



The ocean

swallowed my struggling kin.

Her currents flow beneath our skin.

The source of our fear; we search for it; we worship it.

Seeking refuge in broken bodies is futile; no room within.

A home for our pain; we search for it; we toil for it.

Diligent slaves toiling for minimum wage; in inimitable ways, we die for duty.

From defaced house slaves to underpaid workmates; embrace it?

It's not skin that makes us kin; your soul bears scars like mine; see through me.

Like an elaborate maze, our motives twist and turn in a house of pain.

Cyclones of ambition for higher learning and fiendish earning.

Desperate to please the forces; to show them that we're deserving.

We're on a knife edge; will they recognise your name?

The tides of change come and go; what is there to gain?

Beyond the edges of the sea comes the dawn of our victory.

Pole, pole, Bantu yangu. Do you see our joint epiphany?

Draw your map of hope; I will find it, and I will revise it.

Shackled wisdom drowns in trenches beneath the surface.

The rusting chains scratch the itch in my soul.

Like a stream meeting a river, I discover purpose.

Purpose morphs into a yearning to triumph over our graves.

First, I'll master the oceans that owe us for the tears of slaves.

By being brave and diving to the graves in the ocean so deep.

To discover the source of our fear lies in the treachery of the sea.

So, we must make peace with the ocean to finally be free.

Stand by the shore and let the tide wash over the soles of your feet.