

Anna Kapungu

THE RETREAT

This was a time to silence the noise
Close the door on the outside world
Re-introduce myself to stillness
Introduce myself to who I am
Face the mirrors of hurt
The indecisions that made demarcations in my life
The reasons I resisted love
Unwavering love was vital to my essence
This was a time to heal the wounded spirit
In the lighting of the candle
Recitals on passage of the scripture
The world outside where peace does not live
Inhumanity habitate the streets
A state of freedom from the noise
Silence is my state of mind

GOING THROUGH HER THINGS

It was as though
I was a little child in my mums bedroom
Going through the pages of her history
Articles of newspapers
Civil unrest in the 60s
JFK assassination and how the world stood still
Halston dresses with pillar box hats
My grandpa wrote her love letters from South Africa
Times were hard
He missed her dearly
Sent the Rand and American dollars for her upkeep
They would see each other once a year
I miss her telephone calls on Sunday afternoons
We talked about men, the meaning of us and the world to come
Where do the souls go when they depart from earth

THE STRETCH WATER

We are the same DNA, blood heritage, history
Born of the same woman
Rich fertile blood in our veins
Mother earth holds us firmly to the ground
Suffer no indignity
As we are power
Torn from the land we loved
The language we spoke, we understood
The name we owned
Little birds little bird
The Lion, that journeys ahead
My society, my earth
No fear, no surveillance
No fingerprints
I only went to the store to the buy
A loaf of bread
But you ask for my national insurance number
I am free
Free to love ,to be loved
I hope you see the human in me

COVID19

Tents towns bright lights in the city
No jobs, no services and we want to socialize
Does anyone realize
Zoom has become our friend
Meetings ,retreats and birthdays at 6pm
Dinners on a tray
That is how we end our days
Empty streets, empty shelves
Even the bus stops at 6pm
We watch every dollar
The companies have gone under
Nothing is happening
But the vaccines schedule
Pfizer, Oxford and Astrazeneca

WHERE DO THE SOUL GO WHEN DEPART FROM HERE

Its the sadness that remains
The hollow empties where spirit should have occupied
The unforgiving silence
Rains with no solace
Earth opened its doors
This time took one of us
Happy memories with tears to the eyes
Words that were never said
I love yous lost in the business of Sunday dinners
Memories of the love she gave
The woman I became who mirrors
The teacher she was to me