

A Tribute to Adam Small

The recent passing of Adam Small aroused feelings of remorse connected to not knowing much about his work. However, I recently discovered that I had heard one of his poems years ago, which I had failed to recognize the meaning of. When I had my first boyfriend, my father read this poem to me. At the time, all I remember thinking was why my Indian father was attempting to speak Afrikaans. Adolescence is accompanied by a tendency to make naïve decisions. As I vigorously rebelled, the significance of a father trying to protect his daughter was overlooked. Reading this poem at present, I realized the effort it must have taken for my father to convey this message to me in a language he only partially understands. His knowledge of my love for poetry made me appreciate how he utilised it as a method to relate to me. As I relay this story to people, the share of diverse perspectives that emerge encourages further learning regarding my existing principles. Through the moral value embedded in Adam Small's humour, it became clear that only he could grasp the essence of my father's lesson, and make it sound lyrical.

Oraait young lovers, nevermind by Adam Small

Oraait young lovers, nevermind
young lovers, nevermind
love net young lovers
moenie care nie,
kô's alles kô tog op 'n end
Life?
'Is 'n sinkplaat ma, 'it word ytgepluk
easy
deurie bulldozers of assie wind ruk
So love young lovers
love ma net
love ma net en moenie care nie
love ma net en nevermind
love hy is mos blind

- Micayla Vellai