

My dear son

He runs about
Dances and prances about
My re-incarnation and joy
My strength, the fruit of my loins
Manifestation of my sweat and toil
All my night shifts
And labor between the sheets
My joy, my happiness, my son
My re-birth, my only begotten one

But alas his mother is unsettled
Call him mine and she looks startled
It must be jealousy
Aroused by mine and his intimacy
She must be hurt by all the love
She is losing to my heir, my flesh and blood
One day she will understand
The bond between son and man
She will understand

I walk through the door unannounced
This is poison being announced!!!
I am being denounced
She sings a lullaby
“What lineage, what real origin?”
“Your real daddy is somewhere
Sleep, sleep child without a bother or a care
He calls himself your father
But his bow is broken and his arrows falter
Sleep dear child; sleep with no care or a bother”

Gugulethu Siziba