

## A Place I Call Home

Home is for stripping down.  
It is where I forget my inhibitions,  
As I climb out of my pantyhose  
And walk *kaalvoet* on the floor.

Home is the only place where I eat toast  
With all the works in the fridge,  
Without worrying that I look  
like a *vraat*.

Home knows everyone's secrets.  
It knows who drove a dent in the  
wendy at the back, and who took  
the last mango's off the tree.  
It doesn't *piemp* me when Daddy  
blames Fallie up the road's brother,  
for making us eat supper  
without homemade mango atchaar  
on the table.

Home is where there's soup on the stove,  
and where Snowflake sleeps at my feet  
while we watch the *7delaan* Omnibus  
on a Sunday, or when I watch  
*Noot-Vir-Noot* with Mamma and Daddy,  
without caring if others my age are  
doing the same on a Friday night.

Home sounds like Abba scolding in  
*Kombuis* Afrikaans as he eats tomatoes  
just-so 'coz Granny didn't buy apples that week'.  
Home also sounds like *dronk ou* Boeta Henry  
On the corner trying to impress me in *mengels*  
'coz he thinks I'm *mos* from the English.

Home is where nobody cares that their  
floors haven't been tiled in 20 years,  
Or that their walls need a paint,  
Or that they wear *sloffies* to the  
shop to buy bread.

Home is where Mujahidah and Luqmaan  
have black feet from running whole day  
in the street, looking for snails,  
and where Aunty Gafsa screams:  
'Fokof hier uit!' to the boarders in her  
house 'coz they never pay rent'.

There's no place like home.

- Tasneem Daniels