silêncio), op p. 489. Die stilte hīe is same-size Piket Bo-Bêg, diep binne innie Piketbêrge, waā ek in 2008/9 oppe plaās giblyrit inne toekkoe, moette wonnilikke, klyn pot-bellied stove-wietsie; sy naampie was Stovie Wonder. Ampe twīe jaā giwoon in dai nagte se stik-donke en utter stilte. Like wat Clarice haself sê vannit: *“The silence of the night is so ... desolate. You try in vain to work, not to hear it ... a silence so great ... mountains so high, that despair is ashamed ... the whole body listens: not a murmur. Not a Rooster ... It is a silence that is insomniac...”*

Skielik lyk Clarice se “big fat squatting bible,” van laās wiek, nie meē half soe so damn intimidating.

‘n Certain woōdt, kom elke keē op innie Course. Teacher Stacy het, soes moet *Writing the Body*, weē vannit gipraāt, die keē yt Cairo yt, in haā 2e seminar, *Epistolary Writing*: “Our official language will be fever delirium, our national anthem a symphony of coughing. Instead of houses, the government will build RDP graves ... some breaths, it seems, have more value. Enter Elias Canetti, one of the great breathers of the twentieth century and Nobel literature prize winner”: *“It is not enough to think, one also has to breathe. Dangerous are the thinkers who have not breathed enough.”*

Ek het Teacher Stacy se assignmin moet intuition gifollow, moet my beste delivery—die focus. My eie gifollow was bound om te hit-en-miss, at dai point innie program. Eēnnitsie wattik eventually, nie net vistaān, but comprehend, emerge toe—ytgifigure: ‘n certain element in haā *Epistolary* seminar, over-arch into haā physical writing eēnne: Die woōdt warrie element describe, maāk oekkie link, nie net timaāties, ma visceral, en include windt en pneumatics: āsimhaāling.

Van asimhaāling gipraāt, Antjie se “O Brose Aarde – ‘n Misorde vir die Nuwe Verbond”, transport my maklik narrie memory van my eie mortality, in my 2006 operasie, en my trip Norway toe moerrie Khoikhoilektif Indigenous band. Ek memory haā: *“TEKSVERS: hoe kan*

ons die planeet versorg as ons nie mekaar versorg nie / hoe kan ons mekaar versorg as ons nie die planeet versorg nie?"

In 1999 change my notions van 'air en carbon-imprint', en bigginne ek om, in my eie plek, te humble en my eie villis te bigginne ytspoel moet detergent en sort voō ekkit dump. Soe simple.

Die twië Afrikaānse religious poems in die wiek se KRG session is refreshing, in dat hille some vannie above issues address en, al is ekke proud Indigenous Heidin, wie ammal se choice van belief tolerate, wiet ek, en agree moet Teacher Nathan: *"It is onmoontlik om die influence van Christianity te skei van Afrikaāns/Kaapse writing."*

En om daā gireeldt religious themes in my eie skryfsils ytstiek, kan ek moet relative ease, relate moet aāl twië: eēn wat my na "Let it be" (Beatles) lat snakkit; ennie anne na "Air that I breathe" (Hollies). Sak Jean Goosen se main character af, hīe nabyrie endt vannie poem: *"Maar dis julle klomp, julle wat niks met rus kan laāt nie / wat van die wêreld so omgekrapte onheilige plek maak / Dis julle, you must let things be, you must let it be, let it be! / Dis net, sê die meēster, dis net..."*

Eēn stēk memory wōdt hīe vi my gi-evoke: Is ampe soes Jean se "meēster", hīe nabyrie endt vannie move, allis wat boekannit hang innie teks, net wil *bag* inne net. Ek voel stēk, die poem kan miskien net daā endt, moet *"net..."*

My taālgibryk morph nou naē Goema moette Indigenous Khoekhoegowab look, sōnne-rie Goema-look te viloō. Die update is currently biasag om innie teks se look te gibeē. Ek was oek biasag om al my Ingils RJ's te translate na Goema, soes ek tydt kry, en gimanage om 6 enne half te doen voōrrie RJ Summary. Soe ek het rightly 12 Ingils RJs en 14 Goema.

Soes gisē al is ek rērag super-easy moet crit, moet my career-history ennie trajectory van my particular career-path, waā-in ek gibeērit: waā designers it die heēlle tydt kry, van

art/creative directors en advertising managers. In Teacher Mmathsilo Motsei se *Psychology of Writing* seminar, skrik ek wakke, soes in—SKRIK!

Kannie gloe wat ek hoōrrie, soes ek lyste na dié Teacher...? Teacher Mmathsilo is biasag om my resolve te echo in my essay in Teacher Paul W se *Poetics* seminar, van allis wat ek, experience- en influence-wise, narrie tāfil bring van my thesis soe vē. In haā seminar assignment se results, issit clear. Besides dai, is daā ma aālydt music wat in my biasag is om te gibeē: soe *die* seminar wassie anniste in dai regard. Warrit anniste maak, is dat, eēn vannie songs wat ek yrrie Course compose-zit, wys toe vi my die heēle stōrie op van styles en influences wat nou in my skryfsils apparent is. Paāt vanie healing lē oek innie performance: Mother City audiences issie-rie beste innie wēril vi applause: hīe sal djy gou humility leē asse performer: sōnne humility, might djy ma as well *pakke-wai* (op-pak en waāi; pack up and go) vannie arts-world, because djy sallie hou nie, djy sal ytbrandt. Jou aāt sal ultimately opwys wie en wat djy is.

Ek add graag my support by Teacher Nathan se “Skrywers: In hulle woōrde”, yt ōs weekly KRG session. Vi my issie skryf-process cathartic en soek ōs mikkaā op ... raāk stil ... tiwyl ek skryf, issie klank biasag om te speēl in my kop, en daāns ek binne in myself; various music, yt diffirin tye en contexts: local, but oek global Indigenous en Woke Chants, Blues en Jazz.

Woensdag: wiettie ... kannie moet Beckett. Noggie reg vi hom. Hēle paā keē gitry al ... huh-uh, willie vat-ie. Saarag: try weē ... en click—yoh! Relate: *“The blacker the situation ... the more triumphant must be the victory that it constitutes. The uglier the reality that is confronted, the more exhilarating will be its symmetry, rhythm, movement, and laughter. To attempt the impossible ... and having failed, but not completely, may be a greater triumph than total success in easier tasks.”*

Ek kom op dit af op pp. 14 en 15, yt: “A Collection Of Critical Essays”, van Samuel Beckett, gi-edit deē Martin Esslin (Prentice-Hall, 1965). Naai, ek relate totally saām hom. Hy’s yste: ek was al innie goeie paā griots se company en wiet hoe voellit, en hy herrit by, en in hom.

Lyk of elke seminar wat gibeërit, het, besides die focus vannie seminar self, oekke kinda peripheral-focus, oppe certain part van human nature het. En ammalie seminars saamgegooi, isse culmination vanne goeie section vannie human condition, wat saām positivity ytryl. Dan kry ek oek dai momen, wat ekkie wiet *wat* ek moet skryffie, wat ekkie wiet *hoe* ommie subjec' te approach, of, nië subject het om oō te skryffie. Ma omlat ek wiet wat kom, al kommit hoe mystical, skryf ek ma vōrt ... baie kēre skryf ek net precisely dai, wat ek dink, al klinkkit hoe simpil: "*Ek wiëttie wat ek moet skryffie. Ek hettië subjec' om oō te skryffie. Ek wiëttie hoe ommie subjec' te approachie.*"

Wēk elke keē. Wan al dai wat ek sē hīeīē boe is irrelevant—dat ek *skryf*—is al wat tel, nie my mental wranglings oō wat en hoe en what-what.

Ōs het moments of all sorts tot ōsse disposal. My reality wysse conscious, interactive universe op, wan nie lankie, of eēn van dai momens raāk pregnan' en kom imagery by my op: en soe wassit weē nourrie dag moet my 2e lang boek riewieu. Nië clue gihadt wat om te skryffie. Deē āllie boek riewieus gigan (wat ek vannie MACW lib op loan het) meērras eēn keē, niks gikry. Weē gitry en—voila! Net deē *weē try*, kry ek toē kai (great) kick-start. Ek appreciate hoe viskillinde Teachers oppie Course my an-por om te praāt van my writing. Ding is, eksie altydt siekke wat presies dai mean-ie, daārom skep ek ma op vannie brouils wat ek self experience.

My skryfsils explore oekkie serious side vannie funny, soessie funny side vannie serious, apparent raāk. Wat oek meē en meē clear raāk, is my innerstanding van hoe my disciplines intersect en waā niewwe strings en capabilities engender wōdt, en oues enhance wōdt: wat implicit is, issie tolerance en empathy tissin aālie genres, styles en Fellows involved.

Dondrag se buzzing Zoom session was Chris van Wyk se launch van sy niewwe bundle: "My Mother's Laughter". Nog net sy naām in collections gisien voō die en oppie web. Dié move was specially enjoyable vi my, innie sin dat, drie van sy closest nāsāte, sy eie siēns, ultimately responsible was (hille herrit yt gan grāwe) virrie published product.

Is vi my goedt om proactively vannie human te kan skryf en nie net van sy condition. Dai condition het actually gireeldt moments van utter magic en nie net magic-tricks, show en pageant, en surprisingly baie kēre, large swathes van purpose-filled liēwins. Ek coexist hīe in Makhanda en experience dai purpose in kinnitsies se stemmitsies—soes pristine waātetsies. Ek kry nog some challenges moet Dondrag (Hakatsēs) se Zoom Poetry sessions, but ekkit dārim gimanage om vannie readings se aromas te vang hīe en daā, en vannie facial expresssions en klanke, wat nog hang sometimes, en nou hīe echo. Die eēn particular rykkie wat ek vang, is yrrie lynne van “Last Will”, deē Moses Mtileni: *“Drink of salted water sing song and dance / Take me away at the hour when the elephants go bath / Sit me facing home in the east”*

Dié hēle poem is reminiscent van *Le Mot Juste*, wat Teacher Nathan an ōs gi-intro-it in ōs seminar van week 20. Die poem stiek oek ampe yt soesse klyn lys-ie van goedtis, wat remind van nog iets wat Teacher Nathan gi-intro het: *Pillow Books*. Die is literally ginommide lyse van goedt, situations, ideas, innovations, etc, wat djy of like of nie, of wil yt try. Die idea is om ideas weg te sit virre rainy day. Die laāste lyn vannie poem is vi my baie interesting asse Indigenous mēns, wan is eēn vannie rites of passage in Indigenous Khoe burial culture, ommie deceased inne sitting position te place, moet sy gisig narrie oōste. Ek note oek darrie dag van thesis-submission, ennie dag vannie biggin vannie Course, dieselle dātīm deēl.

Liēs-Research (Khomai-Ōa!nâ)

To recall everything, I've read on the Course so far (as at Wed 18 March), would mean to trace my steps back to my very first readings on the Course. This, *on* the Course-move, actually took place, *off* the Course, at home in Riversdale, and was with my very first scrutinizings of the MACW *Prospectus*. The line that fully grabbed my attention, first off, was: "Even if you are unsure of your writing, it should always reflect your true intentions." Chewing over this, with my last remaining teeth, raises the question; exactly what is meant by this statement/quote? I decided to find out who wrote it, and first searched for its source on the web. Lo and behold, to my pleasant surprise, It's at: <https://www.ru.ac.za> >, none other than the Rhodes University MA in Creative Writing Prospectus 2020 Final. Reflecting further on it, I imagine a brand-new towel. At first it's not very absorbent, but kind-of slippery on one's skin. After the combination of a few washes, some wind and dappled sunshine, the towel becomes gradually fluffy and absorbent, if 100% cotton. In light of this, when one's intentions are 100% true, your story will pan out fluffy and absorbing, like said 100% cotton fluffy towel.

From there, it was my *Preparatory Holiday Assignment*, and I recall how rather thrilling that was, and how I was quietly buzzing, until I came to the part where the plot took me roughly by the ear, whispering, "listen bra, you're on your own, I'm off," and gone he was ... *Jirre?* (God) I wondered what he meant and why he was off in such a huff, until I read further...

"Step 1: Read all the descriptive blurbs for the 45 books..."

"45 BOOKS ...!?" I blinked a good few times ... rubbed my eyes ... peeped through my fingers at the text ... it was still very there: "45 books" ... some more words came slowly into view, as they were covered in a few layers of mist ... "*—do this a few times —*".

I got up and went to pour myself a stiff one from my jack-in-the-xmas-box; Jack helped greatly, but didn't make the 45 blurbs go away. So being realistic I got stuck into them, albeit like a cat through cactus. I read them as advised, but reflecting on them would

remind me of how very *naār* I always feel about having to write reviews, which means prose, and *ai*, how the contents of my stomach wanted out right away ... because in this case, it was to be, reviews, about reviews: I really tried, but oh *gōdts*, wasn't very successful at it. I wanted to cry bitterly, but reluctantly gave up, as my five-year old son had already beaten me to it, after many failed attempts in trying to reach the light-switch high up on the wall. Still, I attempted several "review" notes (threw a lot out that failed) on some of the *Descriptive Blurbs*, which attracted me, starting with "The Blind Owl" by Sadegh Hedayat: except for the Iranian reference, no sense of time, space, place and history, or parallel events are evident anywhere, but for the 'drifting into madness'-part, which could be intentional, to keep dear reader happily hanging and splendidly suspended, over the bleakest landscape indeed. Admittedly things can get rough with us humans at mortal coil and/or divine soil, real or imagined; but i stand by the old adage: there goes I, but for divine grace. And as the story unfolds, the details, of the precise nature of the despair, and the names of the loss felt and/or expressed, gets articulated.

"The Call Of Life", or, "Umnxeba wobomi" by S.S.M. Mema, tickled my interest, as this writer's blurb was the only one in English, of the authors writing in isiXhosa. I hungrily harvested it. Happy am I to reflect, that our oh-so-human-world is flayed wide open by this quietly thorough poet, in a collection that encompasses the diverse lives of humanity: birth, family, relationships, friendship, religion, death, etc.

"Fun Home: A Family Tragicomic" by Alison Bechdel: all the disparate elements in this hilarious family telling, are simultaneously heart-breaking and raucously hilarious. The reader is drawn sharply into a daughter's complex longing for her dad, and pulled quite rapidly through a needle, in the giddy finale of a tale, that flirts nicely with the graphic memoir genre, to the point when the protagonist herself comes out the closet, through the shared code of books, thus finding and engendering redemption with her brother and dad.

The library is also an excellent form of gym, if you are my age. Except I couldn't find most of the books on my list. My search for my books engendered a special bond with that idea, and I can't wait for the Library to open. Saving a lot of money this way on gymming.

“Die boek van toeval en toeverlaāt” by Ingrid Winterbach (ennie ēne net na dié), fortuitously forced my hand into Goema: agterie scenes van taāl-preservation, wōdt daā ingibriek, giroōf en gi-investigate, en āl dié elements raāk ingivleg moerrie taālbiwaārings-project, die mense wat sy leē ken daā en moet haā general reflections about haā (co)existins, memories van haā family, viloōre suitors, liefdis en loss wat sy opgidoennit. (Translations of this, and the very next, to follow.)

“Horrelpoot” deur Eben Venter, maak oeppe moette kak-nat nag in Oz en Marlouw voel soesse nat-nai, gifossilize. Hy dyns trig virrie shrieking phone, boe-oōrrie twinkle van rien-drippils; hy vryf sy oōr wondirindt... haā woōrre echo hollow: “kry my seun uit daārdie donnerse land”. Hy gloe is sy lot, soe moet mang voet swets hy deere lang, terrible flight. Op voetsoolvlak hit hyrie grondt running... vibyrie suffering massas langisie post-democratic N1's, tot doer vibyrie dysterste gramadoelas van Ouplaās; familieplaās, gi-appropriate legally deē hille previous *mense*. Dan appear Koert, ge-dub die *Vleis-Koning*, innie stōrie--en hīe--wōdtie hat van fear oepgivlek soesse snoek en Marlouw se liēwe irrevocably gichange.

Next up would be my feedback readings of the Free-Writes of the Orientation Week (OW), which was my first ever skryfsils (writings) of the sort, and hit quite another nerve, which I never thought existed. From these skryfsils emerge another kind of writing, of which I have written several to date. Dia!kwain's poetry, “Return of the Moon: Versions of the /Xam”, by Stephen Watson (Carrefour 1991), was the first book I held in my hands on the Course. On day 4 of the OW. I read one of the poems from it, “Song of the Broken String”, in *Reader 2*. Because of my connection with Indigenous people, out of which the original words of this poem sprung, it has become the rallying cry for every single Indigenous sound-poem that I am composing on the spot, on the Course. The two poems that had seeded out of the

5-minute Free-Write session, “The First Time”, in Teacher Kerry’s seminar on *Fierce Writing*, had developed nicely into one called, *Sushi*, which started out in English. It’s now in Goema.

“Mexican American Disambiguation”, from José Olivarez’s fiery “Citizen Illegal” (Haymarket Books 2018) *After Idris Goodwin*, was one of the poems, on race, in Kerry’s hand-out. One line popped into, and remained in my head, from out of the discussion that ensued later. This was the seed for *Kai Kick*, in Goema, which had since germinated, and been developing into a nice little evergreen in the meantime. The original seed-line, *I tick all the little squares on race, on official forms*, is now distributed all over the skryfsil. Later Teacher Paul W arrived with short prose anthologies. I scanned *The Best Bizzaro Fiction of the Decade*, edited by Cameron Pierce (Eraserhead Press 2012). The first story, *At the Funeral* by D. Harlan Wilson, had me in stitches ... I took it home.

Reflecting back on Mxolisi’s feedback session, where I did my first Indigenous sound-poem in class on the Course. This my first ever attempt at allowing the Khoekhoegowab Word-List (that I am busy with as we speak) to wiggle its way out of my Application Portfolio, and sing and dance on the Course, as part of Indigenous Knowledge Systems (IKS). This is the appropriate launching pad for my Indigenous Khoen sound-poems and related forms, as I compose them, on the spot, with no pre-planning or fore-thought. I just allow entry to the energies of the assignments on the Course, and in the wider context of the Course.

In Teacher Nathan’s feedback he paused on the Goema-word ‘gimanniengil-it’ (to have died) when I read “Sorogowab”, (previously “Asprigowab”) engendered out of his seminar on *The Only Real Writing Is Rewriting*, and remarked that I come from an earlier era of dialectical Cape Flats writers, who is very happy and unapologetic to *still* use obscure words like ‘manniengil’, and that the word is probably Malaysian. He is right, its also Bahasa Indonesian. He also implied that I will not be changing my mind about the use of it in the very near future. Deon linked the *tirre* of *biettirre* and *sagtirre*, in the same skryfsil,

with percussive-elements. The skryfsil is now in progress as *ʃanapega*, 'Asprisgowab'. It's sole purpose is to have an aspris (deliberate) over-use of clichés.

From Teacher Mangaliso Buzani I got *The Heart of Redness* by Zakes Mda (Oxford 2007). It has some excruciatingly funny moments: "... and joins a group of men who are smoking what smells distinctly like dagga. They are joking about the deceased. From what they say, he must have been a jolly good fellow. But then, so are all dead people, especially on the night of their wake. Or on the day of their funeral. The living only remember the good things about them ..."
A great novel in its eighth impression.

Thursday Poetry Readings at St Peters with Robert Berold, is a *tour de force* for me weekly, and has elicited at least 6 poems so far, starting with 8th century Chinese, moving to Africa and through many layers of poets from various continents. One session brought forth Indigenous Native American Nez Percé poets, in the works of James Reuben ("History of Nez Percé Indians from 1805 up to the present time 1880. Poems From America, A Prophecy" [1974]), Smohalla ("The Mother") and a sermon ("Behold the Rib"), by an unknown author. One section of this is worth repeating: "*So God shook his head / And a thousand million diamonds / Flew out from his glittering crown / And studded de evening sky and made de stars.*"

Boek Riewieuz (#khani Kō+gā)

Eēste Lang Boek Riewieu

House of Hunger - Dambudzo Marechera

(Heinemann 2009)

Zimbabwean novelist, short story writer en playwright / Gibōre Rusape 4 June 1952 / Alma Mater: Oxford&Midlands State University(gi-expel) / Meēs celebrated wēk: 'House of Hunger' / (Giskryf in sy bēgie-period [hobo] innie UK) / Oōliërre Harare 18 Aug 1987 / Hy was ma 35.

Sien la ekkiē clue het hoe omme boek review te skryffie, gibryk ek ma experience van eēn van my angileērde professions, wat my rōndt ginniemmit soesse touris, back in the day. Ek sharrap nou, bihalwe om te se, ek gan eēn vannie dae oppe mission saāme Marechera. Ōs gan toer deē Harare; op voetsoōl, plak ōs gatte neē by plekke wat hy ken, en ek nog nooitie was.

Ōs gan trig gan na 1979. Dambudzo is my mentor. Hy is 27 en ekkis 22; die age vi paātie en braai apparently. Ek imagine 'n goeie tydtsie saāme Dambudzo. Nierrie heēl dag-ie; net soē paā iërre; miskien van 22:30 PM tot 01:30 AM. Hy sal wil praāt. Ek sal wil lyste en elke nou en danne number speel. Wat gipaārdt gan moet dai, isse international open secret. Ōs gan trig report en iets sē soes, "ōs is nou currently, as we speak, byrie Gweru polies-stasie. Is AM en ōs soek slaapplek. Ōs hét kos. Tronkkos is unfit vi honne." Tiwyl ōs oonag daā in Gweru gan ōs stil wies en yt reviews quote vi mikaā. Pitei vannit gannie soe lekke 100% gran' vallie, soessie following statement van Jeffrey Eugenides oppie multicultural novel: "*nothing but new wine poured into old bottles.*" (2004)¹

Ek wiet-ie of dai nou passive-aggressive issie, marrit het oekkie potential om te kan crumble na generalize. Dambudzo het miskien lank voō dai giskryf, en dai kan Jeffery ma kwyt raāk, but dai kannie gisē wōdt van Marechera, binne in sy tydt, genre, art, oeuvre, of sy milieu nie, of toe hy niēt oppie scene ytstiekkie. Miskien gan hy, of eēn vannie cops vi my vra van Gōdt. Ek sal awkward voel eēste en dan iets sē soes, “net soes meēste mēnse ma ammal hille eie denominasie het deēsdae, het ek niks. Ekkis happy dat ekkie soe diep entrenched wassie. Ek sien nou dat ek quite diep ingisink *was*.

Ek was, at best, a lou-warrim christian, en nie goedt, of solid ginoeg gi-anke daā nie. Nie baie loyalty gileē daā nie, bihalwe om loyal te wies annie pirre, die kēk ennie kēk se wette, en sacraments en holy days, en special days, en jesus en god, ennie woōdt en apossils, en tiendis en-en-en, en-fokkien-en ... die hyllagge gies...! Giwiet daāse nogge player. Daās hille nou ammal goedt saam. In ieman se giraam, is dai-rie pattern, die codes ennie signs, ennie body-language, ennie uniforms ennie floōr-patterns, ennie head-gear. Maākie saak watte giloeff: ammal stiek soe yt. Nou *dai*, is Marechera se lament: *dai* issie Babylon, of idea vannit.

Hy praāt dié goette oppie mini-tour, tiwyl ōs inne tronk tiep vanne hangover. Hille slyt ōs toe vi ōs eie safety, en dan slaāp ōs ōsse roes af en *dai is dai* virrie mini-tour soegilankies... *Dai issie dai* moet Marechera apparently; *dai*, is ma nette veneer. Dié bra isse challenge virrie establishment: *dit*, is oek vi hom deel vannie Babylon vannie eēste mention. Ennit stoppie daānie ... allis in sy viewpoint is Babylon - including sy eie mind. In unambiguous taāl, clear en vivid, is Babylon die machine, *ennie* spoek innit²: ōs praāt net van sy Afrikan period. Om te mini-tour saām soē spiritually sane, sober siel, bring moments van sikke lucid reflections op, dat ek wil emote in technicolour en guitar speel op my ribbis gōdt! En op en op jump ... en dan bring hy jou af ... dji sal moet vryf jou rump.

Die tragicomedy opgiskryf innie nex paragraph (p.21), announce volumes: “*We came out of the bottle-store arm in arm, the way Jesus and Judas must have beēn when they both knew each other’s secret. The sun struck gently against the swirling dust. A cloud of flies from the nearby public toilet was humming Handel’s Hallelujah Chorus. It was an almost perfect photograph of the human condition.*”

Poetic, hilarious, satirical, surreal, stink, photos, tragedy elements. Asse mēns nou sal parallel events in bring dan moet mēns weg vannie stōrie move, en af en toe, yrrie stōrie step, ommie stōrie biettirre te kan sien: asse willing spectator enne willing partaker. Lyk my Marchera kon dai doen oppe whim, en switch tissin British-flavoured en Zim-influenced Engils. En Zim-influenced Engils praāt yt Engeland, en British-flavour in Zim. Laāsginoemde mīet, historically, en van experience, meēssal moet mixed results. Ek ken min van dié apparently brilliant writer ma soes ek hom liēs, én liēs van hom, kom ek hom en sy wēk agte; daās baie material van hom, en oek notes in circulation oppie web, van ouens soes Dennis Brutus,³ Christopher Wayne en Bridget Grogan⁴.

American poet, essayist, art critic en professor, Ann Lauterbach sē: *“One way to avoid arid experimentalism is for artists to draw their ideas from a variety of sources, not from a single artform and its tradition.”* (2010).

Dat Marechera, nie net dié volle wāpinytristing daily *angihattit-ie, marrit oek self was —is clear —waā Brutus note dat hy, Marechera, “was exposed to a wide range of literatures and ideas from many cultures and this gave his writing a freedom and a wide range of imagery that many found unfamiliar and even shocking”* (Brutus ix).

Ek note, moet diep satisfaction, dat hy *“broke ranks with the sort of nationalism which gave a peculiar authority to pre-colonial African culture”* and his *“art refused to be rooted in an Africa which the political and cultural officialdom of the 60s and 70s imagined.”*

Net soes hy, kan ek oekkie dai kak vattie. Brutus sē vërre dat Marechera se amount van reading *“enabled him to place Africa in a broader context than that provided by either Indigenous cultures or by a simple opposition of European imperialism and African resistance.”* (Veit-Wild and ...)

Die following, about adolescence (p.13), is daā in volle palpable gory: "There were no conscious farewells to adolescence for the emptiness was deep-seated in the gut ... life stretched out like a series of hunger-scoured hovels stretching endlessly towards the horizon. One's mind became the grimy rooms ... one's childhood where forever in the spidery-grip ... whatever insects of thought buzzed about in the tin can of one's head as one squatted astride the pit-latrine of it ... include ... also the stars which glittered vaguely on the stench of our lives."

Dan Wylie, wie ek by Poetry Africa meet in 1999, het dié te sē in die preface van *House of Hunger*: "*Marechera is the misfit ... characteristically angst-ridden, dadesque story virtually unparalleled in African fiction, by a profoundly dislocated writer living in a shattered, repulsive environment of mindless violence, raw sex, filth and madness.*"

Marchera kry my total respect, dat hy nie ingierrit torrie pressures van attacks op sy originality en sy truth-ie, dat hy ranks gibriekkit moerrie soōt van nationalism (dié type of environment issie perfect plek waā jingoist values gitap kan wōdt. Die potential vi corruption se mates,⁵ is exponential in dai strata van society), watte perculiar authority gie an pre-Colonial African culture. Soes Marechera, kan ek oek sometimes 'n common *nai* wies (when one is speechless from being struck dumb, and resorting to cogitating), ma ōs is al twīe, sal ek like om te gloe, generally ma oppie kant vannie common-good kind-of *nai* (when one is speechless from being struck dumb, and ok with it, if one-upmanship was not the aim). Daā exist in die wēril oek jou *kommin* type of *nai*. Dié particular incarnation abuse die condition van *one-upmanship*: kennie score, vistaānit, comprehend dit, but sal nog altydt try ommie upperhand te re-gain, even sal brēk-op-skildt.

Marechera het apparently nie tydt vi sikke kak games gihadtie. Sy contention was, als dai is gicontaminate moet Babylon anyway. Hy praāt seemingly moet Rastas, ma sy central message is vi ammal; dat ammal gi-affect is moet Babylon. Ma nie net ammal—oek allis—even dit wat invisible is: humanity se spirituality. Babylon het dit oek gicontaminate.

Dis wat ek hoō by dié brave, unflinching writer. My eie contention is, ōs wōdt gitrain van squirts af, vanne certain order: in koōrtsies, hymns, kek-gan, bidt, sōnne, confession, control en responsibility vat vi jou life en liēwe moet purpose; daāse anomally in dai ynste statement. En Marechera het dai anomally unapologetic'ly giconfront, soes net hy kon. Watte les vi my. hīe isse skryfsil virre Literary Giant van Afrika: *“Nog altydt at ‘n loss vi goue woōrre./ Marechera se tune, moet rou akkoōrre. / Ma - re - che-he - ra - Ma - re - che-he - ra! / Hysse Goema-song en klangk-poems. / Sal syncopate in Cape Flats homes. / Ma - re - che-he - ra - Ma - re - che-he - ra!”*

My beste gifts an mēnse isse plantsie, ‘n song, offe poem; in any order, of ál drīe. Ek sing giwoonlik ‘n numbe vi ieman wie ek virrie eēste keē mīet, en daās tydt. Ek skildt vi Marechera aāl drīe, vi sy wēk wat innie wēril is, en dat hy eēns oppe tydt op die Aāre giloepit. Possibly oppie selle sidewalk waā ek op pad was Kings Cross, St Pancras toe, virrie Tube Heathrow toe in 1994, toe ek trig hys toe ko om virrie eēste keē te vote in my liēwe.

AK Thembeka sē in *Laduma* (2004): *“He was a black, who read all their books ... The Literati, rewarded him, not for his achievements, but for his “struggle”.*

Die entropy-klippe wat Dambuszo Marechera soe gigooirit, was gi-aim na Babylon, nieman annis.

Refrinse

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2. Alludes to, *Ghost in the Machine* - The Police (1981) and *The Concept of Mind* by Gilbert Ryle (1949), after, “I think, therefore I am,” René Descartes 1596 - 1650.
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of Hunger.

5a. Jingoism = gie preference an ou army buddies (extreme patriotism).

5b. Cronyism = 'n predisposition vi ou cronies favour.

5c. Nepotism = family ko eēste—op annis se rigte.

Twierre Lang Boek Riewieu

Cain - José Saramago

(Mariner Books, 2012) English Translation 2011

“Recalling sy provocative “The Gospel According To Jesus Christ”, in dié laāste, yt-bow novel, reimagine José Saramago, daringly, die characters en narratives vannie Ou Testimin, en run sy stōrie van affie Tyn van Eden, wanne Gōdt realize, “oe gōdtalla,” Hy’t soe wragtiewāā vigiet om virrie kinnis hille gift vannie dag te gie (speech), torrie momen wat Noag se Ark oppie droë summit van Bēg Ararat bilandt.”*

Gisource en giparaphrase vannie original Ingilse blurb innie *Long Reading List*.

**Imply glattie Free Speech.*

Cain arrive innie Enoch, waā hy weē moette exuberant, welcoming Lilith connect, vi wie hy pregnant gilossit 9/10 jaā trig. Die kindt se naām is oek Enoch, wie hy virrie eēste keē sien. Dié writer inspire my om, soes hy, bietsie meē creative licence in te span, moet soë bietsie paraphrase-sie hīe en daā, en myself te re-imagine as Cain self, en my klong se mammie as Lilith, en klink hille eēste regte convo moet mikā na sy arrival, iets soes dié:

“Nou wat het dji-ran ālie jāre gidoen, voō dji nou weē hīe by ōs ytval?”

“Naai, ekkie dinge gisien wat noggie gibeērrit-ie,”

“Dji mean dji’t into-rie future gikyk,”

“Naai man, ek was daā,”

“Nieman kan innie future wiessie,”

“Dan lat ōssit lieuwiste nierrrie future noemmie, kom ōs noemmit ‘n nogge present, offe anne present,”

“You’ve lost me,”

“True, ek herrit oek eēste swaā givindt om te overstand, but toe realize ek, dat as ek daā was, *en ek was regtag daā*, dan moet ek innie present giwiessit, ‘n present, ennie future het gicease ommie future te wies, mōre is nou,”

“Nieman gan dai gloe,”

“En ek het habba intention om vi Nieman te vitel,”

“Jou problem is dat dji nie proof hettie: some object, triggibring van some anne present,”

“It wassie net eēn present, butte variety,”

“Nou gie vi mye sample...”

Dié convo capture vi myrrie gist van dié novel, en *dis* wat my gitrēkkit narrit: groōt, en entire, parts, vannie forrim van satire en mental gymnastics, is reminiscent van dai spieële wat vi jou soe misshape, ma oppe visual én mental level. Ek het gihoō deērie grapevine, peyote doennie selle an jou mental faculties; mind-warps, space-and-time-warps issie unusual, en toe Cain eēs vi Lilith bigginne ytpak innie novel, is ek ēne ōre, en hīe moes ek closely follow, wan examples van voue in reality abound, en Cain slip dādeē soes ieman wat in ōlie gidip is:

vanne timer ginoem abram, wierrie lōdt gicommand-it, om sy eie laitie te sacrifice; enne nogge bra lot, enne sodom enne gomorrah enne sout-piellaā wā-in sy vrou (wiesse naām nooit ginoem wōdt—anywhere in scriptures) vi-anne; about ‘n great tōring, gibou deē manne wie gihoeppit ommie sky te reach, en hoerrie lōdt-it torrie grōndt toe giraze-it moette hurricane, toe hille taāl gimash-it, en danne punishment van fire en brimstone gicause-it om op hille te val, heēltimal viniēt, moet niks gidagte virrie kinnis, wie nie eēs giwiettīt wāvoō hille miskien kon giwish-it vōrintoe innie future nie; en vanne moerse throng mēnse byrrie voet vanne bēg moerrie naām van sinai, ennie maak vanne goue kalf, wat dai mēnse toe worship, en gislain hoot for doing so; vannie city wat gidare-it om 36

soldāre vanne army, giknown assie israelites, te doōdt, en wiesse hēle population toe ytgwiipe was vi hille troubles, down torrrie laāste chortling bybbie-kindt; en vanne nogge city, ginoem jericho, watse mīere lettlik *ingivallit*; ennie stōrie vannie lōdt warrie sōn lat stil stānnit virre heēlle dag, of sōe iets; etc.

Is rather brilliant satire op my nigte mag—any time. En dai issie allie, for no reason whatsoever, gan stānnin maākkie lōdt toë pact moerrie ou dywwil, wat nogge jong-man was dai tydt, om vi Cain se niewwe employer by te kom. Hy’t net pas ‘n lekke wēk gilandt in Uz, en was mal oōrrit, en blyrrit net “job, job, job”, left, right en off-centre. Oek innie aāne byrrie hys. En as hy homself *daā* ytgijob-job-job-it, issit pub toe, heēl annie anne kan—die donke kan—vannie city, waā hy sy ou habits ka revisit virre wylle onnerie girls, en triples drink, double sien, en single act, en sometimes baie fukkin stupid oek.

Heēl wiek gannit soe: byrrie hys, “job” vorentoe en “job” agtintoe, en dan pub toe. Ennie lankie toe raākkit “sy job, sy job en weē—en weē, sy job”, lat Lilith ennie laitie, die donderag-aān voō easter, gilyk hille oē rōl na mikaā seos emoticons, en ma liewwiste oppak virrie coming long-weeken, na ha ma toe: “Mamma-kai wil graāggie klong sien,” sē sy vi Cain. Sy’t gloe self pickle-fish, hot-cross buns en easter-eggs gimaāk vi hille, wan woolies sinne se sell-by-date is gloe late: laās jaā se ou chocolates, wattie ytvikkoeppit, weē afgiblaās, lat smelt en remold into anne shapes, moet pro-lock-down themes. Ma sy wat Mamma-kai is, herrie blerrie skellims se bidrog lekke ytgiferrret, en vi hille consumer-council—se ombudsman—toe givat, wan according toe haā, doen consumer-council net mooi fokkol, sit net op hille vet, plat gatte soes bril-paddas en gloat dat hillē *job* het.

Cain is orait moerrie move, soe mal is hy oō sy job, en ko hy soe goedt oōrrie weg saām sy niewwe baās, lat hy, byrrie endt vannie wiek se dop-enne-chop employeēs-braai, soemma instem, omme paā extra iērrē in te sit virrie weeken, wannis double-time, being ynlik, long-long-weeken. It gan soe lekke, en cameraderie hille soe lekke, lat hy soemma virrie ou-man ‘n drikkie gie ... ennis net soe hitte-te ... of hy soen hom oek ... marrie momen pass

gilikkag oō ammal se koppe, en hou hy toe ma nerrie ou-man se handt, en smile wanly virrie camera se plaāslikke community koerantsie, *WorkWize*, se ‘Niewwe Appointments Virrie Wiek’-blaaie. Ennis nerraā warrie kak gibeē. Sy employer, ‘n kot, but upright, staunch, god-fearing man en pa van kennis, moet baie vrinne, en respected innie kēk, byrrie club en innie community, kom aāllie grōōtste klom kak oō, wat eēn single mēns kan handle in eēn life-time. Ennis ironic, dat Cain, homself, nourrie eēste worker moet wies wat vi sy boss-ie eēste wave van slegte nieuw moet andrā ... gifollow deērre carbuncley-kanke van umultuous events, en above-average visits vannie ou moerrie hoodie ennie sickle ... dié, laāste affliction, na hy ampe allis viloōrrit, including al sy kennis, bringie nerrie kanke totte robust boiling-pointie, marrie blierrie carbuncley ding boil en boil en boil oō ientoe—boils: wall-toe-wall, en van boe sy kop tot onne sy voette—smettirragge, pusy boils. Ai, ārrimme unsuspecting job.

Cain issiē fok impressed moerrie lōdt vi dié: glattie heppie moet dié toedrae van sāke, wan toe job, sy allis viloō, toe viloō hy Cain, sy job. Toe Lilith ennie klong Enochie nou trig is van Mamma Kai, moes hille nou hoō van hoe completely mal en blood-thirsty die lōdt gōdt, creator van heaven en earth is, om sy job soe heavy te strike. Noussit Lilith se turn ommie impressed te wiessie, en sy gan oppe tangent, van lank voō genesis, deērre paā voue in tydt, tot byrrie current leviette—lat sy hāre weg-stye, en sy oeg-hāre oppie dēre vlōe gan vashak, wan innie eēste plek wil sy in na hille budoir toe moet hom, marrie kindt ... innie twiēre

plek ... soe sy challenge hom ma te wille van Enochie, en an is hille weē, gilikkag sōnne potte en panne en crockery wat fly.

En Enochie het lankal vipas, en hille notice suddenly en rush kāme toe, altwiē gloe heēlvoō, vi ierre se opmaāk-sex, die fullfilling ynde van wat, dié following stikkie tex’, die result is, op page 114 vannie boek, die heēl laāste 2 lynne: *“With their spirits soothed and their bodies amply compensated for that long separation, the moment arrived to put the past in order ...”*

My kop spin soe bietsie vannie vertigo ... watse order? Disorder issie order of the day hieso, soe vē ek kan sien en ek lovit!

Die architecture is bietsie baie wonky sometimes, en meant to be of course, nie soes dai eēn architect character se buildings innie Asterix comics, deē René Goscinny en Albert Uderzo, moet structures wobbly en baie design problems (deērre wattie oep maākkie, uneven stairs), ma hy wil graāg pyramids bou: Edifis, moet sy rival, Artifis.

Lilith was, according-ie historical account, vannie selle vou in tydt soes Adam, en ynlik sy eēste vrou innie selle Tyn. Cain was nog lankie gibōre nie, wan Eve was noggie gimāk yrrie sy van Adam-ie. Cain kon possibly nie gibōre giwiessit en oek kindt gimākit by hā, wat Lilith is. Enoch *is* Cain se laitie, ma inne laāttirre period in tydt, byrrie vrou, wie hy, Cain mīet, inne Nando's, innie landt van Nod, nie lank na hy yrrie Tyn giskop is, gi-evict is—soessie security se kap-saāle flash.

Ek moes nou eēste net dai vi myself sē, nie dat ek iennagge '*bybbil*' se goedtitsies gloe nie, of lat dai nou innie selle order moet wies soessit daā-in appear nie. Dai's rērag my laāste worries. Ek love net *die* type of satire en writing, soe die boek se time-warped narrative is hoeg vi my: lekke high heaven connections oek, moet nog extra aurora borealis-type colourful sky-scapes, wat blink-a-ti-blink wink, en billow, en loom, en recede en same-time colours change, soes ieman wat mal knoppies drik van boe. Ma tog ... sal ek oek likes om virrie selle Cain, in anne settings en tye te sien, eēn moet modern savvy oek.

Ōs wiet, toe Cain gibōre was, was haā no such thing soes israelites, en toe hille, much lāttirre, into existins kom, moet sometimes disastrous consequences, die details wāmiē ōs dārim bietsie familiar is, herrie censuses wat gidoen was, die adam-famiellie gi-omit. Cain wassiē israelite, offe hittite, 'n amoriet, perrizite, 'n hivite offe Jebusite. Ma hy wasse mēns, en ek kan relate moet dai. Ek kan oek relate moerrie 'split-personality'-aspec' vannie hēle setup. Hollywood psycho movies het vi normal, balanced split-personalities moette bad naām gilos.

Dié ancient bra, Cain, is néssie boek se writer, Bra-José, 'n split- ... wag ... maāk daie, senior split-personality, en hy Cain, én sy journey, het aspects vanne vis, moette definite senior

split-personality: die salmon. Dié vis se journey run van fresh-, tot sout-, tot fresh-waāte; stark en terrible in sy implications, coupled moerrie nature, ennie force van nature, vanne vis, wat al tienannie pull vannie riviē, weē trig hystoe navigate om te spawn. weē trig kraāl toe: vi jaā' in en jaā yt, in perpetuity; deē donke, dangerous waātes; onniwaāte jungles, moet stik-donke impending doom omnipresent, en ready om te strike, van iennagge direction, rots of crevice van onne af, of, wat djurye minste suspect—binnin jou gisig straight yrrie donkitte voō jou; dji kak jou diving-suit soe billik vōl—it móet split. Ma embarrassed sal dji nooit wiessie en dji sal oekkie meē kopseē kry nie, offe seē klyn-toontsie nie, wan pyn, hettie eēs kāns gikry om te register op jou gisig-ie.

Tiwyl-ie salmon angiswēm kom vanyt sout-waāte' na vas-waāte, moet peril ōrals, sien ōs vi Cain innie distance nāre ko ... angiloep oō boewwe terrain, waā rowwe, type-26-ragge mannitsies likes om langirre te linger, vi moer-slat om te rob, al van dai tydt al biasag; dai'sie twīe main diffrinsis tissin hille twīe. Hillis oppie selle blaai assit kom by waāte, mannie by spawn. Cain kom yrrie beste vas-waāte situation in existins, en gimigrate na sea-en iennagge ane waāte, en nooit triggigan nārie original source, en *op* dai's, wārie sameness stop. Die balance, vannie difference tissin hille twīe, being, die salm kom seasonal trig tys-grōndte toe, al oppe *op*-mission: *op* tiennie current, en terrifyingly vicious activity byrrie crowded riviē-mondt ... *op* tiennie riviē, die survivors ... *op* om iennagge *op*-curve, iennagge *op*-hairpin bend ... *op* tiennie straights se tripped dangers van debris ... *op* en *op* en—*op*, moerrie flips in succession van baie tails—*op* tiennie rapids ... tot innie silent pools ... om te kom spawn in vas waāte, *op* hoēre grōndte, wārie air-density dinnirre is: essentially, trig oppie selle plek. Cain ... naai wat, dié bra'sie by dai; maākkie saāk wanne en waā hy ōrals gan in die boek, en hoe swaā hy daā ko, en even tienan sy wil hā ko. Wanne en waā hy gan—hy spawn *nerraā*, nevermine waāte, of season, of terrain. En āltydt ma moerrie vidomde rop, bad-luckke giraās van war, of rumours van vannit, of celebrating die winnings van some war, āltydt innie balance: soe't sy arrested developmen' ytgistiek—violent.

Kak move: hy kon nooit weē trig hys-toe of hys-grōndte toe gannie, soe violent wassie seperation, die afsny, diy ytgooi, die ytsit, die forced-removal, die af-sit affie plaās, die ostracize yrrrie gimiente, die annikan vannie doring-draādt-fence vi jou djy: die endt, finish en klā. Assie stōrie nou gigloe kan wōdt, en *ek* was Cain, dan gan ek trig narrie ou Tyn. Ok, soe ek wassie Cain nie en ek issie hy nie. Soe ok, ma as ekke bra van hom was van dai tydt, wat hy gimiētīt, in eēn of anne ancient city versus city war van dai tydt, en ōs was saām mercenaries, van viskillinde lande, saām hired soldaāre innie selle viskillinde armies, en oek op equal ranke en oek op goeie speaking terms, en hy't miskien my niggie gismaāk oppe kōl, vanne photo wat hy gisiennit rōndt-lē innie army-kamp se bunk-house, dan sou ek vi homme brief giskryffit, en vi homme piece of my Cape Flats mine, gigierit, oō sy situation moet sy dwis vanne oupa. Ynlik moet dai līs: “moet sy dwis vanne oupa se situation”. Ok, ek sal nou nie dai straight vi hom sē, lat sy oupa is ynlikkie dwis innie movie nie, al wiet hy sy oupa issie eēne, en al wiet hy, ek wiet, van sy oupa se goedtitsies. Anyway, ieman het vi my givra om ietsie te skryf ōrie boek waā hy lately in ac'. Dies nou Cain. Ek het toe bietsie opgiliēs en gireflec' en bigginne skrywe ... opgiliēs, gireflec', skrywe, ma toe wiet ekkie wat gibeē nie, miskien eēn van dai voue in reality dinge, wan ek endt toe op moet goedte wat ek oō *hom*, Cain, giskryffit, in plaās vannie boek. Enne lekke rik nā ekkit soe gicheckkit, en giwonnerit, en gibipynsit, en “giwarrefok-it ...?” sien ek, ek herrit inne brief-forrim gi-arrange. Excep', *ek*, hettie ... ma's soe gidoen. Klink lekke kēns dink ek, true. Soes my Amazwi experience oa.

Tog, hoep ekkie hy gie ommie. Ek hettie giddinkie hy sallie, na gilang van ōsse lang association as pro-soldaāre. Soe hettik marrie liberty givat om certain aspects van sy lifestyle te liken moette vis. Dai momen', wat ekkie wiet *wat* ek moet skryf, wat ekkie wiet *hoe* ommie subjec' te approach, skryf ek ma vōrt en nie lankie of dai momen rāk pregnan' en komme image by my op, van die unparticular dag, wat ekke rou, vet, pienk viskop kry vanne tsommie, wat wēk byrrie sushi bar binne in Spar, 'n vis-kop wat ek, asse snoek-lover, nie kennie: salm. Dai gie my toē great kick-start, en ek onhou iets wat ekke onlangs giliēssit inne course-related review, van ynste vis. Except innie tex, wōdt daā niks

en nērins, mention gimāk, of ginoem van salm: dié vissirragge metaphor, appear innie intro vannie Adam Mars-Jones review (*Peroxide and Paracetamol*, op page 21), innie 12 September 2013 issue vannie London Review Of Books, van Alison Macleod se war-novel, “Unexploded” (Hamish Hamilton, 2013): *“Hindsight is the way we make sense of the world, and the events and impressions of the morning are reworked any number of times before evening, with the result that any historical novel, is bound to be as processed as spray-on cheese, What makes a narrative come alive is the Stendhal touch, a flick of the tail that propels the reader up past the rapids, to a pool where things haven’t happened yet...”*

Ek like dai en ek savvy die understated metaphor.

Ek wonne oek vannie writing *sèlf*, van soë piece, en hoevil freudian slips, dié, one-time satiric’ly paradoxical writer, potentially op miē gimiētīt, in miē gislippit, gichance-it, giserendipity-it, in op giglyrit, wat hom gipropel-it, in sy laāste skarril, ommie disparate aspects van dié journey se narrative vas te pin, en hille te organise into-rie rich, telling order, wat hy hille eventually in gi-organise gikryrit. Bravo kindred-gies!

Eēste Kot Boek Riewieu

Disgrace - JM Coetzee

(Vintage, 1999)

J M Coetzee, isse 80 jaā oudt Safriekaānse novelis en academic. Hy raāk goedt absorbed in sy game van woōrre—weg, soesse laitie wat by klim-en-klouter en lego, en shape-fitting en baie lag is deērie dag, en innie aānne soe physically en mentally moeg is van wall-to-wall speēl, lat hy nie kans kry vi even tv, net vi recharge, en droem vannie nex speēl.

(Allie quotes se Goema-paraphrasing, is gisource yrrie Ingils innie boek.)

Moet dié dērrē attempt totte boek riewieu, kom mīet ek baie van dai moments wat writing ‘n sheer joy maak. My current, special interes in dié writer se wēk, bigginne innie Confucius

Room, waā Teacher Nathan die “Life & Times of Michael K” van award-winning Saffrikaānse writer, JM Coetzee, an ōs introduce en discuss. Skielik onhou ek ... my gōdt ...! Dies mossie writer vannie quote oppie *Cockhouse* se stoep man: ‘n guesthouse waā ek regularly paās, winkils-toe. Ek het, op dié point of contac, net baie van JM Coetzee gihoō (ynste in about 1999, byē boekstall op Greenmarket Square, toe ‘Disgrace’ gipublish was) nooit gibother om hom, of iennagge *wit* Saffrican writer te liēssie, of dai wat wel deē-filter, serious te vattie: hille vat dannie vi my serious.

Ek hettie *wit* writing, *toe* gihate of gidetest, en oekkie *nou*: daāsse unspoken principle at play hīe, watte diep, diep Liberation Struggle imperative as premise giharrit. Diē, issie eēste keē wat ek bietsie ytko oō diē phenomenon in my liēwwe. Despite apathydt se koue grip het ek, gillyddillik ... moet eētse—net my kaālle personality—deērie set, race/class/social-status, moulds gibriek (job-reservation en career-entitlement hettik laāste in gival in), deē vi myself inne wēril van boekke in te immerse innie social-mix, en nog meē, in my private tydt. Daās siekkirre dinge wat nettie lekke translate in woōrre, en wat oek nettie wil lekke, inne anne taāl wēkie. Ek krye idea om dai te toets, wan, bygisē, brandt ek nou van curiosity: innie groōtte RU bib kry ek nierrie boek van Coetzee wattik soek-ie, but kryrie eēne—wat ekkie soekkie—en ek vat ma toerrie ou grotty-looking ding. Jōh, ek was lanklaās soe spyt, dat ekkie boek *sōe*, wou vat vi allis.

Ok, soe nou het ekkie boek, ennie volle value vannit in my hanne, en hille, wat toe ytstaān, ek note hille, including dies wat ytspring, wat wink, en hille wat op eēn plek op en af jump. Ek kry access torrie novel die eēste keē op p.184, vi sy klank-qualities; entry op p.177, vi sy fragrances; en my lyn op p.117, virrie truth vannie landt. Ek maākie boek klaā, oppie style van Teacher Paul W: soek niks meaning, rather, maāk niewwe meaning van dai wat vi jou ytstaān.

Nou’t ekkie lekke paā vet notes, en tivriēde, maāk ekkie boek toe, en gan slaāp oppit. Innie nag raākkik wakke, moet total clarity, stumble virrie lig ennie koffie, en bigginnirie boek weē van voōraf te liēs; daā kry my notes se bybbies, bybbies: “*Afwagtindt op hom byrrie deē van Nr. 113 is Soraya ... hy’s al vi meē asse jaā op haā books. Innie kooi is Soraya*

stil en docile ... in haā general opinions is sy surprisingly moralistic. Sy's gi-offend deē vroue wat moet kaāl tietties ('udders', noem sy hille) public beaches bitrīē; sy dink vābonne moet opgiound, en innie wēk gidrik wōdt deērie strāte te vīe." (p. 1)

Soraya. Ōs het baie crude jokes gihadt as bristin teēnagers wat, sōnne guidance prep virrie journey into ōsse testosterone-distribution period. *Soraya* was ma āltydt die butt-endt vannie joke: iennagge Soraya: "*Hoe ry haā? Soe ... RY-haā!*" Dan lag ōs nog ōsse ignorant, insensitive gatte af oek, specially wanne pitei van ōs noggie action vannie woōrre graphically oek wys.

In retrospect, truly, het ōs ammal, toe some degree, 'n klap vannie apathydt-windmill weg, waāvan die effects, oek by degree, hilleself nou-nog manifest. Vanaf *exotic Soraya, Discreet Escorts*, en moerrie loss van haā heat, flop Lurie kak rōndt, ma kry daām kāns vi tydt spend moet homself na wēk en oek vi generally tob: "*Die eēste stērrintsies is yt. Deē leē strāte, deē tynne swaā moerrie scent van verbena en jonquil, maak hy sy way.*" (p.177)

Kennie ynlik vi jonquil, wiesse perfume Jasminey is, ma jarrie, die skoon, fresh lemon ryk van verbena evoke hoeg in my nies hīe, soes ek dai lyn liēs. Het haā oekkie giken voōheēn. Verbena oppie Cape Flats? Baie rare. Ek sē soe, moette ampe 90% certainty, omlat ekkie deēsneē Cape Flats Ghetto-tyn ken en vistaān, en ken oekke Woke tyn tienan eēnne wat slaāp.

Dié proffie is baie passionate oō sy students: die balance van dié particular passion, val toe op eēnne vannie sagte gislag, wie toerrie catalyst raāk, vi wat sy eie innate sense van *golden mean*, vi hom bittiekkie: "*Die irony escape hommie: darrie ēne wat kom teach, die grētagste van lesse lee, tiwyl hille wie kom om te leē, niks leē.*" (p. 5)

"Slat my om moette veētsie," is my eēste thought toe ek op dié afko. My eie take op dié irony, het innie middle- tot late-80s al gidevelope, saām-moet my teachers en facilitators in arts-workshops, innit tydt toe teachers bigginne specialize-it. Dai's toe hille vi my dom raāk, uninteresting en unengaging; kan net van dai praāt wat hille specialize in: narrowed down totte specialty. Innie selle period het ek baie aātisse se bio's giliēs, oō diffirin genres, en for sure daā iets opgitel, warrit giconcretize-it, ommit resonate saāme my being. Oek

nou weē, en saāme heēltimal-ie selle irony wattie vi Lurie escape-ie: omlat ek omtren allis omsit in woōrre vanaf *dai* oggin al, en het ekkit, currently, soe neē: *“Teachers teach omla hille elke dag, omtren meēste wat essentially importin is, van wat hille gileē was om te teach—vigiet—en thus weē skool toe moet gan, om dai goedt weē oō te gan leē, soes hille-rie students leē. Sōnne dai, kan regte connections moet daily Life, hille students, fammillie, career, vrinne en society, nie prop’ly gibeē.”*

Lurie het apparently ‘n victim giraāk van dai. En tog was hy mal oō klanke en music: *“Die lush arias waāvan hy gidroemmit hy haā gan gie, abandon hy stillitsies; van daā issit butte kot step toerrie instrument in haā hanne sit ... tiwyl oppie side, ‘n discreet trio in knee-breeches (cello, flyt, bassoon) in-vil innie interludes, of sparingly comment tissin-in stanzas.”* (p.184)

Ek sien die above trio op my eie stages, en was self al te veēl in sikke trios. In fact, my eie pro debut was in soē trio, moerrie naām van *Bluegum*, moet Tyrone Appollis (vannie poetry collection “Train to Mitchells Plain”) assie band-leader (1997)

Melanie se pison kan miskien compare moette fairly well-preserved, well-endowed kēk, vol viwarde gimeēnte, potentially hoeg op drange, wat wil yt, ma wiettie mooi hoe nie. En dai “wiettie”, wōdtie āltydt soe goedt gitemper en giguide moet patient, nurturing parental empathy nie, warrie natural way is om moet jong mēnse te deal, wat deē stages van groot en sometimes—rapid, tot overnight—changes gan, in hille physiology, en hille liggaämme ryp lyk, ma hille minds noggie oppie selle wave-length is, of vē voō sōnne guidance (vroeg vrot), of heavy agte (vroeg vaak) oek sōnne guidance. Dan is daā dies wie waver in-between:

kind-of nog insulated en fairly safe van som aimlis, purposelis en out-of-order male sex-drives. Unfortunately, drippe groot percentage deērie cracks: die most vulnerable position. It wil appear of Melanie Isaacs, gibrow-beat en opportunated was in soē state of mind, during min of meerrie selle tydt, toe ōs *superannuated* proffie bigginne ythourrit, daā onne by dai dank donke plek, waārrie Melanies vannie liēwe, sadly, deērie drips crack.

Op hille eēste “date” (p.14) speel Lurie vi haā ‘n video-cassette vannie real-life Oscar-nominated film van Norman McLaren se *Pas de deux* (1968): ‘n kot movie van twīe dansis (Margaret Mercier en Vincent Warren) oppe bare stage moette backlight, wat suppose is omme dream-like, hypnotic effect te het. Hy sense sy issie te impressed. En tog, oppie 2e “date” toe gie sy hom wat hy soek.

Die is soe in total contrast moet Lurie se anne waārhydt, larrit drom van *what happened?* Miskien is hy maë split-personality innie boek: *“Lurie’s meē en meē gi-oōtyg dat Ingils ‘n unfit medium is virrie waārhydt van Safrika ... Soesse dinosaur wat vrek en settle innie moddras, herrie taāl vistyf. Gidrik innie mould van Ingils, sal Petrus se stōrie saāme athritis ytko.”* (p.117)

Wat vi hom appeal van Petrus, is sy eëllikke gisig. Sy gisig en sy hanne. As haā iets is soes honest toil, reason hy, dan dra Petrus-ie merke: *“Ek moet Lucy se plaās annie gang hou’ sē Petrus. ‘Ek moerrie farm manager wies.’ Hy pronounce-sie Ingilse-woōrre asof hy hille nog nooit vantivōre gihoōrrit-ie, ampe soes hille ytgipoppit voō hom, soesse hassie ytte hoedt.”* (p.152)

Kyk-hie neh, ek lag my mos in my chops virrie picture vannie hassie, soe stēk evoke dai paragraph. Al wat ek kan sē van hassies is lat my ongoing turf-war moerrie easter bunny, gain goedt traction en mileage, my bugs bunny collection is safe in cloud, ennie ou song, *“Hasie, hoekom is jou stert so kort,”* het ek op age 45 al peace miē gimaāk, toe ek ytvinne isse ou Khoe tune, moet newwe Afriekaānse woōrre. Anniste is ekki nogal saāme Lurie convinced op die topic, en add my stikkie spice unapologetic’ly by sy seasoning hīe, sy mental re-zoning.

Die irony is, ammal wiet ynlik dié, en som mēnse avoid-it generally, as awkward, en annis weē, soes gif: die waārhydt van Sydt Afrika sal ytko, wanne Indigenous mēnse weē grōndt het om self-sufficient te kan coexist en connected is annie soil van hille Naelstring.

Indigenous folk brandt om weē hille Moerstaāl an te trēk, nie noōdtwendag moerrie vellitsies, ma moerrie option om dai oek te kan embrace.

Ma kan ōs gou eēste ietsie liggies enjoy.

Ekkis fascinated moet subtle klankies in novels: *“Vroeg-aān’ call hy vi Lucy vanne public phone. ‘Salle rikkie vat voō ek settle down, suspect ek. Ek rattle rōndt innie hys soesse ētsie inne borril. Ek missie gānse.”* (p.178)

Die ētsie issie hadste in my oōr, dannie coins wat af trickle innie public phone, ennie res vannie coins join onne, gifollow deērie klanke vannie gānse oppie dam, waā hard times roep apparently. *“It raākkie heēl tydt haddirre,’ het Bev Shaw oppe kōl gisē. haddirre, tog maklikirre oek. Mēns raāk giwoōndt an dinge wat haddirre raāk; mēns cease om gisurprise te wies dat, dai, wat previously soe hadt was soes hadt kan wies, nog haddirre kan raāk.”* p.219).

‘n Series van ‘things’ wat hadt *raāk*, kan ek goedt miē relate. Djy sien, annie anne kan vannie lyn, is liēwwins wat al reeds klip-hadt is, straight van birth: daā is nooit iets wat maklikirre raākie. Die mēnse daā wōdt inne constant comatose state gihou, gicentre op ensuring dat dieselle ou yarn gibroker wōdt, darrie deēsneē Indigenous pisoōn, politically ignorant is en *toe*—toegiwhap.

Warre fok gan nou ynlik an in dié pan man?

Ek sal like om te gloe dat Coetzee hai vraāg oek address, across, en innie groot spaces en silences innie boek. Wie is wie, en wat is wat, en wat is worthwhile en fullfilling en wattis fake en wat is real en wantoe gan ōs ynlik moet al ōsse baggage en ōsse afgiforce-de cultural miettis: *“maps moet europe boe / survival vannie fitste / daāsie ginoeg vi ammal / die food-chain / angelic ‘hiemmil’ en hell-fire / godt en dywil / godt is liefde / dywil is hate / sōnne / fate / hoep / faith / ‘wit’ en ‘swat’ races / ‘wit’ is goedt, skoon, kwai, dyddilik, civilized en ‘gristin’ / ‘swat’ is evil, vyl, wildt, vikak, barbarian en heathen / hiemmil’ is joune deē liewe jesus / en destiny oek / en hell no ... / ‘coloured’, is al weērie left-overs van humanity.”*

Rōndt en rōndt gan ōs saāme dai, en nog van dai, en Coetzee is apparently oek saāme die res van ōs, consciously oppie mission vannie truth-finding van Syd Afrika. Wan, voō mēns by *soē* hoē statemin kan ytko, moet djy daām dink an pitte oek neh. Elke truth hette pit, en binnin dai pit, ‘n kernel wat saādt skiet, enne plantsie raāk. Syd Afrika se truth is nog byrrie pit, nerie kernel. Skiet sy saād, issit miskiennie landt se Missiējas-Plant. Asb tog net sōnne-rie saviour-syndrome.

Coetzee deēl my pa se van, wie gloē strings-ou was en gloe lief vi honne, en, accorieng toerrie ou-girl, wie clearly nog in love was saāmie ou dōnne, het hy omtrenne heēlle zoo gihadt van various pedigreeēs: op occasion het hy apparently sy upright bass gispeēl vi hille. Dan sing/howl hille saām larrie honne hyl innie nex neighbourhoedt: *“Die hon is gifascinate deērie klank vannie banjo. Wanne hyrrie snāre strum, sit ōs kiets-regop, hak ōs kop, lyste’.* Wanne hy Teresa se lyn hum, ennit bigginne swel moet feeling ... klap ōs honne sy lippe en seem ōs, of ōs nou, iennagge tydt, gan los bas in sang, of howl.” (p.215)

Dié scenario remind van my eie experiences moerrie canine tribe: “Bobby”, “Mac”, “Groovy”, “Love-bite” en “Slot,” particular honne characters wat oōrrie jāre omtren ammal saāmgihowl-it, wanne ekkie bek-flyt en banjo/gite saām bispeēllit.

Ek het fortunately nog net eēn honne funeral gi-attend, ma euthanasia, naai man: *“Hy kannie hondt save ... virre nogge wiek. ma ... it kannie gi-evade hoōdt ... Hy maākkie cage oeppe ... Nesse lammitsie cradle hy hom in sy arrims, soes hyrrie surgery re-enter ... ‘Gie djy hom op?’ jā , ek gie hom op.’”* (p.220)

Nette writer oppie pinnacle van sy career kan wegko moe soe iets: ending die boek oppe note van defeat. Odd, in my opinion. Defeat, was jāre trig in my eēste paā jobs, ‘n complete *no-no*, en, wassiē option om eēs te consider dai tydt. Djy praāt nou van apathydt se glory-tydt hīe, en dai monste, het giprivilege en giself-entitle—larrie moer spin, ennie res, perpetually gitwo-feet. Niks na slavery en colonialism, was worse as apathydt: die idea was om virre dyssin jāā te rule.

As JM Coetzee skilled is om goettis *in* te skryf, is hy oek goedt in goettis *yt* te skryf: ārrimme ou Oudtshoörn maākkit net-net, moette mere mention. Outeniekwa-pas is quite invisible. Baie min vannie features vannie Djōdz (George, Gi-org) landscape, die dorp, eēn importin building, die surrounds, of hille version vanne slave-tree van hoevil jaā soentoe, somewhere inne heritage park, inne store-room: niks. Dai hēle area is ampē national treasure en heritage site en hapskiet vannit innie boek.

Lurie se growing conviction is worth echoing, in lig van my eie waārhydt, vi die potential landt. Ek hette simple, practical question, gibase op pragmatic approaches: hoe coexist ōs as Safriekaānis? Die sum—vannie seporate, clan-bound, tribes wat ōs is—wēk notta damn dankie. Dai's confusions van ōsse worst, en niem ōs nērins: ōs bly reverse net agtintoe. Miskien moet ōssie sum—vannie heēlle Sydt Afrikaānse nāsie—*wē* try, soes in 1995. Die full sum-total, in infusions vannie beste en noble-ste van wat ōs kan wies: as individual Safriekaānis; tribe- en clan-related Safrikans; religion-related Safriekānis; 'n nāsie van caring Sydt Afrikaānis.

Twīerre Kot Boek Riewieu

The story of an African farm - Olive Schreiner

(Penguin, 2008)

Die writer isse jong governis in 18-century east Cape Colony (Lesotho vaddag), gibōre 9e, yt 12 siblings. Sy wys vroege exceptional sense vi stōrie-sny en was capable vanne wye range stōrie-scents yt ryk in ha omtis: die goeie ennie ou sleg. But sy was meē as nette writer...

Gisikkil om in dié boek te ko: forthright gisē, vinne ek van Olive Schreiner se writing ietsie awkward plek-plek, en swaā-rie boek gi-embrace, moet aāllie references na *kaffir*, *Hottentot*, *coloured*, etc. Tog, hettik gidecide, naai man, dié aātis het te veel traction innie wēril van literature, ek moet meērrer wiet van haā en haā wēk, en 2020 isse goeie jaā—om te bigginne—om iets saāme-hangindt van haā yt te vinne. Daās waā ek decide, ek vatte kot walk deērie boek lieuwiste: ‘n *Kot Boek-Walk*, ‘n brisk ēne. Drop whatever arrogance ek might foster, wies proactive, en immerse myself—vi nou—innie inspiration vannit. Daā is tydt vi analyse; dai tydt issie nou: ek vibeēl my ek hoō Shepherd Paul M se stem echo in agreemin op dai, wan, soē, ‘*ek bly ma distant*’ attitude issie net arrogant, is downright dom en dwars, en glattie sustainable.

Kyk-hie neh, ek mag ytte background kom van min, marrie min wat ek saāmbring narrie tāfil het substance, purpose en meaning, of try. Wat nou oek te pas kom is, die selle dogged activism, solidarity en passion wat ek giharrit virrie diffirin causes binne innie Liberation Struggle, wat real was vi my asse apathydt-army *droster* (sacc deserter) wat nooit angan meldit-ie, lieuwiste my call-up papers ytgibrandt en underground gigan moet diffirin naāmmē. Soe bigginne my activism unwittingly, en sōnne iennagge political involvemin of guidance whatsoever. Gi-educate om politic’ly naive te bly, specifically, en dull, generally.

En nou issie kans hīe, en ek hīe om te leē, as paāt van my activism, om bietsie agtirrie kap vannie byl te kom van dié writer se creative oeuvre. Sal amazing wies om self te kan wēk saāmie material in Rive se analysis oō haā wēk: “*Richard Rive saw Olive Schreiner as the “epitome of liberal writing in South Africa” ... did not agree with most of her views. Schreiner was outspoken about justice but not equality ... he researched Schreiner’s life ... (Viljoen 2006).*”¹

Die course het heēlwat evocative nexus points gireveal, in diffirin tekse, gistrooi oō sy duration: onne is vi my, die main Schreiner-eēnne, yrrie Preface van dié, apparently

pioneer boek: *“But should one sit down to paint the scenes among which he has grown, he will find that the facts creep in upon him. Those brilliant phases and shapes which the imagination sees in far-off lands are not for him to portray ... he must ... dip into the grey pigments around him. He must paint what lies before him.”* (p. xiv)

Evoke my eie grassroots development innie townships asse aātsworker: plant en cultivate, *nerraā* waā dji is—create, skryf en compose van dinge wat dji ken—wat om jou onvou. 100 clips-*plus* al sē sy dai, en ek, ko leērit eēste innie 90s NGO-sector. Sal wel by nog van haā influencers ytko.

Ek het ‘n choice-situation gihadt in my tydt innie UK van 1994: om te bly, of trig te ko, en hīe in ZA te ko vote. It wassiē maklikke decision. Ek kon even *nerraā* vote. Daā was voting stations, nie vē va my, net af in Princes Street, Edinburgh. In short, *Ēmbra* (die city se local nick) was goedt vi my, my girespec asse aātis; ek kon even trou en naturalize daā, en, as ek wil, dual-citizenship eventually kry. Ek was in mint condition, ‘n blink siks-pēns.

Ek het al dai—baie reluctantly opgie—en hīe kom vote. hīe tel ek weē, moerrie ou practice van jāre: precisely dié gist op, wat dié aātis na hient hīe boeghe. Ralph Iron² wasse kot bra, below average hoegte. Ralph³ was, apparently, niē man. Die vrou agtirrie man is toē Safrikan, eēne Olive Schreiner, ‘n bright spark en yste-pisoen, wie, because of ‘n slight glitch innie out-moded prejudice vannie tydt, tivriēde moes ytstap byrrie publisher se deē, moerrie volle knowledge lat sy ytgigie wōdt onne die condition dat sy onne ‘n man se naam⁴ publish—of sy missie bis, ‘n potential deal, offe deal vanne life-time. Shocking. Unapologetic’ly gisē: jirrie watte kak tydt vi vrouins?

En toe?

Sack sy al wat man is, en raāk, nie nerrie eēste Safriekaānse writer om internationally fiction te publish, ennie jack-pot te strike-ie, burrie eēste vrou toe boot ha-ha-ha!⁵ Wat ‘n swollen momen vi vrouins. En dai was ha saving, ek het nix, nada doubt van dai. Sy het giwiet-it heal om te skryf. Net soessit vi baie van ōs latter-day writers oek, ‘n much-needed space is vi kitaāsis, catharsis om te gibeē. Writing: eēn vannie oudste healing mirrisynne en

lekke ou punching-bag, vi ōs wie unconditionally human is. Nië practice wat ek much gissig het voō, ma ek smaākke bietsie naāmmie drop, net vi dié één exercise, moette paā celebrity intro's innie boek.

Ōs bigginne reg voō by Mr Justice Morice. Hy skryf innie *Cape Illustrated Magazine*, innie Mother City van 1893: “...*she is below the ordinary height, but her most striking feature is a pair of bright black eyes ... they seem to light up the space around her.*”

Soe sy wasse kot mēnsie, moet sparkling oë, ma ha search vi meaning wassie kot, en sy was evidently nie vannie will-o'-the-wisp soōtte: sy het gi-achieve, specially vi ōsse vrouins en jong dogtis regoō aāllie boundaries (wat, traditionally, net siekkirre mēnse en genders gifavour-it) se isms en schisms oppie multi-cultured en -persuaded landscape, wat sometimes lyk offit dryg om vi Safrika iennagge tydt—nou—in gan slik, ma dan issit ma nette mild vistik, offe normal hik: Safrikan-style, finish en klā!

W T Stead, in *The Review of Reviews*, gooirit weē soe yt in 1894: “*Her ‘Story of an African Farm’ has been the forerunner of all the novels of the Modern Woman.*”

En ōs assume *Die Modern Woman* is—in dié tydt van newwe centuries, aware van haā awarenis, en van, nie net enlightened, but heightened, informed will en perception, (micro-en nano-) technologies, aims, needs, choices, options en goedte—across the board. *Die Modern Woman*: nie net ōsse Ma's byrrie robots moette bybbie oppie arrim; *Die Modern Woman*: nie net oppie agtiplaāse, weggituck doer tissinnie inaccessible gorges vannie bērges vannie Kai Karo, Groōt Karoō; *Die Modern Woman*: nie net Ma's en vrouins in Wes-Kaāp factories van vis, vlys en vēre; *Die Modern Woman*: nie net die Ma's en vrouins en jong dogtis innie illegal sweat-shops van Jozi en Polokwane oe jirre; *Die Modern Woman*: nie net vannie Agte-Pēril type of plaāse, moet gravel-paāie, en plaās-trokke teeming moet diērre narrie abbatoir (ma op closer inspection issit mēnse, meēssal Ma's en vrouins en hille jong dogtis, gikarwei narrie lande, waārrie moōrdinde sōn wag); *Die Modern Woman*: nie net

Ma's en vrouins innie essential health, safety en security services; *Die Modern Woman*: nie net ōs jong dogtis, wie globally suffer onne human-trafficking; *Die Modern Woman*: oek ōs Ma's en vrouins en hille jong dogtis, tissinnie sandt-dynne, straddling-ie international political borders van Safrika, Namibia en Botswana, innie desolation vannie Kgalakgadi, Kalahari, waā ys hoennetanne is.

En laāste, but nierrie minste, *Die Modern Woman*: suffer oek onne iets nog meē siniste'; iets wat gibeē binnin ōsse gissigte, in scenarios waā-in ōs eie mēnse gicontaminate giraākkit moette greed-virus, en kinnis foster-parent—net virrie All-Pay. Som van dié kinnis is soe totally neglected, en *exist* ma net, meēste vannie tydt. Min meaningful *coexistence* gibeē. Als wys af na meaninglis, purposelis ... dji wil hyl.

C W Cross kom lekke yt oōrrie pioneering spirit vannie tydt, innie prestigious *South African Bookman* in 1911: *“Even as she wrote, the surveyor was drawing the lines of the spoorweg across the farm, and the ox-waggon was warned off the dusty crooked roads.”*

Alan Paton describe-ie boek soe apt in *The Forum* in 1955: *“The Story of an African Farm’ challenged ... the conventions of her times...; The English were moved by shock, the Americans by recognition.”*

Nadine Gordimer declare in *Contact* in 1959: *“It is always there to remind us that we have not contracted out of the human condition.”*

Sē *Drum* editor Es'kia Mphahlele in 1960, vannie issues wat Schreiner raise in die pioneer novel van haā: *“too generous to fit into the South African pattern of values.”*

Doris Lessing herrit in haā 1968 afterword giconsider as: *“One of those few rare books, on a frontier of the human mind.”*

Die *Cape Times* report oppe certain oggin in 2005 dié stikkie: *“President Thabo Mbeki het groot tribute an Olive Schreiner gipay, in sy speech byrrie 50e anniversary vannie Freedom Charter ... Mbeki het vīe van sy siēwwe blaaie gidedicate an Schreiner, gibōre 150 jaā giliērre.”* (transliterated yrrie laāste vannie celebrity introductions, net voōrrie title page vannie boek)

Okay, dai's nou siekke ginoeg name-dropping, but soe sal ek, moet great interest, ytvinne watte icon sy is in *wit* writing, in dié jaā van 2020, ná ek, vi meēste va my activism-jāre, quietly, iennagge *wit* literature, vannie soōt wat in academic circles sway hou, gi-ignore-rit, net soes hille vi my gi-ignore-it, meēste van my writing-dae, asse grassroots writer, giroot in Goema, not bent on it.

Ekkis intrigued moet dié soul, ennis vi my maklik om oō te slat in conversation saāme soul-mēnse wie my cosmic Moerstaāl praāt. Nevermin' in watte century hille giliēwwirrit, ek engage nerrie spirit van dai pison se legacy en bobs your uncle, bou ekke convo om shared en intersecting experiences, wat purpose-filled is, moet meaningful insights vi ōs se direct use, hīe in dié current vou in tydt. Ōs hettie tydt om te speculate op offit wēk, nie dié eēnne nie—ōs wiettit wēk, ennis great om moet sikke sielle te kan engage oppe ethereal plane, virre way vorintoe in actual, current, unfolding reality. Ek sal moet bietsie praāt moe my Khoe Ancestors oō ha. Ek voel al klaā hille positive vibes, wat op-lienk moette excerpt yt chapter 2 vannie boek, in “Plans and Bushman Paintings”: *“They sat under a shelving rock, on the surface old Bushman paintings ... preserved ... from wind and rain by an overhanging ledge; grotesque oxen ... and a one-horned beast ... no man ever has seen or ever shall.”* (p.13)

Ek like-ie way ōs *Kot Boek-Walk* nou happen. Die naam vannie plaās *Klein Ganna Hoek*, is possibly in association saāmie rock-art hīe boe gimention. *Ganna* s e origin is *xana*, yrrie Khoe taāl-register, wat mean “omme mēk te maāk, ennit te los”: daā was mēke gimaāk en gilos daā onne dai rots-rak, !haob, shelving rock, innie vēste hoek vannie plaās-grōndte.

Ek wiettie, ek praāt nou seriously onne correction, ma, bihalwe vi Richard Rive se doctoral thesis oō ha, wat posthumously gipublish was in 1996, en Chris van Wyk se ‘It is Time to Go Home’ in 1979, wattie *Olive Schreiner-Prys* onvangit in 1980, sien ek—soe vē—nie nog associations tissin Indigeneity en haā. Wonne rērag of daā al gikyk was na haā deērie lens van Indigeneity. Sal ma moet gan krap.

Ekkis nou net, soes ōs praāt, in conversation saāme Olive, vi wie ek stillitsies admire (as rare soul-, mēns- en aātis-energies), en biesag om te bigginne mine waā haā oeuvre oōrals mag gispreed lē. My approach is kinda *airy*, wat seem om te wēk, at least meēste vannie tydt soe vē. Sy sē my, it gan mye tydtsie vat, soē jaā of twīe, ma dai’s wat ek kan doen. Ek sē vi haā ek moet. Wiettie wat ek gan maāk saāmie info nie ma’k voel ginoōp ommit an te vat. Ekkis siekke daāse paā lessins daā’in. Sy sē, sy leē nou-nog vannit, en ek moet larrit ytspeel ennie rush—nooit rush—dái issie main challenge, moe dogged determination nex. En ek wiet sy mean *dái*, soes in hout sculpt: dji kan sculpt exac’ly soes dji wil, of dji kan larrie hout se grain vi jou ly. Dan is haā mos nou hout wat soes chocolate ytstiek, seemingly sōnne grain, but hy sit daā, dji moennet mooi snipe.

En soe imagine ek hoe ek en sy biessag raāk moet gikye, soes ou brasse wat mikaā lanklaās gisiennit: niē Indigenous *bryn* man vs ‘n colonial *wit* vrou nie, but writers-brasse, wat ly tot general brasse, equals, en op equal footing innie milieu vannie living, ennie living *again*, en anne sikke lekke speculative philosophizing. Olive Schreiner lyk my is ieman saām wie mēns kan praāt oō goedte naāste annie ha’t. Sy ken klippe kou van hardship, en oekkie pyn en joy van child-birth, en danne pyn vanne anne aārdt: die devastating dood vannie beibie—dieselle dag. Ek admit, dai eēnit my gikry: my oē raākie altydt nat, but dié keē wassit heelwat. Ek herrit allow. Die record wys sy het sadly nog miscarriages gihadt.

Ma sy’t in anne ways birth gigie: vibel jou ieman gie joue road-map, saāme directional-arrows en -tex, naē hidden treasure, somewhere, inne onviwagse plek innie boendes. Imagine dji’t soē map in jou hanne ennie resources ommit te gan explore? Dai’s wat Schreiner doen, in haā writing wat twīe centuries span. Sy provide vi ōs, as writers innie 21st century, moet dai map, wat oek double asse map na human-, race-, social-, en gender-relations, en trippil asse recipe vi healing: jā , Olive Schreiner wasse Healer, ek sit my kop oppe blok: ha writing is generally therapeutic vi my, en healing. Sy’t my dēm hadt la

lag en bihoōrliek la skidt, virrie knāke van haā characters. Ek recognise iets va myself in hille, op dai onion-skin level at leas.

Innie selle jaā wattie GRA⁶ hille appearance maak innie immigroennigydt vannie Pēril vannie Boland, stiek dié jong dāmitsie yt oppe plaās innie bēg-veldt vannie Karoo naby Cradock, asse governis. Die plaās-hys was isolated, niē mobile naby, ha kāme se sink-dak leaky ennie vlōe icky moddras. Sy lyk nes ieman vannie Cape Flats, niē ek lieg; soes *baie* mēnse oppie national Cape flats: ytgiknip vrinne van my, en even van my ma sinne. Innie *Scheme* sal sy gou antie Ollie giewiessit, of net Olla. Die kinnis sal vi haā gilovit vi haā storytelling skills. ‘*Olive*’ was oekke mid-70s Cape Flats term vi ‘*oulik*’.

Innie London, die eēste keē in 1881, het sy nierrie well-worn touris-route givat, marrie trail anhou lat blaze innie Ingilan. Dié trail—wat sy bigginnirrit vannytte klyn, leaky kāmitsie, inne hys oppe gōdt-vilāte plaās, doer innie gramadoelas vannie Cape colony se Karoo van Safrika, far-flung down there somewhere, het sy siekke gimaāk loeppie doōdt vi haā. Syttie rōndt gikyē by high-teas, rōn gistaān en mooi lyk in High Street, photos givat in Piccadilly Circus-ie. Soe gou soes sy ingisettle was, maāk sy moves ommie manuscrip te la ytgie: oppin af in *Publisher’s Lane* was haā voōlandt. Eēn narrie anne publisher rejec haā manuscrip. Eina! Ampe was sy oek in Vidriet, niē lekke plek in koue, snottirragge Ingilan, toe publishers Chapman&Hall, London, die manuscrip accep, deērie advice van hille ‘reader’, George Meredith (p.307). But, moerit-ie mis kry: it wassie actual ‘skrywwe’ van *The Story Of An African Farm*, wat allis bigginnirrit vi haā, nie Georgie hīe boe, toerit gipublish raāk in 1883.

In haā tydtsie in in Britain, maak sy contac en attend miētings moet radical political groups, warrie equality van vrouins discuss. Trig in Safrika raāk sy even meē involved in politics. Sy bond moet influential vroue activists, moet selle opinions op civil en women’s rights. Sy skryffie boek “Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland”, na stēk feelings van disappointmin in Cecil John Rhodes (CJR) vi sy sippōt vannie flogging van *black/coloured* servants vi klyn offences. Sy trou saāme Samuel Cronwright, wiesse views pretty much hāre echo. Ha

dogtitsie wōdt gibōre: 16 iërre laāttirre, stēf sy. Ha experienced pressure (ennie miscarriages), was apparently van isolation deē ha family, oa, koz-why ha en manlief se outspokenis. Diettie vi hille much tydt gi-allow om skouis te rub moerrie jet-set. Skryf Ray Alexander in *Rixaka*: “*She had ... empathy with the common people. Her talents, activities ... marriage, gave her entree to the inner-circles yet she never allowed her associations with ... leading members of Cape society, to blunt her sense of human values, or to betray her principles.*” (1965)

Jarrie, is tot ha credit dat sy nie gibuckle-it toerrie *shitstem*⁷ (gicredit an Peter Tosh, Bob Marley se guitar-teacher) van dai tydt.

Ekki vi-al bly sy konnie-rie morals-cum-value-sistim van business en political rogues soes CJR vattie. Was daā ooit ieman soe dedicated soes dié racist, an dié chapter vannie british imperial colonial project—Khoena reel nog steēds onnirrie impac. But, soes ōs maāk moe meēste goedte wat pla, hettos dai pyn oek givat oōrrie jāre, ennit gitransmute naē outlet vi kitaāsis, catharsis: dāns larrie stof soe staān.

Smaāk my sy wassie eēn van dai health-freak bobbies, sy’t virre riēdde empathy gihad vi mēnse se gisōndthydt: “*The health of people was important to her and she decided to use her pen as medicine for people hurting and in need.*”⁸

Dieselle het gihappin saāme my, oa my practice in Khoe krye, klanke, music, writing, en face-on mentoring, en bietsie lag-therapy, excep, ek hettiē conscious decision gimaāk ommit te doennie. It reg givoel en, op dai impulse, wassit net gidoen toe ek weē sien ... tog ... miskien herrit vi my gidoen: skille het afgival en ek kon sien. Of maybe herrie concepts van indivisibility ennie law van divine eēnhydt se reality ingikiek, closely gifollow deē Thatha Tutu se “Rainbow Nation”-idea ennie SABC se “Simunye, we are one”.

Iets baie lig moet nou gou gibeē.

Schreiner se man, Samuel Cronwright, bail ōs yt innie Afterword: “*...Tant Sannie’s characteristics are founded upon not an uncommon South African type, of which the good*

housewife at Klein Ganna Hoek was, in some respects, an example; the study is ... not meant wholly to portray Mrs Fouché, for whom Olive had an affectionate and humorous admiration, and who was much offended and wrote Olive a violent letter when some mischievous person told her she was Tant Sannie.” (p.309)

Hiēs waā ek soemma first-time relate saāme haā, in haā real life: om mēnse te la lag, tiwyl hille agtinaā reflect. Is clear Schreiner hette non-racist, non-sexist Safrika gi-envision, en evidently gi-argue vi meē regte vi vrouins en ‘blacks’: wonne nie wattie Cronwrights sou sē, sou hille wiet, hoe dai term afgiwaāte giraākkit, moet pitei mēnse nou nie meē ‘black’ ginoeg, na net 26 jaā vanne niewwe forrim van governance, deērre democryptic, *Democracy-Toting*, shadow, van sy former self, wie apparently nie net by sy kop-biēn groōttirre giraākkit, ma oek by sy voette, en in-betwixt, issie res vannie liggaām nog steēds 6 jaā oudt, en klim-en-klouter nog rōndt—daā in 1999 somewhere—soekkindt virrie plot wat hy heēltimal viloōrrit daā.

Ōs reach nou, tot my spyt, amperie endt van ōs *Kot Boek-Walk*. Innie selle jaā wat Charles Bukowski⁹ gibōre is; John Paul II¹⁰ sy eēste skriē onniste-boe vat toerrie dokte hom an sy pienk enkiltsies het en raps op sy pasgibōre pienk boutsies; toe naturalised Safrikan, Tatamkulu Afrika, gibōre wōdt in Egypt as Mohamed Fu'ad Nasif¹¹; *die original hippie*, Jan Rabie¹², in George innie liēwwe giroep is; ou bedt-lakke Nationil Paātie, die official opposition raāk¹³ virrie eēste keē; ennie beginnings vanne niewwe sound, in-breeze vannie ghetto slum-yards, om laāttirre die vīē-warrim swing-sounds van *Marabi*¹⁴ te raāk, annie throb innie shebeēns in Jozi en eventually die hēle landt: colourful dollops en klank-cocktails soes dai vannie “Skokiaān”¹⁵ variety en anne gems, noōt-vi-colurful-noōt giskink deē over-loud, mis-matched, displaced speakers, baie keērre gival van transport van hai tye.

Op eēn van dai balmy aānne: 11 Desember 1920, vē vannie maddening crowd, paās diē trail-blazer vi gender- en race-relations, peacefully an in haā slaap. Sy was gloe 65.

Ek gannie oppe siep-kissie staān, ma, soes ek anne aātisse credit gie vi credit due: same diffrens moetdiē aātis, virrie committed feminist en justice- en anti-war-activis, wat sy was. Sy was oekkie perfec, ma’k sa graāg wil gloe, sy was fair en approachable. Diē *Kot Boek-Walk*, ent ek op dai note; inspired, infotained, reflective.

Refrinse

1.

<https://www.sahistory.org.za/archive/resisting-apartheid-through-pen-and-paper-richard-rive-05-march-2018>

2. Sam Cronwright skryf innie Afterword:

“The author’s name was given simply as “Ralph Iron.” (p.308)

3. My dēre, en laāste, underground-naām was Ralph.

4. Claudia Rooth Pierpoint dig haā naels in op diē issue, in *The New Yorker* van 1992:

“In the 1880s it already seemed ironic and a little shameful that Schreiner’s novel was published with the author’s name given on the title page as “Ralph Iron”. The ploy of using a male pseudonym in order to gain serious attention went back to the Brontës, but by the time ‘African Farm’ appeared, three years after the death of George Eliot, the virile mask amounted to little more than a convention and the disguise was soon undone.”

5. Dan Jacobson sē in sy 1971 intro van ynste boek:

“Nothing can take from her the honour of being the first to make usable the country and the people within it as a subject for fiction.”

6. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Genootskap_van_Regte_Afrikaners

7. deē Eric Olsen <https://blogcritics.org/peter-tosh-the-shitstem/>

8. Alle info innie total tex’, sōnne bracketed page nommis, eg: (p.9), wattie Ingils issie, is transliterated van Ingils na Goema, van tex’ gisource innie boek, en byrie following websites:

https://www.google.com/search?q=olive+schreiner+biography&rlz=1C1AWFC_enZA84

2ZA849&sxsrf=ALeKk03mcf0a59tf-Wvl2TIPLBIhZktKXQ:1600147565984&tbm=isch&source=iu&ictx=1&fir=l_Cs5haätNdmwM%252CcDQkiF1ev3W3IM%252C%252Fm%252F0265rhq&vet=1&usg=AI4_-kSIyvhKAkO_-y3A1HsXA9hP6FtTVA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwigr4ia turrAhWUSsAKHUulD3oQ_B16BAGREAM#imgsrc=lnO2vL6YbeLytM

<http://www.buffelshoekdirosielodge.co.za/oliveschreiner.php>

<https://zar.co.za/schreiner.htm>

9. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_South_African_writers

10. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pope_John_Paul_II

11. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_South_African_writers

12. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_South_African_writers

13. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1920_South_African_general_election

14. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marabi>

15. Skokiaān¹ Drienk (Chikokiyana in Shona): illicit home-brew gimaāk primarily van yeast, sykke en waāte’.

Skokiaān² Song: popular 1954 tune originally giskryf deē Zimbabwean musician August Musarurwa en gicover deere impressive array van world-class musos, soes Hugh Masekela, Louis Armstrong, Herb Alpert, Bill Haley & His Comets, The Bulawayo Sweet Rhythm Band—London, oa. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Skokiaān>

Poetics Essay ([gæfams] - Moerstaāl Ancestrees

/oō/oō-/gæfams¹ is Klangk-Poetry is Lautgedichte² : “... die techniques issie limited tot verbal maneuvers ... oek deēre song, non-verbal klangk, visual tiekkins ...: hīe equal-ie ‘poem’, die wēk vannie ‘poet’, in watever medium ...”

Jerome Rothenberg, “Technicians of the Sacred”.

(Giparaphrase yrrie Ingils.)

Al my skrywwe is gigrōndt in Indigeneity. 28 Februarie 2021, issit precisely 27 jaā trig, toe my liewe prop’ly bigginnirit—girun deē ek, myselwis. Voō dai wassitte unpredictable duck-en dive wēril, wat baie staārrag gimorph-it naē predictable wēk-, kēk-ethic effit, inne mostly bleak apathydt *other-coloured* exisence—girun deē racist fnaies: diessie Khoekhoegowab-woōdt vi human beings, wie giset is in hille mission ommie Indigenous mēnse vannie landt yt exisence te skryf—lettilik en figurit-ma-yt.

Dat hille groōt damage angirriggit is clear, but dat hille *ultimately gifail-it om te achieve* in hille donke, diabolic’ly evil mission, including-ie process daāvan, is vasgivang innie collection van legacy-movies en -boekke, etc oppie internet, by bibs, museums, monumins, etc, etc.

Ek skrywwe unapologetic’ly Goema.

Ek skrywwe, because of a decision, watte klom jāre trig gi-engenderit oppe telling, but rather common vraāg: wie *is* ek?

Eēstins, ek *is* om my Indigenous identity weē trig te claim—deē Indigenous cultural-gloe, -krye, -klangk, -music, -skrywwe, en my twīe Moerstāle: die modern Goema, ennie ancient Khoekhoegowab, en, innie mirril van allis dai, die universal Indigenous capacity vi diep humour, gwarra en lag, en stōrie-sny. Die Indigenous resurgence project is annie gang vi constitutionil recognition, restitution en restoration, en accommodation—niks minnirre.

Ek vistaān dat hunting en gathering, narrie mall gimorph-it ; die sadientsie, narrie blikkie; die rivīe, narrie kraān; die music, narrie CD; die band, narrie backing-track; tracking van dīere, nā use in modern war-fare en poaching; rock-art, narrie alfabet en fine-art; bridge-building tissin mēnse, by appoinmin, offe meēting; peace, nā piece; giloef, nā demonized en taboō; ennie ancient trance-dāns ritual, heēl nag ommie vīē, narrie kēk-diens, moet various scenarios, en amount van ierre vi praise en worship: som se march nā glory quite spartan in hille expression; som rather lavish; som se marching rudimentally nevermine, en som s'n fundamentally annie *noisy* endt vannie spectrum—die Happy-clappies: ek identify closely dat hille syncopated gidjyg en gihanne-klap die modern version vannie ancient dāns-ritual ommie vīē is—niks anniste. Innie modern Indigenous belief-setup, specially innie cities se ghettos, issie Happy-clappies possibly die naāste, en sadly, die laāste, vestiges van dai ancient ritual, lekke heēl nag ommie vīē tot Sores opkom.

Twīedins, kommit stēk op in my, dat ek graāg myself wil avail an my Ancestors asse witness, en la dai ma in my Being is om te wies—ma an ammal va hille, nie nete selected paā: my *Astral Familiar*, a.k.a, my full complement van Ancestors. My Ancients het, tot oppie voō-aāndt vannie course se biggin, gistaān by my Breathing-, Lag-, Krye-, Klangk-, Mentoring- en Music-Ancestors, en oek my Writing-Ancestor. Eg. is my ever-present Pneumatics-Ancestor en lg. is my fav Ancient. Dié particular Astral Being en energy, wassie eēste eēnne van my entire Ancestral-fammiellie, currently an my bikendt, wie ek in gi-invite-it, énnie eēnne moe wie ek, ironic'ly, die minste familiar is—in full throttle van sum total.

Daās oek my Ancestors wat serve as liens-bietwīen, vi aāl my above Ancients gimention, bv: my Ampe-Woōrre-Ancestor, wat operate tissin my Breathing-, Klangk- en Skryf-Ancestors; my Ancestors vannie natural en emotional senses: Eros-; Phileos-; Agape- en my Metaphysical-Ancestors, oa. Ek het oek Ancestors wiē my rig watch. Hille issie stilste. En asse mēns-ie vistaān hoekkom-ie dan raāk djy mos fakkin, fakkin diep frustrated—en

bly hover *nerraā* onne-rai storrin-wolkie. Soes ekke, voō ek gi-initiate was, in my *djāre* se gisoek en giwonne: as hille dan exis, kom ōs toets-ie waātes vi sikke existinsis, soelat my being finally kan reg-ginourish wōdt. Ek wiet ōs is vi-arrim van regte sielskos, en Ancestors kan dai andrai en oek advise oō carbon imprint en climate-change, en biodiversittie Hille like sikke djoppies en is at our service. But daā wasse tydt wat ek Ancestor-dom was: wie hille is; wat hille is; waā hille is; wat hille doen; hoekko hille is; vi wie hille is; wat hille material substance is; offit changeable is at will; wat hille reason for being is; wat hille ultimate purpose is en hoekko hille soe stil is in my writing-liewe, en apparently soe engaged, involved en active, in annis sinne?

Rewind: tot oppie dag wat ek my eēste Ancestor mīet, was my innerstanding van Ancestors dangerous. My Ancestors la wiet my, in hille realm is haā niks vikeēdt of reg moe sikke innerstandings: hille is ma net voō hille tydt meēssal. Accōrrieng toe hille is innerstanding ma net energy, en energy is baie nice, but oek ma net mere potential, wat iennagge way kan gan, iennagge forrim kan anniem, no big deal. Ōs Ancients is baie specific moet hille sense of purpose, but *meaning*, mean nie much vi hille. However, hillit empathy dattit much mean vi ōs, sōe hille staān reg om vi ōs te help navigate soentoe en da deē, en weē trig, as ōs wil.

Ancestors is beings wat allis sien en onhou van dié dimension. Hille vistaān gut-feelieng en shit. Hille vistaān oek hoekko ōs sometimes groōt bangke wolke, in seemingly unmanagable amounts, soe lekke boe-op mikkaā kan stack, soessie 5-year olds wat ōs eēs was. Ek identify vi hille deē hille mēnslikhydt, en capacity vi dialogue, nie hille spiritualgydt, iets wat hille nooit impose: as dji nie willie, dan is dai, *dai*. Ek chill op *dai*. Hille wiet, en administer graāg, dat hille oppie Astral ma net spirits is, being Ancestors, tiwyl ōs oppie Aārre spirits is, being human.

Ok, ekkis nou nie op games van *Spot The Ancestor*, but, ‘n wāre Ancestor se true colours, sal vi jou in dialogue engage op occasion, en advice administer, waā djiyrie move soe kyk en tseck ... hmm ... ma ek *ken* mos dié...? ennit articulate annie Ancestor concerned. Die

anwoërre is—meëste vannie tydt unexpected; en sometimes funny by degrees; at times net soe slap-links by slapstick viby; en anne tye, regyt oppie padt nā eccentric, vinne djy somewhere innie drive yt, djy lag al girymme tydt-ie mēnse innie padt yt, in plaas van hoot, soe lekke lag djy, en oppie ou-endt, en waā djyrit die minste viwag—monumentally spot-on en empowering, en hel-of-a entertaining asse side-kick.

Kyk-hie neh, nā *dit*, is djyrie epitome van focus.

Nou *diés* vi myë regte Ancestor: nikse vas en bid; rōl innie as; praise en worship; loep oō warrim koōlle; slaāp op spykkis; sacrifice virgins; etc. Diessie-rie space, but net nog twiē: spiritual-swindlers van saviour-sindrim en *bybbil*-tekse veel laāttirre giskryf, ennie in jesus se tydt, as hy nou rērag was, ennie sēlle lot wat offerings en tiendis exact/soek, ommie waān van *sonde*, annie gang te hou.

Cosmic scammers se energy is draining vannie biggin. Ancestors spoon-feed jou nie. Djy kry nie maklik anwoërre. Ma wanne djyrrit móet kry ... dan issit solid. Identify-wise reiterate ek graāg: ken hille deē hille mēnslikhydt, kindness en capacity vi dialogue, humour en music—vi starters. Gooi-rie holy-moly's yrrie bis op sight. Hillis *tryertsies*, fakes, cosmic confidence-tricksters. Ekkis vi-al careful vi dies wat ytstiek op first-name terms. Moette goeie paā van hille gideal al, en—drained—weggiko elke keē. Het dārim weg kon ko, fok!

Pitei vannie liefste mēnse raāk regrettably vasgivang innie web van spiritual-fake, ennis maklik, djy deny net wie djy rērag is—ammikkaā, die heël tydt.

Surprising wat djy kan achieve net deē jou identity te eien—soes djy jouself sien—nie hoe annis vi jou sien. My final draft-conclusion, naē lang, protracted search, moet baie momens waā ek net complete blanks gislarrit, virrie quality, en level vannie knowledge wat deē-feed into my Being. Dié lang gisearch, het ultimately die most compelling findings giyield, wat my yt al my reveries gishock-it: die sum-total strains van my blood-lines is ampe net soe diverse soes my modern Moerstaāl, Goema. En wat my Ancestors se make-up, complement en hille cosmic habitat bitref, moet ek net by my woōdt hou—en net anhou skrywwe, in my twiē Moerstāle—oer en modern: die *needed* info sal *nerraā* deē filter, op dai *need*.

Deērie gibryk van hille inputs in my life en skrywwe, en noem van hille nāme by elke opportunity, declare ek toe open invite (waāvanne open mine eēn is) op my Ancestors, en float hille gilyddillik ientoe my writing environmin: die eēnne wat biessag is an ytbou naē meē informed holism. Moerrie final acceptance van dai agte my rig, bigginne divine en intuit ek—soes ek skrywwe—hille ryk variety: my Ancestors, my Lovelies, my Groōtsies innie pallim van my handt, in my skrywwe-momens: hoō hille stemme filter deērie mēnse wie ek in vas-loep, ha-loep, of, net simply mīet, acquaint, befriend, en/of bff.

My Groōtsies is nooit vē ... dipping in en yt my coexistins—soms soe naby an my—even in my eie klong, wanne hy dinge kwytraāk watte ses-jaā oudt nie possibly kan comprehend. En specially wanne hy lag, of dinge sē moet sy klynne body, deē sy eie version wat hy doen moet Indigenous cultural elemens soes bv, die Ꞥna, Riel:³ die assimilated Indigenous dāns-forrim, wat hy nog net gisiennit in my travel-videos, en soms op national tv, including dies wat oppie social nets circulate van sy mammie se cell. Needlis om te sē, hy copy-rie riddim, beat en timing in perfec sync, maākkie saāk hoe syncopated. My Lovelies agree van oōrrals, gie dank en thumbs-up moerrie collective Ancestral dym: wattie beste, beste feelieng gie, buttie nette *feel-good*, nie nette *in-fit* nie nette *feelieng* van bielōng, butte *knowing*, soes reflected inne paāt-lyric van “Oer-knal”, eēn van my meē current compositions: *“ieman het eēn dag gisē, die universe contyn net eēn sōng:/ alle klangke's tog ma deēre naāl gitrēk, in dié multiverse waā ōs bielōng, / waā ōs wiet ōs bielōng.”*

Dai sēlle knowing overlap into my Goema-Being: ek is Goema, soe ek skrywwe nie in Goema, ek skrywwe net. Ek skrywwe wel in paāt-Afrikaāns en -Ingils, ma soessie muse my move. ‘n Sizable amount mēnse indulge-ie illusion dat Goema nette los mix van *skollie*- en tronk-taāl, en kak standaard Afrikaans, en nog kakkirre standard English is. Dai wāsimirrage veil vidamp gou wanne mēns-it explode, en gilos wōdt, ommit stikkie vi stikkie af te briek: Goema issie nette gowab, ‘n taal, butte Moerstaāl vi millions, etc, etc ... stilte is al wat giwoōnlik oōbly wanne dji klaā is ... net elke nou en dan, miskienne gidempte skyf-klangkie, vannie movemin van weight, van gears wat change vannie eēn voet, en drop

narrie anne, gifollow deēre discreet, apologetic *Damon*-kuggie:⁵ als dié indicate, die attendant gathering absorb-ie info proactively, en by dai token, was kāns clearly gigun omme ding bihoōrliek oep te breek, en elke eēn van sy disparate paāts op te wys vi wat hille ynlik is.

Ek het noggie ynlik-ie, but miskien is haā mēnse wat al giwonnerit, hoe djan tsoekkoe se dae se taāl-cops omme braai was naē paā shots. Ek imagine, deē my eie experience moet taāl-cops vannie period, it iets soes dié kon giklingk-it: “*Ek hoor daar’s geen heildronke vir Goema.*” / “*Hulle sê sy’s al reeds dikgesuip.*” / “*Sy bly sommer so dronk hoor ek.*” / “*Sy klink alewig so dronk sê hulle*” / “*Ek hoor sy val rond soos ‘n ou dronk-lap.*” / “*Hulle sê sy was tande-loos met geen morele waardes.*” / “*Nes al haar Khoi voorouers hoor ek ook.*” / “*Het ook gehoor hulle sê dit van daai ou dronkie Krotoa.*” / “*Ek het gehoor sy was ‘n slet ook sē hulle.*” / “*My vrou en ek het ook gehoor.*”

Omtren allis wat ek līes, spoel yt as Goema, moet, admittedly, Afriekaāns en Ingils as slips, soes in kriekkit, en Khoekhoegowab as permy backdrop, soesse movie-set moet ancient boem-species, ourre as mēns en taāl, innie middle background: Aloes, Kōkers, Baobabs en Maroelas, ennie Invaders reg agte byrie horizon-lyn. Dat standaard Afrikaans, *en* standard English hille sippōt gie virrie Goema/Khoekhoegowab Moerstaāl Project at all, is vi my nogal surprising, en dang ...! wat nog van ironic: ōs is cautiously optimistic en wonne oek wat kom nex ... innie lig van ōsse troubled Moerstaāl political-history, wat nog langkie untroubled issie.

Ek noem my skryfsils sometimes *writings*. Dié process is meēssal niē combination van rational, focused thinking-ie: sometiemes *oek* dai, ma mēē goeie dose van intuition ennie astral, en speculative philosophy. Niks *heavenly*: stellie innie least billang in *heaven*. Daās oek elemins van serendipity en surreption wat in en yt dip, wat ekkie control oō het, ma my Ancestors wel.

Ek compose oek Klangk-Poems, waā-in ek oek dabble moet *Ampe-Woōrre*: dié particular process is completely intuitive, moet my Ancestors om my gicluster, enthralled: hille love klank-cocktails, spontaneous-gi-engender, ennie myriad permutations wat nóg daā mag ytko, en sien songs as Beings, moet forrim, substance, mine en soul, en riddim divine: bietsie diep vi my sometimes—sometimes nie. Ek tel welle low buzz op, sien wel colours en forrims wat shimmer, ma nie forrims wat ek rationally kan relate toe. But ek voelle beautiful warrimte wanne ek biessag is moerit. Still, is nog te vē yrie breadth van my innerstanding se reach, ommit fully te snap in meēdirre van sy dimensions. Soes Aime Cesaire ōs al in 1944 remind: *“The only acceptable poetic music comes from a greater distance than sound.”*⁴

Oppie *Shosholza Meyl* nā Jozi vigiet ek my Indigenous bow: soe hatseē is ek, ek loep gikrimp en sliep-voet oō van Park Station narrie *Gautrain* vi Hatfield, Pretoria. My lif wag daā Bronkies toe (Bronkhortspruit, vannie ou Oōs-Transvaālse vikrampte stōries). Kungwini Poetry Eisteddfod het my gi-engage om te help adjudicate. Ek wiet boggerōl van poetry judge, never you mine poetry Eisteddfods! Ma hille vat toe my woōdt, en gie myē vet fee in return.

Trig byrie hys, moet my bow padt-op in Jozi, stiekke nogge plan kop-yt: vat my guitar; drai-rit onniste-boe; en speēllit soesse ancient Khoen bow. Ek tap die bass-snaār moette Chinese chop-stick (wat iets huge sē vannie Khoe en Chinese connection⁵ annie Kaap in 1421, exactly 231 jaā voō *onze jan* (nierrie statue oppie Foreshore ennie apathydt geldt-ie) en 77 jaā voō da Gama), inne riddim wat spontaān gibeē: immediate kallimte.

Moet aāllie hatseē van my lost bow en my klonkie soe vē van my, dyk ek in dai healing-pool, moet spontaān alternations en infusions, in niks particular order, van random Khoen-related Sighings, Breathings, Chantings, Hummings, Bybbie-Gurglings en Ampe-Woōrre; Call-vannie-Masiet Voicings, vannie Indonesian Archipelago ennie Arabian Peninsula; Nguni Hummings; Indigenous Scandinavian Yoikings; western-European Yodeling, kēk-ritual, choral en eisteddfod music; local Pinkster *kerk-koorkies*; Cape Goema

en Klopse, hang oekkie net hīe rōndt, hille het hille permy plek, tisāme moerrie random straāt-klangke van my Busking-dae, soes Reggae, Trance en House, as well assie windt se murmurings; die Aārre se heaving, traffic se wielle oō cobble-stones, die boemme by st pauls se chorus van creaks; die villis-trokke wat wiemmil: die constant kriekies innie background; 'n under-cover cop watte pick-pocket djaā; en ek imagine oekkie diere se klangke byrie waāte-gat; global Indigenous klangk-reminiscences van my travels oōsea en my eie internal klangk-knāke, en kom refreshed op, en reg, om iennagge kakkies (smally lil shits) en curve-balls head-on te tackle, wattie various layers van life my mag gooi mīe, of in my lap drop, soesse warrim pattat.

In dié forrim, gibeē “composing” *nerraā*, oppie spot; on-the-fly; nikse pre-planning, op-dink, of pre-meditation gibeē. Clean slate: dji wiettie wat gan gibeē. Die audience oekkie; nieman wiettie, wan dji, jou sigself, wiettie wat gan happen. Tog is daā niē shred van uncertainty binnin jou, soes dji, deliberately, staārrag en saggies bigginne, moet diep klangke oppe vet snaār, wat oek mag klingk nā Indigenous didgeridoo-country, en wēk oek bifank virre change. Ek noem dié intuitively-informed sub-genre, Klangk-Poetry (Klangk-Gidigte; Klāk-Xidixte; Klangk-Poësie; Imibongo yesandi; Sound-Poetry). Jerome Rothenberg stie-rit deērie sound-mixer as “Lautgedichte”, in “Technicians of the Sacred”: *“an “intermedia” situation, as further denial of the categories: the techniques aren't limited to verbal maneuvers but operate also through song, non-verbal sound, visual signs, & the varied activities of the ritual event: here the “poem” = the work of the “poet” in whatever medium, or (where we're able to grasp it) the totality of the work...;”*⁶ (1967)

Moet dié method manage ek, saām moerrie an-pōr van my Ancestors, om aāllie disparate threads van my ancestries, saām te bring inne simple klangk-poem—elke single keē wanne ek eēnne doen. En tog ... kry my menslikhydt-it oek ma moet tye; die random, unforeseen knock, wanne die meē *kakka* dynamics van life my kry in my core-being, ennit big-time unsettle. Sometimes issit soe disorientating dat ek wel vigiet van dié ace in my mou. Still, as spirit, being human, is ek innie learning process, en kan ekke lyn op-snap van writers soes

Ann Lauterbach (2005), wie vannie American Puritan Jeremiad quote: “... *made anxiety its end as well as its means* ...”⁷

Kai gangans, groōt dankie, Ann, ek recognize dat ek my Klangk-Poetry inspan vi kitaāsis, catharsis⁸ en meditation, voō ek in iennagge creative rigtings of projects gan, of op appoinmins en interviews—en nā.

Ek skrywwe because of goeie starts in life. Nie goeie head-starts, nie eēs eēne, but goeie starts. Ek mean ma, ek kon viddag non-existent giwiessit: ses-voet-ses, *Gate 5* se mēnse⁹; offe under-cover *coloured* piempe (*Big5, Sell-Out*), virrie bossy apathydt secret service; ex-reccie, of -cop, moet niks givoellintydte vi sy mēnse; of inne gang-leader ytgidrai-rit; in maximum gisirrit vi-ever; offe docile Ingilse-kēkse back-up lay-minister (hillis dārim-ie soe ēg oōrrie kop gislat moerrie kēk organization se poesse-dik *bybbil* soessie happy-clappies-ie); anniste, nette normal inner-city misfit en car-guard, wat double asse car-wash, en trippil-gou-winkil-toe boytsie, soesse unholy percentage van my bittiēs (*portuur-groep*). Dié is mēnse wie ek innie tydt van my shaping gisiennit as my fammiellie, en nou-nog fondly onhou. Is unfortunate, en hatseē, but eish, hille het sēlf gi-allow darrie apathydt-monste hille inslik: deē unwittingly te opt davoō en giddink, hille daā binne gan bly—onviwags was hille ytgispieg; skaās vel en biēn, moet brynne wat staāraggies drip van dependence en net-net ginoeg sense, let alone mine en siel. Ōs moet hille ma trig-bring/in-win waā ōs kan.

Die telling results van apathydt en Afrikaans se glory-days, is ytgimap. Diés apparent oppie web vi ammal se scrutiny, tot innie lengtis vannie dae (standaard Afrikaans is oek in Google Translate se goeie boekke.¹⁰ Even-ie maverick, anti-establishment Voēlvryers, het innie 80s, regoō Sydt Afrika campuses gitoōr, in hille Moerstaāl, Afrikaans, excep, ek dinkie it was soe seē in standaard Afrikaans-ie): ōsse kinnis en kinnis sinne.

Ampe-riesèlle lekkitte is nou biessag om te giskiedt moerrie anne tāle wat official status het. En ek is genuinely happy vi hille, assit ko by Moerstaāl-education.

Vi-al issik happy vi Sign¹¹, asse official taāl. Ma’k kannie holistic’ly happy is, assie Moerstaāl van miljoenne legit Sydt Afrikānis, Khoekhoegowab, noggie gi-include is in dai line-uppie. Dié irony is soe skryindt, mēns kan vissies spiegel! Datte Moerstaāl, wat apparently nóg gipraāt wōdt in sy viskillinde dialects, sociolects en ideolects, soe min wadeēring, nevermine anvaāring, kry van political leaders, is niks nīet—min van hille identify ooit moet Indigenous taāl, nessesie apathydts, imperials en colonials, *en* hille spiritual guides, die missionaries: dié laāste woōdt se meaning en institution, lat my constitution involuntary gril, soes virre hairy spider wat sy prooi paralyse en toe-spin. “It Is” (oppie Course gi-engender) spin—yt dái spin yt—dié spin: *“Die status¹² van dié oer-oue, / Inheēmse Moerstaāl, / is nogal pynlik trans-nasionaāl.¹³ / But al kommit voō: / in patches en pockets; / en lappe wat happe ingivallit; / in stringe stikken en afgiknip; / ytgirāfildē toue; / it ko voō./ it represent. / it is.*

Apathydt se kakkies het ampe giwēk op my, ma ultimately gifail ... but voō ek te smug en self-setties raāk, en my voette te groōt vi my vèllies, lat ek reiterate. En ek sērit sōnne iennagge attachment of affiliation an iennagge-iets religious, waāvan ek myself giheēl en al gicut-it. Ek sērit, wan ek gie nie om, om vi myself freely te bindt an iets wat vi myē way wys deē life-ie, as well as saāme my loep: darrit in dié ynste laaibrie van boekke, ginoem-ie *bybbil* appear, is vi my ironic: it gan dan oō Life, tiwyllie *bybbil*, specially die OT-gideēlte, clearly, meēssal nie gan oō Life: Life, wat dai bra daā in eēste Koerrintiēns 15v10, soe beautifully simple illustrate virre change, sōnne bloedt-vigietting gottalla. It is simple, but hy draē layered implication saāme. Ek try ommit hīe nog bietsie simplirre af te breek, te contextualize vi vaddag, en rērag saāmie ideas, *insigself*, te speēl, ipv nerrie kāle tex en woōrre: *“Dáá gan ekki, but vi divine grace”*.¹⁴

Kan ōs bietsie by dié ris?

Ko’s cover net eēn layer, vi nou: *“Dáá gan ek”*, as eēn onvouinde occurrence, imply, ‘kom’, wat, in hille turn saāme, die to&fro van movement entail waā-yt klangk pop, eēn vannie biwysse dat jou soul biessag is om jou liggaām moet Life te animate, innie in-take en release

van āsim. Inne finite, 3-dimensional space, het ōs longe noōrag. Die Ancestral whirl is oek finite, but finite toerrie 4th dimension.

“*Divine Grace*”, as eēn reality, imply dieselle to&fro, but inne constant state, en in alle dimensions, infinitely. Miskien paās longe hīe in dié cosmic spaces, as musical instruments. Dai slyt an by Lucifer. jā die ou dywwil, accōrrieng-ie ou gideēltis vannie *bybbil*: jarrie dié bra’t soemma ‘n heēlle net-work van pipe-organs deē sy liggaām gihadt, as Cherubim-in-Chief innie 'hiemmil'.¹⁵ Imagine ‘n *live* walking, music instrument being, wat nog converse oek saāme jou, tiwyllie mu klop yt sy lyf: ghetto-blaster se moer ... wag: hille sē *niks* van sy dāns-abilities, nie even sy *gōdt* sē iets vannit: *hy’s* meēssal moet precious stones te doenne, soes some punk gangster hustler, moet illusions van grandeur.

Die heēlle idea van dié *gōdt*, innie soul-space, maāk my bietsie nervy: sy intentions is al te material en supremacist ... die proof lē reg oōrrie wēril gistrooi. My choice is *Divine Grace*, sōnne-rie aliewwagge gisaviour sindrim en ‘sien’ en experience ek, my Lovelies, My Grootsies, soe: my Ancestors vannie *Divine Grace*. En being in dié kind of receptive mine-space ... stumble ek serendipitously oōrre Ancestors-related excerpt yrrie amaXhosa culture, in Zakes Mda se “Heart of Redness”: “*There are four different kinds of ancestors: the ancestors of the sea, the ancestors of the forest, the ancestors of the veld, and the ancestors of the homestead.*”¹⁶

Sōnne om nou competition te wil staāne hou, is daā slightly meēdirre (nie larrit at all saāk maākkie) Ancestors innie Eēste Indigenous Khoekhoen culture. Ennis goedt om te wiet, wan *hille* issie beings wie sit moerrie filial, ennie healing knowledge van ōs 3-dimensional wēril, en *vi* Haā. Thus is allis van ōs by hille—alle info—voō ōs gimanifes-it hīe, in dié dimension. Soe daā hét djyrit; ek skrywwe van wil wiet wat voō my birth gihappen-it: innie wēril, my landt en innie plek van my birth. Ek wil oek graāg wiet vannie fammiellie an wie ek toevitrou was asse baby-human. Ma ek willie deērie usual channels annie knowledge kommie; daās te veel contradicting stemme en natures innit, som nie baie mēnslik.

Die iennagste mēnse wie vi my kan assist in dié regard, en wie ek kan trust, issie hīe nie, tog is hille: my eie Ma, soe lank gi-abuse deē *wit* mēnse, is oek nou in dai astral company en reality van my Ancestors, wie at all times reg staān om my te guide, sōnne om my te crowd, te brow-beat, of an te djaā. Sometimes is ek yt-sync, en mis ekkie guidance, marrit ko weē om, miskien deē ieman annis, offe anne situation, moet anne nuances en permutations, shades, en op anne levels en layers—wat oppie sèlle neē ko: daās oek ‘moulting’ wat gibeē saāme some van dai layers.

Die lang jāre se soek-, speculate, stry en evergreen giwonne van my Ancestors het baie giyield, but yikes ... innie biggin wassit mosse tes man! Initially herrit op iets glattie lekkie afgistīe: ek konnie eēs imagine dat soe iets my sal hit, watte mēns noem: ‘n Poesse Surprise! Ek vinne mos toe yt my true Ancestry is gispread oō drīe continents, enne paā subs ... Nou kyk-hīe jirre-fok???!

Ek was virre goeie tydt net sleg: soes in—naār. Acceptance van dié history van my, was swaā en reluctant ... en wat my Ancestors, hille substance en hille cosmic habitat bitref, het ek klaā my woōdt gigie om te skrywwe—in my twīe Moerstāle—oudt en nīet, en honour ekkit van day one: hettie ynlik much vanne choice asse Indigenous pisoōn. Ekkis cognizant vannie deēre wat my Grootsies oeppe maāk vi my nārrie Ancestral en anne spaces, specially earth-bound, en in diep, but relaxed thought ytstiek, as well as innie needed info wat deē filter in my giskrywwirry. But my Ancients operate meēssal as potential, deē mēnse, buttie limited tot. My final, wrap-up conclusion, vannie deēsneē make-up, full complement, en cosmic habitiat van my Ancestors is: jirrie, marrie waārhydt maāk mos seē, en dié waārhydt was fokkin pynvoel ... eventually accept ek en comprehend ekkie net nou, ek innerstand, en kan nou self divine, dat my Ancestors van diverse points vannie race-divide afko, yt various paāts vannie wēril en vanne assortment van voue, realities, dimensions, etc, in infinite tydt. Hillis-ie gibound deē race, gender, giloef, persuasions, tydt, of plek, mindset, heart-beat, oxygen, kos, waāte, etc. Hillis net gibound deē my/jou/ōs eie inhibitions in soul-thought en om weg te break van gloë wattie vi ōs serve, as spirits being human.

Soes ōs familiarize saām mikkaā, kom ek agte, my Lovelies is will-, contex- en tribute-driven beings. Meaning, hille force-ie *hille* will, vattie-rie contex oō, en exact-ie tribute soessie kiengs van dié planet. Hille is gentle, en sal nooit interfeere moet *jou* will. Enne laāste ietsie oō my Ancestors, in my holistic experience: my Lovelies is pure potential, en, thus latently, die naāste an my vi spiritual groei nā purpose en meaning, oppie cosmic scale van dai wonders. Ek divine saāme desert-dweller Ibrahim Kuni (al-Koni), Tuareg writer, inne 2014 riewieu: *“the diviner, would not be a diviner, if he or she did not invent a statement, that no one else has said before. The diviner must say something uncouth.”*¹⁷ Ekkit sy, meandering approach gilike: sandt oōrrals; skielik gibeē dinge vánnag; intense imagery, skēp groennis, bloedt-rooies. Getting into-rie territory vannie move: die desert. Kuni isse master vannie genre lykkit my. ‘n True witness vannit en virrit, en vi sy tydt.

Op p. 17 van “Poetry of Witness”, argue Carolyn Forché weē iets wat ek truly appreciate, en potentially paāt kan maāk van my bag van writing tricks (nikse magic-trieks):” for *witness as “a mode of reading rather than of writing, of readerly encounter with the literature of that which-happened, and its mode is evidentiary rather than representational—as evidentiary, in fact, as spilled blood. If the function of the reader is to encounter ‘the literature of that which-happened,’ that of the artist is to testify—one to which writers are compelled by their relation to words. Forché observes that “poetic language attempts a coming to terms with evil and its embodiments, and there are appeals for a shared sense of humanity experience of El Salvador ... and South Africa, during the latter part of the last century...”* (2013)¹⁸

Deēsdae continue skrywwe ekke omme witness te wies vi my Ancestors, about dié matters. Ek wou-rit op my eie terms doen, nie my Ancestors sinne: hille het 4-dimensional vision, ek hettie. Soe nou, nā jāre van consistently tsip an dai skryf-blok, en baie Ancestral processes oek deēmaāk, skrywwe ek nou—*eēs* al an. Dai paāt, van merely ‘n witness vi my Ancestors, is nou done en dusted—ek issit nou net—en dié’s hoe ek *IN* gikommit: ek herrie *needy*-ennie *want*-gideeltis vannit, heēltimal gidrop, en net bigginne *IN* wies ... net bigginne ommit te *wies*—lettilik te—*is*. Ennit vi my gitransform: gilyddillik, vi posterity.

Die beste is, ekkis nog altydt biessag om te transform, soesse surprisingly groōt number van Indigenous mēnse van my contex, miskien-ie my age, despite die fyt (en do note—nie my opinion—die factual giskieddinnis) dat ōs generation omtren allis gilable was, én, allis dai wat ōs gilable was, gijustify was moerrie dikke swaā *bybbil* : ken djy nou vi *Ybil*?¹⁹ Ek wou soe baie giharrit my Ancients moet involved wies in my en my fammiellie se liewe—en hille is nou. Waā ek voōheēn meēssal Ancestral contac gi-experience-it deē music, het ōs nou oek access toe mikkaā, deē my engagemin en involvemin moet xoa, skryf. Op dié, sē Chris Kraus iets baie interesting van Simone Weil in 2004, wat ek nogal kwai kan relate mīe: *“Her thought approaches narrative—an emotional transparency that occurs when someone else is listening to you.”*²⁰

En ek like wanne my Lovelies om my cluster, en oō my skoue kyk nā wat ek skrywwe, en lyste wanne ek hatop līes. Like wanne hille literally *oppie* stage is wanne ek perform.

Riēddillik onbikendt is Goema—asse modern Moerstaāl, innie tydt wat ek bigginne om my contribution torrie pool vannit te add. Recently skrywwe ek al hoe meēre moet infusions van eēn van Goema se eie ancient Moerstāle self; Khoekhoegowab. Ek dink daā-an om dié newwe inversion Goemagowab te dub. Ek het voōheēn straight Goema giskrywwe, no chaser. hīe, in dié writ, bring ekkie Indigenous taāl-elemins van ōs ancient Moerstaāl,²¹ into-rie fray. Die idea is ommie process te bigginne, vanne meē Indigenous-look vi Goema te achieve. Oppie ooweldigginne Oōsgrēns-Afriekaāns-looking woōrre, isse mix van Goema-en Khoekhoegowab, nerrie regte antidote. Die is nette idea van potential short-term future possibilities, lat ōs (vi-al ouirre) mēnse gouirre Khoekhoegowab anvang en digest, en deērit, gi-encourage wōdt om te involve en engage innit—merrit—en soe, onne hille knīe kry: ‘n positive mechanism om even solidarity, en specially trust te engender, develop en cement. Dié sal positive twin spin-offs wies van soē move.

Ek skrywwe soelat history, en specially die eēnne van Indigenous Moerstaāl, girecord kan hoōdt, soes gisien deē, 1: die conscious lens en sensibilities vanne long-standing denizen

vannie underclass (*other-coloured*) vannie Cape Peninsula, en, 2: die filter vanne modern-day, 21st-century, conscious Eēste Indigenous Sydt Afrikaān, moet Goema, die taāl waāmiē ek identify, en hoō, van yrrie womb, in al twīe dai milieus, along moet dai wat randomly overlap, insyppil deērie cracks en appear deērie slips.

Hoe kan ek giwiettīt isse taāl, let alone my eie modern Moerstaāl? Goema was vi my aāllie jāre, voō dai en anne discoveries, nette tieppe syncopated music-forrim, eie annie Kaāp, waārie musical styles van great continents mīet: local Indigenous, ‘n smattering van Malagasy coastal locals, South-East Asian political prisoners en captives vannie slave-trade, captives van anne paāts van Afrika en baie van haā eilanne, wiesse inhabitants hīe gidrai-rit tienan hille wil. Dié is Indigenous mēnse, wie captives gimaāk was in hille eie lande, en hīe as slaves, of vikoep, ingispan, of gibryk was, of al drīe.

Ek skrywwe wan is goedt om vi Huri Ꞥoaxa (Hoerikwaggo), en anne Khoe-nāme en -woōrre te sien in hille oer-oue Khoe-gidaānte: Huri Ꞥoaxa kry nou weē traction notice ek, moerrie relevant mēnse: tissin 1999-2006 was ōs, wat dai tydt al fulltime Indigenous cultural like-minded was, biessag moet Indigenous research, travel, taāl-klasse en performances en ceremonie. Dié was in 2001/2, specifically gifocus oppie French legislation; ommit te change en Mamma Sara Baartman se remains te release van captivity in France. Haā repatriation Sydt Afrika toe in 2002, issie result van dai labours of love.

Tissin 2007 en 2012 was daē lull. Van 2013 tot 2019, boom-it—soes nooit tevoōrre nie. Ek observe oek meēdirre agreement oōrrie meaning vannie term as voōheēn, tissin entities innie overlapping sectors van my: cultural; taāl; ethno; eco; bioersity. Dat daā plek is vi Indigenous Mother-Tongue onnirrig, is lankallie meē nette droem, en dai massive crystal, Huri Ꞥoaxa²² (Tafelbēg; Taāffilbēg; Tafelberg; Intaba yetafula; Table Mountain), die gem on top of allis.

Soes apparent is, is ekkie allien innie persuance van die objective van skrywwe, soelat taal-history girecord kan hoōdt; daās nog soes ekke, wat opgipsyche is virrie straāt, die straāt-song ennie straāt-stōrie. Moerrie minimumste western academic education, het Apartheid Suid Afrika ōs, moet sy version van gileērinthydt gibrow-beat, gibrand en gitry robotize ... net-net ginoeg ommie ammikkaā innie soup-kitchen lynne hoef te staān, net innie *UIF*- en unemployment-lynne, torrie *uif* bigginne vrot en stink: ek sing dai song virrie halfte van my liewe: “Unemployment is not working”, voō ek in 1990 discover: *ek*, issie wēk, en in 1993 weg-loep van dai laāste wēk virre employer, moet nog ideas van wie en wat ek is, en an wie ek ultimately bihoōt.

Dai sentiments sal, oōrrie heēlle period van my creative development, even innie biwoōring van my email-adresse echo: nobodysboss; xelfiewēk; niemansebaās_klaās; eēsteklaās; is som van hille, wat ek oōrrie jāre gibrykkit in my private capacity. Ek issie wēk, die kēk, die skryfsil, die song, die nāme *wat ek myself* eien, ennie way vorintoe in peace en in harmony, wat brilliant is, but net mooitsies fokkol is sōnne meaning en purpose.

Ek skrywwe wat sometimes mag lyk en klingk nā romantic, flowery, *twee* en naief kakkies ... daās oekkie flip-side: ōs vistaān darrie onslaught op ōs Indigenous senses nog nēt soe an-rōl, moet blink niewwe trōl-ideas van hoe om vi ōs nog bietsie meē te subjugate en te divide. Soe hou ōssie op, om #khai, vigilant, te issie. Dai onslaught vistaān ōs goedt, en hoerit giskiedt, en van waā, en van wie, issiē state-secret. En oppie sēlle tydt warrit nie meē rai status het, kap dai project an moet al-an slants tienan Eēste Indigenous mēnse pleēg, nou wēllie meē moerrie sēlle complete impunity: ma nóg gifund en giresource moerrie sēlle dogged eēnne—*rewind*—vannie dag warrit hīe arrive.

These days—*fast-forward*—issit soe peaceful en fragile, en skryffit nou, opinionated, en diep en diverse blogs en vlogs oō empathy en biodiversity, torrie blah-di-blah van blah-di-blahs viskyn: “*hoe konnekteerd met die Aarde, en die diere, en die omgewing, en die klimaat-krisis, en lae koolstofafruk, en, som van my beste vriende is ‘Khoi’.*”

En tog, innie absence van dai paā token Indigenous *vrinne*, die res nog *al an* continue moerrie skrynde disrespec van omtren allis wat Indigineity is of nā hint. En, innie lig vannie commonste knowledge, notta-damn toe-gie, dat Indigenous soe baie facets van *wit* én *swat* Sydt Afrika gi-influence-it ... van ōsse waāte-divining tot ōs taāl-, tracking- en krye-en healing-skills en ōsse style van dress en accessorize. Ommie eēs te mention, die basic imitation van ōsse praāt, woōdt-gibryk, songs, stōrie-vitèl, specific manierties ... kom tog yt jille drogwaān, ōs enrich jille very bistaān, en contribute tisele tydt toerrie GNP, deē ōsse achievements in corporate Sydt Afrika²³. Of course, daās hille wat sal lyk om allis dai af te skryf as irrelevant, of at least puny, nie worthy, of even note-worthy.

Dié behaviour is concomitant torrie tye of course: ōs hette disconnect, en quite ‘n paā. Dat *wit* supremacists, soe baie aspects van Indigeneity en Indigenous mēse utilize om hilleself goedt te lat lyk, is undeniable proof, dat hille oek, albeit reluctantly, Eēste Indigenous mēse sien assie mēse wat sit moerrie anwoōrre om dié planet weē te lat thrive, *en* dié country, soes sy was during-ie 1995 Rugby World Cup period. Ekkis committed toe my conviction, dat ōssit giharrit daā dai tydt—innie pallim van ōsse collective post-apathydt handt ... en yt ōsse grasp la slip.

Ek skrywwe because ek relate moerrie global Indigenous, especially remarkable creatives soes Craig Santos Perez. ‘n Indigenous Chamorro poet, essayist, varsity prof, en activist, Perez hail van far-flung Guam, Western Pacific Ocean (2015). Soes hy value ek: writings wat outspoken is tien colonial forces; skryfsils wattie Indigenous-absences en -stiltis create-ie; poetic forms wat Indigenous survival en presence assert, in al ōs Indigenous complexity. Oek soes hy: het my drē boeke successfully gi-circulate in print en in digital forrims, nā plekke innie wēril waā my Lovelies nog nooit nā gitrael-it, in hille tydt hie op mortality street; wōdt my wēk giteach in high schools en universities vanaf 1999; het ek in baie cities en countries giperform.²⁴

Ek mag miskien-ie op stage in soe baie cities en countries was soes hy, en my gies het

miskien noggie gigallop, tot narrie Aārre se ag borders,²⁵ but ek was in meerras several plekke in Southern Afrika, som countries in Afrika, en countries vanne paā anne continents innie wēril, ma nooit sōnne my Khoen kraāl se combinations van Khoekhoegowab- en Goema-infused Klangk-Poetry, Ampe-Woōrre, Music en Skrywwe, en Lag.

Ek het al van dag eēn, in ōs energizing wiek-lang reading seminar, *Poetics of the Wor(l)ds we Live*, dié fellow-Aquarian se wēk gi-eye, among other gems, as my driving source of inspiration vi dié particular writ.

Ek skrywwe van dié allis omlat ek compelled is, soessie ducks migrate, som dāere hibernate ennie bank se binne-deē giset is op slyt.

Ek skrywwe vi common sense om te rule, en vi #khîs, peace.²⁶

Refrinse

1. Alle refrinse in Khoekhoegowab is gisource en afgily yt Eiseb en Haacke se glossary: “Khoekhoegowab-English Glossary/Mîdi Saogub” (Gamsberg Macmillan, 1999).
2. Rothenberg, Jerome. Yt “Technicians of the Sacred: Poetries from Africa, America, Asia & Oceana”. Moet commentaries deē Jerome Rothenberg [ed.] Doubleday 1969. Preface, p.xxiii.
3. Riel: ‘n ancient Indigenous Khoen dāns-forrim, gi-assimilate moet laättirre Scottish en anne European influences [KG. #na; E. reel; Skot. reill; ON. Suio-Goth. *rulla* (om te *whirl*); AS. *hreol*; Gaelic. *ruidhle* of *ruidhleadh*].
4. Cesaire, Aime. From “Poetry and Knowledge”, 1944. Read full essay of Melissa Kwasny [ed.] “Towards the Open Field—Poets on the Art of Poetry 1800-1950”. (809.1 TOW)
5. “Professor Wu briefly retraces Chinese Admiral Zheng He's voyages: he commanded seven expeditions, the first in 1405 and the last in 1430, which sailed from China ... west... as far as Cape of Good Hope ... These voyages, came decades before ... European voyages of discovery: Columbus, 1492; da Gama, 1498; Magellan, 1521 ... Zheng He's ships were impressive examples of naval engineering. His so-called treasure ships (which brought

back to China such things as giraffes from Africa) were 400feet long. Columbus's flagship the St. Maria, in contrast, was but 85 feet in length.”

<https://international.ucla.edu/asia/article/10387> <https://www.gavinmenzies.net/>

6. Rothenberg, Jerome. Yt “Technicians of the Sacred: Poetries from Africa, America, Asia & Oceana”. Moet commentaries deē Jerome Rothenberg [ed.] Doubleday 1969. Preface, p.xxiii.

7. Lauterbach, Ann. “Use this word in a sentence: ‘Experiment’” in Ann Lauterbach, *The Night Sky: Writing on The Poetics of Experience*. Viking, 2005.

8. Catharsis (Κάθαρση *kátharsi* [gipronounce, *ka' tirr-sie*])

<https://translate.google.co.za/?hl=en&tab=pT#view=home&op=translate&sl=en&tl=el&text=Catharsis>

9. ‘n Reference nā mēnse wie bigrāwe lē in eēn vannie groōtste en famous-ste bigrafplāse innie Cape Peninsula, agte groōt hekke moet moerse swat nommis op wit: G1, G2, G3, etc, ytgistring al langis Voōrtrekker Road innie Maitland, Kaap.

10. Google Translate se 60% success-rate was gi-utilize om alle transliterations en contextualizings mīe op te weigh.

11. Sign-Language is Sydt Afrika se 12e official taāl.

<https://www.lawforall.co.za/uncategorized/sign-language-south-africa/>

12. Khoekhoegowab se distribution oō Syddir Afrika: “... and is spoken in Namibia, Botswana, and South Africa, primarily by three ethnic groups, Namakhoen, Ꞥnūkhoen and Hai||omkhoen.” Brenzinger, Matthias (2011)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Khoekhoe_language

13. "The twelve modern Khoisan languages." In Witzlack-Makarevich & Ernstz (eds.), *Khoisan languages and linguistics: proceedings of the 3rd International Symposium, Riezlern / Kleinwalsertal* (Research in Khoisan Studies 29). Cologne: Rüdiger Köppe Verlag.

<https://www.mustgo.com/worldlanguages/khoisan-language-family/#top>

14. Woōdt-Speëlling op 1 Corinthians 15V10: “But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed on me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.”

15. Ou Lucifer se organ-pyppe: Ezekiel 28V13-14.

16. Mda, Zakes. Yt “Heart of Redness”. Oxford University Press, 2000. p.41
17. al-Koni, Ibrahim. Yt “Saharan Oasis”, in *Rain Taxi Review of Books*, deē Spencer Dew. Gipublish deē Center for Middle Eastern Studies, University of Texas at Austin; Illustrated Edition 2014. Gitranslate deē William M. Hutchins.
18. Forsché, Carolyn & Wu, Duncan. Yt “Poetry of Witness: The Tradition in English 1500-2011”. Carolyn Forché & Duncan Wu (eds.) Gipublish deē W W Norton en Company, 1993.
19. Ytdrikkings van irritation/omgikraphydt. Nog examples include: “Vibeel jou”, “Kan dji nou meē”, “Kan dji nou dai oō vitèl?”
20. Kraus, Chris. “Hunger-Technology-Emotion” in *Biting the Error: Writers Explore Narrative*. Gail Scott, et al. eds. Coach House Books, 2004.
21. Khoekhoegowab issie ancient Indigenous Moerstaäl van Khoekhoen; Goema issie modern Indigenous Moerstaäl vannie acculturated Khoekhoen; Goemagowab issie potential Mūrstaäl (Moerstaäl), wat yt hille kan birth as such; nie net innie mix vannie twiē Moerstaäle se nāme, marrie actual cross-pollination van elemins in Khoekhoegowab- en Goema-woōrre en idiom, la hille meē Indigenous lyk, klink en voel, en spirited is: meē user-friendly; embracing; proactive, inclusive—nieman wōdt ytgislyt—soessie previous regimes, en nourrie current, se agencies-it het, down at grassroots.
22. Huri ƛoaxa <https://ictsapps.uct.ac.za/classroom/>
23. Gilien van Sin LaSelle, yrrie 2005 crime comedy *Be Cool*, moet Cedric The Entertainer, John Travolta, Uma Thurman en Dwayne Johnson, oa. Givitaäl yrrie Hollywood-Ingils nā Kaapse Goema en gicontextualize vi vaddag se binne-oōrre en sensibilities.
24. Perez, Craig Santos. Yt “Unincorporated Poetic Territories”, in *The Force of What’s Possible: Writers on Accessibility & the Avant-Garde*. Lily Hoang and Joshua Marie Wilkinson, eds. Nightboat Books, 2015.
25. Wan-Li, Yang [12th Century].
26. Khoekhoegowab: ƛKhîs
 Goema: Vrīede
 Goemagowab: Vrīde

Afrikaans: Vrede
isiXhosa: Uxolo
Ingils: Peace

Anne Sources

“According to *Google's* test of accuracy, *Google Translate* has mixed reviews ... said its new tool is 60 percent more accurate than the old *Google Translate*, which used phrase-based machine translation, or PBMT (Jun 19, 2018).”

Dai is net wat *Google*, in sigself, segdt.

<https://www.express.co.uk/life-style/science-technology/976492/Google-Translate-how-to-use-Google-Translate-how-accurate>