

SOUTHERN LUBOMBO

How Complicated is it?

*I am a mother
How great that is
How great the feeling can be
Only God knows the passion in me
Only God can truly share my affections*

*But the war between my feelings
And my thought?
Is being a mother always this complication?
Is it really a struggle?
You wanted me to bear children for you
You promised to marry me*

*But where I am today
A maid in one of the Boers home
A street vendor selling vegetables
Be only for your children to have education
Only for your children to have food*

*Because you had dumped me
Like a dog dumping a porridge without meat
Like an old teabag
Like a sugarless bubble gum
You threw me away*

*My pillows are always soaked with tears
When I remember the day you left
The day I became a widow
The day you gave me HIV/AIDS
This is unbearable, uncontrollable, and unstoppable
How complicated is it?*

By Nomfundo Temvelo Tfwala