

First Rain Poetry

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Leseprobe



witnessed

River deep

Black grief is a river deep
Pain and loss flowing through generations
It is the cry of ancestors
My ancestors
Echoing through time and space

Do you know how heavy a stolen life is?
Do you know how heavy a s t o l e n life is?

Black grief is a silent march
Footsteps heavy with sorrow
Is a whispered prayer
In the quiet of the night
Black grief is the face of strength
It is the power in resistance
It is the names we say loud
So they are not forgotten
The fight to honour their lives
In a world that feels so rotten
Black grief is our collective heart
Beating with resilience and pride
Black grief is a call
To honour, to remember
It is the path into healing
Although the road is hard and long
Black grief is a river deep
But in its flow, there is grace and love
Black grief is a river deep
Is a river deep
Is a river
Deep

No more western beauty standards

I decolonise my body
Every day
Peeling back layers of history
Get rid of the narratives that do not belong to me
So I can remember where I come from

I celebrate my life
I nourish my roots
I reclaim the curves of my existence
The shape of my spirit
The character of my torso

My body is no longer in chains
My body is
alive
vibrant
whole

Trauma runs deep

I witness
with my whole body
Because my body remembers
Not just with eyes
With the skin, too
The bones and the space between them

These bones remember
The weight of burning straw houses
The parents scream and cry
The quiet crack on hearts
It remembers when the sky darkens

I feel it in my spine
I hear my mother's steps
She walks barefoot
Where ashes settle like snow
Where grief and fear are a steady rain

There is no shelter from all what I saw
I can't hide
But I will stand here
I witness to what remains
The small sparks still flicker
I see that, not only with my eyes
This broken world
I will witness
with my whole body

No small talk

Don't talk to me
Not now
Not yet
Talk to me when you are ready
When you don't fear my strength and vulnerability
Talk to me
When life gives you enough knowledge to
question your people, your story, your history, your
collective complicity

Talk to me when you start with your process of unlearning
When love and decolonisation knock on your door
Talk to me
When I am safe

These walls are too high

I cannot self-love my way out of this
Cannot journal the weight of oppression into lightness
Cannot breathe deeply enough
to clear the thick air of injustice

My practice is not built on brokenness
It is woven into my survival, my healing
It is larger than my singular body
It is older than my singular life

But the work is out there
In the systems, in the structures
I try to care for myself, for us
But I cannot dismantle these walls alone
So where are you?

Queer holiness

In the middle of my heart
Stories running deep
This skin, these bones
They carry not just weight
But the memory of every touch
Every moment

I am fluid
like water that refuses to be held
My gender is not a question to be answered
My sexuality is sacred
No shadows, no shame
But a light full of pleasure
Raw and unapologetic
Freedom in my body
A hymn
♫ to the way I love
♫ to the way I desire
♫ to the way I heal

Every scar, every wound
Is mapping the journey of my existences
I step into these spaces where love is free
Where gender is limitless
And desire is divine
This is my world
This is where I become me
I am queer
I am holy

I am

I am here for my people
I am here to be heard by my ancestors and descendants
So they know I am not silence
I am here to emote the trauma
'Cause trauma is a system
I am here to listen to my heartbeat
And in between my screams of daymares and nightlights
I am here to find truth
I am here to burn oppressors' houses
with my words of despair and my words of joy
I am here
I am

Cry me

Again and again
I am dreaming
Breathing
Finding joy in my blackness
in my fatness, queerness and cripness
Again and again
I am finding strength in my vulnerability
Awake in my highest self
Flowing in my river of deep essence

I am loving the real, the pure, the extra
From the lighthouse of my social positions
I choose love as a signal
that cannot be dimmed

Again and again
A question
Are you alive?
Yes?
So cry me a healing ocean
Again and again and again

Hey you

Hey you, breathe
You are allowed
to bring the pieces of your day home to your heart
You are allowed
to find beauty in the little things of your body
You are allowed
to smile and cry at the same time while watching yourself in the mirror
Hey you, breathe
You are allowed to find peace in yourself

Wipe away the dust of agony from your big-is-beautiful-outfit
Because your divinity comes from your Black, fat, marginalised body
Hey you, breathe

Soft water

I hold on to my softness
the curve of my hands and my belly
the gentle timbre of my voice

The world roars around me
But I am water
I am soft
I will not harden
I will not let the cold steal my warmth
My softness holds stories
Old and warm ones
And meanwhile the world is still learning to listen to me

I stay tender
Even when the wind pulls
Even when the earth quakes
I am the bloom in frosty times
The breath that waits
when everything else rushes
I am water
I am soft

Are you a safe person

Are you a safe person for Black people
When history repeats its painful chorus
Are you the one who listens
Without trying to fix or explain away
Do you recognise the burden
Of carrying generations of Black pain
Of navigating a world that looks away
Are you willing to unlearn
The myths and lies you've been taught
To confront the privileges, you did not ask for
Can you sit with discomfort
When truths challenge your peace
In the systems that benefit you
When being an ally means risking
What you've been taught to protect

Hey you
It is not enough to say you care
To post, to like, to share
True safety is built in the quiet moments
In the choices you make when no one is watching
So I ask you, deeply and honestly
Are you a safe person for Black people
And if the answer is uncertain
Then there is work to be done

First rain poetry

The first rain comes softly
Kissing the earth awake
It falls with a gentle touch
Tapping on leaves and windows
Hidden beneath dry soil
As the clouds release their burden
In a slow, steady rhythm
The first rain is a promise
of renewal, of growth
The first rain wraps the world
in a blanket of cool fog
Washing away the dust
in every drop that falls
A soft assurance that life is always ready to begin again
First rain is a needed poem

Because someone must feel it

Someone must feel it
That is the answer we, poets
carry in our chest
Poets are not angry, not sad by accident
We are touched by the world inside and outside our bodies
We are the archivists of words
We name the smoke before the fire is admitted
We point at the hardship, the love, the criticality, the need

This work is not chosen
No, it arrives like pouring rain on the mahangu field
It chooses us the way grief chooses a soul,
the way joy breaks through a body
that is, feeling an expressive moment of delight

Anger is what clarity sounds like
Sadness is a memory of love that has passed
Both we hold, because someone has to,
because forgetting is easier
because comfort happened later
After words have written

So we speak and write
Not to be admired, but to remind us all
To say: this is happening
Look, this is still happening
Look, you are not alone in feeling it
This is happening, dear

So feel our anger, our sadness
So feel your anger, your sadness
This is a critical call for our humxnity

That is why poems hurt
That is why they matter