

The place I'm from
Ndibulele Sotondoshe

I'm from a place where there's plenty of talent but only few succeed
Because born-leaders are sitting in the corner selling weed.

I'm from a city

Where a lady gets married only if she's pretty.

Where women have the thought to tie the knot,

With a wealthy-man they love not.

I'm from a place where bloggers

do a blog about a dog that went for a jog with joggers.

But will never write even two sentences

About a poor man's circumstances.

I'm from a place where we used to confide to pastors with all our trust

But they've turned into imposters that are filled with lust.

I'm from a place

Where poverty & agony is tattooed in your face.

Where you know the grill is to go steal

So you can have your first meal.

I'm from a place where 'you're just a thing'

if you don't have a bling.

Where street-vendors 'sell food' so they can 'buy food' for their offspring.

I'm from a place where gossips gather

And talk about a young father

Who doesn't care for his child who's four.

Where you arrive but never make it out alive.

Where only the fittest survive.

Where you feel safe around skollies

But vulnerable around police.

Where you shake hands with friends,

But deep down they wish your life ends.

I'm from a place

Where it's never your place to save a stranger

Who's in danger.

I'm from a place where they say 'he is just smart'

But they don't know how his art

Is close to his heart.

A place that can't be described in few lines stitched together in a rhyme;

That breeds leaders but it's still notorious for its crime.

I'm from a place that follows you wherever you relocate,

Where love is overshadowed by hate.

I'm from the Eastern Cape

And that is not a place you can just escape.