

The Battle with the CEO

I see them on the evening news
their tired gait overshadowed
with determined moves of traditional dances
blowing the red dust up in the air.
They cry for an ear through their
sticks, *pangas* and placards
their fierce faces march on.
The CEO sits protected
inside the thick walls
of his tall building
deep, deep underground he hears echoes from their voices
bellowing on with song.

I see them on the evening news everyday
they all sit down on the hill
they cry for an ear.
A swarm of bees humming from the ground
their voices connect together in song
their tired eyes look on for answers
never blinking from the insensitive flash of cameras.
The CEO fixes his tie defiantly
one man licks at his *panga* ready to sting.

I see them on the evening news
today the battle is not with the CEO
it is with the man of the law in blue
his ears shut
he pokes the bees with his rifles
they all slowly approach him in confusion
their faces sweating with fear
placards in front used for protection
The man in blue pokes his rifles harder
Trrr trrrr trrrrr trrr trrr trrr

I see them on the evening news
a man falls down
the red dust sweeps away his 12,500 placard
like bees poisoned with smoke, more men crash down.
Their tired limbs finally resting
on the earth they used to dig
the red earth drinks the blood
seeping from the children of the soil.
The CEO washes the stubborn stains from his hands
the widows cry: 'Remember Marikana!'
I see them on the evening news.

- Tebello Mzamo