For Arthur at coronation

Spirits of father's children
Scatter in unholy grounds,
Flutter like bodies unburied,
Unwedded with final rites
Of passage to abode of night.

Arthur Nortje,*
Still filled with smoke
of that grim place,
Where he has no rest.

Bob Marley,
still sings with zest
“Chase them crazy bald heads
Out of, out of, out of di town.”
And King,
Still prays for the day,
When Mother's children
Will shout with one voice,
“We are free! We are free!”
Still Shakes passes the veld
Chases invaders
That mar his lofty plans.

Then comes this boon
of our sharpvilled womb,
born of centuries of labour
In Robber** robed with burden.
Where he cuts stones,
With Shaka's zest,
And Marley's haste.

* Author of “At Rest From this grim place,” committed suicide when he was about to deported to SA.
** A notorious prison In South Africa,
Fed fully with fears
Of a new may,
This tenth that comes
With eyes mirthful and
And zestful.

Rest well Arthur Norye.
Rest Marley and King,
Rest dear Shakes,
and Sharpvilled ones.

May no khakied sound
confuse your sleep.
And no pregnant box,
Fill your eyes with sand,
And ballot papers red and hot.

On the eve of Mandela's inauguration