

Themba is Dead

Themba is dead
He lies in a coffin of wood
Garment of cotton
Stockings of wool
stiff as stone

Themba is dead
Taking his grief to grave
Hoping never again to be black

Themba is dead
Fifteen years ago
when he crossed the sea alive
Hopes decorated with fantasies of a white life
He lived in the shadows of others
No chance in the light
He struggled in the dark

Themba is a fool
wise only yesterday
Today he is in a coffin of wood
Garment of cotton
Stockings of wool
Stiff as stone

Now...

The municipality is taking samples
consulting the law
Making phone calls
checking cost
To decide which land owns Themba

EMEKA OKEREKE