Potsherds for win’ Mandela

Woman of bug and beetle,  
Who spent her comely years,  
Fighting the mangled remains,  
Of centuries old apartheid.

Wedded and lonely for many years,  
To Mandela in Island of strife,  
Where Winnie sowed her seeds of hope,  
Moulding a hope for unwed bed,  
for twenty and seven wholesome years.

So I shout it bold and loud,  
for all to hear my solemn song  
for our dear Winnie Mandela,  
“How does it feel  
To mould a pot,  
With love and care  
And attendant fire,  
That water the eyes  
And choke the throat.

How does it feel  
To hold a pot,  
With charm and glee,  
And have it dashed  
To Two Point Eight  
clear Billion bits?  
Pieces of Robben Island,*  
Count more than Two

* Notorious prison where Nelson Mandela was jailed.
Point Eight clear Billion.
And the pieces grow

New shapes and colours,
New plants and flowers,
Of new days and times.

\[IALOGUE\] 

\[Signature\] 

May 28, 1992