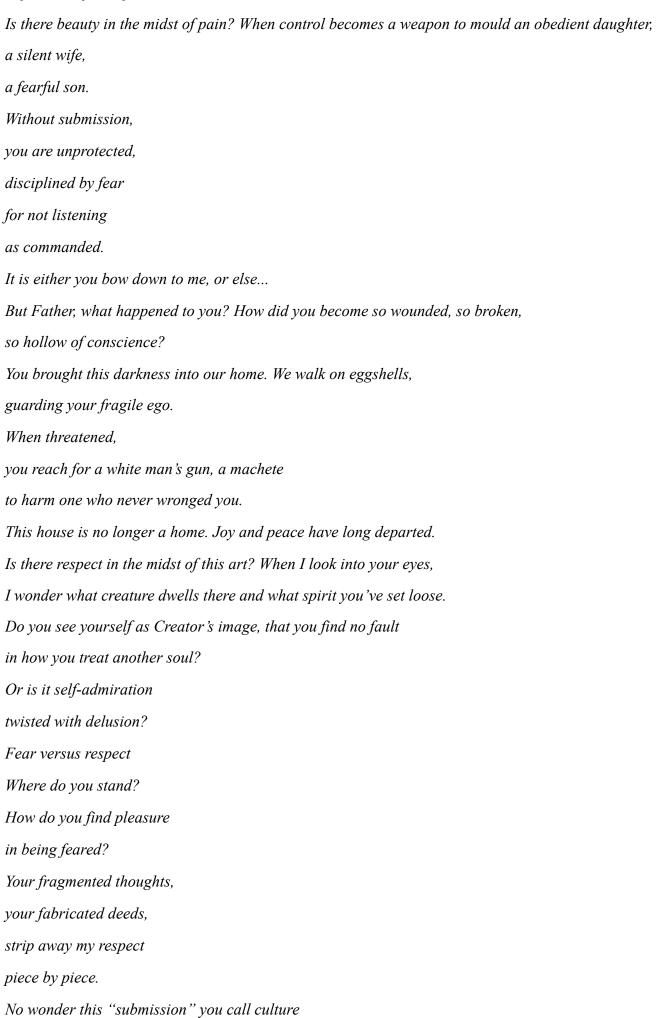
Reflection of an African household



| is a garment I cannot wear. |
|---|
| Is there love in the midst of all this? For decades, |
| Mama has stood |
| on the receiving end of your rage bruised, |
| wounded, |
| tired, |
| and yet hopeful. |
| She whispers that all will be well, even when her dignity |
| is taken by the man she loves. |
| They say a man is the head |
| of the African household. |
| You do not question him |
| To oppose is to threaten |
| his manhood, |
| his pride, |
| his culture. |
| Tradition affirms him. |
| Society defends him. |
| And childhood trauma shapes him. |
| But where is joy |
| in this inheritance of pain? |
| Escape does not heal |
| it only hides the wounds. |
| This was never a home. |
| It was a battlefield, |
| painted in the name |
| of culture and tradition. |
| 09 October 2025 |
| LEP Kgatla |
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