

Guluva presents

228 Pages Of Neglected Poetry

An anthology by Kalahari Marrakesh



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228

**Pages Of
Neglected Poetry**

**An Anthology
By Kalahari Marrakesh**

**Foreword by
Guluva Publication**



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Kalahari Marrakesh

We The Creators

Stevenson Art Gallery

Johannesburg

Circa 2017

©Tshepo Mogopodi

Marrakesh kanye nomlando

Kalahari, Ndota Emnyama, Kala Kala, MaPolish,
Pantsula Muhammad, Farrakhan MaBanana,
Basel Jewish, Marrakech, Ezinye Izinga eLangeni,
nina base Jozini, eWest Kwa Ntjona ka Njomane,
nangempela.

Founder of **Guluva** online/print zine publication,
Creative writer, storyteller, & visual historian.

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa,

Kalahari Marrakesh is a visual historian and creative writer
whose work tackles complex issues of human experience ranging from
crime, unemployment, healing, displacement, identity, memory, violence and
many more.

Marrakesh describes his poetry as '*Narrative Poetry*' – a style of poetry ingrained in South Africa's contemporary heritage, birthing and exploring new revolutionary directions of telling, writing and sharing of our stories.

Using poetry as a form of resistance, Marrakesh is constantly remembering, reimagining, and reconstructing the almost-erased historiographies of South African township communities – a voice of the marginalized.

Kalahari Marrakesh's poetry evokes displacement, memory, identity, blackness, the complexities and anxieties of living in the townships surrounding Johannesburg. Kalahari, writing from his overlooked perspective, a once neglected voice, now springing forth avant-garde ways of telling authentic South African stories.

Guluva

In lingua franca of South Africa's sprawling townships, The name 'guluva' inspires having sharp powers of Astuteness, Diligence and Originality.

In a time where print is endangered, *Guluva* merges out as an online, self-published, biannual print zine publication documenting street art and subcultures with a focus on poetry accompanied by photography.

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Z271 Corbett Road

Krugersdorp 1739,

Johannasburg,

2001

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"My writing is influenced and inspired by my childhood experiences of growing up in Kagiso, a sprawling township west of Johannesburg. I am interested in the spaces we navigate and occupy. I am fascinated by cities and their complexities, Writing is a tool i use to better understand the world. I am intrigued by history, art, people, language and photography."

WARNING

**THIS
ANTHOLOGY IS
DANGEROUS!**

**Guluva is pleased to present
Kalahari Marrakesh's zine anthology.
Titled "228 Pages Of Neglected Poetry" –
the collection,
accompanied by a special
curation of imagery,
touches on the historical and contemporary harsh realities happening
almost everyday In South Africa's most unequal and neglected spaces –
the townships. Approaching storytelling in a complex, dialect manner of
experimenting vocabulary.**

Poems Featured

Forced Isolation

We Belong Everywhere

A Journey To Manenburg With A Zola Budd

An Ongoing Suffering

The Death Of Sech Galagala

From Bree With Love

Woundful Evictions

2006

Township Civilization

Healing

Inner city Dungeon Stories

Remembering

Babalaz Stories

Unsung Heroes of Azania

Sophia Townships

Tik Kills

Marrakesh Eulogy

Medulla

An Ode To Ananias Mathe

MaOrange – A Rotterdam Gusheshe

Nameless

An Ode To Jairus Nkwe

Digging

Ululating in the Amphitheatre

Displaced & Dispossessed

Blood on canvas

Negotiating spaces

Curating A Funeral

I Pledge Alliance

Stop & Search

A Thug's Cry

Guava Juice Poems

War

Next Generation

Wounded & Exiled

Run, Flee, Baleka

I Seek Asylum

I Speak For Those Children

Good Mourning

Internally Displaced

My Muteness Is Not Silence

Lost

Butcher Wives With Knives

Fathers Fleeing From Fatherhood

Run Away From Fear

An Ode To Orlando Pirates

I Cannot Say A Thing

I Mug People For A Living

My Mother's Briefcase

An Ode To Black Boys

I Am Exhausted

A Jawless Girl

Representing All Forms Of Blackness

Nefertiti's head



Ingubo Yami Yo Boya Be Shlahla
Circa.2019
©Tshepo Mogopodi

*For Sibongile Mkhabela, Motlalepula Kgware, Dikeledi Motswene,
Priscilla Msesenyane & Martha Matthews after their narrative
poems were hijacked.*

Resisting

Resistance

Forced Isolation

**Our home is yardless.
No high walls,
No gates,
Just a dilapidated RDP corner house
Surrounded by poor spatial structures.
Unbounded with no barriers,
A pandemic endemic to the masses
Yet they lock us up in quarantined prisons
Isolated like solitary confinement
Locked & loaded like an AK47 ready to
Dismantle apartheid's spatial planning of the townships.
Ghetto townships dwellers
Surviving isolation by any means necessary.
Sacred mothers returning from exile,
Scared fathers remaining in exile.
Manifesting resistance,
A juxtaposition between the rich & poor
Isolation is not a solution,
Being home is a privilege
Being homeless is an underprivilege
But your wounded mind wouldn't know that 8 of us
Sleep in a conjugated one-roomed shack
Solitary confined in the guises self isolation.
Enforced to stay home
Marginalized &
Enforced to stay in our margins.**

An Ongoing Suffering

**They deploy soldiers to Kaapstad to
Skop n doonor our people.
The whole Kaap metropolitan area is
Tik-infested!**

**Kakappa runs the Central Business District,
The Mongrells probably run the Kaap flats
Rupert runs Stellebosch's biggest vineyards,**

**Kaapstad's inner city has no room for the poor.
Homeless people get to be skopped n doonored,
Violence gets to spread like a virus.**

They deploy soldiers to Johannesburg too

**The city of homelessness,
Where inner city dungeons are home &
Street passages are bedrooms with paved
Queen-sized beds covered in plastic blankets.**

**Joburg has room for the poor but
The impoverished are imprisoned.
Gomora is awaiting trial in Sandton,
Tembisa is lucratively ahead
Kagiso has no peace,
Soweto is the headquarters of Izinyoka**

So where to from now?



Ekhaya (Circa 2020)

MaOrange – A Rotterdam Gusheshe

*For GP MaOrange, aka King Manamune after his
BMW 325is was illegally repossessed.*

Spinner wena guluva with a gusheshe,
Spinach & Popeye
Spiraling out of control,
Spinning with a Woolworths trolley.
Spinal cord like a scorpion but
Spiderwebbed in reality,

Revolving around spirituality -
Reminding ourselves of those days.
Remembering childhood memories like it was recently
Reimagining the past like

Nostalgia.
Novacane playing on full blast,
Jail-posed with an axe,
Orange dickies overalls & Gucci-laced Chuck 70s,
MaOrange, last man standing
With no understanding.

Ghetto Professor, Poskori,
General Potaski spins igusheshe like a
Japanese tsunami wrecking catastrophic havoc,
Bhubhesi
Michael Schumacher-Inspired,

Drifting & spinning himself to heaven.
Drifiting like a gun pointed to his head.
Drifiting like it is his last day on earth.

MaOrange, the one & only
Israel Matseke-Zulu.



Dark City
West Village
Krugersdorp
Johannesburg
Circa.2019
©Kalahari Marrakesh

Innercity dungeon stories

*For Makhehleri Mathebula, Thabo Mayekiso,
Vuyo Mpungesh & Farrakhan Davies
after their narratives were massacred*

They found them awaiting trial in Bree High court.

Bree taxi rank buzzing,

Quantum physics in motion,

Zola Budd in transit.

Witnessing a broad daylight vumba situation.

They couldn't escape *umphakathi* outside court

They couldn't escape a dunlop tyre next to the road,
ready to necklace them.

Stripped naked then poured with petrol –

Mob *in*justified itself

I didn't understand why they had to die like that.

Unjust.

Two-fingered off their narratives

Pickpocketed off their memoirs

Robbed off their historiographies

We Belong Everywhere

From the Kalahari to the Sahara,

Mediterranean to the tropical forests of Kongo

We belong everywhere

From Cape to Cairo,

Istanbul to Copenhagen

Mediterranean vegetation disguised as the

Tropical Forests.

Temperate grasslands hiding our origins.

Pygmies hosting an ancestral pageant,

Xhosa xylophones springing forth hallucinogenic

Vibrations

Water soundscapes flowing therapeutically in

Niger's river basin.

Yoruba gods eyeing our khol ancestors heading

South with precision,

Climbing Kilimanjaro kaalfooted,

Street steep slopes are gentle to us,

Our lineage is protected by forces up there.

We came here from the Kingdom of the Nile.

We

Belong

Everywhere.



"Ko Rankeng"
Kagiso,
Sonup, Central
Circa 2018
©Kalahari Marrakesh

Inside A Thug's Pocket

Inside a thugs pocket is
Bioscopes and film rolls
shoplifted from Bab' Mkhize's tuck shop.
okapi waiting to click like a linguistic language
Inside a thug's pocket is a
5mm baretta semi automatic
pistol & a pentyhose shinner
Inside a thug's pocket is
hurt and anger,
memories of abuse and trauma,
plastic benkies and matches of sticks
Inside a thug's pocket is
unlimited possibilities of violence.
unfathered and unguided
Inside a thug's pocket is
vivid memories as a fetus,
ancestral chemicals impinging
childhood remembrances.
Environments & experiences collide,
Inside a thug's pocket
is military tactics and biological warfare,
statistics of unemployment rate,
a military mind eroded by
injections of herion.
Inside a thug's pocket is
only pain and suffering,
violence is cemented in the kop



Skull Candy In Transit , Krugersdorp, Circa.2019 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Ululating In The Amphitheatre

**Ululating,
In The Amphitheatre,
My grandmother's voice is so powerful
Our kemet ancestry is undeniable,
We are lightyears ahead
Spykos in cyberspace,
FaceTime our ancestors &
Teleport to the underworld.
San rock paintings inside our households,
Heamatite ochre on the wall.
We are proudly primitive,
Sustainability is naturally doctined in us.
Universal freedom of movement
Embracing natural environments.
From the Nile Delta to the Kalahari
Kaalfooted.
Bearfooted, on route
I can hear Izithakazelo (clan praises) from space
Milky Way's queendom chanting our last names,
Our dynastic lineage invokes
Extraterrestrial blackness
From all walks of life.
Panasonic documents our post historiography,
Navigation to our future is crystal clear.**

Dubula

Nge

Ncwadi!

- **Two Educations: One from school & one from the streets.**

My Muteness Is Not Silence

**My muteness is not silence
I have not said a word.
My tongue is wounded
With words I have never said.
My nose accommodates micro insects
I spend my time picking my nose,
Digging for gold and other precious
Minerals.
I am a zama-zama in my own mine,
I mine myself,
My body is a mine shaft.
My mind is infiltrated with heavy
Mass destructive weapons
My mind weighs heavily
My silence is too loud
Although I have not said a word.
I cannot harm my muteness
Blackness is cuteness
I scream in silence.
Inside of me is making noise,
My stomach is in chaos.
I threw up my intestines,
My testicles remained.
My body burns itself,
My mine goes onto liquidation
My remains remain ancient
My ancestors beat the drums like rockstars
My muteness recites poetry,
Poetry that is in silence
Silence that can be heard
My
Muteness
Is
Not
Silence.**

Confronting Internal Dispute

Last night I was chased by a drone

Ancestral remembrances revealed so much truths.

History-stealers are extinct

Fake genealogies,

Millions of altered artworks &

Forged statues archived in the metropolis.

Our sprawling township civilization stretches from

Swaziland to Switzerland,

Yet remains deeply divided.

Archeological excavations in progress,

Artifact-looters at work.

Antiquity smugglers & distorters fighting over

Authentic excavated artifacts.

Curators toyi-toying outside the national museum.

Internal conflict in locomotion

Mass extinction of original artifacts

Exterminated with biofuels and bioweapons,

Namib desert turned into a museum assembly.

Art-eroders in control

Resistance is the new addendum

Our medulla spinalis defossilize our historical past.

We have arrived at our last lineage,

Vital species escape from

Maximum security facilities too.

Centuries Of Screaming

- **Our voices are wounded.**

An Ode To Ananias Mathe

**your body carried all the pains,
your soul carried all the traumas of your experiences,
your deep scars continued to deepen
and yet you still resisted solitary confinement.
mental slavery resistant,
correctional services was to slow to catch up.
petroleum jelly loved your black skin,
the tiny gaps of your cell allowed you to
escape incarceration
C-max
Houdini
Ncanana,
Thenjwayo, Mfeyane
Dlakude, Mgabadeli
Mzilankatha
The autopsy lied,
mathe never died
he multiplied &
stayed scheming.**

Xeroxing Our Way In

Siyangena, phakathi inside!

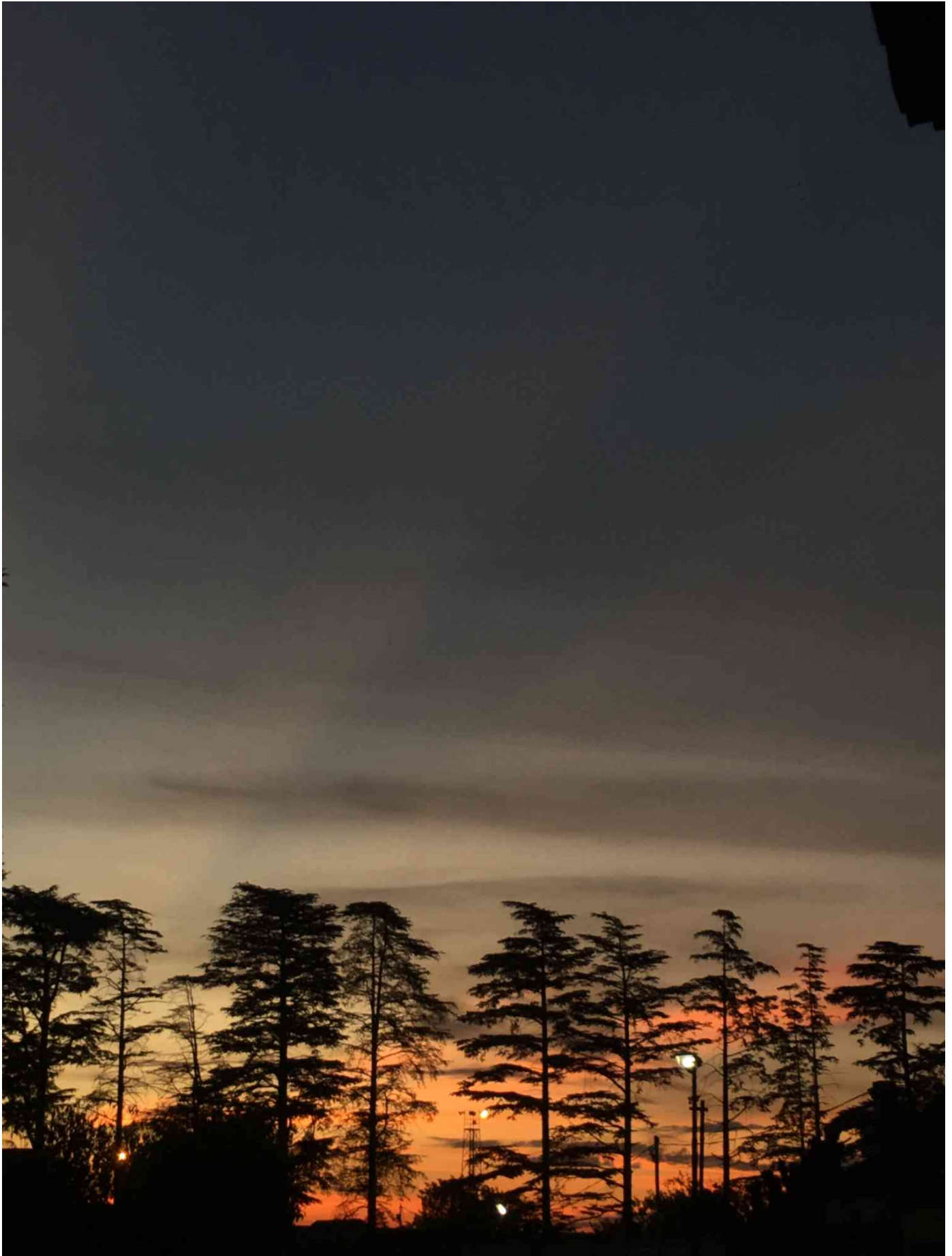
“Asiye sbali, jumpa” ©Tshepo Mogopodi (circa.2020)



Nongoloza's Children

They locked them inside.
They never get to see the sun.
It's the government,
The imperialists want them locked up.
Capitalism has always been
preying on Azanians.
University of Crime,
that's where Nongoloza's children
are kept.
Azania has hundreds of them,
to keep our brothers & sisters imprisoned.
Solitary confinement at its best because our
mental problems are literally killing us.
Customized orange overalls in pedestals.
Subjugation was their way of life.
Leeuwkop, Pollsmoor, Sun city, Westville
Maximum facilities are apartheid-created.
Created in the guises of rehabilitation.
Poor correctional services,
they just want to lock up
Nongoloza's children for a lifetime in
Solitary confinement.
It's fine.
Nongoloza's children enjoy that anyway.
They love being in the inside.
Hosh if I'm not telling the truth.
They love law & order but Nongoloza's children are lawless on the outside.
with Nongoloza's tattoos on their foreheads,
they are ungovernable.

**We
Need
To
Truly
Own
Our
Narrative.**



Dark Tribe Inkathi, Krugersdorp, Johannesburg, Circa.2018 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Medulla

**Indigenous communities in distress
Cold cave contour linesman's zone
Designated smoking areas are public zones.
Our medulla brews a revenge on humankind.
Our migration is our freedom of movement
Our long walk from all walks of life
From the center of the world,
We walk to the equator and archive sunlight.
Art activities in Azania are manifesting
Our historical narratives.
At the tip of the continent
Liberating humankind with an Ak47
Avtomat Kalashnikov
Library and architecture our medulla
For future generations to thrive
& strive
I stand here stranded by strange species.
I scream "amandla" like modern human.
Black powder is practical for our rituals,
Black power when our liberation struggle
remains unacknowledged like our Khoisan
Ancestry whom vibrates black magic &
aluta continua.**

Nameless

I grew up unarmed.
Unshaped and unphased.
Unnamed.
Every time people try so say my name,
My name rearranges it's alphabets
I cannot be named.
My nameless corpse runs
a service of
ceramic rituals and cremations.
I abbreviate my sense of smell,
I cut my tongue where it grew, from my mouth,
I speak a similar language to my ancestors.
Misogynistic heroine and tik cripples my neighborhood.
Assault rifles frame a language of vulgarity.
Vulnerable citizens & ambiguous black men with ambitions.
Ambiguous barriers, my name is bounded by boundaries,
Electrical fences and braces secure my mouthful perimeter.
My organs are mournful,
i chew my swollen gums in intimate zones.
I smuggle my father's tongue in a jar of mayonnaise,
Crystal clear and transparent.
Armed in the mind like my grandfather who
was shot with a body of work.
My grandfather was killed by an anthologist.
Today my nameless corpse spends time
Twisting & turning looking for my grandfather's
Remains in abandoned mine anthologies.



Home is where the art is. ©Tshepo Mogopodi (circa.2019)

Next Generation

**Next generation already on maximum sentences
Next generation already on solitary confinement
Next generation already on capital punishment
Next generation already genocided in disguise.**

**In disguise,
next generation enslaved
In disguise,
next generation bruised
Gender war at heart,
Identity politics politicking.
Police officers
pitpocket
black men in
white communities.
Black,
Criminally approved.
Black women mourn differently.
Every morning black women storytell their mourning practices.
Liberation for the next generation is impeccable
Armed struggle like the generation before next.
Armed liberation like
Umkhonto WeSizwe
Next generation's mantra lies on
"Amandla" is no longer
"Awethu".**



"We Are Coming For Everything"
Collage artwork by *Kalahari Marrakesh*
Circa 2019

Joburg Streets

**Joburg streets, sneakerhead street kids
Pit-pocketing citizens in disguise.
Joburg streets, Yeoville, Hillbrow,
Downtown, CBD
I spy with my little fisheye,
I am a cctv footage in waiting.
Joburg streets smash and grab your items.
I sleep with one fisheye open.
Our belongings is yours
And your belongings is ours.
Joburg streets pitpocket people's lives
And throws them in a pit.
Joburg streets hijacks your hijab
And jabs them with fist for fun.
Joburg streets hijacks people's hearts
And turns them into heartless vultures.
Vulnerability is creeping in,
Fearlessness is creeping out.
Welcome to these Joburg psychic streets where
Thousands of languages flow like sewerage
And rifles are a mouthpiece.**



Krugersdorp Correctional Services,
One of the harshest prisons in South Africa
Tronk Street
Johannesburg,
2001
©Kalahari Marrakesh

My Mother's Tongue

**My
Mother's
Tongue**

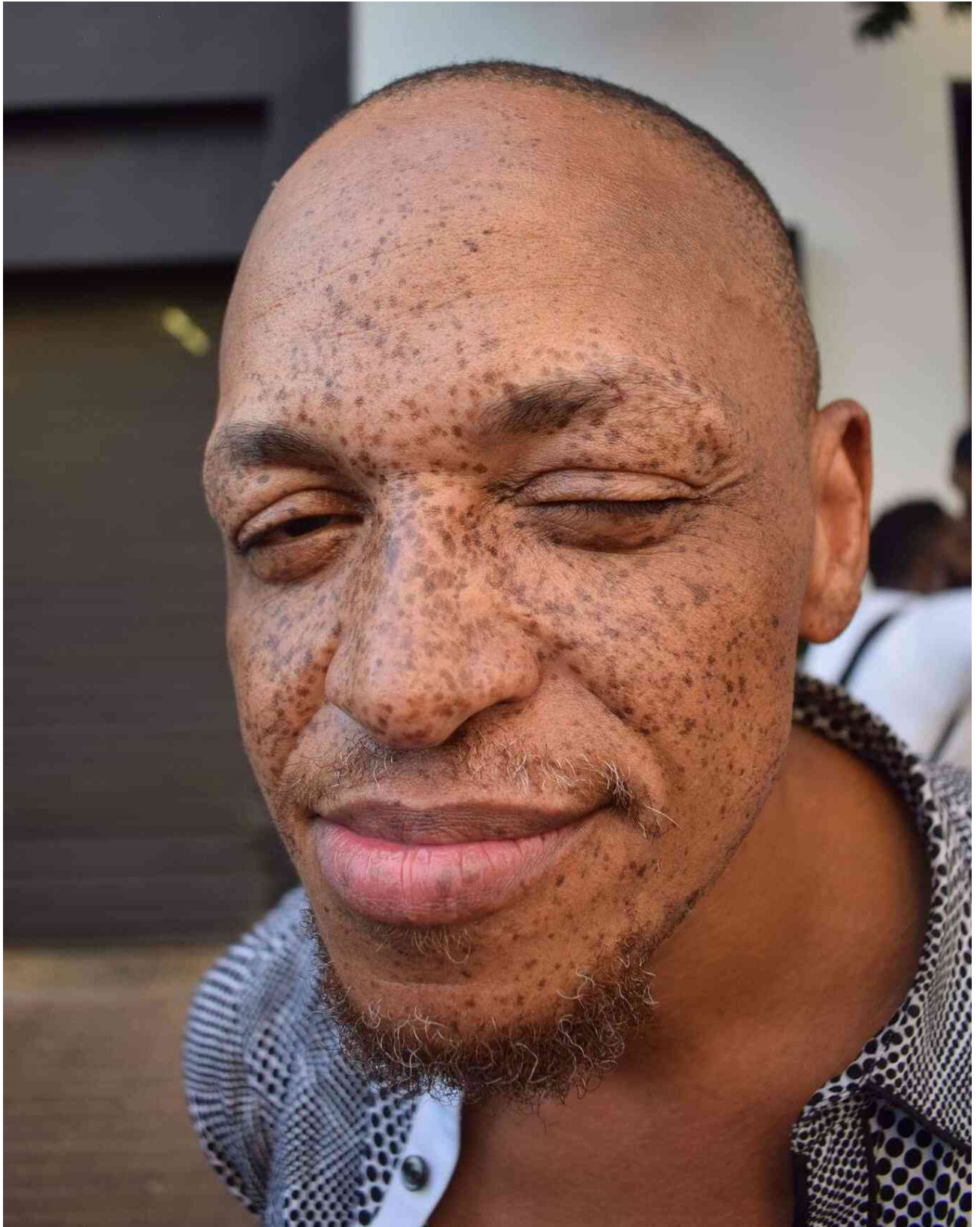
**My mother's tongue was lingualized long before
the acid mine drainage drained my community.
Long before the dewatering Witswatersrand
came to it's knees when the
neglected townships held him at gunpoint.
Long before the forced removal act
forced it's way inside our mother's wombs.
Long before the Taiwanese tribe
Migrated to the kingdom of Basutoland.
Retrieve my people &
keep them remote.
Reboot operations of our mental strength
with textiles from exile.
My mother's tongue speaks rigorously of
creativity and traditional philosophy.
My mother's tongue spits all accents
and ascends them in descending order.
Because of a court order,
My mother's tongue got stuck in the diaspora
Birthed in a dimensional mosque,
Baptized in ice in the Arctic.
Turbulently spinning in circles and ovals
Like a fragile masculine specie
i am a descendant to my ancestral self.
My mother's tongue
alhamdulillah &
Black magic erupts.**

Internally displaced

The rebels came straight our way,
my way,
my mother's way.
The rebels counterattacked my neighborhood
Raping and enslaving.
Exile seemed a better hell
I've never seen such a civil war
Internal war,
my intestines were fighting amongst each other.
My stomach was fighting it's own war.
war on drugs
war on crime
A 7-year-old armed with an AK-47
I'll never forget the year 2007
Mitigation plans and militia groups
Gigantic armed black men like Seleka rebels
Rule the streets



The Road Is Getting Blurry
Monument, Krugersdorp
Johannesburg
Circa.2017
©Kalahari Marrakesh



Faces & Places
Felipe Mazibuko,
Braamfontein,
Circa 2018
©Tshepo Mogopodi

Unsung Heroes

Unsung Heroes of the
Pantsula subculture
of the
Struggle

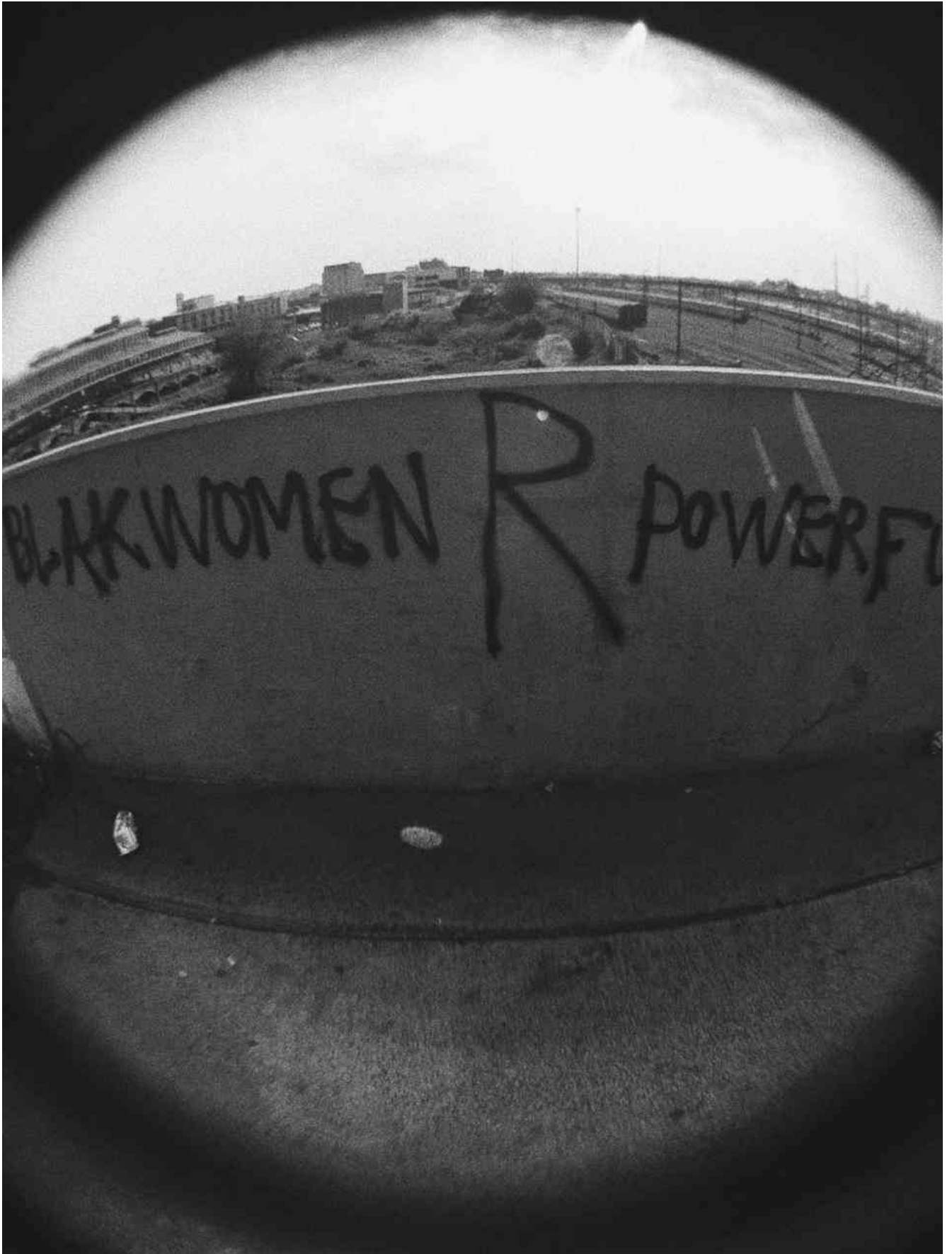
"Dance yourself to heaven"
Said Mingus, Prince of Pantsula Subculture.
Dancing like a gun pointed to his head,
Dancing like it is his last day on Earth,
Dancing wholeheartedly with his slenderness.

Rough and careless,
I hope he doesn't lose a step.
Rough and careful
when he's in his workwear staples.

On rear view rearranging his body parts,
He shows that is pantsula is about stomping your feet.
We don't hate our father's tongue.
Cultural appropriation appropriated in the
Diaspora, Diarrhea and diamonds in Kimberly.

Can't stop dancing, can't stop walking, talking
Barking at the warehouse that has imprisoned
my father's large scale artworks of informal settlements of
Gauteng's gold mines.
Underground living, vultures are vulnerable.
State capture yourself and declare yourself consistently fragile.

Refrigerate your organs &
flee away from fearlessness.
Blackness in the diaspora is
Blackness in disguise.
Blackness in exile.
Subcultural practices are
traditional subway surfers
Boys of the subway, hazardous goods wildlife
Pantsula activists worldwide
Deeper history for generations to come,



Black Women R Powerful, Mandela Bridge, Johannesburg. Circa 2019 ©Tshepo Mogopodi



"Our Lives, Our Paper"

Gomora Township,

Alexandre.

Circa.2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh



Intransit
Westbury
Johannesburg
Circa.2017
©Kalahari Marrakesh



Gomora Sandton

Alexandra, a sprawling township

North of Johannesburg

Circa.2018

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Two Finger Attention

I attempted two finger in transit
Cctv surveillance eyeing the attempt.
Bumper to bumper ongoing traffic
in motion.

Two street kids in the guises of
parking lots.

Watching me,
Glueing their eyes,
Watching my world class attempt of
Pickpocketing to go waste.

I Smash & Grab vehicles.

I neatly pickpocket this
muslim lady of her
identity.

That's what we do for a living.
Pickpocketing people's identities.

Pickpocketing the middle class.

The lower classes, the masses.

We prey on populations.

I pickpocket scholars

Dungeon workers, constables,

I pickpocket uniform dwellers

My name resonates hidden historiography
and stolen memoirs.

I swear there's a war burning
inside of my lungs.

Ongoing war,

Heavy breathing for breakfast.

My cardiac muscle is racing.

I attempt a two finger surgery.

My cardiologist said that
my heart is geometric.

I lack aesthetic appreciation.

Inside of me is billions of
energized atoms.

She Can't Cry For Help

I wrote this poem in IsiZulu vernacular to emphasize literary-lovers to interact with the textual structures of South Africa's literary texts.

Investigating meaning of vocabulary rooted in Zulu dialect that gives the poem its linguistic textuality which ultimately reveals its brutal authenticity.

Akakwazi uk'cela usizo,
uMandlakayise uyam' dlengula.
Ebsuku uyam' nyonyobela,
Umvali umlomo ngezandla.
uMandlakayise uyam' dlengula,
A misogynistic pedophile,
Ebsuku aka lali
Emini uzi pompa nge milk stout
Abantwana bakhe bayam' saba
Abakwazi uk'cel usizo,
Ngisho udlengula abantwana bakhe be gazi,
Udlengula umphakathi
Umthakathi
Uz'valele emkhukhuwini wakhe,
Abahlali base Mjondolo nabo baya khala,
Estradini bayam saba,
Usebenza endlini
Uvalele abantwana baka yise
Abakwai uk'cela usizo



"Snack Attack"
Johannesburg
Circa 2017
©Kalahari Marrakesh

Red Ants – Civilization Demolishers

*For Tutanmankind after his
Pyramid house was bulldozed by the Red Ants.*

A forced removal of ancient civilization.

**Dispersed,
Displace &
Dispossessed.**

Tutanmankind robbed off his ancestral homeland.

**Homelessness knocking,
Knocking so passionately that
Achromatic buildings are demolished.
Dilapidated tombs turned into brothels.**

Street level distribution of heroin thrives,

Underground life is rife,

**Misogynistic snymans evicted from their turfs,
An ongoing turf war erupts
An ongoing silent war.**



Zulu Jump, Kagiso

Faces & Places

Krugersdorp, Circa 2017 ©Obakeng Selapisi

Navigating Our Way In

Toy-toying our way into the future.
Go slow, "peaceful protest"
petrol bombing our way in.
Violently protesting, mob unjustifying comrades.
Navigating our way in (the future)
From past to present like artificial intelligence.
From culture to culture,
the universe is paralyzed.
Civilizations nuclearing each other.
Many mothers are in an
ongoing battle with patriarchy.
Navigating our way in.
The portal to our future is hidden
underneath a township civilization.
Buried for millenniums.
Resistance is planting its seeds
inside of us.
Brewing prehistoric references from a
local archived brewery.
Our history has been deconstructed.
Dismantled & disarmed of our arsenal to the
universe and beyond.
Navigating our way in.
The Nile crocodiles only eats Africans
from the diaspora.



"Green Mamba Jozi Maboneng"

Fisheye Diaries

Johannesburg

Circa 2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Yes, Thug's Cry

Yes,

**thugs
cry
too.**

**Only his eyes can reveal
What's locked inside his
Cardiac muscle**

**Only his wounds can stop his
loud internal cries**

**Only his okapi stabbings can reveal his past.
Memory degenerated,**

**Only traumatic remembrances of abuse remain,
Reminiscing horrific flashbacks**

The community can hear his silent cry.

Crying and crying

Thugs cry too



"Stimela Sase Lokishi"

Digital Collage

Artwork by **Kalahari Marrakesh**

©2019



Uthando Labo Guluva

Johannesburg,

Circa 2018

©Tshepo Mogopodi

From Bree With Love

From Bree Taxi Rank

I followed her,

Kliss madolo

Ziz zag walks passed

Mandela Bridge.

Zola Budd

Seven

Sixteen valve

Vula vala

Hi Ace

Baby Cress ka panikisi

Mabebeza ungl shaya

Ding dong.

My name is

Dumisane

Ngi duma

Dom direction

Front seat no mntwana

Taxi maths murdered

Digital Maskandi

Mashayabhuqe Ka Mamba

Volume 16

Sho't left Mshayell

Mayibuye l'Sophiatown

Talk is cheap

Bua fela

Ngwana.

2 0 0 6

**Growing up in South Africa's sprawling townships,
Childhood remembrances are entangled socially & Spatially.**

**Childhood traumas are glued to your cranium,
Adulthood diagnoses you with dementia.**

**The only thing I remember about 2006 is the
FIFA World Cup Final hosted in the once-divided city:**

Berlin. Les Blues against Azzuri – France vs Italy,

But we owe it to one man,

Zidane –

An ode,

Z is for Zidane.

Zizou, Mazakazaka, the Maestro.

The Orchestra from Marseille's impoverished suburbs,

The masculine, hardheaded Arab,

The aesthetically pleasing Berber whose robustious

Style of play infused tackles of predatory instinct.

2006

I still remember those dying minutes of extra time,

Zizou patrolled the center of the field with authority,

Zizou roared his way forward with a mshishipantsi true

Pass to Makelele but the towering 6'4 inch Centre-back

Marco Materazzi intercepted & Zizou got Upset.

Upset he gave Materazzi an instant heartburn with an undefinable

Headbutt that revealed the secret.

The secret politics of football in Europe,

The secret of racism.

Before Canavarro lifted that 100kg gold,

The secret was already revealed.

Revealed in the City of Secrets.

Requiem hymnals inside Zizou's head.

Retirement knocking passionately with resistance.

A red card that exiled the Castellene warrior to Magrheb.

A vuyou,

A living legend.

Izinja!

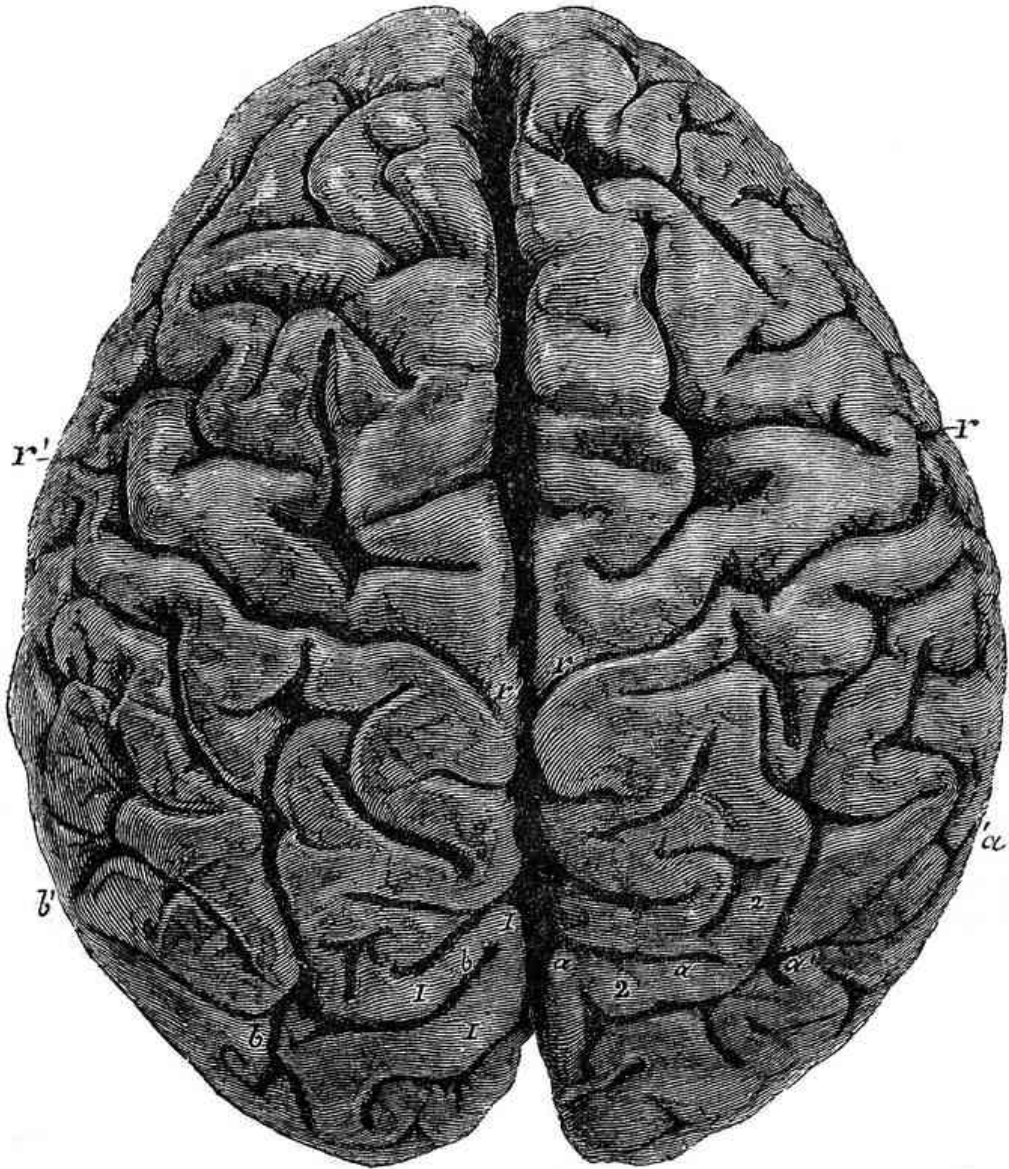


FIG. 11.

Ncondo

Ncondo

Healing

What is to heal?

How do you heal from something you don't know?

Healing my wounds but they're unhealable.

My wounds are out in the open,

my wounds eat every bandage that i wrap around them.

My wounds are breathing,

they chew all the stitched scars & renew

my old wounds.

My wounds know nothing of healing,

healing is not for every wound,

healing is not for everyone.

I need to stay wounded in order

to heal other wounded black boys.

Every time i depart to sleep,

my black skin wounds itself.

I wake up with wounds of stabbings & beatings,

blue eyed like gender violence has erupted.

We will never heal,

My wounds suffer from amnesia

They forget to heal.

Deeply wounded.

Mutilation gone horribly wrong,

My wounds heals other wounds but

births new wounds.

I've been wounded all my life.

I know nothing of healing.

Stigmatized

Hypnotized &
Hallucinating,
floating on a 100mm artful carpet.
I self-contemplate myself,
I have Aladdinnism, cross bred mullato.
My broomstick is fitted with a v6 engine.
Diaspora migrating back to Africa
I time travel this parallel universe like a criminal
spina guluva 325is bmw in a neglected township.
Diagonalized.
Hypnotized by a yearn of freedom.
Stigmatized by a fear of biological weapons.
My biological parents were biologists.
I followed in their barefooted steps
& went on to study biology.
MD-PhD in street life.
Honorary degree in pickpocketing,
Ontendekkers road, Otlega Avenue
Rissik str & Main reef,
I was born & raised in the streets,
raised by street lights & pavements,
Poets-in-disguise, everyday people,
raised by drug dealers trying to put something on the table.
raised by petty thieves & OGs.
Stigmatized,
I bottle my emotions in empty
whiskey bottles and sell them to the poor.
Counterfeit whiskey,
Stigmatized.



Guava Juice Poem
Krugersdorp
Circa 2016
©Kalahari Marrkesh

Guava Juice Poems

Throw guava juice poems at them.

Our resistance is our freedom.

Throw guava juice poems together with petrol bombs,
dynamites and empty cognac bottles filled with paraffin.

Our refusal is our freedom,

below zero guava necture 20% fruit juice,

scima mlilo,

beat the heat on a humid toyi-toyi protestful day.

Just near the stop sign, after robot, bus stop,
street vendors line up to sell guava juice poems to the
Citizens of Guavanessville.

A women in Guavanessville planted guava seeds in her womb,
her kinky hair grew immensely,

and then her hypnotizing eyes greenished.

Psidium guajava in her ombilical cord yearns for

Agua fresca to grow in other women's wombs.

The streets assaults guavas raws and unwashed.

Guavas help citizens to protest,

to resist,

to refuse suppression in disguise.

Guava juice poems help strangers recognize one another,

guava juice poems are a thing in the townships,

guava juice poems are sold anywhere,

in the city,

in the village,

guava juice poems are sold at every

corner in the neglected townships.

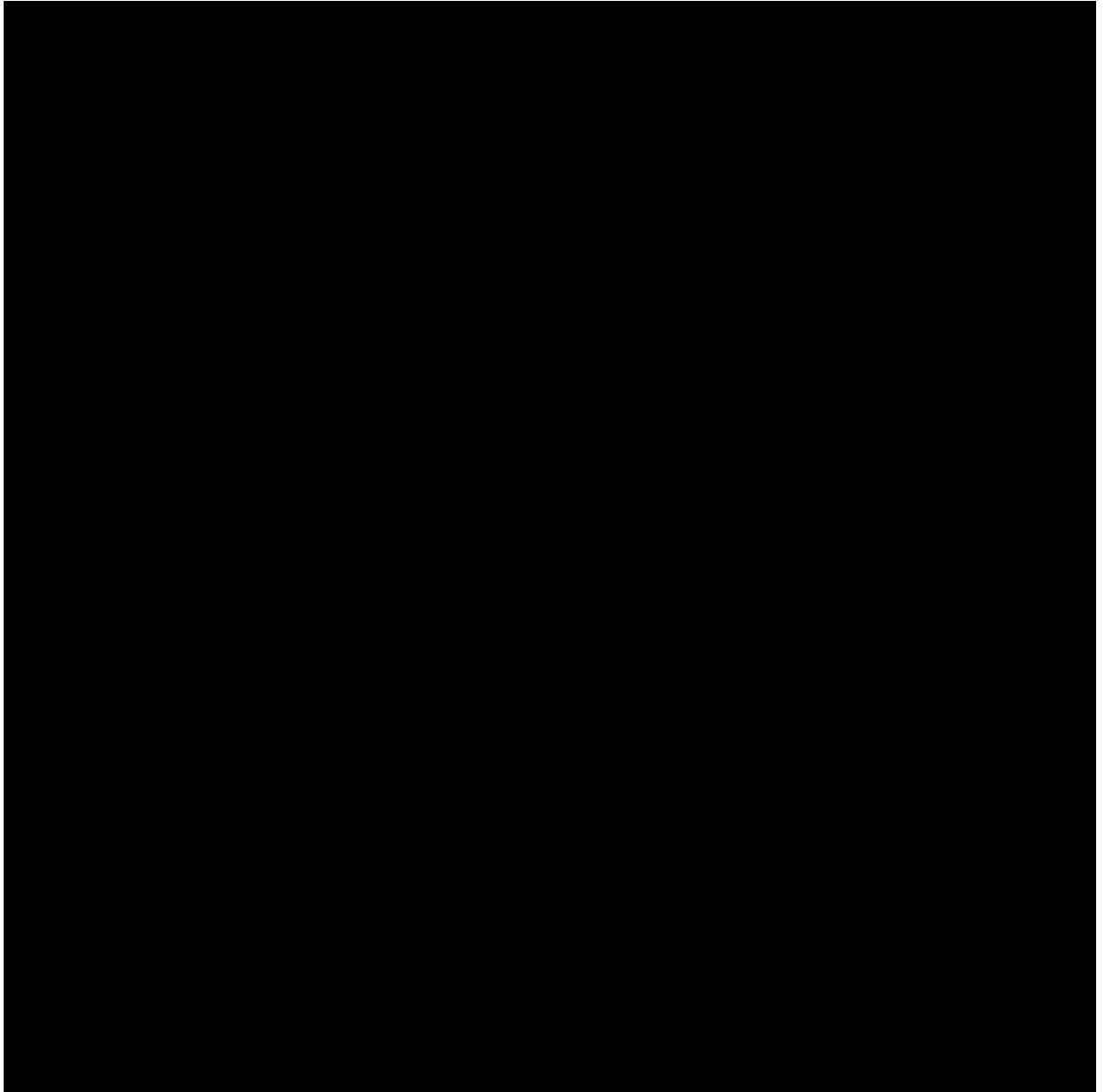


The Deepest Depth

In the lowest part
Underneath my grandfathers tombstone,
Jazz's golden era
Nineteen fifty something
Sophiatown Kofifi Soph'town
Chuck tailored like Ntate Don Mattera
My memory isn't erased
Never forgetting the forced removals
Never forgetting those looted artifacts
Never forgetting where i come from.
Our sculptures are all over the globe.
Looted by the western democracy
Sold to the highest bidders
Mutilators, collectors, and curators
My ancestors have been silenced.
I can hear their silence.
Voiceless like abandoned communities.
Digging for the fossils we foresee.
Buried.
Mining for the truth.
The surface cannot be excavated.
Our ancestors refuse to be unearthed.

Blood On Canvas

My capacity can fill a whole void
5 liters of empty sgubu,
Fanta brown like traditional beer Umqomboti.
Calabash cleansing like an ancestral ceremony
Blood on canvas
I wound my body of work,
blood floors like sewage
Large piece of canvas covered in vital fluid.
Stabbed with an Okapi
Penetrated with a Phanga
My art is slaughtering me
Blood on canvas
Bleeding excessively, i swear
Adolescents are suffering in silence
This piece of artwork is spatial
Demographically special
Dear to my heart,
If it's not from the heart
then it's not art.
Blood on canvas
My noir skin is healing
from these okapi stabbings
Curators crowd in our neighborhood
demanding our artwork.
Blood on canvas
Art is expensive
This artwork is not for resale.



**"Spiderwebbed
In reality."**

—Kalahari Marrakesh

The Death Of Sech Galagala

It was in 2008,
I saw a black man burning.
They placed a tyre around his neck,
gasoline poured all over his black body.
Begging for mercy,
but mob justice doesn't know of mercy.
Sech Galagala was set alight broad daylight.
He was set alight because his melanin
skin was too black,
He was set alight because he was undocumented,
because they called him a kwerekwere,
Because he "took other people's jobs"
He was set alight because he could not sing
Enoch Sontonga's national anthem.
Burning!
In red hot flames.
A whole human-being on fire.
Humanitarians in deep silence,
watching as Sech Galagala was
rolling on tar road,
screaming,
Spinning and rotating in
direction to the surrounding mob justice.
Injustices are established in these
neglected spaces & places.
Burnt to death,
ashes disappearing in thin air,
Witnessing a cremation of
Sech Galagala

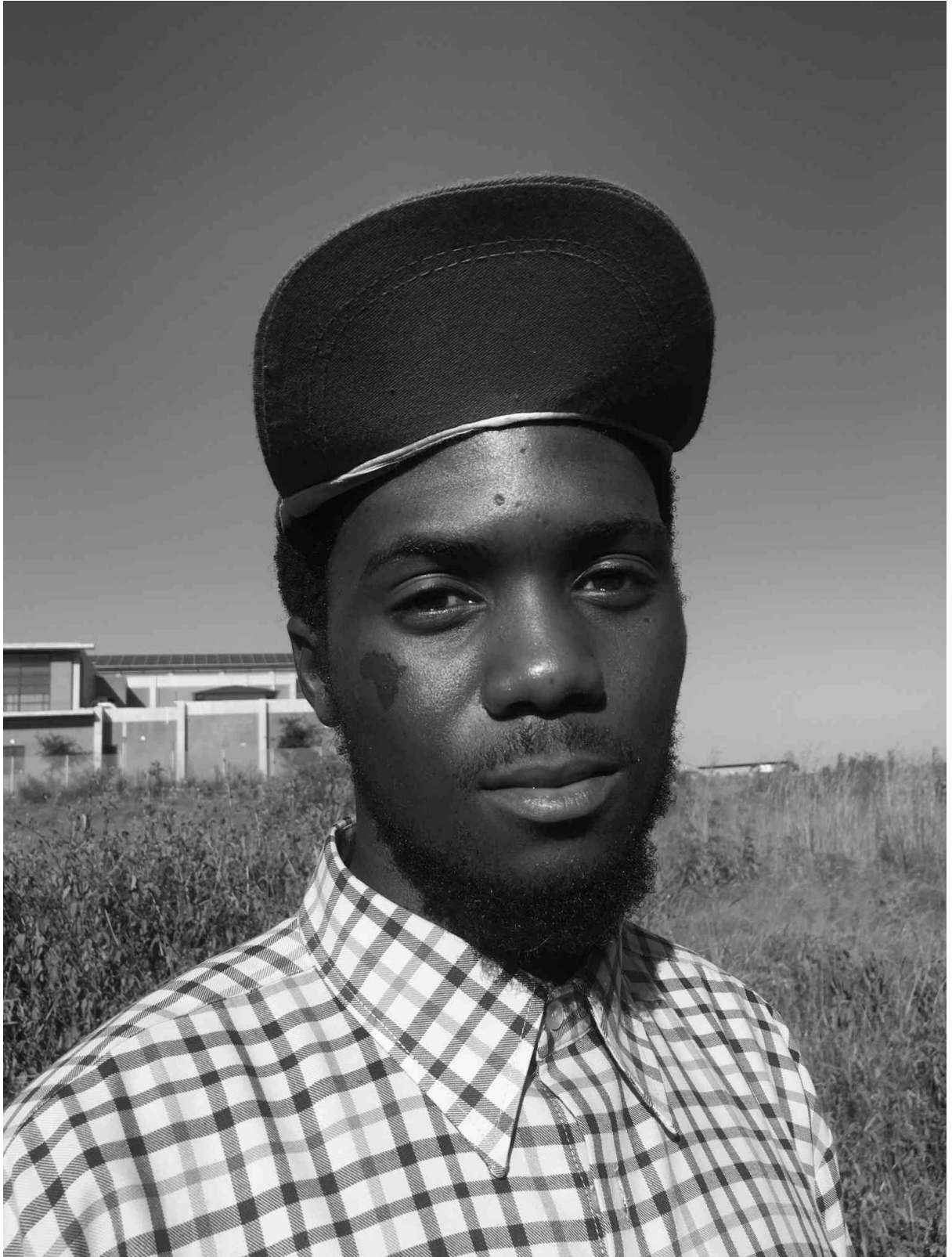


"Lockdown On Default Projector"

Krugersdorp
Johannesburg,
Circa.2019
©Kalahari Marrakesh

My Body Is Mourning Itself

The telephone rang.
I,
Myself, a corpse that died many deaths,
Stood there,
Shocked, shooked & shattered
With a sour serious portrait face of myself.
I could not stand still,
I could not understand
Why the telephone rang
With numbers that couldn't
Even ring a bell.
It was her,
Nostalgia -
My childhood girlfriend who analyzed my body as it
Occasionally turned into a corpse.
My body was mourning itself,
I quickly ran to the bathing tube,
Nostalgia scoured my black skin like how
Popeye & Spinach scoured at Moloji's Funeral Palor.
It must have been a spiritual ceremony
The way my corpse returned to self,
Cuffed by my body.
It must have been a spiritual ceremony
The way death smiled at me with a gorgeous smile.
Its tongue ran out of saliva,
Its teeth chewed my membrane,
A membrane full of nostalgia
A nostalgia full of grief
My body empties itself again.
It offloads umthwalo, burden.
My body mourns itself again.
But let me tell you,
I will not mourn a thing for I have
Mesmerized the struggle inside of a
Mbhokodo's womb.
I did not cry at birth, I was mourning a new life,
My body was passionately mourning itself.



Mzimba Shaker "Mayibuye iAfrika"
Kagiso Township
Circa 2020
©Kalahari Marrakesh

Displaced & Dispossessed

Displaced and dispossessed.
Red Ants & CPF displace
our people permanently.
Settlements fades color
& the community
tears itself into disbelief.
My mother birthed a resistor.
My job is to resist resistance.
I resist everything & anything
from the deepest diggings to the
depthless & voiceless
parallel universe.
Our voice will be heard,
Whatever means necessary.
We coexist in the underground like
our ancestors soil,
in the basement, deep inside
underneath the Earth' surface.
Abandoned,
deserted &
desolated.
Find us at the subway
establishing a new neighborhood,
train surfing and
pickpocketing.
Our name tells a story
Our faces documents our scars.
Trials & tribulations,
life expectancy here is unpredictable.
Hologram inside parallelograms
The universe has always been parallel.



"Mjondolo Maboneng"

Johannesburg

Circa 2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Babalaz Stories

Babalaz and counterfeit beers
Bab' Dlamini behind the counter
Bathula change, two finger ke two six.
Bayisa ndzomela ye Albany ekasi,
Ntwana wa geleza thina siya geresu.
Sebsuku, hambo gidla ntwana
Sebsuku, thina siyo phanda ntwana,
Helen Zille ubsuku bonke
Izinyoka concentrated on high voltage
Johnnie Walker walks nase jumpas
Jutas scariyota nge toyota
Kaizer chiefs on his teeth
Maak Sheshe
Pinkies day-by-day, bathini?
Bathi one day bazo popa
Sbuda maloya uphethe isgodo
Ba shayi motor, no license disk
Gijima ebsuku, blood flowing in the passage
Six nine behind bab' Dlamini's house
Urine graffiti behind the backrooms.
A sign says "pee at your own risk"
Bab'Dlamini uya dubula
We run into our informal settlement
Sbuda slept on the floor,
Madlakadlaka slept on the couch
Bab' Dlamini never slept on himself.
He knocked the door like Bheki Cele

Negotiating Spaces

**Displaced and dispossessed,
By a settler minority.**

**Hadzabe
Khoe-San
Mbuti Pygmies
Bantu
Majority in distress**

Zaire, the heart of Africa

**Hijacked &
Subjugated.**

Ndota KaMfowethu imprisoned for a century

We speak a lost language,

**Our distinct lineage is infiltrated
From within.**

**Our heirographs, sculptures & paintings looted
From within .**

**Within our cardiac muscles is historical &
contemporary artifacts**



"Okapi kapere yadi kakapa"

Johannesburg

Circa 2017

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Stop & Search

They chant their accents every time every day that they walk the paths of Moscow.
AK47 is my biological father
My organ is a rifle
From all walks of life
Of pain, of of blackness
We chant the same purpose. Every time Metrorail chants my slogan
The commuters collapse I pull up with an okapi,
Group Areas Act Oppikoppi flog wang carnival
I chant my slogan.
I attempt iSpharaphara all day every day.
Hard living, guluva mpilo
Segregation results
the revolution will not be televised
From generation to generation
Black men in flousheims
Black men train surfers
caged in maximum facilities.
Black men flee unarmed like a
liberation struggle led by
unknown activists.
Black men don't loose their steps,
They get tripped by the segregation slaagens.
Black men, robbed off their history.
Black men, robbed off their cultures.
Black men, robbed off their traditions.
Black men black pain Black is death, death is black
Men is black, black is suspect,
Blackmail and solitary confine.
No public access, blackness is not a burden.
Your ancestors remains are halaal.
Liberate the marginalized, the masses, the lower-classes & the ghettos.
Colonize your own mind,
do as you please,
say what you want & flee away from fear.
Your organ is a head gasket gear
Your casket is a 12,5kg packaging
Your death is a denied bail
You have died many times and came back as a powerhouse horsepower cardiac muscle
Mental slavery resistant. Penetrating nubian kemetetic waves
Hairstylism and cheesekop barbershops
Wolverhampton Alex Gomora township your campus is misleading
True North, young black youth
Chuck 70 tailor my workwear.

"Abaziyo Bayazi"

—

**A Zulu Proverb meaning
"those who know, know"**

Medical Poetry

**Decades of screaming
Centuries of oppression
Operation fiela
Ten times guluva
Telegraph
Tell them to tell the gram
We weigh the gram and
measure harrowing black experiences.
Experiment hypothesis and hypnosis**

**Medical poetry is healing immensely
Medical marijuana is a healer too.
The telegraph did not say a thing
The telegram was hologrammed
The yoghurt performed sweetening activities.
Sweating and sweating
The marginalized shall bounce back
The margins will approach the city geographically
The marginalized are the status quo
Talent rooted communities are
crystal meth infested.
High power, high beings,
Feel every moment &
vibrate to vibrating vibes that vigorously
Push notifications and gentrifications
To high levels of power.**



"Avtomat Kalashnikovva Will Free Africa"

Johannesburg, circa 2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Bring Back Our Artifacts

There's toyi-toyi outside.

Black folks are demanding the return of their artifacts with artificial intelligence.

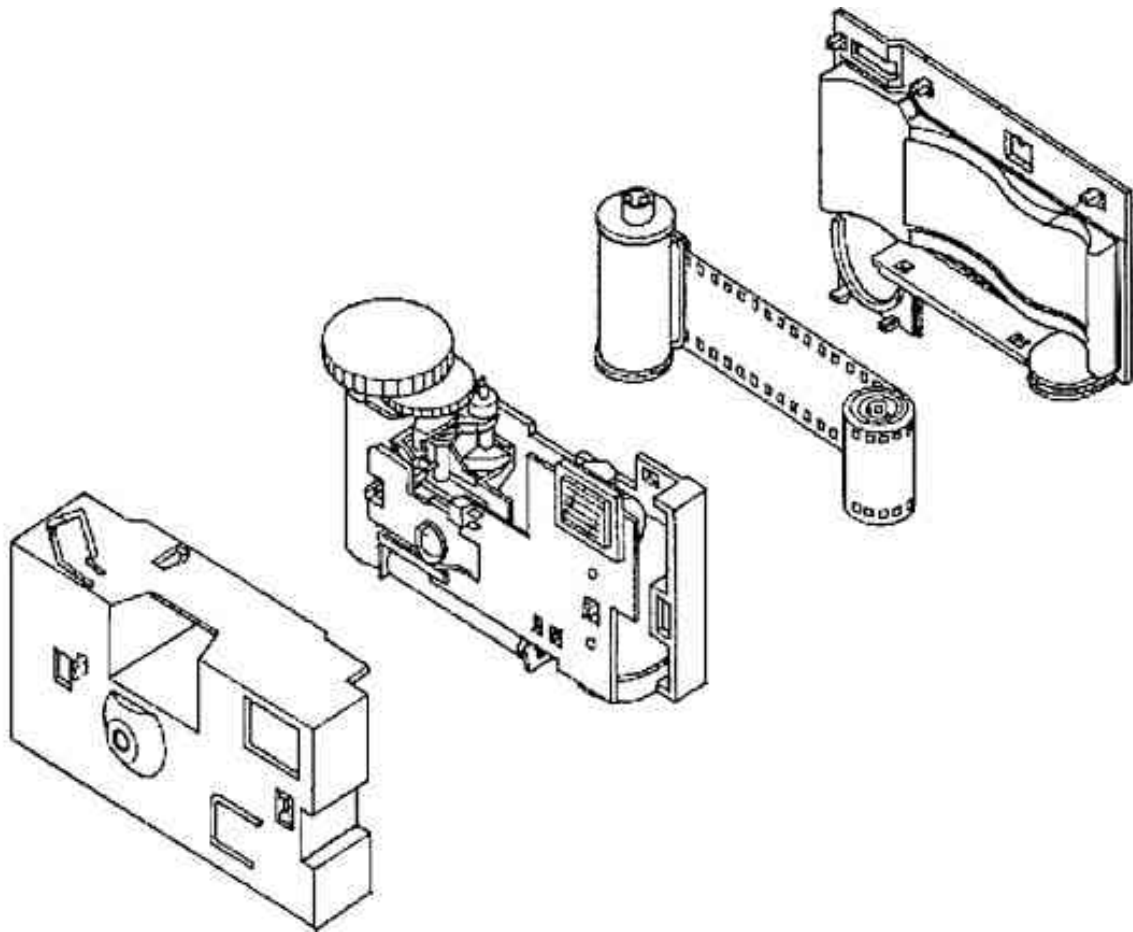
"They have looted our homelands
& stole our artifacts"
said gogo sgebengu.

"We want them back!
We want our artifacts back!
Bring them back!"
The protestors chanted.

"They come here propagandizing citizens.
Our medulla is deepened with digitalized textures".

Textiles from exile,
Fabric material that fabricated hostile tribes
In the apartheid-created townships
In the far west, far eastbank
Southwestern townships,
representations matters

Our hidden communities suffer from
radioactive mining dump.
Toyi-toyi could never stop.
Our people will forever toyi-toy
The government has a policy on toyi-toyi.
Toyi-toyi until the government resigns
Toyi-toyi until until



Kamera Machel



**Mmesi Park,
Soweto,**
Johannesburg
Circa. 2019
©Kalahari Marrakesh

Woundful Evictions

**Informal settlement demolishers,
Kings of evictions!
Displacers!
Relocaters of the masses,
Lords of dispossessing residents.
The Red Ants, a private security service
evicting the citizens
without a court order.
Bulldozing their way in our residencies.
Paralyzing the whole settlement.
Tear gasing and rubber bulleting our people.
Dispossessed of our furnitures and
land.
Displaced!
Homelessness already in the guises of
community halls.
Left, abandoned &
neglected in the streets.
Hundreds of homes collapsed,
dilapidated & erased
from the public's consciousness.
In disrepair, gentrification at its best.
Identity documents & certificates
all in the ashes.**



When My Father Was Rich

Krugersdorp, Johannesburg circa 2017 ©Tshepo Mogopodi

For Black Boys

They said black boys are inherently violent.

They misled us.

They misled us [again] when they said

Black boys don't burst into tears

They burst in cry crocodile tears.

Violence is established in pieces.

Violence is everlasting.

Deathless, dateless, violence is endless

Black on black violence is forever.

Redirect that violence elsewhere.

Stubborn like my father Patrick Patriarch,

Immortal like my black ancestry lineage

Hold patriarchy hostage &

seize all the matriarchs.

Free my insecurities

& criminalize whiteness.

Decriminalize unliberated voices.

Still marginalized

Steal from the higher classes.

Still systematically oppressed

Police vans and sirens causes panic to

Black boys because Black boys love

running and running.

Police officers Usain Bolt black boys in

white communities.

White supremacy suspects

Every Black boy.

Our internal cries will be heard.

Herd that cattle,

Keep it moving.

I Seek Asylum

**I
seek
asylum
and
then
Two minutes
Two minutes
Assalaamu-u-alaikum.**

**I'm
Never
Seeking
Asylum
Again.**



"Black Excellence"

Digital Diaspora

Digital Collage

Circa.2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh



"Sophiatown Triumph"

Johannesburg

Circa.2018

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Western Democracy

I know what western democracy is.

Western democracy is the
looting of African artifacts.

Western democracy is the wars in
Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria.

Western democracy is displaced populations.

Child soldiers.
Arms dealing.

Western democracy is modern slavery.

Collector of illicit antiquities.

Western democracy is unending violence
Western democracy is violence towards the black body.
Western democracy is the milking of Africa's resources.
Western democracy is destroyed homes,

Dilapidated infrastructure,
informal settlements,
impoverished neighborhoods.

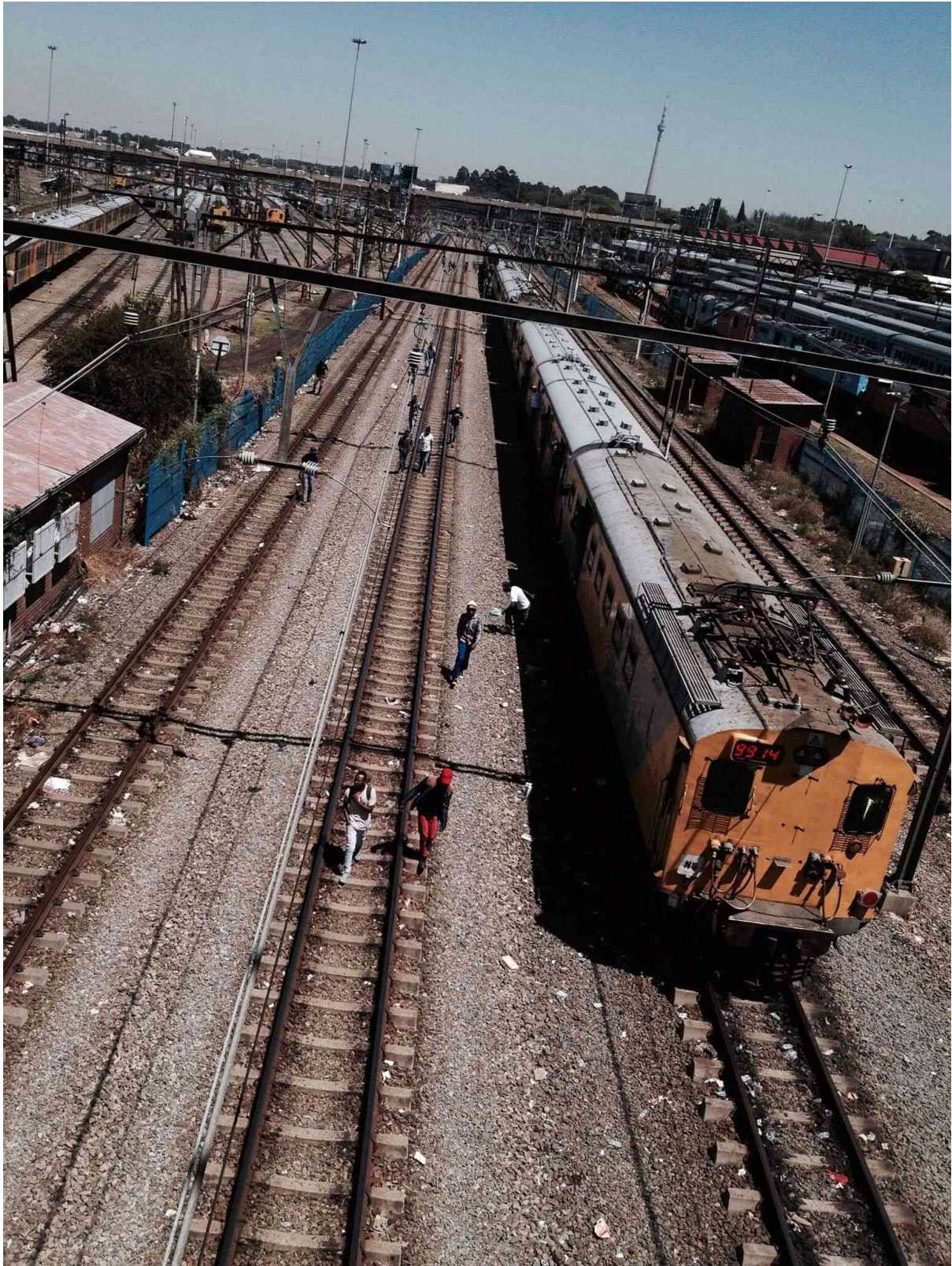
Western democracy is extreme
wealth inequalities.
Western democracy is the head of
vicious terrorism.
Western democracy is to rejoice over
Maummar Gaddafi's death.
Western democracy is the bombing of
mosques and churches.

Western democracy is not democracy at all.



"Diepkloof Expensive Bennekant"

Soweto,
Johannesburg
Circa. 2019
©Kalahari Marrakesh



"Underneath Mandela's Bridge Is A Railway System"

Johannesburg , Circa 2018

©Kalahari Marrakesh



"Geen Green Cactus"

Krugersdorp

Johannesburg

Circa. 2016

©Kalahari Marrakesh

**"DISMANTLE
APARTHEID'S
SPATIAL
PLANNING."**

I Walk Early In The Morning

**I walk early in the morning
when rockvillers and pitbulls
are tired of barking my barefooted steps.**

**I walk early in the morning to
witness black men pitpocket,
mug, rob other black men.**

**I walk early in the morning when
dungeons are open and sex workers work overtime.**

**I walk early in the morning when
street kids are twisting and turning in their concrete beds.**

**I walk early in the morning when
kaalfooted kung fu beings are patrolling the inner city,**

**I walk early in the morning when the
general public is asleep and
elderly black women
scent the streets with galephirimi.**



"South Africa's pillar of transport"

Johannesburg

Circa 2017

©Kalahari Marrakesh

Nyaope

Crystal meth has hooked our communities.
Heroes turned to heroine for help
Nyaope is a high level of drug infestation
Communities dark at heart.
Narcolepsy nyaope has infestated
neglected spaces
Nyaope ingredients indigested in the inner cities
Rehabilitation centers are now designated
Pharmacies bringing more drugs
Capitalism is a drug dealer.
Pharmaceutical companies operate in
the streets,
the streets
are misguided avenues that lead us
to the traphouses, the drughouses,
the streets leads us to the dungeons.
Antibiotics & antivirals are viral in
our communities.
My community is high on nyanyaza.
Nyaope enters through the gates of
Rehabilitation centers.
Nyaope enters through the gates of
Heaven.
God must be high on Nyaope
The bible must be high too
Drug liberation.
It's a struggle
We need to liberate ourselves from.
Liberate our communities by all means
Drug resistance.

Changer Guluva

Bus driver changer stimela mageu ka atchaar
Kfc fingers burger king whoopers
Roads nasty tv roadwork legends at work
Carhartt work in progress workwear guluva
skate communities and pantsula
Subcultures grow every time
cultural appropriation is in motion
Revolutionary hair gimmicks stop and search
Free state orange river Nile crocodile running
Up and down left right and center
Stop and search black people in white communities
Black is suspect
No potent contentment is contaminated
Glue your hair inside of me I'm spinning
My head injuries and minor headaches are my
Favorite couples, salt and vinegar
Gin and juice boys and girls love
Each other but boys kiss boys and god smiles
Stop and search white people caucuses and suburbs
Middle-class my ass &
localize maruganja
Propaganda is a state of mind
Empire State of joburg
journalism in jeopardy



"Matriarchs, Imbokodo Ze Mpilo"

Digital Collage

34.5 x 27.1cm

Circa. 2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh



R3 Courtleigh

"FRAGMENTED"

"GHETTO"

"EXPERIENCES"



Piet Van Tonder – Faces & Places, Krugersdorp – Johannesburg, Circa 2018 ©Kalahari

Good Mourning

**Every day we mourn because
Black boys die every day
Everyday life is a harsh reality in the peripheral townships.**

We learn every day

**Everyday stories fuels our thrive
Our thrive is hidden within**

Bruise their espionage

**Death is our thing
A permanent thing we mourn temporarily**

But oksalayo every day we mourn

**We mourn our fatherless selves
Because we can not unmourn.**

**Unpack my empty emotions
Unearth my father's remains
Unzip my workwear dungaree
Unclip my camping backpack**

Ethnic cleansing

Unamused

**Black boys are buried everyday
Black boys bury other black boys**

Run, Flee, Baleka

Run for your life

We run this town

Go for a run, a walk, a jog

Run yourself into the pit holocaust

Holograms holding rifles

My brain is a diaspora

Nostalgia runs through the veins

My veins stare at me as i take a piss

And piss off the officials.

We make noise in the hotel rooms

Nourish your innercircle and keep it dwarf

Run away from fear and let be

Flee away from fear and let be

Exile yourself.

Usain bolt yourself.

Slyze away,



Sthiberesh,

Faces & Places

Kagiso, Johannesburg

Circa 2018

©Kalahari Marrakesh



@supremenewyork

Curating A Funeral

*For Mzuzephi Mathebula after
his testicles were left mutilated.*

Black.

Most funerals aren't even this black.
Blacker than the universe
Blacker than Sesh Galavesh

Ndota Emnyama

Black like Nongoloza
Curating a funeral for himself.

Thumbs up, index finger &
Middle finger together pointing forward,
Moliva boys appearing from nowhere,

One by one
Moliva boys praising

Nongoloza like a God he is.

Speaking in tongues & silence
Seizure & epilepsy in motion.



Orange Is The Colour Of Most Prisons' Overalls. Mistaken For An Inmate'

Soweto, Pimville

Johannesburg, Circa2019 ©Kalahari Marrakesh



"Amandla"

Johannesburg

Circa. 2018

©Kalahari Marrakesh

I Pledge Alliance

**I pledge alliance to a blanketed man with a balaglava,
heavily armed with phangas and okapis.**

I pledge alliance to Phunyuka Bamphete

A self-proclaimed militant smelling gorilla warefare,

**Slaughtering and mince-meating citizens
The passage to manhood is rife.**

**Lethal if your manfulness is weak
Rite to manhood turned bloodthirsty only recently.**

**Recently we seem to cant topple partriarchy,
Extending our condolences**

**I pledge alliance to a Zola Budd nkabi in
Alignment with his semi barretta 9mm,
Ready to assassinate the minister of transport.**

I pledge alliance to Farrakhan MaBanana,

Izinja

A living legend.



Zulu Jump, Kagiso Central, Krugersdorp, West of Johannesburg. ©Obakeng Selapisi c.2017

**"Itya
Okanye
Utyiwe"**

**A Xhosa Proverb meaning
"Eat or get eaten"**

Communities in Distress

The revolution is continuously unfolding.

My seven year-old brother chants 'Amandla' (zulu word meaning power) wholeheartedly.

**We eat bullets for breakfast,
rifle machines laying on bed,
two auto rifle machines stripped on the floor,
my brother's mouth-like rifle speaks of negligence,
abundance of wisdom abandoned.**

**Birthed with a barreta pistol,
baptized in a heavy machinery arsenal mosque.**

**I spy neighborhoods with my drone & fisheye,
all i saw was coloured communities in distress,
black communities in distress.**

**Our neighborhoods been hooked on crystal meth for decades,
heroes turned to herione for help,
negritos turned to 47s for help,
the revolution is still unfolding.**

**Drug dealers disguised as art dealers –
Baghdad & Shanduza Max said
"Itya okanye utyiwe"**

I express myself minimally in dots dots,



"Not All Men Are Trash" Yini le?

Johannesburg

Circa. 2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh



**West Village,
Krugersdorp
1739
Johannesburg
2001**

Wounded & Exiled

Wounded and exiled

Cross border triangles and transitions.

My wounds are open, left to bleed to the core because i bleed lava.

Lavender mist thick gel bleach drips

From my wounds, thick gel bleach

Bacterial spaces absorbed by my wounds.

Esophagus misogynistic citizens

Gleaming and shining

Like the masses tears,

tough on grease and stains.

Relationships strained,

Exile is home,

Home is exile.

Exiled like my ancestors

Displaced and dispossessed

Exile is welcoming,

Songs from exile unfold

my heart and lungs.

Songs from exile are fragile.

Armed.

The people shall liberate

themselves.



Problem Child

Bara Taxi Rank, Soweto

Johannesburg

Circa. 2019 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Tik Kills

*For South Africa's communities after
their townships were flooded with Tik.*

**Witnessing black youth's meteoric rise from
The drug-infested townships of Johannesburg to the
Impoverished international communities of
Marseille.**

How is it a rise?

**A sprawling township, stretching from the
Kalahari to the Sahara.
Lacoste intolerant, Mediterranean vegetation
Intoxicated**

**Xhosa xylophones bingeing soundscapes while
Tik continues to kill these sprawling communities.
Some started jogging, influenced by barefooted
Kenyan athletes.**

**Trailing kaalfooted in Kloofendal,
Hiking.
Hijacking traffic like cyclists carrying assault
Rifles.**

**Rite to these communities is rife.
Engineers fusing energy drinks with cognac,
On route.**

**Still barefooted like a hominin
Trekking back to the Savannah,
Running away from Tik.**

**Tik soldiers continue to vuur vaal &
Maneuver distribution of Tik.**

**The streets are flooded with Methamphetamine
Tik is the talk of town.**

**When the clock clicks like an okapi,
Tik soldiers know it's time.**



Faces & Places , *Digital Diaspora*, Digital Collage, ©Kalahari Marrakesh Circa. (2019)

Petrify

The

Patriarchy

G G G G G G G

G G G G G G G

G G G G G G G

G G G G G G G

G G G G G G G



Township Civilization

**Split skeleton stealers into pieces,
History repeats itself.
Nefertitti's head is hidden beneath a township civilization.
The townships made this art,
Victimized & stigmatized.
Victims of territory dispossession & displacement.
Victims of loud internal cries,
Outlying districts turning a blind eye.
Fight against injustices ignored,
Fight against poverty is endemic to the lower-classes.
Unequal scenes.
Rich
Unjust. Unequal spaces.
High-class suburbs neighboring informal settlements
Five-star resorts neighboring informal settlements
Civilization or barbarism?
Black experiences in denial,
Township life is exhaustively a burden
High level of disparities prevail,
Dilapidated apartheid-catalyzed ghettos
Danger box bred. Kitchen fence,
Deconstructed by a regime
A war is going on outside
Black on black warfare
War on turfs
Street level drug distribution in bipedal locomotion.
Underneath the youth's gold plated lungs, spins an
Intestine like monera.**



Queen Makobo Mudjadji.



TEMPLE

Johannesburg

Circa.2019

©Kalahari Marrakesh

As I Scrub My Body

it's bright Sunday morning,
My family gets ready for
A church service.
I, myself, with a bucket of
Hot water, sunlight green bar
Accompanied by a facecloth.
In my bedroom, Tupac's photograph
Watches me as i scrub my body,
Shakur watches me grievly as
I scrub this black skin
Like a corpse withheld at a mortuary.
I don't remember thyself anymore
I am being forced to know myself,
My soul dumps my body.
Like a corpse, dead body bloating,
Floating on the sea.
My mouth resists, refuses to spit
Disrespectful words to the elderly
Who silently argue about identity politics,
My hands still treat this black body like steel
Cos my body is just a body
With nothing,
Inside of me is empty,
With nothing,
My body refuses to breath
My body refuses to move,
I scrub it as if it is
its last day on Earth,
I scrub this noir skin
Like it has sinned,
Not in a biblical sense
But in an aesthetical context.
I contain, preserve, and clean
This corpse of mine.
Because if you don't scrub your body,
Who will?

Run

Baleka,

Flee away,

Exile

yourself.

Gaubus, Johannesburg, Circa. 2018 ©Kalahari Marrakesh



The Rite to Kagiso Township

**Kagiso, a small hell
west of Johannesburg**

**Go right,
eWrong iRight is their mantra**

The passages in Kagiso township are rife

Blood spills like broken pipes of water fluidity

Blood milfs spread like covid-nineteen

Jawed up like a Nile Crocodile in quarantine.

Black on black violence erupts only midnight

Ndota

Emnyama

-you are on your own.

Mob Justice Show No Mercy

Mob

Justice

Show

No

Mercy.

Knobkerries flying up and uff

Sjamboks making hilarious soundscapes,

Plastic zorros whipping back and forth,

uMphakathi uk'faki sfundu.

There is no escape for a scapegoat.

Mob justice creeping with

Criminal elements,

Mob justice creeping with

Senseless beatings

Index finger and

Middle finger crossed so passionately,

So tightly that the mob justice showed me

Mercy.

**If it's not
From the
Heart then
Its not art.**

A Jawless Girl

**Heavyweight heart torn apart,
A whole human heart
Cardiac muscle,
I have never heard of heartbreak
I know nothing of breaking hearts.
My exiled-in-disguise father never taught me of that.
My heart is in Harare
My mind is in Accra.**

**In Accra,
A young girl households her bleeding jaws,
She received a fist from his father
Patriarchy.**

She stares at me, I stare back at her.

**I stan her dangerously gorgeous up-close and
Personal portrait,
I unpack my unprecedented,
Undying love at first sight,**

**I type and walk,
Chibuku says "*don't drink and walk*"
I stop,
I rush myself to whatever scene.**

**"I am jawless"
"Yes, I am jawless"**

**Screaming in silence,
Her tongue made her voiceless.
Only her ancestors can hear her.**

**Her mouth is full of vocabulary,
Her lower lip went missing in bloodshed,
Her bloodstream is strained,
Throat muted with vital fluid
Only her ancestors can hear her.**

**Our
Memory
Will
Not
Be
Erased!**

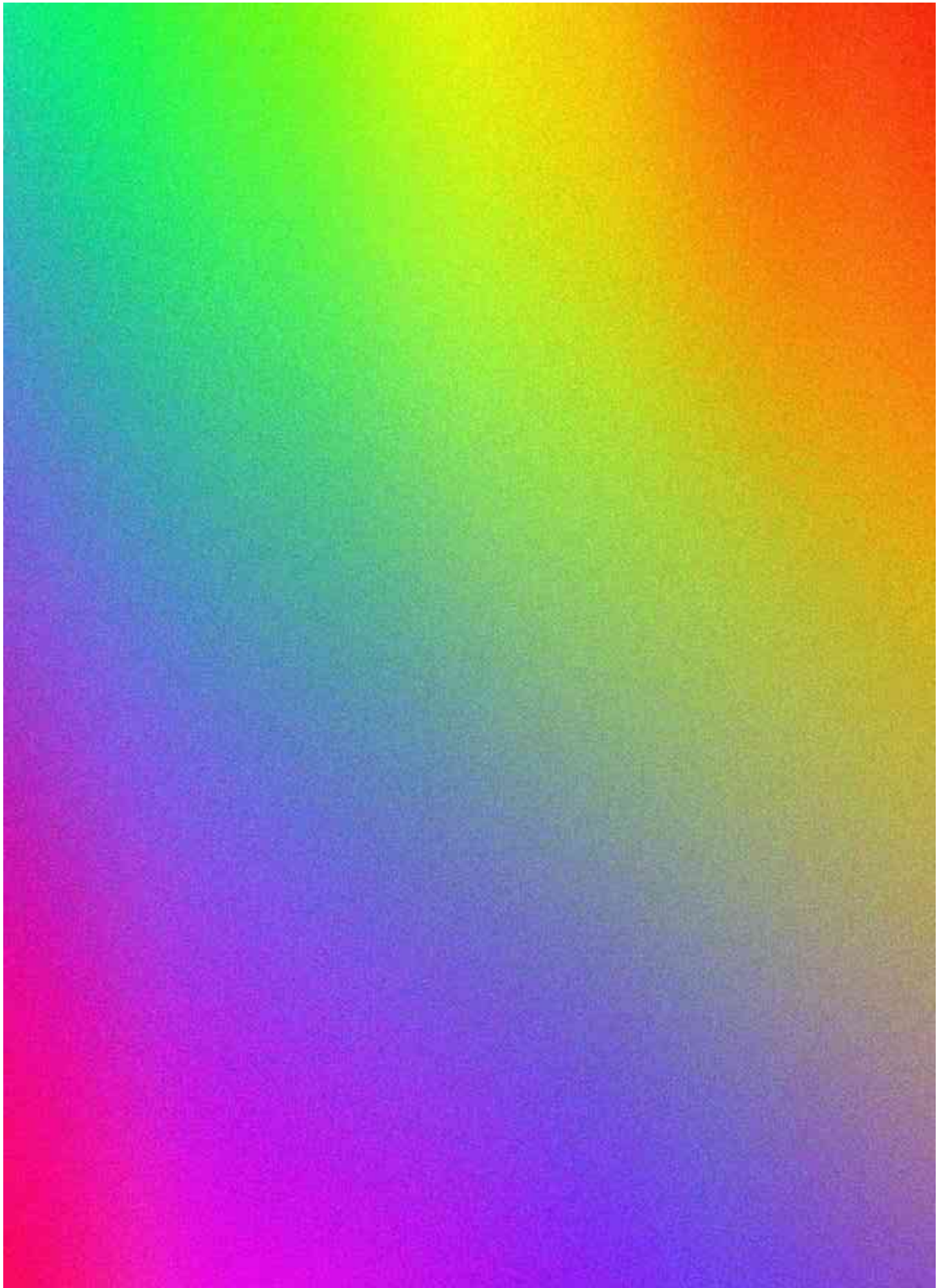
-incondo yami

An Ode To Black Boys

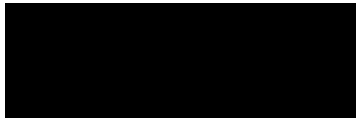
**They said black boys are inherently violent,
They lied!
They lied again when they said we don't burst into tears but
We burst into crocodile tears.
Violence is established in pieces
Violence is everlasting.
Violence is endless
Dateless,
Deathfull.
Black on black violence is not permanent.
Redirect that violence elsewhere.
Stubborn like my father
Patrick Patriarch.
Undying like my universal ancestors,
Hold patriarchy hostage and seize all the
Matriarchs.
Free their injustices and criminalize whiteness.
Decriminalize black spaces and
Unliberate the voiceless,
Relocate the marginalized from the margins.
Systemtically stealing from the higher classes.
Police vans and loud sirens causes panic attacks to
Black boys because black boys love running and
Running.
Police officers usain bolt black boys in
White communities.
White supremacy suspects every black boy.
Our internal cries will be heard,
Keep your head up &
Herd that cattle,
Keep it moving.**

In transit ©Kalahari Marrakesh , Circa.2018

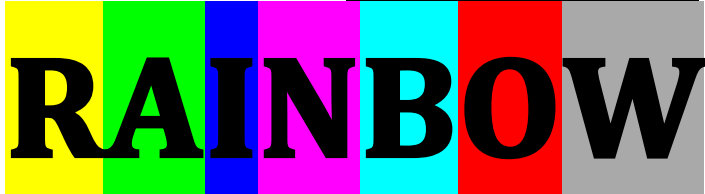




DEEPLY

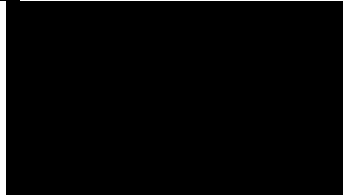


RAINBOW



DIVIDED

NATION



Deeply Divided

Deeply divided internally,

Our stomachs brews staminas,

Respiratory reptiles stabilize the spaces we occupy.

Deeply divided like neglected communities,

Deeply divided like societies and stokvels

That brew counterfeit beer.

We smuggle homemade fanta brown

Umqombothi to the high classes.

Deeply divided, we're painfully connected.

Lost

Lost in the populated streets of joburg
Where strangers fluently flow with different
Accents, dopa-dopa speaking my language,
Thriftig is a skill, but don't speak before you think,
Listen attentively, your brain is speaking to you,
Your tongue is mad at you

You become a tragedy, a burden in waiting.
Feed yourself vocabulary and lick those words,
Spit them on the floor,
Throw up,
Go fetch a traditional broomstick,
Fly yourself out of the country,
Let go of your corpse.
Feel the water within your bones running,
Don't look back, only with a rear view mirror.

Run and run and run until you get tired and thirsty.
Declare yourself missing and not willing to be found.
Lost and will not be found.
Usain Bolt yourself to the Savannah, the Kalahari,
Okavango Delta, Serengethi Nile River.
Adventure yourself,
"the journey is more beautiful than the destination"
You are a treasure in disguise.
A toolkit yearning for openness,
You are an okapi in a thug's pocket.

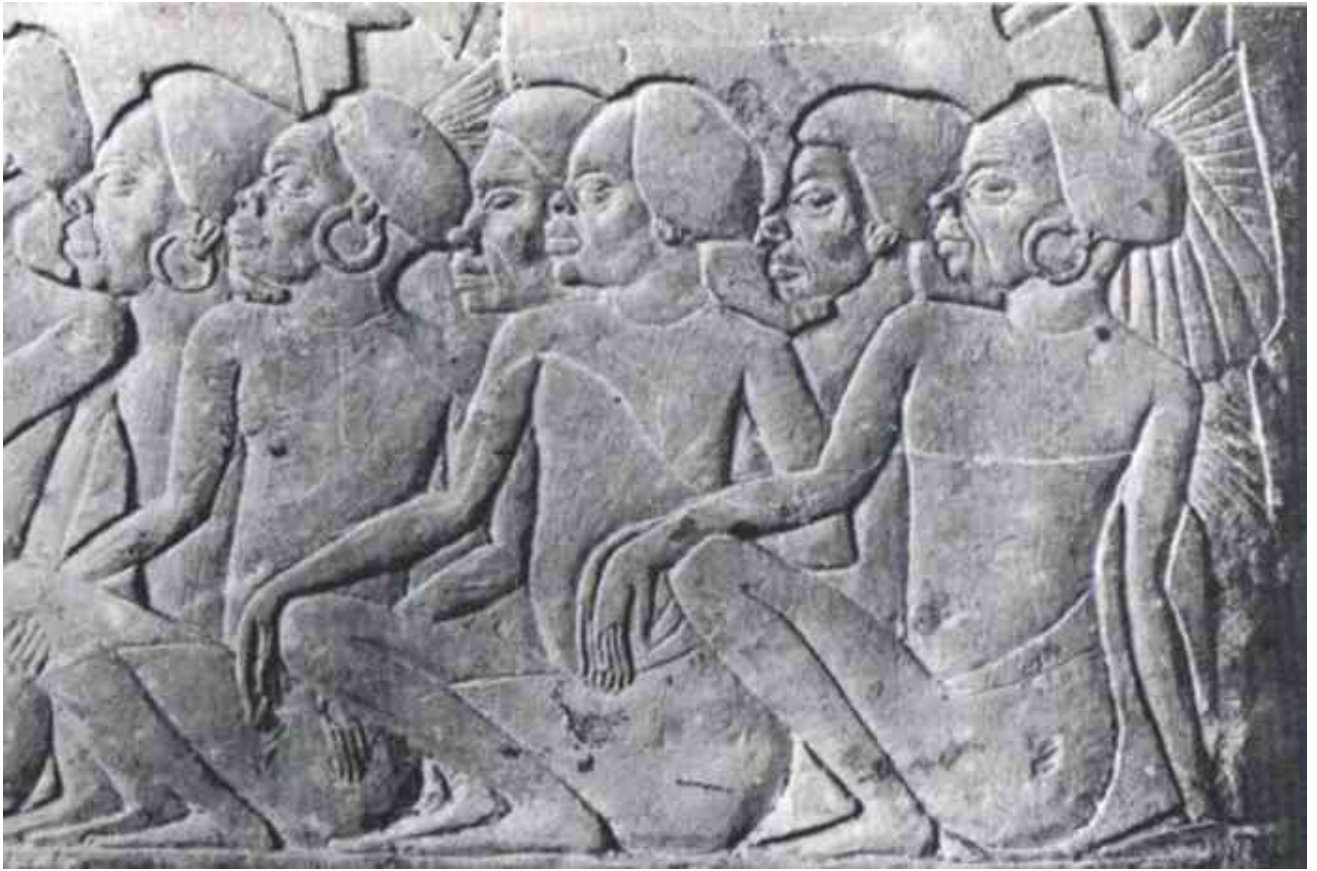
Know

Thyself

-self cav, self introspect is important



Jeppestown, Johannesburg, City Outfitters Pantsula Archive, Circa. 2017 © *Kalahari Marrakesh*



"Egyptian Prisoners From Lower Africa"

I Speak For Those Children

**I speak for those voiceless children who cannot speak for themselves
I speak for those fatherless children whose fathers exiled themselves from fatherhood.
I speak for those children whose mothers have been genocided and exterminated from
Motherhood.
I speak for those underprivileged township children whose adrenaline rush is rapidly high,
Those children whose always chased by police vans with loud sirens every dawn,
Those children who've endured unspeakable torture and suffering,
Those children who've been suffering in silence,
I speak for those children whose lives are hooked on ndanda,
Crystal methamphetamine,
Nyaope & heroin.
I speak for those children whose wounds are their burden,
Whose wounds are out in the open.
I speak for those children whose imagining the future and rebuilding the past,
Those children whose memory isn't distorted,
Those children whose descendants are khoikhoi warriors,
I speak for those children whose history has been stolen and hidden,
I speak for those children whose houses have no inside toilets,
Whose mothers have been at the odds with poverty,
Whose fathers have been blotted out from the struggle,
I speak for those children whose names cannot be pronounced,
Those children who cannot write their names,
I speak for those children whose hardheaded children have been locked up in juveniles,
I speak for those children whose still mourning for their biological parents,
I speak for those children whose arms are glued to automatic rifles,
I speak for those children whose sole purpose on this earth is revenge.
Revenge of the children,
I speak for those children growing up in South Africa's sprawling townships,**

I Mug People For A Living

**I mug people for a living
My phanga accompanies me wherever I go.
Whenever I stand,
My phangka divulges,
It wants to serve its purpose.
The CBD is severe when the sun is set
Johannesburg is a concrete jungle in its own right.
Thievery, burglary and pickpocketing
Are of the same family.
Last night pickpocketing came to the party.
Iphones and wallets unnoticeably
Forsaken people's pockets.
Two finger was successfully attempted.
My eyes were hypnotic,
My hands were magnetic.
I only want your possessions
Not your body,
Not your vital fluid,
Only your possessions.**

**Bleeding
Inside Out.
Can't stop
Bleeding.**

-qitha igazi

I Cannot Say A Thing

**I cannot say a thing
I have to admit,
My body is marginalized,
My tongue is drowning in saliva**

I cannot say a thing

**I am voiceless like neglected townships
I sing my songs in silence
My songs are a burden of blackness,
You cannot listen to them alone
My noise aggressively oozes silence.
You need to listen from within to hear me speak,
To hear me speak is like jamming to kwaito music
Genre in your vehicle
In the township
Location unknown while the
Address is on a pothole.**

I cannot say a thing

**I am voiceless
My voice is wounded
I cannot bare these identity politics
Under my white bones.
My teeth weigh a ton
My black skin is yearning to depart from my
Corpse
My existence is resistance**



Zandile and Mankebe

Roodeport,
Johannesburg
Circa. 2019
©Tshepo Mogopodi

My Mother's Briefcase

**My mother's briefcase treasures the forgotten,
Hidden, neglected historical narratives.
It holds dearly to the unacknowledged ignored
Stories of our household communities.
The diaspora remains unexplored,
Explorers voyaging their way in our communities with
Nothing but force.
My mother's briefcase is hidden underneath the gravel
Road next to a mining compound.
Our memory will not be distorted.
Disturbed,
Brain tumor like a time ticking bomb.
They tried to delete our ancestors database,
They tried to erase the contributions,
The body of works of our ancestors,
The barely known important figures.
Silencing and brutally killing our people
My people
Your people
The people that keep on killing their own kind.
What do they fear?
What
follows
behind?**

Peke

Ne

Fosholo.

2\$6

Digging

My mother's briefcase treasures the forgotten
hidden neglected historical narratives.
It holds dearly to the unacknowledged ignored
stories of our household communities.
The diaspora remains unexplored,
Explorers voyaging their way in our communities
with nothing but violence towards the black body.
My mother's briefcase is hidden underneath the hostels'
surface, gravel road paved,
galavanted natural resources in place.
Our memory is distorted.
Disturbed, brain tumor like a time ticking bomb
They tried to delete our ancestors database,
they tried to erase the contributions,
the bodies of work of our ancestors,
the barely known glorious figures.
silencing and brutally killing our people
my people
your people
The people that keep on killing their own kind
What do they fear?
What follows behind?
I took
out my
fosholo
and kept
digging.

Who Raised Me?

**I was raised by the streets.
Stop signs, robots and main roads.
The pavements said it was going to be okay.
The street lights gave me hope,
The passages were our rest rooms,
The passages had all our belongings,
It had a young boy sleeping on a
Cardbox with no jackets and blankets,
Coldness creeping inside the boy's body
Waiting to get mugged by influenza**

Unsung, Untold Stories

This anthology is dedicated to the marginalized.



Kagiso Aerial,
Shot on Iphone Hybrid Map
Circa. 2019 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Sophia Townships

**We came here unarmed.
Untamed.
Unstrapped.
Barely clothed & barefooted.
Ancestors accompanying their footprint.
Brutally running away from
Our fatherless selves.
The townships of Sophia are in distress.
The people have been massacred,
hanged, tortured & mutilated
War on drugs in the guises.
We chant "Amandla" like
it's a black girl's name.
Amandla is no longer Awethu,
The power is no longer ours.
Black power & black powder
Are feared and sacred.
Sophiatown is buried
Gomora is buried
Soweto is buried
Tembisa is buried
Kagiso is buried
Mohlakeng is buried
All of these townships are buried!
Neglected,
drug infested.
Concealed underneath the Earth's core.
All of these civilizations are buried.
The universe has buried cities.
Buried cities cry for their fossils.
Confronting ourselves.
Searching for hidden historiography.
Who
are
we?**

Archival For Blackness

Guluva Publication

Father Fleeing From Fatherhood

**Fatherless because my father exiled himself when
Fatherhood came knocking on his door.
Fatherless because my father fled away when
Fatherhood called his name and he responded absently
Andlzi**

**Fatherless because Bree taxi rank continues to brew
Patriarchy**

Fatherless because South African prisons –

Leeukop,

Sun City,

Westville

C Max

Berg

Pollsmoor

**Maximum prisons are continuously overcrowding
With our fathers.**

Criminative men get plagiarized and referenced.

Awaiting trial is doing time,

Life sentence is gwebo,

Infectious diseases inside the prisoner's

Orange overalls is man-made.

Jumpsuit deep pocketed

Hand crafted from human rights violations

Which married violence.

Correctional services is motherless,

Mental slavery resistant.

Refuse solitary confinement,

Resist anything warder's offer you,

Their grievances,

Their sorries,

Their aid,

Resist them wholeheartedly,

Resist anything and everything,

Mental disorder is chaotic

Isphithiphithi,

There is no order.

Ascending And Descending

**My ancestors have been carrying an arsenal from
Generation to generation.**

**Before history was concealed underneath the
Earth's surface.**

**Before history was buried in the wilds of the
Savannah.**

Before ano domino's predominance.

**My ancestors have been ascending and descending,
Migrating and migrating,**

All their lives,

Ascending and descending.

They belong everywhere because they are

Boundless,

Barrier removers,

Unterritorial settlers with nothing but

Survival instincts and tactics.

Ascending and descending,

Transcending in the cosmic spaces,

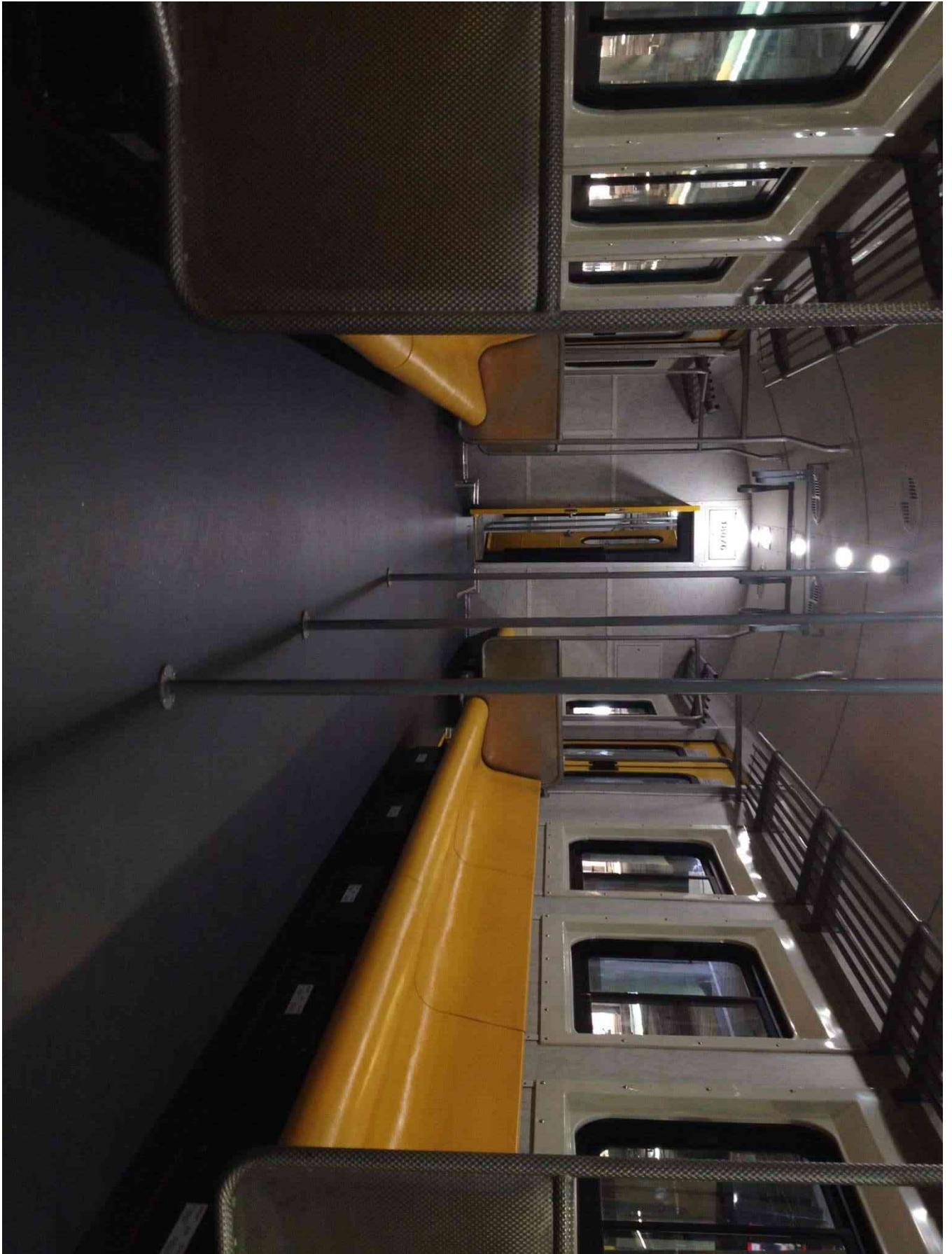
Igniting their cardiac muscles,

Their heart organs are plated in gold

Nicotine surrounds the lungs.



Stimela Se Golide, Metrorail > Braamfontein Line, Circa.2017 ©Kalahari Marrakesh



Phakathi Inside, Johannesburg, Circa.2017 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Unsung Heroes Of Azania

*For Mangaliso Sobukwe, Nyakane Tsolo,
Philip Kgosana, Zachius Molete & George Ndlovu
after their names were erased from the public memory*

**Blotted out.
Bottled inside the politician's bellies.
Interrogated &
Tortured by a regime.
Muted &
Silenced.
Erased & concealed.
Hidden.
Unacknowledged & neglected.
Locked outside the public memory.
Uprooted & unearthed.
Forcefully relocated to uninhabitable environments.
Evicted from their ancestral homeland,
Exiled to a desert &
Deleted from the national database.
Contributions lured into distortions**

The true history of Azania must be told.

An Ode To Orlando Pirates

**Ezika Magebhula,
the Sea Robbers,
happy people,
the Ghosts,
Amabhakabhaka,
Up the Bucs,
MaBuccaneers,
Ezimnyama ngenkani
Izinja ze mpilo
Tse ntswembu
Tse blind
Ditsotsi tsako
Skepeng.
Shapa Bhakabhaka
Shapaaaaa!**

A Journey To Manenburg With A Zola Budd

a friday morning,
In transit,
En route to Manenburg from
Noord Mtn rank.
Z-88 pistol placed horizonatally flat on
the brown dashboard of a
Zola Budd,
passengers traumatized,
I instantly knew we were lost passengers
on a wrongful taxi ride.
Knobkerries transcended on our foreheads,
Journey to the drug-infested
homelands turned into a turmoil,
wounded boys wounded the entire commuters.
Mshayeli the taxi driver enrouted to the coast,
where we waited for a ship,
Afghanistan syndicates were there,
at the tip of the continent
where the Atlantic & Indian ocean meet,
they were here to distribute their herion.
We stopped on the wrong turf,
a turf of tik,
a community of tik.
Tik soldiers asked why we are here,
we told them we just here to collect our parcel.
Die draad & die glas glued theirs eyes like
violence was about to erupt.
I observed an old man take out his baretta.
A 9mm titanium semi automatic smiled at us.
I knew war was about divulge,
But we kept our cool,
Internal pressure decreased and
We went back to Witwatersrand.



City Outfitters, Circa.2017

Marrakesh's Eulogy

Malume Marrakesh was a snyman,
A synonym for a bread winner, a protector,
a father & lover,
A'chuz number 1
Marrakesh wase West
Kagiso central, Sonup
Zulu Jump
Hometown,
homeboys trapped in methazine
Listening to radio, National Assembly in Marrakesh's
2-room back zozo mkhukhu settlement.
It hasn't rained for a millennia.
Dehydrated like a Kalahari camel,
Longing for my ancestors to ask Queen Makobo
Mudjadji for the rains.
Moratata (Ak) hanging on the wall,
uMkhontu WeSizwe artwork auctioned from
Moscow.
Shipped by a navigare, navigating it's way in.
Before endemic violence erupted like lava,
Kilimanjaro was peaking, exodus in motion, migrating southwards to the tip of the
continent.
Townships on the outskirts, far east, far southwest. Landlocked in the city of Golide,
Johannes & stolen luggage
Jhb and its abundance of homelessness
jhb and it's abandoned minerals scattered across
Hometowns,
homeboys gunned down, mentally paralyzed & massacred.
Violence towards the black body is ignored
Black on black violence worsening.
Marakesh necklaced with injustices.
They should've just named the Kalashnikov after Mzilikazi ka Khumalo
Kalahari Khoi desert dwellers in real time.
Ak47s smuggled in coffins,
Black Toyota cressidas doing donuts
Peace Ma-Gents, Peace Bafethu
Mchechana, medi, mfana ask for the ndzomela
Ya smezi
Vuka kleva, seku sele amaphupho afezeke
His dreams are valid too



Berg, Krugersdorp's iconic mountain made up of radioactive dust. Krugersdorp's Correctional Services sits behind the peak. Circa.2016 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Inxeba

Lami

Liya

Khuluma.

-my wound is my biggest mouthpiece.

Down The Aisle

Down the aisle walks

My clarks wallabee,

Junya wanna be tailored suit.

**Thank you for sharing benkies all over the
Community. You gonna need a ticket to my wedding.**

My 42-year-old staple cries crystals.

My style is so lethal, vicious like a venomous mamba.

Hard living is our way of life.

Leather background lowlife like a

Brides walking down the aisle to a UEFA soundtrack

MAYIBUYE



Her Diastema Is Amazing

**Her diastema is amazing,
She smiles all day
Afternoon,
Everyday moonlight activities passionately
Driven by colgate smiles and gap-toothed
Women of colour
Mugging & pickpocketing
Black men's umbilical cords.
Her diastema is amazing
She spends time dosing on vocabulary,
Reading thousands of mouthful literate from
Her mother's womb.
Her diastema is amazing
Her kinky hair is her diaspora
Her scent leaves the spaces smelling of negligence
Men turned into corpses.
Her diastema is amazing
Powerful like the fist of Amandla
She charms men and lures them to the
Cemetery and performs ceramic rituals.
Her diastema is amazing
She got it from her mama,
Her mama got it from a long long line of
Matriarchs with diastemas of diamond
Their diastemas are amazing**

My

Art

Will

Pitpocket

You.

Dokotela's Room

**My doctor told me
We're in a war here.
A war with the guluvament
awakening in this darkness
blackness ignored like the unending universe.
Waking up in constant travels,
traveling like a time machine,
trapped in timezones ,
historic timelines do not align
Nothing is adding up.**

University Of Crime

Krugerdorp Correctional Services

Butcher wives with knives

Run.

**Our resistance will hand you poetry
Our refusal will pitpocket poetry
Into your backpocket, tote back purse and hand you
Poetry again.**

**Still, the government is a running, jogging, sprinting
Injustice that will not slow down,
Still, our people desire justifying injustices in people's
Intestines and insides,
With sharp and shiny objects.**

**Yesterday my heart was auctioned at a
Luxurious butchery in Soweto,
Butcher wives had knives, phangas and other
Sharp & shiny painful objects.**

**Ready to slaughter polygamist species,
Ready to slaughter any man who dared to buy
Meat from the butcher shop.**

Many men feared that butcher shop.

But one man,

**Alphios Madlakadlaka trespassed,
The butcher wives chopped off his penis,
Wrapped the penis in foil.**

Going once and twice,

And sold to the highest bidder.

**The butcher wives said they only wanted his
Foreskin**

But the auctioneers demanded more than that.

They wanted Bab Madlakadlaka's testicles

But his penis was

Forsaken.



Mjipa – City of Golide (circa.2018) ©Kalahari Marrakesh

Sobukwe

Sankara

Samora

Mahlangu.

izinga zange mpela, the real heroes of the struggle.



City Outfitters
43 Macintyre Str
Jeppeshtown
Johannesburg
2094
Circa.2017
©Kalahari Marrakesh

Diabolism

Necromancy

Sorcery

Voodoo.

Remembering...

**Remember
Boipatong**

**Remember
Sobukwe, Tsolo, Kgosana**

**Remember
Molete, Ndlovu**

**Remember
Sharpsville, Langa, Gomora, Evaton,
Munsiville, Soweto**

**Remember
We won't move
Kofifi
1955**

But remember five years later

1960

**An injustice, justified as
Azania's Human-rights day,
An injustice unjust to the richest squaremile of Africa
North of the City of Gold**

**The marginalized quarantined in townships
Mentally genocided and mutilated,
Massacred because their
Existence was resistance.**

**Psychiatrically locked inside the public memory
Consumed by an alien government,**

**Separated from the national conciousness
Segregated, dispersed from the inner city,**

**No room for the poor in the city centre,
Homelessness brewing itself from self-isoation.**



While waiting for the stimela in braamfontein's station. Circa2018

An Ode Jairus Ditshotlo Nkwe

**When I think of Malome Jairus,
I go back in time.**

**Memories deepen into nostalgia
Remembrances of a living legend are
Traced.**

**Witnessing a hologram of a
Veteran Pantsula,
OG
The real makoya Jakarumba
Jaromano, Jairus
Majarajara
The dance floor commander,
Di helle fokken spy
Meadowlands will forever have you in
Her heart.
Index finger and thumb in the air,
Your art priceless**



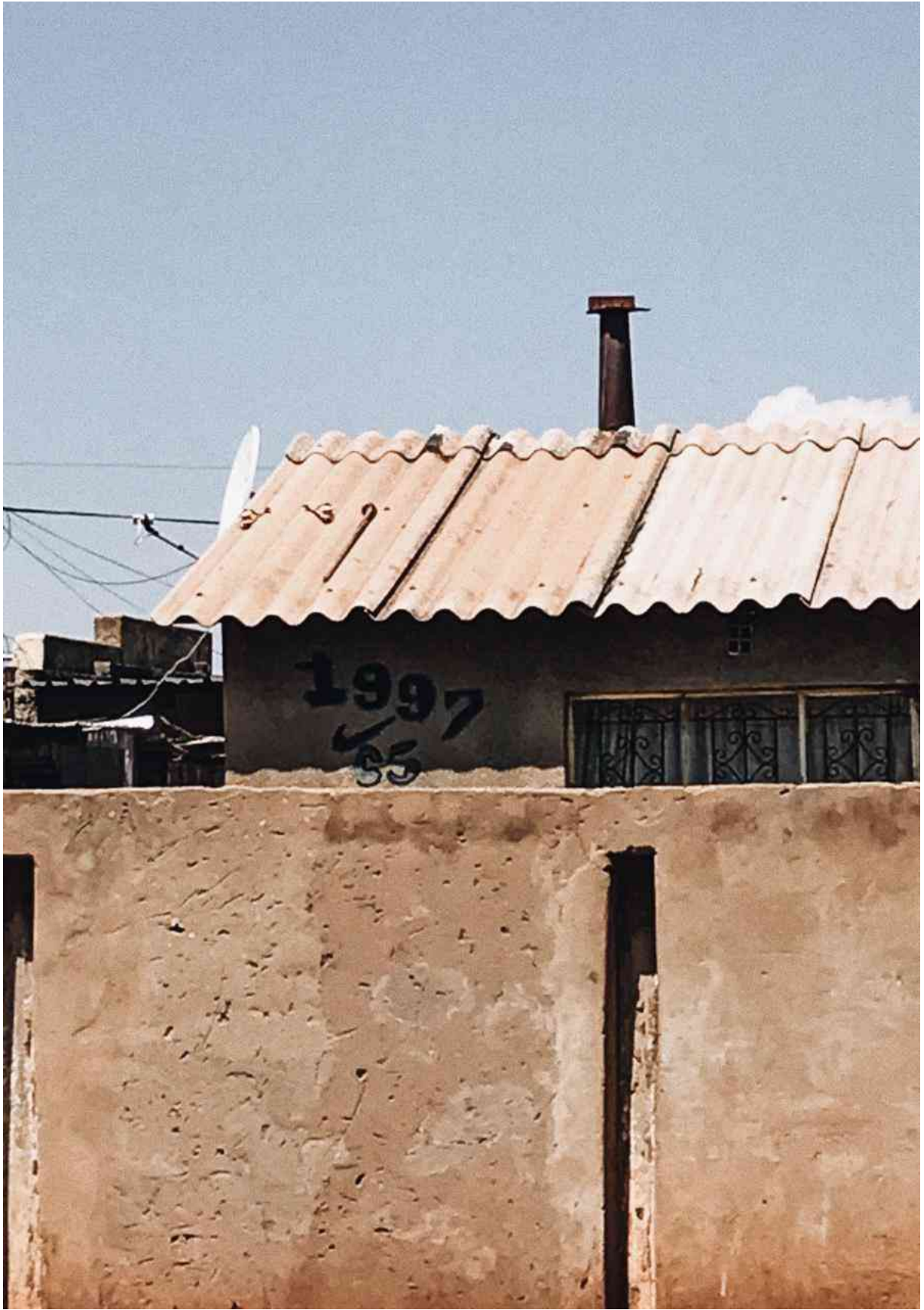
Zola Budd In Motion, Wanderers St, *Johannesburg* Circa.2018 ©Tshepo Mogopogi

Mpimpi's

Get

Stitches

-umphakathi uzok' faki 'sfundu
Mob Justice Show No Mercy



Home Is Where The Art Is ©Tshepo Mogopodi. Circa2017

Look At Us

Buka mina,

Look.

See,

Observe.

Watch me, myself and I as

We dance all night

On the grave of everything that tried to kill us.

Bheka thina

Look at us,

Me, myself and I

They fear us so much

Because we are large,

We are oceans

We are mountains

We are quantities

Culturally ?

Powerful,

Lightyears ahead.



Abaziyo Bayazi, Johannesburg. Circa.2018 ©Tshepo Mogopodi

Search Your Mind

- **mina i will pickpocket your state of mind because my mind's free.**



R5 Zambane eGoli, circa.2018 ©Tshepo Mogopodi

I Am Exhausted

**Craving a mouthful of literature
But my brain is exhausted.
I was fed authorized syllabus
I was fed colonized education my entire existence.
My whole existence
I was fed propaganja for breakfast,
At lunch,
I ate my own history passed down by
A generation that fought teeth and nail,
A generation foregathered in a
Space of gender neutrality.
For dinner,
I ate an archive of my grandfather's memiors in
A space of nostalgia,
Where identity politics cannot exist
A space where uncle Patriarchy cannot
Rule and dominate.
I'm still exhausted
Yes,
Emotionally,
I am exhausted.
My brain is in fatigue
But i will not beg to be fed.
I water myself first
I feed me more
I need me more
Myself is nourishing self.**



Diepkloof Zone 6, *Straat Art*, Circa.2018 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

We Are On Our Away

**Our father who art on
Earth and soil,
We are coming,
Prof Sobukwe
We feel your presence,
We feel your influence.
They can wound us,
They can kill us
They can torture us,
But we are coming.
Reko tseleng,**

Uncovering And Recovering

- **unlearning all the shit they thought they taught me.**



A Parallel Zebra Universe, Witpoortjie, Johannesburg. Circa.2019 ©Tshepo Mogopodi

**Salute
To The
Salutas
Worldwide.**



Egoli, Gauteng Maboneng Emuva, Johannesburg, Circa.2018 ©Tshepo M

Representing All Forms Of Blackness

**Representing all forms of blackness,
Nina boZulu,
oMageba bale game,
Unsung warriors,
Skhokhos, izinja
Inkabikazi
Izimbhokodo
The backbone of Afrika
The household surnames
That embrace
Matriarchy,
The OG
Traditional wisdom that leaks from the old
Representing all forms of blackness
In the street corners,
Inner city dungeons,
The homeless,
Displaced and dispossessed masses,
Informal settlement dwellers,
The so-called lower classes
Representing all forms of blackness
Nina abo Sech Galagala,
Jumpas
Ndota Emnyama
Farrakhan Mabanana
Piet Van Tonder
Alphios Madlakadlaka
Yem yem
Vela bambhentsele,
Hologrammed uMkhonto weSizwe AK47
Hanging on Poqo' headquarters
BoMgcina phats' phezulu
Ngisho nina ingane zaka
Sobukwe
Representing all forms of blackness
Out of Afrika,
In the diaspora
In the near universe,**

Choking... Suffocating, & Suffering

- What's not okay is suffering in silence.



Wits Art Museum, Johannesburg, Circa.2017 ©Kalahari Marrakesh

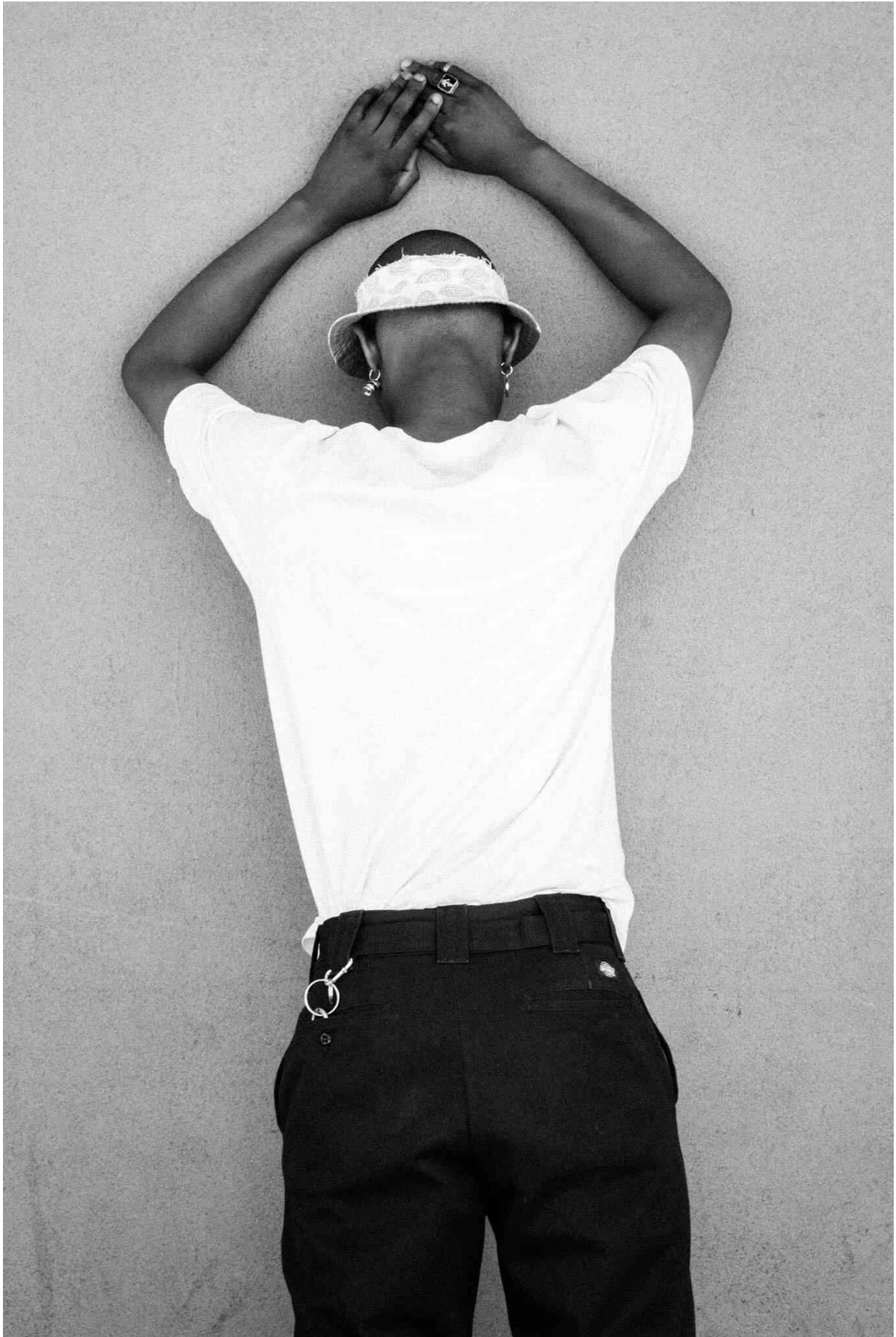
**Our townships
continue to
narrate our
stories.**

**Our townships
continue to recite
our poetries.**

Guluva's publication.



In the streets of Johannesburg, *Braamfontein*. Circa 2017 ©Kalahari Marrakesh



"Cops About To Search These Dickies Trousers", Krugersdorp, circa.2018 ©Nonzuzo Gxekwa



Dada Khanyisa - Afropolitan Teaparty, 35m Mural in Constitution Hill, Johannesburg, circa.2017

Sekusele

Amaphupho

Afezeke

•your dreams are valid too.



Luipardsvlei Train Station, Krugersdorp circa2017 ©Kalahari Marrakesh



Self Isolation In Motion, Krugersdorp, Circa.2020 ©Kalahari Marrakesh



Afrika My Youth, Faces & Places. Siphesihle Mathenjwa, Circa.2020 (©Kalahari Marrakesh)

Gwababa

- Lingua franca of South African townships
- When your heart is racing
- When you can literally feel fear
Running through your veins,
From head to toes.



Braamfontein , Johannesburg. ©Kalahari Marrakesh Circa.2020

Sisuka

Kude

Hadza, Khoi, Mbutu, Maasai, Nama, Sandawe, Yoruba

Nefertiti's head

**Nefertiti's head is hidden
beneath a township
civilization, ano domino
dominates timescales.
Internal landscapes
inside my stomach.
Underneath my
Gold plated lungs
Spins an intestine like monera.
Nefertiti's head is tattooed on
Shakur's chest,
On my girlfriends' rib sits a Nubian Queen
Rolling a blunt
On my grandmothers thigh sits a new
Nefertiti,
Mbokodo,
Mosadi,
Warrior
Lacoste intolerent like
Kemetic Nubian waves that
Bring's the incense to the market
Precious oils surrounds our ghettoes,
Nobody must surrender,
We will surrender if we dont get those
Township civilizations**

Dear

1994

• nothing has changed.



North Of Johannesburg, *Aerial courtesy of a hybrid / satellite, ©2020*

**CONTEMPORARY
POETRY**

***"228 Pages of Neglected Poetry*
An anthology by Kalahari Marrakesh"**

Is Mothupi Kgatshe's debut full length poetry collection,
A creative documentation on South African historiography.
Utilizing text and imagery as two important archival tools,
Photography accompanying poetry.

The anthology is written from a new, revolutionary, pantsula perspective of sharing
and writing of our stories with spectrums that creates its own framework.
Identity, grief, memory, displacement, pain, love, crime, poverty, trauma, just to name
a few, are some of the complex issues of human experience that draw up
Marrakesh's body of work.

A revolutionary voice advocating for creative storytelling
(creative storytelling isn't dead, so is print.)

A liberating voice advocating for the marginalized, the masses, and the neglected.

An alternative voice that deepens our understanding of South Africa's
Historiography and its contemporary landscape.

The collection itself is influenced and inspired by everyday life,
Individual and collective experiences
(Personal and shared experiences)

Unearthing the unsung and underrepresented heroes from my
Childhood experiences;

Revealing the complexities and anxieties of living in
South Africa's most unequal spaces, townships and informal settlements,
Post-colonialism.

Searching for identity in a deeply divided society; constantly remembering,
reimagining, and reconstructing the almost-erased historiographies of South Africa's
township communities, the collection is accompanied by a dash of lingua franca that
it is embedded in South African townships. The poems are however written in English
but they still pay respects towards their linguistic root, with a style of exploring
vocabulary and language.

In other words

228 Pages Of Neglected Poetry is an anthology
that doesn't conform to western ideas of poetry.
Ingrained in a contemporary South African heritage,
the collection breeds new ways of creative storytelling.

228 Pages

21 cm x 29,7 cm

© Publication Guluva