

Red our Colour

Let's have poems
blood-red in colour
ringing like damn bells.

Poems
that tear at the oppressor's face
and smash his grip.

Poems that awaken man:

Life not death

Hope not despair

Dawn not dusk

New not old

Struggle not submission.

Poet

let the people know
that dreams can become
reality.

Talk of freedom
and let the plutocrat
decorate his parlour walls
with the perfumed scrawls of dilettantes.

Talk of freedom
and touch people's eyes
with the knowledge of power
of multitudes
that twists prison bars like grass
and flattens granite walls like putty.

Poet

find the people
help forge the key
before the decade
eats the decade
eats the decade.

by A.N.C.Khumalo