

## **Ode to the nameless**

To disappear is not to be

It is to be unseen and not to see

Bodies that fade into nothingness

Footprints that vanish without a trace

Grasps that slip through fingers and plunge into the darkness

Into the abyss called nowhere

To disappear

It is to be unheard

To speak silent words

It is to be invisible

Not to speak or write

Except in a code that is illegible

It is to be intangible

It is to not exist

Or to exist only in memories that persist

Figments of the mind

The sight of the blind

And secrets of the divine

They seek yet they cannot find

Invisible men and women

The grim reaper's harvesting season

Swallowed whole by the earth

And hidden in its dark folds and embrace

To be unknown and not to know

To be denied names

To be denied rest

Even in death  
They were  
Yet they never were  
How do we mourn or shed tears?  
When we know not where they lie  
This is the epitome  
Of deaths undefined and unknown  
Mass graves are the abodes  
Of figures condemned to die  
Unknown and unmourned  
Without names  
Without tombstones to mark their resting place  
Without days to commemorate their departure  
Like guests who just upped and left  
No goodbyes or handshakes  
Blowing restless winds  
To disappear is not to be  
It is to be unseen and not to see  
It is to be unheard  
To speak silent words  
Yet in the blind sight that does not see  
In the deaf ears that do not hear  
And the silent mouths that do not speak  
You can hear the names  
The nameless and unknown have many names  
One of the names is Gukurahundi

**By Gugulethu Siziba (1979-2017)**