

On its feet

Lukhanyo Matshebelele

A young man filled with hope comes home
puts his huge bag on the table,
And move his eyes around the house.
He puts the three legged pot baked bread there too.
On this table he puts the scent of the grass after the rain.
On this table he puts the raw chicken that his grandmother had slaughtered for him.
On this table he put his mother's words: 'Take care of yourself my son',
The moo of the cows on this table,
The crack of his grandfather's bullwhip,
His younger brother holding a stick
On the way to look for cattle,
He put these on the table.
Walking to the wall,
He takes down the old photo of his family,
The smile is drawn on his face as he puts it on the table.
The smile suddenly vanishes
And the feeling of uncertainty surfaces.
He puts this on the table.
And what if he doesn't make it in the foreign land?
And what if he is making a mistake?
All these on the table.
The load piles up,
The space for more is getting smaller
But the table is still on its feet.
The young man chose to put his load on table for a reason,
What can withstand such a heavy load if not a table?

The floor

by Busiswa Mahonono

A woman full of numbness comes home
And puts her bag on the floor
She put her diary on the floor
She put her phone there too
And the smell of her mother's perfume before she went to work
The size 12 boots that he always put by the door
Or was it his big raincoat that was always hung there, showing that like him, it will
leave too.
She put the sounds of pages flipping as he read her favourite lullaby
She put the picture of his back as he left once again, for good this time
She put the last drops of tears she ever cried for a man
She put her last memory of her father on that floor
The floor doesn't give in to the weight,
it is the floor after all
Like her it gets walked all over
but it stays strong – it is concrete, it was built to handle it
She was raised to expect a man to leave her
She was raised so a man could marry her
She was raised so she can birth a man
And like that floor, she was raised to be concrete for a man
The floor stood strong
It had cracks
it was worn
It was tired
But like her, it stood strong, taking it,
because after all it is the floor.

Sofa, her comfort

Tamica Mopp

She comes home exhausted from the day
She throws her handbag on the sofa
She puts down the smell of the sweat in the train carriage
She puts down the shoves and stares from strangers
She puts down the blazing summer's heat
She puts down the gossip and chatters from friends
She puts down unrequited love
She puts down the imaginations of her heart
She puts down the memories of her first kiss
She puts down the coffee smells
The coffee shop around the corner
The laughter of Johnny Brown
The insecurity of a broken woman
She puts down the James Arthur soundtrack
Empty Spaces plays as she drops it down
She puts down the emptiness of her soul
She puts down the cares of tomorrow
She puts down the obsessive need to rewind time and change what cannot
be undone
The sofa is packed
Yet it still has space for her
"You are my comfort, dear Sofa", she whispers
she sinks into the cushions
And the sofa carries all her weight.