THE POETRY OF NONTSIZI MGQWETHO
IMBONGI U CHIZAMA.

Nkosi mhleli wo Mteteli weantu,
Wanga ungapila u bom obude,
Mzukulwane wamadoda afela kwa-
Homo-Turu— Gatyeni hamba,
Sokulandela.

Hom zajika,
Amadoda afela izwe lawo,
Afakunyene Nkosi yawu—Sandile
Hom bo'
Tiya sokulandela akubasingabantwa
na to Gaga u Gago lubamba lu
Gongaza Inkwezi Xesi u Ndana
Ko Vero u Xesi Magqagqa
Umtunzi wa bantu bonke bengaka
Nje nditsho ku Sandile mma.

Hamba Sokulandela,
Kuba akuzange kupume ntamnani
Kowenu.

Hamba Sokulandela,
Kuba tina simadoda nje saizange
Siyibone kowu imbongikazi,
Yenkasa kuba imbongi inyoka
Nenkundla itupe inkosi.

Hamba Sokulandela;
Nezi imbongikazi Tina sizibona
Apa kweli laiita ne bhekile.

Hamba Sokulandela,
Asizi tina nokuba ngaba isono
Sontamnani saxolwelewa?

Hamba Sokulandela,
Kuba ne sidenge (a fool) slyazi
Ukuba umuntu olambileyo akangeze
Akolele acedise mzi.

Hamba Sokulandela,
Tshoisho, uzelwe Nkosi bantu,
Sanga eso sonka asingepeli kuba

CHIZAMA,
Crown Mines.
Worthy Editor of our *Mteteli*

long life to you,
grandson of heroes who fell at Hoho.
Peace! Go, Gatyeni,
we'll follow you.

Whoa! Wait a minute!
Those heroes fell for their country,
died at the side of Sandile their king.

Whoa there!
We'll follow you:
we're loyal to the royal prince
"who rumbles down Xesi's banks,
flits over Vece, the rock-strewn Xesi,
shade for all, however many."
I'm citing Sandile's praises.

Go, we'll follow you:
no traitor came
from your house.

Go, we'll follow you:
no female poet
came from our house:
the poet who rouses the court
and censures the king's always male.

Go, we'll follow you!
We first encountered
these female poets
here in this land of thugs and booze.

Go, we'll follow you:
but can we be sure
a traitor's sin can be hidden?

Go, we'll follow you:
even a fool can be sure
that no one who starves
can guide or lead a nation.

Go, we'll follow you!
We danced at your birth, lord of men!
Umteteli's bread for our table:
may it last forever.
Good for you, lord of men!

Go, we'll follow you.
You too, great-breasted woman:
your robe rattled Buxton
and prison walls tumbled.

Go, we'll follow you,
woman who protested passes;
confronted by protests the white man quailed,
and kept his revolver holstered.

Go, we'll follow you,
woman whose words at Nancefield
inspired the Commission
to dream her dreams.

Go, we'll follow you,
woman who dogged the Commission
to Elephant Bay,
I swear by Lady.

Go, we'll follow you.
You too, Cete, Nkombisa's child.
Chizama, hold tight now,
your people's eyes are on you.

   Go, we'll follow you,
Rhadebe, Mbambisa's son,
master stick-fighter;
don't let yapping curs
take your eye off the massive hound.

   Go, we'll follow you,
son of Maxeke:
we've been bought off with low-grade chuck,
meat slopped up in the compounds.

   Go, we'll follow you:
this lot would like to be alone
in facing the coming year.
Ha! Fat chance!

    Whoa! Just a minute! The ford is slippery!
I'll make a stop there, Editor.
Peace! You'll hear from me again.

God bless Africa.

             CHIZAMA

Crown Mines.

1. (23 October 1920)

Translated by Jeff Opland.
Maibuye! I Afrika! Awu!

Yimbongikazi Nontsizi Mgqwetlo.

Kade simemeza naso isijwili sako ke Afrika! Ntsimi ye Afrika,
Wadlwa zintaka ke wahalaksaka umi kodwa-wena umaga-zange umke
Amazwi aishile kuk'uk'waza wena sigqibi lamazwe sigwazi isiniki,
Yonanto imfuna zintaka inkuku kusa ziqondele kuhlwe zingayi boni.

Simi ngama Kapa simemeza wena simi ngama Bhai simemeza wena,
Simi ngama Rini simemeza wena zikwakho ne Tasi zinondonywana.
Siselel' nku'fa sibhuya wena sikubamb' amehlo sithi awuboni,
Unmke ke empela ubuyise emva za sikubanye isango hishwangusha.

Uti Maibuye? Makubuye wena iziywe zoombala zix'witana ngawe,
Zipuma eNde zipuma eSude kwempulasa nase ntsimalanga.
I Afrika ihleli siyayang'endawo kanglesa ene'eni wofik' isahluma,
Kanglel' imitonbo yamanz' isatsitsa kanglela yonka into 'imi ngendlela.

Woz' ufe na xhebe ungateko entwenti waka nyizililo uti maibuye,
Makubuye wena woshukuma nemzi zibambe nedaba zime nge Jeriko.
Kante lo! Afrika kwakumlambo umina
ap'umnt' engazinto atta maibuye,
Kuba ndibonanje sinempa zonke esihamba ngazo isebudengeni.

Simi ngama Monti sikony' izililo simi
ngama Dike sikony' izililo,
Sekizw'mzintawu ngapantsi kwelanga
uSatan adane kutshone ngakaba.
Aninalutando? Animanyananga nginga-
b'onxazo kwe abangaseka;
Nikwango ntamnanlopembababashiya ni-
yek'mawenu ninoedia uumlungu
Nikony' izililo ? Niti maibuye noba
nqale makubuye nina.
Akuko nasiko lakumisa umzi akuko
bakosi akuko ntweento.

Sentende ngenkumi zisele kwezinye na-
shiywa babubwe nashiywa babantu
Nashiywa yimfuyo zonke eno zinto se-
histholisa-ngo Cimizingqala.

Uti mabuye? Makubuye wena wonya
intoko ulila ngabani,
Nako no Ntsikana kade akutyela zuy-
yeke imali sigu sempundula,
Mfondini wotatu lwakud' e Afrika wa-
zonela ngnani? Pambi ko Yehova,
Nalo ke ne China lize ngemitzomo nalo ke ne Kala lize ngama empty.

Ukony' izililo? Makubuye wena sala-
akutyela sahona ngolopo,
Ukumbule apo waw' uvela kona afun'
esiysa bahlab' estoloko.
Tarni zinduli zase South Afrika bas-
abantu benu! Lemk'izwe neziwwe
Sikala ngakone ' siti maibuye, iivase
nlimba yakuma kowayo.

Tarni tintlambo zase South Afrika
Tarni matafa! Ezwe lakw eletu
Nako senilinywa zinqwelo somlimlo zip-
pala ngacela njenge nkontsemene.
Buya Ms'afrika yaqengqelekana yonke
iminyaka uminda weni nye.
Hleze zingatotya kwanemvula kuwe
hleze nezibeto zifise usapo.

Camagu ke Langa! Camagu ke Nyansa
nini amagosa awesipeto,
Yiluyensi ingxalo igxo ko Pezulu nis-
tetelele nide nikoise.

Camagu! Awu!!
Oh, bring Africa home!

For a long time now we've been calling, Africa.
Hear our wailing, Garden of Africa!!
Your crop was consumed and scattered by birds,
but you stood firm and never left us.
Our voices are hoarse from imploring you;
we track through countries, appeal to phantoms,
nothing more than chickens' scratchings,
eager at dawn, at dusk empty-handed.

We call to you from Table Bay,
we call to you from Algoa Bay,
we call to you from Grahamstown,
clutching satchels crammed with half-jacks;
we drink suicidally calling you home,
we cover your eyes and declare you blind,
you go right back to where you came from
as we call you home from the depths of depravity.

You say "Bring her home?" You must come home!!
All the earth's nations profit from you,
they come from the north, they come from the south,
from the east and from he west.
Africa stayed still! She's nowhere else:
look how the grass continues to sprout.
Look at the springs still bubbling with water.
Look everywhere, all's as it should be!

Will you go to the grave with nothing achieved,
raising your cry, "Bring her home?"
If you come home first the nation will rise
and news of its stirring will ring out of Jericho.
But tell us, Africa, where in the world
can a fool say "Bring her home?"
As I see it, we have all the signs
that mark a person as stupid.
From the Buffalo's banks we raise our cry,
from the Tyhume's banks we raise our cry
for all the black nations under the sun,
till Satan's abashed, dejected, rejected.
You display no love, display no unity,
you sit on the fence, won't take a stand.
Nothing but sell-outs, you set fires and run,
betray your own people to bolster the whites.

Are you raising a cry, "Bring her home?"
You'll cry yourselves hoarse: you must come home!
Gone are our customs for setting up homesteads,
royalty, values, nothing is left!
You live like locusts left by the swarm,
you've lost all dignity, your sense of a nation,
lock, stock and barrel, everything's lost:
you seek balm in the bottle that blots out all pain.

You say "Bring her home?" You must come home!
You scratch your head in search of a scapegoat.
Ntsikana warned you a long time ago,
"Money's the lightning-bird: leave it alone."
Child of the soil of far-flung Africa,
What have you done to so offend God?
There the Chinese sells you malt for your home-brew,
there the Indian buys up your empties.

Are you raising a cry? You must come home!
Spurn advice and you'll come a cropper.
Always remember where you come from:
consult the sages if you seek solutions.
Peace, hills of South Africa, your people are dying!
Nations cart off their country!
With reason we cry, Bring her home":
To induce birth-pangs for its people.
Peace, vales of South Africa,
peace, plains of our land,
look how you're ploughed up by steam locomotives
rocking along like bull baboons.
Come home, Africans! Or will rolling years
leave you standing in the dust
while rain falls some place else
and your family falls to plagues?

Mercy, Sun! Mercy, Moon!
Stewards of our Protector,
Bear the news to the One on High,
plead our case in elegant terms.

Oh, mercy!!

(A) (8 December 1923)

Translated by Jeff Opland.
Pulapulani! Makowetu.

Ndinygotile i Kresmesi, no Nyaka Omdala kwanu Nibidyala ngesibongo. Ndizaku zibonga. Mna ke ngoku ndanlile ke kwakona-ukugala into entsha-Camagunti!

Yimbongikazi Nontsizi Mgqwetto.

Taru! Nontsizi dumezweni ngentsholo Nto ezibongo ziyintlaninge yezwe Indlovu ke aysindwana ngumboko wayo! Awu! Taru! Sikukukazi piko le Afrika.

Esikosela amatole aza engemki Emke nezinye intaka ezivalentayo Uyaziwa lilizwe nambakazi yezulu Enqwenye nazi Mongo zada zazelelela.

Wugqwetele Mgqwetto lomhlaba ka Palo

Beta izizwe ngesitunzi zidangale Uliramnwa akevelwa ngaseywa Nabakawisayo babeta besutuka.

Taru! Mkakazi omabalosiza Ovumba linuka okwenyoka yomlambo Camagu! Nawe Ndlovu edla Pezulu Uzihalile noko Inkomo zakwa Mgqwetto.

Taru! Nontsizi bulembe e Afrika Obumzoo emasanti namaza Wokubeka ngonyayo wa va ubuhlangu

Wahiliza ngomloko wawiselwa pantsi.

Taru! Nontsizi bulembe e Afrika Ozhiliza isibongo ekotheni Ziteho nontaba zelizwe zikangelane Xa.wapuka imimbo macala omabini.

Taru! Mkakazi ngqele ese Lundlini Enje ngayo Imibete yase Herimone Ndahubeka ndibhela eumngwini

Awwa! Ndeva sendibanjwa ngamadlulile.

Taru! Mbongikazi Flamingo ka Vasibom Esindza inyawo xa lankayo Esindza inyawo xa ihlalo yayo Zipume isilo zonke zikacamele.

Taru! Ddedakazi lendada ze Afrika Ubh'hib'hinxa lwentombi esinga sibi Awu! Nontsizi bulembe e Afrika Akusoe wende nezinto zigoso.

Taru! Mbongikazi piko le Afrika Suka kubalale bo arha ndabonelela

Taru! Somikazi lomti wekiwane Ubonga noko sidesipal'isoya.

Taru! Nontsizi bulembe e Afrika Isikhumane mazamba! amabhayi Kubane ayapiwa Inkunye yaka ekelele Akungentshali ungabimpinkinga zik'aka

Zipih Intombi zenu Izwi liyintoni Siggibe lombhala sifuna ukwenda Sishala amak'zali sishala amakaya Nambamla sizigudulwa kwa namabhungela

Imfundo yintoni bapanyana benu Bqimbila lamazwe befuni, niikunzi Yona nto isunwa zintaka inkuku Kusa ziqondele kuhlwe zingqayi boni

Taru! Nontsizi ntsho eninshila Egqibe isinga zonke eprofeteshe

Awu! Taru! Sanu sakazi se zibongo Nalo nenamnawa liwabhu! amapiko!

Taru! "Chizama!" Odla inyama ovdwa Ayaziwa neminyanya yakawo MaziBuye ke! Indlovu zidle! Zingalala ezindle zihlekile.

Tarul! Nontsizi ntombi za Sandile Mntana wenkosi kwinkosi zakwa Ngqika

Kubongo amakosi not amabhunge zethu Sishla zinduku kumatsa! akwa Ngqika.

Awu! Taru! Nontsizi bulembe e Afrika

Ntokazi etsha ngentolome ezimandla Ziteho zidumse nendonga se Afrika Isiba-hl abitye onke amadodana.

Mhlana wafa Nontsizi losibekela Hluse lenkumunza loba lilolwane

Awu! Taru! Nangaye u Ntsika

Owayeggibe zonke isinga eprofeteshe.

Camagu! Sinungunungu Esingewele
Listen, Compatriots!

I sent Christmas, the old year and the new year packing with praise poems. Now I'm going to sing my own praises, and then I'll move on again to start something new. Mercy, all of you.

Peace, Nintsizi, renowned for you chanting, your poems are the nation's bounty. No elephant finds its own trunk clumsy. Oh peace, hen of Africa with sheltering wing!

Hen shepherding chicks safe from the grasp of birds of prey, the nation knows you, sky-python, poets sneer but discuss you.

Upset Phalo's land, Mgqwetho, overshadow nations and sap their strength. Wild beast too vicious to take from behind, those in the know tremble in tackling you.

Peace, dusky woman with the colours of pools, your stench reeks like the river snake. Mercy! Elephant browsing top shoots, you've made a name for Mgqwetho.

Peace, Nontsizi, African maize tufts waving beneath the breeze, you stubbed your toe and felt the pain, a slip of the tongue and they stomped on you.

Peace, Nontsizi, African maize tufts, you strip poetry bare and expose it and the nation's mountains face one another as you sway from side to side.

Peace, dusky woman, Drakensberg snow
like morning dew on Mount Hermon.  
I fell flat on my face looking up to the whites:  
Oh I felt the cops' cuffs on me!

Peace, woman poet, Vaaibom's flamingo,  
which thrusts its feet forward for take-off,  
which thrusts its feet backward to land:  
all the animals come out to bask.

Peace, duck of the African thickets,  
ugainly girl with ill-shaped frame.  
Oh Notsizi, African maize tufts,  
with bow-legs like yours you'll never marry!

Peace, woman poet of nestling Africa.  
Make way! Ach, I was used.  
Peace, starling perched in a fig tree,  
your poetry puts paid to feminine wiles.

Peace, Notsizi, African maize tufts,  
let spinsters wear bodices once again  
for no-one knows your ancestors:  
without skin skirts there'll be no marriage.

Where are your daughters? What do you say?  
"We roamed the countryside searching for marriage,  
we walked away from home and dowry,  
now we're milked though calfless, living withnobodies."

What's education? Where are your sons?  
They roamed the land searching for niks,  
chickens scratching for scraps,  
eager at dawn, at dusk empty-handed.

Peace, Notsizi, match-stick legs scratched  
from prophesying in thornbrakes;  
Oh peace, poetic diviner,
like morning dew on Mount Hermon.
I fell flat on my face looking up to the whites:
Oh I felt the cops' cuffs on me!

Peace, woman poet, Vaaibom's flamingo,
which thrusts its feet forward for take-off,
which thrusts its feet backward to land:
all the animals come out to bask.

Peace, duck of the African thickets,
ungainly girl with ill-shaped frame.
Oh Notsizi, African maize tufts,
with bow-legs like yours you'll never marry!

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let spinsters wear bodices once again
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They roamed the land searching for niks,
chickens scratching for scraps,
eager at dawn, at dusk empty-handed.

Peace, Nontsizi, match-stick legs scratched
from prophesying in thornbrakes;
Oh peace, poetic diviner,
watch out, the wild bird's flapping its wings.

Peace, Chizama, who eats her meat raw; no-one knows your ancestors. May the browsing elephants make it home: they're lost if they sleep by the way.

Peace, Nontsizi, Sandile's daughter, child of one of the Ngqika chiefs. You were thrashed on the Ngqika plains for praising chiefs and not commoners.

Oh peace, Nontsizi, African maize tufts, woman, Africa's walls are throbbing with the sound of your lovely parties: Ach shame! All the lads wither.

The day of your death will darken, Nontsizi, the commando's horse will lose its way. Oh peace! And to you, Ntsikana, who prophesied in thornbrakes.

Mercy, Awesome Saint! This then is what Ntsikana spoke of: little red people down on their knees, producing spells when they come to the Mpondoland.

Fiery tractors ploughed our fathers' land and the black had no place to plough. Mercy, Heavens! Mercy, Earth! Mercy then, Sun! And mercy, Moon!

You keep our final accounts, present your report to the Highest, plead our case in elegant terms. Where else will we go, Pool Crocodile?
Sesanina? Esisimb'onono?

(Yimbongikazi! Nontsizi Mgqwetelo.)

Inkohliswano impatwano kubi
Imbandezelo izibulalano
Pambi ko Mgwebi ekangale tina
Koba njana?

Ndizakuze wonga ndibuye lela
Ndixelise izulu lase Mtata
Ndode ndiqubu' e noba Lilaukazi
Kuba kakhade allinxiwa laluto...

Lento Isisizwe ngomteto we Bhaahlile
Abangacshi baso mabhube bapele
Daqhiba Isizwe bakupa nobuzwe
Bupel' Ubuko singenwe zizizwe.

Siyä' binza i Afrika makowetu
Ngokuntamana sibulala amawetu
Seside sanxibake— nemix'aka
Yami wonga abulala i Afrika.

Elonkeba e Afrika libublungu
Sesicenga ngamawetekupelungu
Siyishweswabe' e kukugxeka
Imke ke kupele yona i Afrika.

Ucalulo lukut' kwakungcatshana
Iq weshake, i Afrika sisaxaxatisana
Inane singabhangana sike szeltpata
Tu nto nabhongo elo lokuzipata.

Zulu! Mxosa i Msutu! Tye lese Mb'o!
Bonke bayafana akuusandwe zimb'o
Emhlabeni kunjalo wa bakwabonya
Enhalweni kwaye Sizwe bandawonye.

Nichit' amawetu ncedisi' Isizwe
Kuba nje nifuna u'ongwa nilizwe
Zonk' imihlo zetu basiziswa nini
Umbuzo manditi koda kube zini.

Sesanina Afrika Esisimb'onono
Mondli ebulawo ngbakowabo
Xa ndilapo Imbongi ke zinoc'uku
Kunokuyeka ukoko lungadili nkuku.

Bangapi o Judas abafe kundaka
Bedi'ala negabala layo le Midaka
Madoda nganifakane limilomo
Azi soba yinfa seso "Simb'onono"

Nkosi—Sikelela i Afrika
Beta o ntamneni ngezihlisa zodaka
Bavele amabala njengo Lovane
Ufake nopawu ukuze' sivane.
What's this wailing?

Treachery, animosity
oppression, blood feuding
before the Judge wathcing us:
what can He think?

I'll roar my basic position
like thunder over Umtata.
I'll even take a Khoi to wife,
worthless as a long-left village.

This nation's founded on biblical law,
traitors to t deserve to die.
They kill the nation, rip out its lifeblood:
our power dies, and we're ripe for invasion.

My people, we're stabbing Africa,
we kill our own through betrayal:
we court celebrity status,
honours for killing Africa.

When we use our own to suck up to whites
we inflict a painful wound on Africa.
I'm not one to shy from saying so:
your every deed proclaims it.

So there's the wailing, my people,
every effort of ours.
As we idly bicker we're overtaken
and Africa slips from our grasp forever.

Mutual insult drives us apart,
while we trash each other Africa leaves.
We'd be lost if we ever ruled ourselves:
There'd be nothing, not even the urge to rule.
Zulu, Xhosa, Sotho, Mfengu, all are the same despite distinctions. Here on earth all are one: under this rule they suffer alike.

You scatter your own helping strangers currying praise and favour: through you they know our every secret. My question then is: "How much longer?"

Africa, why this wailing, Victim of your nurslings? Poets, I say, are a nitpicking lot, ignoring the grain pecking the chicken.

How many Judases have died in the dark, After secretly toying with black people's lives? Men, please get together and talk: how long can we suffer that wailing?

God bless Africa! Smear all traitors with dripping mud, lend them chameleon colours to brand them, then we can unite.

Peace!!

45 (22 November 1924)

Translated by Jeff Opland.
Yintsomi yo Nomeva!!

INKOKELI—EHAMBA ISITI AYIKOYIKI
—UKUBANJWA YONA KUNGATSHA—KUCIMA!!!

(Yimbongikazi! Nontsizi Mqaweto.)

Pulapulali! —Yintsomi —yo Nomeva!!

Andikupinda: nesipho nje ntidishelo: Inkokeli eti ayikoyikil ukubanjwa: Zekutlu laku —lona ihlase lika Nongqai, amntu abe yinto epa ya yo Mosya ongengeni zembe: Ndingenanye minyaka emilendatu, namhlana ene nyanga esibimbili ndibonge, ndenzile isitonga siyise, ndibongela le Afrika: Eysihlywa ngo bawo Entiliini; yaza yaba sisisulu, se heku: Ndizibona ka ne —Nkohle se zayo zingokuthula; ezinye ndiziva ngendaba ndzangane ndiziboni: Kute ngo 1919, kwehla "isiphi" esikuza kukuza apa e


The tale of the wasps.

YOU CAN'T TRUST A LEADER WHO GOES AROUND SAYING HE'S NOT AFRAID OF JAIL!!

Mercy, Africa, Victim of your nurslings! The way you speak defines you. Poets, I say, are a nitpicking lot, ignoring the grain pecking the chicken! Thank you too, Editor, for the poets' column. We can't keep quiet: our children would fall prey to wolves, for we leaders of today are hot-heads, we'd be ripped to shreds on the spot by dogs. The nation, too, must peer about before it moves on to avoid encountering wolves on their way home.

Listen! It sounds just like the tale of the wasps! I won't repeat myself: I've said it again and again. I'm left speechless at the leader who says he's not afraid of being jailed, but as soon as the tinpot cop appears on his horse, he stands aloof like a yellow wood immune to he axe.

It's now six years and two months since I exploded on the scene as a poet singing praises to Africa, abandoned on the battlefields by our forefathers, left as prey to wolves. I've seen its present leaders. I heard reports of others but never saw them personally. In 1919, here in Johannesburg, a massive riot erupted over the mark of Cain (that is, the pass). A great number of people died. Now just listen. I'm going to tell you what I saw with my very own eyes, not what I heard from some passerby. On 3 April 1919, we the leaders of the nation marched united with others to the Fort, where we were going to wait for "the dawn of Africa," the lifting of the burden of the pass from our shoulders. We had high hopes, truly believing that this burden would fall once we'd scaled the Hill of Struggle. We got there and stood around, wondering what to do next. What did we see? Another Hill of Struggle suddenly confronted us, scattering confusion. Tinpot cops on horseback charged us down, at full tilt, like bats out of hell. Our leaders took to their heads before those horses reached
the Fort. They made no bones about their fear, saying they'd been pounded by the Tinpots of Forbsburg the day before. They just left us there in the mess they'd invited us to. I tell you truly, my people, it's only through power on High that we were sprung from that mess. Without a doubt, we stood at the gates of death! And then our other leaders in jail begged to be sprung in case their chronic complaints returned if they continued to sleep on cement. And now those who are free are reluctant to meet with those inside for fear of being arrested themselves, in case their ailments return from eating prison pap. And hat's the story of our leaders: they were speaking to me, then running from the Tinpots. If they deny the truth, I'll come right out and name them. I tell you, my people, it's the tale of the wasps: people puffing themselves up, saying "Where there's fire I'll douse it." Watch out for those who urge a return to the attack then duck back inside.

Daniel was thrown into the lion's den and seven times into a fiery furnace and emerged unscathed. Ten times Moses was thrown against the power of Pharaoh the Lion. He came back until he triumphed. But we scatter before he inpot's horse!! What happens when the canons roar? Daniel and Moses had their God indeed. And we want nothing to do with Godless leaders. This too we must teach ourselves: let courage be shown through acions, not words. If you wan freedom, you must struggle to rise from a fall, even from down on your kness. Above all, really gird yourself to engage in that terrible Battle of Battles, like Christians fought with Apollyon. Peace to you all!!

The tale of the wasps: perhaps Aesop's "The wasps and he partridges, overcome with thirst, came to a farmer and besought him to give them some water to drink. They promised amply to repay him the favour which they asked. The partridges declared that they would dig around his vines and make them produce finer grapes. The wasps said that they would keep guard and drive off thieves with their stings. But the farmer interrupted them, saying: 'I have already twi oxen, who, without making
any promises, do all these things. I is surely better for me to give the water to them than to you."

49 (13 December 1924)

Translated by Jeff Opland.
Yaenggeleka Linyaka

(Yimbonjikazi Nontsizi Mgwayi)

Umi Ndaweniya?

Bupina bupina bupina ubuzwe
Upini nkhama kwa nama Thawlandwe
Bupi nkosi biko n'ukwinto.

Upini mumbula kwa name Thawlandwe
Bupi biko nkosi n'ukwinto.

Upini mumbula kwa name Thawlandwe
Bupi biko nkosi n'ukwinto.
Will the years roll by while you mark time?

Where's human kindness? The sense of a nation?
The land of warriors with tossing crane plumes?
Where is royalty? There's nothing of value:
all that we once had is gone!!

Will all the years roll by?
Will you mark time through this year too?
Your family's left you; your stock have left you.
They're now the stock of the Mutton Gluttons.

Maqoma said so, and they called him mad
for spurning the madness of surrender.
In the light of day you sold your kingdom
and went looking for a wife.

Christians, where are your bibles today?
I'd better stop: I get too angry.
Truly, these people from overseas
used them to rob us of house and home.

What they gave us to drink was bitter.
Africa, how have you sinned?
Drought afflicts you, your rivers dry up.
What do they say in the far northeast?

Maqoma said so, and they called him mad
for spurning the madness of surrender.
Now there's no one we can trust:
we shunned even God our only hope.

Will you mark time through this year too?
For long I've said so, now this year says:
"Though lacking faith, please come home,
those glittering baubles aren't for you."
And what about these marriages made and broken in a day?  
We've become neither fish nor fowl,  
The walking dead unfamiliar to God.

Will all the years roll by?  
This year says: "Gird yourself to seek the source of your condition, why you're so and why you starve."

Go back to where you came from as Ntsikana said in dying.  
Don't use he truth to make a deal: this cash led us astray.

Seek the seers to tell you straight what the ancient of days divines so you speak fearlessly with that knowledge: a nation that fears, is a nation of liars.

There's the pass in a nation of liars, there's the raid in a nation of liars, and scripture foresees more, by my forefathers and father who sired me.  

You're coming home!!

53 (10 January 1925)

Translated by Jeff Opland.