

I am born of the African soil,
I originate from the Southern parts of the mother land so
I Breath dust,
I breath fire,
I breath flames of fire because see where we come from, we dine with the sun
we've never really danced with the stars because they are often accompanied by our
greatest fear,
darkness
sight can't carry us very far in darkness the colour of our skin camouflages us perfectly into
the darkness and so,
we often don't reflect, not being able to see ourselves and not knowing if other people can
see us is crippling,
We can't count on our breathing because that too could get us killed...

So here goes my story....

The heavens summoned the seed to my bearer's fertile land way before I could meet him,
Leaving behind 3 mouths to feed, 1 foetus, a lonely heart
And a thousand stereotypes and battles to fight.
She is the epitome of what you call imbokodo and yes,
my mother has soared the skies without wings she has carried this earth on her back and
that's why it rumbles in agreement each time she calls it heavy and yet,
she has never uttered the words "I am tired or, I quit"
4 mouths to feed, to cloth, to shelter and to educate so yes,
She too became victim to this broken system..

Where we come from the land that gave birth to us is ruled by cruel beings that sold their
souls for bills,
Cruel beings that dry the lands and strip us the laborers of the little we can harvest,
they choke us and leave us gasping for air
if the waters were still flowing like they used to, I swear
they'd be drowning us too they cripple us every single day,
make us fight battles we never signed up for these human beings have
normalized lies and poverty
I mean, there's really no need for three meals a day if I can have two right?
and why get a new pair of shoes if I can still fit in all the big toes in these
ones right?
Damn right we're hungry!
Damn right we're thirsty!
Our hearts yearn for lands that are not barren
our hearts yearn for pastures that are green.
So yes, my mother relocated to a foreign land in pursuit of all this,
She did so in the hope to find refuge,
but little did she know she was signing herself up for a different kind of battle.

These people have the same skin colour as her,
But because they roll their tongue differently when they speak and their land is a little
damper,

the system declares that they are not her own even when our ancestors are probably siblings

It demands that she get licensing to labour in these fields,

and then slams its doors in her face making it impossible to do things their way,

it's not like she can afford to anyways

It dictates that they treat her different and turn this thing into a monopoly game,

When all she wants to do is work hard and feed her family

They say that everything she's worked hard for and earned she's not entitled to,

because it is a fruit of their land

they want her off their land, they say that her being here is a threat to them

it makes the intake of oxygen a little hard for them

Yes, my mother is the alleged illegal immigrant who's only wish is to feed her children 3 times a day

and gift them with shoes that can carry their feet

They call her thief,

Paint her with the same brush they use to paint a ruthless murderer,

a heart cold enough to stab a helpless human being seven bloody times

They drench her hands in blood she knows nothing about

She is called rapist

She is called corrupt

She is called kwerekwere, an undeserving

piece of trash unfit to occupy this land

Twitter prefers, "a hungry desperate criminal who should evacuate immediately.

If she cannot find refuge amongst people that look like her brothers and sisters

If she cannot find refuge in this land, what becomes of her, what becomes of her children...?

Where we come from, poverty has burnt down buildings,

The struggles are real,

They dug holes in our fields,

Even the rains are overwhelmed by the dryness of our soils,

There isn't anything to hope for

There isn't anything to work on

The sun doesn't shine the same way it used to

The dust doesn't rise no matter how hard we stomp our feet,

So yes, my mother doesn't want to be here,

To be named and shamed for crimes she did not commit,

She doesn't want to make you her choice,

she doesn't want to suffocate you,

But looking back, is as good as death.

Not only for her

But her children too

And their children's children