

## EFF conference in Bloemfontein

what was I thinking  
white skin hyper blinking  
sixth sense sinking not blending  
into the backing of black stacked  
from front to back  
and left and right  
red  
wing  
if I had  
I would fly  
but I'm so high  
paranoia has me on shifting sands  
sweat glands are like  
chill, relax  
ja ja ok  
but  
what am I doing here watching them watching me  
in the dead sea  
blank  
blank  
basic obituary  
for a modern day middle class whitey  
strapped to colonial history  
with rhodes imperialistic episodes  
on daily repeat in the streets  
and with 'verwoerds hood'  
still separating us for good forever  
equality is a never never  
the powers that be  
pissed in the sea  
and poisoned our ability to agree  
I reject those two men  
just like I reject zuma  
and the current day dilemma on the podium  
Julius  
cease the rhetoric asseblief baas!  
stop die blaas blaas!  
I cannot see  
I cannot focus  
'amandla!  
now where to?  
my half thoughts and your voice  
mix hocus pocus  
superstition that  
superstitious this  
I'm stooped in the slower vibration  
with the truth in my right hand  
I shoot what I feel  
I feel alone  
deep in the inner conflict zone  
double dark  
outside my bracket  
immaculate  
stoned

the boerewors bends now inside my head  
and my blue veins reach for the door  
fokkit

I search deeper  
back to when I was a pip-squeaker  
Loma making me a cup of rooibos tea  
no milk with a tablespoon of honey  
she treats me like her own son  
with a towel around my bum bum  
carrying me on her back  
my mamma (black)  
I loved her  
and I often think of her

'it is the white mans fault!'  
eruption here back in the vault

umlungu!  
rooinek!  
whitey!  
baas!  
master!  
my larney!  
soutpiel!  
engelsman!

I recognise the pain  
in the nameless blame  
and the loneliness  
in the collective shout

just don't call me honey, baby

Aardklop, Potchefstroom

he told me that he is proud of the music in his culture  
and then rattled off some names I have heard before  
and some that I have not

I asked him if he had been born in a different part of the country  
would he still like that music?  
he said yes

I asked him if he had been born with a different skin colour  
would he still like that music?  
he said he would never have a different skin colour

use your imagination  
I said

he got up and walked away

I turned on the bench and watched Juanita Du Plessis sing her heart out

Victoria West

veered off the main road about an hour ago  
I be the drifter

shifting through shadows  
of orange blande blue  
the glue  
forcing me against you  
and the 94 switcheroo  
rainbow bending our belief  
transitional  
turbulence  
in the brain

my dismembered body on display  
the black anti pit  
spitting  
puffy white pies

my dreams in full bloom

without answers  
forever unfinished

## Coronation Park, Krugersdorp

A voortrekker malfunction rests in Coronation Park  
the sad separation of the white Afrikaner bursts on broken heritage  
and the pioneering pride falls flat amongst pointed fingers  
veering off the Lord's good word

these 'arm blankes' lost their way whilst in the womb  
slipping down the umbilical path  
I wonder about the future of their culture as I amble through the camp

I get front row to the daily fight with her step-father and witness the best of her come out in vicious spurts of blessed rage;  
'She fucked for me, not for you!'  
I can see she's tired and she is running out of options  
dripping dirty drops off her chin onto her pregnant belly  
"Ek kannie meer nie.."

step-father splutters from under the car;  
"Ons sal fokof uit hier. Môre sal ons uit wees",  
exhausted promises  
I drift off unnoticed as their vicious screams meander through the willows of the park.

My next interaction;  
"I didn't try to kill my child, nobody believes me.  
Now I sit here alone and they judge me."

the baby needs mothers milk  
but mama lost grip with her closest ilk  
seduced by the bottle, sipping "mooi gedagte" of her daughter away and slipping all alone into revolving regret  
the next day it's the same thing to try to cure the guilt  
until all her children are taken away, "oh Lord", wondering where and why  
I fumble out of her tent into the bleached out sun

This muslim seems lost  
though, she says, by being the only 'one' in the camp she is accepted  
we talk about her man  
I don't ask about the bandage on her arm  
jagged teeth pierce through milk stout fumes as she cackles about how useless men can be  
we share the same year of birth  
separated from her child and husband many years ago they live in a city somewhere and she will most likely never see them again  
I remember feeling abandoned and forever lost when I was eight years old  
and as she slurs on my memory goes to a place I have locked up and burnt  
suppressed it so deep it takes a while for me to  
I run out of Coronation Park to breathe

I am acutely aware of the personal connection I have in all of these individuals malfunctions

I go back in for more

## Musina

Baobab silhouettes satellite information  
to the border species of navigation

watching your every move, trepidation  
make a deal with a bus driver in desperation

he hides you in the empty spare tire  
stow away baby, bye bye

If they catch you don't be a pussy and cry  
or fumble and fidget, just lie:  
"I lost my passport, my mother is sick  
I'm really hungry and Mugabe is a dick."  
then beat yourself till your last light flick  
not to worry, in Musina the blood dries quick

the hopelessness here  
can make a man  
do silly things

there is no I in freedom  
and no shame in desperation

## The blue house number 83 in Sterkstroom

I painted the roof blue with my tail then I painted the walls a lighter blue with my middle fingernail then I painted the grass yellow and I asked my granny, who is so mellow, to make one balustrade and my best friends mother to make the other and then I asked a giant egret with a fat arse to shit diamond slabs into the grass in a line and she did just fine then I threw a dog over the roof by its tail to hear the woof on landing of how far away the back gate was as it is ever expanding then I knocked on the door to make sure the wood is solid like the marshmallow floor then I waited for the wind to blow against the tree and I am happy with the way it moves you see and then I squeezed slabs of chocolate below the house and got an oversized mouse to nibble the choc into wannabe concrete block and then I did a bollomakisie across the lawn dusted my hands and stretched a yawn and my job was done. So I went and opened the door and no one was in so I went into the hallway where there was no sound and I think I could hear my sweat roll down my forehead so I slid along the roof and followed my nose as I heard the dog squealing on the spike of the fence outside and the giant egret attacking him so I blocked my ears and hovered into the kitchen where the entire floor was a mess with stale milk and rotten fruit so I took off my shoes and squished my toes into it and I got pulled through the floor by a current of wailing woman asking for forgiveness and so I tried to hold their hands but only touched what seemed to be a fillet steak and so I let it go and as I did I slid backwards through a trench of worn out shoes and so I screamed that my job was done and I wanted to go home, but the blue number 83 kept ringing in my head.

## Worcester

ok this is normal  
this is fine  
I can handle it  
this oke has a face with a nose  
and the mouth is moving around  
the stuff coming out of the mouth is  
weather  
rugby  
work

I nod and say 'oh, ok'  
and 'ja, ja'

over his shoulder  
is where my interest lies

a man with one eye is looking for something  
in a crack on the wall

I keep watching one eye  
and nod  
and nod

'they say there's a cold front coming this weekend  
so the boys and I are gonna catch the game at my house...'

my forehead becomes heavy  
my eyes glaze over  
I blink through a few times  
it's hard to see through that shit

by the time I am able to focus properly  
the one eyed man has his back to me  
and is hobbling down the pavement

whatever he was doing  
is now done  
I have missed the moment  
and have a head full of nonsense

I mumble something  
weak  
and walk toward the van

the oke must think I'm rude  
but  
life is too short for rudimentary

## Thohoyandou

A man tries to sell me an exhaust  
I tell him the exhaust on our car works fine  
he asks me for a R5  
I'm hungry  
he says  
so am I  
I say

I ask him about this sculpture with these exhausts  
he does not understand  
for the next five minutes I explain what he has done and how I admire it  
I snap a quick photo as he tries to grasp my ridiculous statement

he offers me some nyaope. I decline.

there is virtuosity all around us and it is usually made by those unaware of what they are doing

## Us and them

the criminal and the street photographer  
walk similar paths

we wait,  
anticipate,  
suffering in the nothingness

tools in hand  
eyes scan furiously  
for an opportunity

approach anxiety  
waiting for the right moment to strike

us and them

## Ermelo

ermelo is strange  
ermelo is weird  
I met a woman with face full mange  
that I mistook for a beard

ermelo is dry  
ermelo is thin  
I sat and watched a man cry  
as snot ran down his chin

ermelo has been  
ermelo is lost  
I heard its lonely scream  
hiding behind my ghost

Blood river

I dove into the belly of the beast  
to drown with the deceased

down in the pulsing river red  
my body sliced and bled

the zulu archangel held my hand  
to join his brothers in the sand

palm lines converged  
muti incisions merged  
with my colonial skin  
blood out, blood in

the truth is in the water  
we be the author

## Scholar

I drift now under veering violet skies  
puffy white pies, them holding my dreams inside

new sensations welcomed with a waving hand  
and smiles from the strangers standing in golden sand

my journey is guided and moulded  
with open arms, not folded

the landscape expands and the path meanders on  
as the sun warms my chest, all meagre thoughts be gone

from the dust in this dusk cross pollination permeates the air  
I solemnly swear no hierarchy in my chair

drifting hawk above distributes my vibe  
together we blend our trend, our tribe

the spirit has no colour  
open your path, become a scholar

we are all equal under one sky  
join us. Come fly

## Fietas

no matter the weather  
bad birds come together  
to look for a fix  
between the suburban bricks

Nyaope child

stretching out  
his tongue  
the yellow mucus clings to the worn out porcelain pillars in the house of  
his mouth  
flaring in and out with every exhale drifting on stale veins in the vents within  
his nostrils  
the kushed up coral sponge soaking up chemicals and frying the connections in  
his brain  
and days of dirt burn under  
his fingernails  
glazed over in no particular direction pointless pitiful dried up tear in  
his eye  
a passage into  
his soul  
slowly unravels into a bowl of  
his childhood memories  
flapping on the refracted moments of being  
his mothers  
sweet, sweet child

Aardklop, Potchefstroom

Being incapable cannot be fun  
watching all the practiced  
play and run

observe for hours in an attempt to learn  
and, wait no, stay in your chair  
deep down intimate bitter burn

what to do, what to do?  
what is normal?  
who are you?

and, unfortunately, if your head has a slight off shape  
all the kids will stare at you:  
the lonely ape

## Danville

I woke up wishing to fuck  
alas  
I am traveling with two men  
and even if I did fancy men  
it wouldn't be them

so whilst walking around Danville my mind was preoccupied  
with memories and possibilities  
and there were no possibilities

until I got lost

two silhouettes on the pavement move in my direction  
one rolling along like a burst packet of marshmallows  
the other, slim and dainty

I stop them and ask for directions

mother marshmallow is pointing  
one eye keeping contact with me  
the other scanning for something in the sky  
mouth yapping not making sense her Afrikaans is a mix  
of sunlight liquid bubbles coming out her mouth  
and  
well  
I wasn't listening

my focus was on her daughter  
petite  
shy hands  
scraggly orange head hair  
with yellow tinge to the tip of the teeth  
bright blue eyes peeked through soft eyelids  
thin lips turning up at the corners  
we connect with electrifying smile

two beings from disparate worlds  
vibrating on the same sexual frequency  
as a marshmallow blows bubbles between us

“ma, ek kan met hom loop en vir hom wys”  
daughter blurts out

“ja, it doesn't seem that far, she can show me”  
I say

now  
you've heard the term don't mix work with play

I have missed opportunities for pleasure when  
a moment for a photo has taken me away  
and I have missed opportunities for a good photo  
when enraptured in the possibility of pleasure

and it so happens that I find myself in the former predicament  
for as I am playing body language with marshmallows daughter  
a man with an old leather rugby ball head rolls past us  
exquisite

I know what I would rather do  
but I know what I need to do

I excuse myself  
politely  
give the daughter 'it would of been wild' look  
and follow the old leather rugby ball along the pavement with my camera in hand

as a vagabond  
when you wake  
you never know where, when, how or with whom  
your next  
photo/pomp  
will be

## Boerewors

you could whisper to the boerewors

or calculate the weight vs length vs breadth of the boerewors

try to freeze the boerewors straight stiff

you could put your house on mortgage

ask the doc for sleeping tablets

sell your golf clubs

pray beside your bed

plan your escape

go to those meetings where you met that one guy who said there's this pill...

or you could braai the boerewors

it's either going to bend for you

or

against you

## Willowmore

Willowmore. Or less. The same as most of the small towns across South Africa.

Bargained the campsite down by R50. Showers fluctuated from luke-warm to cold. I like my showers. Not this one. Willowmore bites when the sun drops. Layered up and we went to Royal Hotel. Filled with farmers in hunting uniform. Man in blue with fluffy cigarette stained moustache yakked at me about whatever. Fumes of dribbled onto my clothes. I turned and ordered a coke. Myself and Siphoh played pool. Cheers. Back into the cold. A ginger cat showed me its asshole. Lekker. End of my night.

Next day I chatted to three males making a fire in their garage. I asked them about Willowmore. Seems they have no idea what they are doing here. Or they are hiding something. Relaxed about pouring petrol on the fire. I decided to jump back on my bmx. Bugged off in no particular direction, but could not escape the all seeing eye of the N.G. Kerk.

## Onverwacht

Onverwacht is a quaint Afrikaans community with neat dirt roads, healthy trees and it is filled with BLACKS! and COLOUREDS! Excluding the two other WHITES! shuffling about, I was the only WHITE!

I stuck out like a sore one. The stale dog squinted at me from behind the fence and snapped an embarrassed bark at me.

A COLOURED! slash BLACK! family shared a laugh with me from their stoep and invited me in. In that moment, from behind the fence, my daily confusion faded and I understood a little bit more of this and perhaps just a little bit more of that.

Pofadder

releasing your secrets to a stranger  
is essential  
for good living

pass it on  
let it out  
fuck them up

information  
you keep it inside  
bury it deep  
swirling down  
it boils true  
the petrified whistle  
of transitional anxiety  
weeps for an exit  
for years  
and years

life's too short

so  
find that stranger  
and drop it on them

but don't look back

for if you did  
on their faces you will see  
how close the truth was to killing you