

The Heart of the Flats

I walk these streets, my heart heavy with hope,
Each step a story, each neck on a rope
That connects me to the soil
And the streets of the Cape Flats folk,
these dreams, that we conceive about parents who leave

And we believe in the essence of peace in the struggle,
Sewn at the seams.
And we reap from the rubble
Young eyes look up, wide with need,
Searching for truth, a path, a seed

To grow beyond the cracks of pain,
To rise above the heavy rain.
I guide with love, though my hands feel worn,
From lifting spirits that are torn,
Between the fight, the fear, the rage,
In a world that locks them in a cage.

The streets speak loud, the winds blow cold,
But there's a fire in the young and bold
Their stories echo, raw, unspoken,
In a land where justice is often broken.

And yet I stand, firm as a tree,
With roots that touch the agony
Of this land, this soil, this fight—
Where darkness struggles to see light.

My soul feels their every tear,
Their hunger, their endless fear.
But through the chaos, I still see
The strength that lives inside of me.

For I, too, have walked that line,
Where power clashes, hope is confined.
I've been the child who felt unseen,
In a world that seemed too mean.

But now I rise, a mentor's hand,
To show them they can take a stand.
In every punch, in every stride,
Their futures bloom and their dreams survive.

I teach them how to fight, not flee,
To build a world where they can be
More than what society defines,
To rewrite these broken lines.

The pain is heavy, the nights are long,
But I am bound by something strong.
In every youth, I see the spark—
A chance to rise from the dark.

This work is hard, but it is true,
For in their fight, I find mine too.
I shape the future, stitch by stitch,
In the heart of the flats, where dreams are rich.

The Heart of the Flats by Bronwyn February