

# A bleeding Nation

Author: Mpho Ramaano

Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Pistol bullets take the skies  
in the red traffic lighted streets of Polokwane,  
some crazy monsters flee the wheels away  
leaving behind on a junction,  
a trail of blood, a dead man,  
who own the fleeing car.  
I take my phone, call the cops,  
they take time to come.  
Come investigations, no one is arrested,  
but death is registered in someone's house.  
You need no beautified coloured CV  
to know those monsters are jobless.

Down Market Street  
a beautiful young girl is discovered  
on the roadside,  
eyes wide open, no breath,  
no heartbeat, no pulse.  
She was high on coke,  
a knife-edged half bottle soaked  
deep in her genitals,  
trails of blood playing the art  
on her cursed pretty tempting thighs.  
Tumi was a registered citizen,  
Voter by right, but equally jobless,  
Sex trade was her job,  
today it's her death.

In Phalaborwa, Maphutha hospital,  
is my badly HIV/AIDS eaten sister.  
The department of death and wealth-share says,  
no anti-retroviral drugs for SA children,  
Dr Ma (pelo)nt(sh)o Msimang  
is not yet on the dying list  
nor has she a child's life at stake.  
Children are dying  
like a battalion of ants  
in a man's single boot crash.  
The future is ripped off our faces.

My president is busy  
loitering the American golf courses,  
no one can address my hunger,  
nor could anyone heed my anger.  
His honourable Zuma can't feed the poor,  
he is in multi-billion corruption saga.  
I turn on the telly or radio,  
another cat and mouse trick,  
Ngcuka is on the line.  
This Hefer cold-mission  
of a commission is sucking us dry,  
hitting hard in our pockets,  
yet we continue to suffer.  
Stop this Hefer cold worm,  
we demand a report on the arms deal.  
We can't shut and be silent  
when people continue to suffer.

Countrymen hold your cries,  
don't forget to service Mbeki's jet,  
so he can flee, jump like a cocked kangaroo  
and jet to the star-flagged countries  
to dine with the mighty Bush and Blair.  
Hold your cries,  
dry your tears,  
they have turned a monotonous low lyrical note.  
Hold your cries,  
dry your tears.  
Your president will soon jet home  
To deliver a speech in the AU,  
and be termed the best visionary  
in the African leadership  
what a compliment!  
While we remain hopeless, lifeless,  
jobless, homeless  
and dying of HIV/AIDS.  
Ours is a dying nation,  
ours is a bleeding nation.  
Who is to blame?  
I ain't the president.