

This document consists of two parts:

PART A: English Half Thesis (Creative Work)

PART B: Dual Language Portfolio (Sepedi & English)

RELIVING IT THROUGH PEN

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Tsosheletso Chidi

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Introduction

This thesis focuses on witnessing the trauma of rape, inability to move on, denial and attempt to forget, it draws attention also to; emotional abuse in a place called home, death and place. My work is influenced by Carolyn Fourche's anthology, *Against Forgetting: Poetry of Witness*, Adam Bradley and Andrew Dubois's *The Anthology of the Rap*, as well as Lesego Rampolokeng poem "Welcome to New Consciousness".

Bleak

Heaven knows my orphaned heart needs a hug. It's lying bare on a weak spine in a veranda and the sun humming a song of a senile body. Holes in my waistline develop sharply and dissect this already disfigured body.

the sun scorches my fragile vertebrae
blinking is a burden now
palsy eats me alive
my body is fatigued
in me, pain spreads

Brimming of premature death quakes my faint body and drapes it with torture. Like grease, it can't be wiped off my jaws. Crawls slow like a tortoise venomously to my eyes.

when pain invades the body
it throbs, ears hear
sweat and blood
travel through the veins

Death speaks in a vague language, leeching life off my nipples, exenterating the body into one formless piece. Leaving it like a limping, headless chicken. In the palms of my hands, death shamelessly prances.

chewing my toes
breaking my tendons
jerking my ankles
pulling out my knees
pawing into my intestines

I want to live. There is no grace in dying young. In the midst of this misery my sliced heart beats relentlessly for it hungers for more taste of life. It seeks to drink from the cup of existence. But it is a body now.

rusty droplets from out the cup,
fiery furnace loiters towards my throat
my pale skin slowly shredded into mince
this is barrel sized death –no escape
my body soaked in an urn of hot coal

No Funeral

Their eyes stare at the beauty of my body
Adorning the morgue stretcher
In attempt to choose my casket
Then they remember the rule
No-Funeral!

In a coffin my body will not rest
Peace is not definite
Only fire can take me home
My heart eternally will sleep

On my deathbed there is a list
Remember it is not a funeral
Invite only my friends!

Shards

Soles of my feet fade away
Thorns feast on my foothills
Scent of death it's irresistible
Like velvet lavender
I limp towards it with hope
To find peace

In coldness my foot sprout
I stumble over the rocks
The body is in lucid wreckage
Though the heart is at peace
Light like a lace

Do not wash my body
Let it lie like a slaughtered sheep
In numbing silence
Leave the dogs to howl at it

Only lavender flowers are on fire
In the garden earth is not for the
Delicate souls such as mine

Bloodfall

Children suck breasts of dead Mamas
Sing and cry for Mama to open her eyes
They bow to reach down to them
To taste pain in Mama's milk

Clouds are tinted with Mama's blood
Earth's eyes face down in sorrow
As their bodies turn black and rotten
Children cannot recognise their Mamas

Their loud voices explode earth's eardrums
This land carries a motherless generation
The end of war is not near
The children will fight back

Mamas are dead
Men remarried
Children do not forget

War brews in their hearts
In and out they breath rage
The city will come to its knees

Numbers In My Head

1. I imagine our death
2. Wonder who will die first
3. I hear your hair is grey
4. You hear my body is weak
5. I am splitting image of you
6. An insult to your name
7. Your DNA is heavy to carry around
8. Towards me death comes wearing torn shoes
9. Draining life out of me I care no more
10. I want to die first!

No Name

- I felt like eating myself
You took too long to arrive
With my hands on my chin
I waited
You deceived my ears with melodies
Deliberately mocked me
You were out of my hand's reach
You agreed to put my body at ease
You said you would take me home
Your voice still reverberates in my ears
I know what I heard and felt

Bruised

I'd rather walk with my soul bare
I'd rather get dizzy with fever of loss
I'd rather run in a compound of thorns

Do not declare him stillborn
I can't walk empty handed again
I am not burying another tiny body

Bowls Of My Womb

Bowls of my womb carried my offspring to the tomb
No more children can come from me
The musty stench of my womb killed them all

My womanhood is deflated
Concrete is my pillow now
My eyes are dry now

Behind closed windows and
Sheets I'm ready to hide.

Your Body

What am I to do with your body?

Carry it on my head like a wood stack?

Without you dreams are not the same

I cannot bury you in Grahamstown

This is not our home

I can't climb the mountains with you

And take you home with me

I cannot cross borders with a deceased's passport

You are from half way across the world

How will I get there with your dead body?

How do I cremate your black body?

Will your soul find rest?

How do I bury a Catholic body?

Do I perform a ritual?

Death was never part of the plan

If I don't burn incense

I cannot bury you!

Broken Reflections

In the mirror I see brokenness

A pounding heart

A head that snots unstoppably

Grief carried with hands

I see colours of death

Navy and blue covering

This dying body

Slowly swerving towards

Me

In this body pain resides

Eats me with my own teeth

Targets my breathing organs

Fighting a good fight matters no more

Death is the only escape

Un(Familiar)

You had a chance to say no
When she advertised me
But you already paid for me

You say you used a condom
You say it was consensual
I don't know what that means

I murmured a yes as you removed
My Barbie girl panties
Yes doesn't validate you fitting into
A doll sized vagina
My yes was desperation

Resemblance

The words written in this paper soak in my teardrops
As I only attempt to lay naked on it
And write about the truth that is stuck on my throat
And about the battle I won against my memory

...

For some time:

I forgot you raped me
I forgot when you did it
I forgot the rape scene
I forgot the case number

...

I reminisce about how I deceived my own memory
How I invented and pressed the forget button in my brain cells
I manipulated my thought pattern just to keep living
I mastered the art of obliviousness

...

Memory like karma caught up with me
In a public space and the atmosphere was
boldly written rape in red
Burning loud into my ears.

...

My sexual history is written in my pubic hair
They give every man I sleep with brief content
Sex after you raped me is never the same

...

Rape gawks at me
Sits tight in my throat
Made a home in my stomach
I numb the pain with food

...

I recall you
I can point you out in a crowd of billions
You smell like stench of Jo'burg dustbins

...

The mind forgets
Vagina, breasts and armpits forget not

...

The wound you left me has stopped bleeding
But it has not healed

Ceremonial Secrets

Guilt is not to be obeyed
It's easy to find closure
That's to sleep every night
With secrets as pillows
Some they wail too loud
Others they just murmur

Feed from your secrets
They won't eat you alive
They are your flock
Be the herd-woman
Don't talk about them

They are yours to keep
They choose you
Allow them growth
Wrap them with cotton
Then embrace them!

Sounds Too Loud

Earth is no longer safe for your
Daughters as long men still roam

Lord our lives are worth steel teacups
We are walking in the land of
Rape

Gracefully we lay down with our legs
Wide open to prove their manhood

We gently put our hands on our vaginas
Preparing it tenderly like fish for them
Your sons Lord want it moist

As they get on top of us our eyes are
Closed even though we see them
We feel everything
We reach orgasm

All we ask for is freedom of our bodies
Extend your hand in our safety Lord!

Chance To Breathe

If I could crawl back

To my mother's womb

I wouldn't think twice

I need to return

Where I can breathe peacefully

Without looking above

My shoulder where I can again

Sleep with both my eyes

Closed where I need not walk with

My heart enveloped in

Double coiled fear!

Architects of Sorrow

Deliberately they sew pain into us
Prudently they arrange threads into
Matching colours to suit us

They say agony looks great on women
They say we wear it with integrity
Walk in it with boldness!

Title deed to acquire complete
femininity! See men taught that
To women before us and they
Taught us and we will pass the
Legacy down to women after us!

Shackles

I bet God is folding his arms and
Watching as my chest debilitates
Chained in a prison with no walls
I don't mind being bound here but
I ask for God to take away my vagina
So I am no longer a target

Bridge to Ejaculation

Against fear I wrestle
Can't shake it off of my
Head

I bridge the gap between
A man and his sexual
Pleasure

Muscles of my vagina must
Hold him tight
Wrap his head in my hands
With my eyes assure him
That he is entitled
To ejaculate!
It's his privilege!

Case Number

Bow on your knees!

I only come as I am.

Undeterred and firm.

In my hands I carry.

Right reasons to fight.

Remain on your knees.

Say no word.

Open your eyes and.

Look into my cornea.

You'll see the numbers,

That got us here.

They served justice!

Thwarts

Do not plaster us
Leave us in ruins
Do not cover us up
Leave us naked
We are native,
Dwellers of our,
Bodies

Do not trim the edges
Of our curves,
Saggy is their perfect shape

Do not straighten our perverse,
Tongues, that's dishonour
To our existence!

Depict

Do not quarrel with your hearts
Better yet harden their veins
You portray us impure
But we rule you!

Powers lies in between our thighs
Hence; you regard them unclean
They ferment blends of danger

In our hearts war is engraved
Asserted in vengeance

Road home

You don't need a radar to find a way to my home

The road home smells of dung

The singing trees will lead you to my home

Along the road Mountains whispers directions

Allow smell of out-dated cuisine to lead you to me

You will come across a three footed black pot

Fuming smoke from burning pap

You will

Be enticed with the smell Mopani worms stew

Know you are on the right path

Lepelle surrounds the road

The great Limpopo River

Pass by the riverside of

My departed fathers

Kneel down to drink their waters

Take your cap off

Offer your salutations

Offer your sacrifices to their names

Proclaim you came for me

Humid soil will clothe you

Open your ears

Listen to the voices of roaring

Leopards from echoing caves

They will lead you to the hills

Walk down and look deeper

You will see our homes

Built in an upside down angle

They are worn-out soft pink

Northern sun scorched them

You will find me waiting

In the ancient boulder

Took away our home

682 Enhlanzeni Section

Tembisa

1632

Written in bold letters behind my green ID book
In Tshego's clinic card it's also there!

Four-roomed RDP house
Tiny but housed us all
You took away my dream
Of building a fence when
I got my first job

When you kicked us out into,
The cold not only did you take,
Our home but you took yourself,
Away as well!

Nameless Bastard i

I am without identity in his presence
Ineligible to have the Chidi surname
Hatred in his forehead is
Too great to be hidden

With his jaws he chewed horror to
Witness her blunder develop into
A fatherless human being

Repeatedly I am reminded to
Address him as “malome” but they
Never taught him I had a name too

I am not Tsosheletso Chidi but
“Tshidi’s daughter” with time it was
Acceptable to call me that!

He had a swollen tongue
From ripping our hearts with it

He is the white sheep of the family
Always right

My mother blundered she
should’ve aborted me
And reclaimed her life!

Nameless bastard ii

The white sheep brings a girlfriend home
Like him her skin colour is yellow
Tall and slender besides
She is of my mother's likeness in all ways
She has a girl child out of wedlock
Both are educated
My mother is not employed
Fat from my grandparents' food
But his girlfriend's child like me
Is a fatherless bastard

Nameless Bastard iii

White sheep's girlfriend is a perfect
Working class with medical aid cover
What more can a man ask from such
A woman with a clear credit record
Talks better English than my mom and
Aunts she dives in waves of success
It's said she is rubbing it off to white
Sheep they bow to her ground

She brings dignity to my grandparents' house
When she is around our neighbours
Don't come to beg for mealie-meal they
Are afraid of granny's daughter in law
She works for government she is from
A rich family poverty traumatises her

Nameless Bastard iv

White sheep taught her to call me
“Tshidi’s daughter” he taught her never to
 Acknowledge me as a human but a mistake
 That could’ve been solved but she didn’t
The insults from his mouth to
His siblings made her feel better
 Oh Lord your daughter cracked in laughter
 Joy in her eyes smothered a witch’s heart
I could smell pride flowing from her cheekbones
We were taught to respect her but they never
 Taught her to respect our mothers and
 Accepts our family values and traditions
Instead she imposed her better ways in our lives
Finally she fell pregnant with white sheep’s child

Nameless Bastard v

After granny trained us to call her “uncle’s wife”
She disappeared
Peace reigned again in our home

That Christmas white sheep also vanished
How my heart bounced with happiness
My joy was short-lived

Granny got a call white sheep’s person gave birth
Our lives were ruined
Our granny stolen from us

At birth of that child our lives were
Ruined and our granny stolen from us!

She was singing praises at the birth of the
Original Chidi descendant it was a life
Changing moment for us all

It became clear where my uncle learnt I am
“Tshidi’s daughter” and not part of the
Chidi clan from his mother

God forgive me I cannot let this slide not
Even for a second every day I woke up
Early to steal food before she woke up

I ran away and hid in the mountains
Returned late for my mother to bath me
And secretly give me food

If I came home early
I would hide under the foundations
Of the house he was building

Sometimes I pinched original child
Until she screamed as a form of a
Silent fight between me and them!

Nameless Bastard vi

Our mothers told us she was like them
She had a bastard daughter

She knew they depended on social grant
Still expected them to contribute on food

She brought her bastard daughter after
My uncle married her oh God that girl

They gave her my surname yet made
Me not worth of it why is she?

She stole my place in my granny's
Heart and my name

Rage enflamed in my heart to see
My granny treating me like an outcast
And her like a granddaughter!

Nameless Bastard vii

Hatred is too heavy to carry
It's weighing my knees
As I roam around with it

I don't know how to forgive
I know how to hate better

For killing the child in me
I resent you for passing
Down the legacy to your
Children now I hate them
Too!

1. INTRODUCTION

My portfolio comprises of four book reviews; two written in English and the other two written in Sepedi. My Poetics essays follows, it basically focuses on the relationship between the language I use when I write and the nature of writing. Writing in community and reading in community report reflecting on the events and how they turned out.

My reflections on the course are divided into two; English and Sepedi reflections I broke down the English reflections into three parts; February to March Reflections, April to June Reflections and July to September Reflection. At the end of each part of the reflections I reflected on the readings of each month and finally reflections on reader's reports.

2. BOOK REVIEWS

i. *Loud and Yellow Laughter* by Sindiswa Busuku-Mathese

Botsotso Publishers, 2016. Pages: 71.

"It seems to me now, that there are no more corners of light to be found in the halves of my eyelids..."

Loud and Yellow Laughter is an expression of complexities tied in memory in a pictorial form. The combination of prose and poetry in this collection raises eyebrows. It's a poetry book that comprises scenes and characters. In the poem where she speaks about her father, she introduced him as a character:

wait, what are we reading here?

is this a screenplay?

The style in which the collection is written, it's inviting – it brings about curiosity.] The images and graphics in the book are slightly disturbing and the book could have done well without them. Some images, however, manage to interrelate with the poems because many of them they bring an element of confusion.

The dusk of 1931

was always thrumming with crickets

and croak of frogs

against the haze of your quiet neighbourhood

This introductory piece, titled "1931", begins in a form of a poem, but then takes structure of prose towards the middle and the end. "1931" is a poem about two brothers conversing about their parents' abusive relationship. The description of space in this relationship gives an idea that they are both quite young yet still aware of challenges in their home. I can't help but like the last line of the poem merely because the little one is asking, "if he can run, why can't she?" The line is interesting in way that it exposes the depth of the abuse the mother is facing in the marriage that her young son notices.

Busuku-Mathese's writing is unique in a way that she can employ prose and poetry interchangeably in a single piece of writing. The form of the book from scene one to three is quite fragmented and it makes it difficult to comprehend. It's a small book but the nature of the form makes it dense. Her language is not as complicated as her images, and is therefore easy to metabolise.

Bury Them

Beneath the Bones Daffodils

Bury Them

Confusion is intentionally employed in scene three of the book; however, it is unnecessary because the poetry would still function without it. The logic of the book is completely unsettled when she includes a poem of the brothers when they were still young because, in the very same scene, they are already married and divorced. Nonetheless, the logic gets better across a series of poems. For example, “Five Hooks in The AIR” is a poem about place and time, and it brings a facelift to the collection.

They involved a car, maps, passports,

Leonard Cohen, flasks of coffee

and his friend Steven

(Polaroid Snaps: #Road Trip, p.57)

“Polaroid Snaps: #Roadtrip” is poetry fiction – it serves to fit in many events into one poem. Busuku-Mathese has wisely used the fiction in such a way that the energy of it is maintained throughout a single poem. If the narrator’s road trips were written as different poems, the poems would be tiring to read but instead, she has employed different forms to make the book look more colourful. In a poem on page 61, she writes in the form of diary entry. This part represents a collection of different painful memories of a girl witnessing the slow death of her father and the entries add a personal touch to the collection.

Dad, after all these years, I still roll

an orange under my foot in order

to loosed the skin for easy peeling

you taught me that as a child

You never told me who taught you

The feelings of nostalgia and yearning for home are well captured towards the end of the collection. The poem quoted above makes the void in the girl’s heart visible and within it, time is described and some questions remain unanswered for the girl. For her, dealing with loss is not easy, as seen in the last scene, because the pain is wrapped up and is not getting any better. The form of the poems is not fragmented and is in fact easy to deal follow, tempting me to quote each and every poem from the book.

Dad, I realized that all the

photographs I inherited from you

are living in your Walther 9mm

PPK box.

Less is more in this remembrance poem titled “Now”. The shortness of the poem allows the reader to finish it off with their own story of acceptance. I believe it was an intentional act by the writer to open gaps for her readers to also write their own stories into hers. Uncomfortable experiences are demonstrated in this fragmented collection of poetry. The writer barely writes long pieces and I believe she is not running out of words – her poems present her with the contentment of a writer who is aware of the spaces through which she navigates.

ii. ***The Living Option: Selected Poems by Karen Solie***

Bloodaxe Books, 2013. Pages: 160

Karen Solie is an award winning writer and a recipient of the Canadian Griffin Prize, which she won in 2010 for her third poetry collection, *Pigeon*. *The Living Option* is a compilation four poetry collections, namely: *Short Haul Engine* (2001), *Modern and Normal* (2005), *Pigeon* (2009) and *The Living Option* (2013). All these collections were published within a period of four years, which says something about her character and attitude towards writing – it signifies her consistency and commitment to the quality of the work she produces. *The Living Option* is published by Bloodaxe, a British publishing house based in Hexham, United Kingdom and only specializing in poetry.

In poetry, it is often said that you must show and not tell. In this collection, however, Solie has mastered an art of telling that is clear and not coincidental. Her poems are formed in ways that are self-contradictory and they have a touch of prose in them. An interesting quality in her poetry is that she tends to write about unlikely things.

Look at your past, how it's grown

You've known it since it was yea high. Still you,

as you stand now, have never been there. Parts worn out

Solie tells stories so brilliantly, it's hard to notice that her poetry lacks in explicit imagery. She does not use overtly poetic language or academic language; she is not even in between the two. She has crafted her own voice and upheld it throughout all her poetry collections. The poem quoted above, "All That Is Certain Is Night Lasts Longer Than The Day", is an example of the mystery in Solie's language in her poetry. All her poems possess a triggering element that captures the reader.

You said a storm makes a mansion of a poor man's house.

*I would if you did so to make the best of living where i
it always blew, the maddening wind that messed up our irons*

and made men want to fight. Now you have no house.

There's no need. The cure took the good with the bad.

The poem above, "Spiral", is one of my favourite poems in *The Living Option*. It contains the rhythm of motivational writing beneath it and her voice in the poem is filled with courage. The title of the collection also encourages you to keep living no matter what life throws at you. 'Who cannot escape his prison but must each day rebuild it?' This line in the poem for me brings to the surface my own thirst to live.

Science tells us plants emit signatures and responses

on yet another frequency we cannot hear.

That's all we need. When little,

we were told our heads were in the clouds

Now we suspect the opposite.

In the last stanza of this poem, titled “Your News Hour Is Now Two Hours”, I am drawn to Solie’s taste in and use of scientific terms. It’s quite interesting how she merges the two disciplines of science and poetry together.

Equipment is in a peculiar position.

It knows to the earth.

The machine, with its thousands parts,

is a thing, as is its smallest bearing.

The first line in “A Western” reiterates the past few remarks that I have made on the language and emphasis in Solie’s element of expression. The form of her poetry may appear to be too dense or demanding to read, but it is actually not hard to comprehend. As I delved deeper into her poetry, I managed to term her use of language as “associable” because of how easy it is to associate her poetry with things around.

iii. **TŠHUTŠHUMAKGALA: tša bophelo bja Frans Tlokwe Maserumule**

Mongwadi ke: Moses Seletisha

Mogatiši: theInkSword, 2015, 2017

Matlaka: 97

TSATSANKALESOGANA I

Moses Seletisha o thophile sefoka sa South African Literary Award, Sol Plaatje European Union Poetry Award le Avbob poetry maemo a bobedi ka ngwaga wa 2017/2018. Malobanyana o be a rwešwa dipataka ka mogopo wa go tšwa National Heritage Council (National Young Heritage Activist Award). Ke sereti ebile ke molaodiši wa maemo a kaone. Bokamoso bja gagwe go tša bongwadi bo ipontšha go phadima. Ya gagwe tema o tšwela pele go e kgatha go atišeng leleme la Sepedi. Ga go makatše go mmona a ehlwa a gogola difoka.

TŠHUTŠHUMAKGALA ke taodišophelo ya mogale le molwelatokologo: Frans Tlokwe Maserumule. Ka go realo, Seletisha o re alela ditaba tša yo Tlokwe go tloga ge e sa le yo monanana a rotoga natšo ntle le go di kekemiša. Ra be ra bona Tlokwe e le lesogana la maoto a go tia. A tamoga a ba monna go fihla ga ge a tla nyala mosadi, le ka mohla a e tla go hloga wo mopududu morišana. Bophelo bja Tlokwe ka mo gare ga, “TŠHUTŠHUMAKGALA” ga se bjo bo di lešago di wela. Ke mongwadi wa sethakga sa mabethela fela yo a ka kgonago go bo thathala go etša Seletisha.

Ka gare ga taodišophelo ye, Seletisha o fogohletša mmadi ka mantšu a mabosana go swana le mogami ge a fogohla ye maswi.

“O sa gopola mohla ola ge o nganga lepai ka iri ya lesometee mantšibua? Nna ke be ke tsikiditla letlakala ka pene, gobane ke šitilwe ke kotselo. Tšhutšhumakgala: ke thuri, e ntsoša mašegogare. Ka yona nka go loya mogopolo wa ruruga ka therešo, ya ba nke o otlilwe ka sefola serafša letlakaleng.”

(“Tsatsankalesogana”, letlakala 9)

Mo methalading ya ka godimo mongwadi wa rena o tloga a bontšha mafolofolo le boitshepo go bongwadi bja gagwe. Ruri yona nna e rile go nkotla ka sefola ka se kgaotše go e nwa moro go fihla fao mongwadi a gomelang selepe sa gagwe ntshe. Selo se tee seo ke se lemogileng ge ke be šogana le puku ye, ke gore mongwadi e tloga e le yo moswa ebile o sepela le mabaka/nako. Ke etile ke thulana ka dihlogo le diema le mebolelwana ya Sepedi ya go swana le; “dula o kodumetše bjalo ka moepathutse ge e le lehumo la kgauswi le tloga le se ntshe wešo”. Mongwadi o šomišitše seema seo re se tsebago ka tsela ya go se tlwaelege. Ka mantšu a mangwe o kaonafaditše ka fao seema se se šomišwago ka mehla.

Se sengwe sa go goga šedi ka puku ye ke bogale bja Seletisha bja go tšea sephetho sa go ngwala ka bagale ba go se elwe tlhoko kudu go swana le ba merafe ye mengwe. Gomme puku ye ke moka ke mathomomayo, e tla phaphaša tše dingwe tša mohuta wo. E tla hlohloletša kudu bangwadi ba Sesotho sa Leboa le mengwe ya merafe go ngwala ditaodišophelo ka maleme a pele go.

Letlakaleng la bo lesome ke moka Seletisha o thakgoga natšo tša mogale yo Tlokwe. Mongwadi fa o šomiša taodišo ya pele gore tsebantša le Tlokwe, napile šole o re swineletše dikgopolo ge a tšwela pele a hlatloga le ditaba tše ka mokgwa wo Tlokwe a ipolelago puku ye e name e re, “se ntlogele”.

Ke topile yo Seletisha nta thekeng gore le ge a ngwala padi. Sereti ka gare go yena ga se iketle. Ke bone seo ge be ke kopana le yena a šomiša ditshwantšhokgopolo, “naga e omeletše wa mohweleretšhipi”. Go realo, bontšhi re tseba ge tshwantšhokgopolo e swanetše go šomišwa fela thetong gobane ke setlwaedi. Ka mo gare ga padi ye theto eya tloatlola go molaleng gore molaodiši wa rena o fela a wela ka nkgong ya theto.

Maswodikga a šomitšwe ka tsela yeo e kaonafatšang sengwalo se. Le ge methaladi ya gagwe e atiša go ba ye metelele kudu ga a fapoge, ebile mopeleto ka mo gare ga puku go tloga mathomong go fihla mafelelong ke wa maleba. Tlotlontšu ya gagwe le yona ke ya go nweša a mokgako. Mongwadi ga ete a felelwa ke mantšu, re mmona ka ‘ihlo la kgopolo ge a sa ipoeletše kgafetšakgafetša ebile a sa šomiše polelo ya go dukuloga sebešo.

“Ge go ka se re ge peu e buletšwe gwa ba le mothubo wa thoma ka tšhemo tša mošate, gona ka mošate go ka se lewe selo. Ge go ka se be le bao ba obang melato, ba tla sekišwa ba ahlolwa ba bonwa molato ba lefišwa, gona ka mošate re lalela ka meetse a segwegwe. O tla kwa fela ka mala a tlemagana bjalo ka lehuto. Ge o sa tsebe ka mošate tseba Lehono gee! Ga go ‘felo la go bolaišana tlala bjalo ka leo.”

(“Tsatsankalesogana”, letlakala 15)

Mathomong a padi mongwadi o bontšhitše semelo sa yo Tlokwe bjalo ka motho wa manganga le hlogo yeo baswana ba nkego ba re e hupile meetse. Mo letlakaleng la lesomehlano (25) re bona semelo sa Tlokwe se thoma go fetoga. Le ge e be le kgowa e be e tloga e le motho wa go ikokobetša, re bona seo ka kwešišo ya gagwe gore o swanetše go rwalela le go rekiša diforaga bjang gore a tle a kgone go ikiša sekolong. Pele ga fao o tšweletše a le kgakanegong le thulanong e kgolo kudu ge bodutu bo mo tlaiša ka ge dithaka di ile tša hlogana le taba tša go hlwa di šetše dikgomo nthago. Re mmona ge a thoma go fenya ditlhotlho tša gagwe ebile a fihla sekolong sa magoši seo se bego se bitšwa Boaparankwe, ga lehono se bitšwa Tompi Seleka College of Agriculture. Semelo sa Tlokwe sa bongangele ke sona se ilego sa mo fapanya le matšema. Sa mo lobiša thuto ka Boaparankwe, ka ge a ile a ngangišana le taba ya go hlhlwa ke bafahloši ba mmalamošweu. O be a sa kwešiše le go ipotšiša gore ba mmalamošweu ba tseba eng ka bogoši bja bathobaso, ba tseba eng ka bogoši mola le kgoši ba sena. Ba re gabo lefiega ga go llilwe, mme gabo kokotla Tlokwe se ile sa gitlwa sello ge a bowa gage a šikere diphorogwana gare ga ngwaga. Tlokwe e le ge a rakilwe Boaparankwe.

Taba tše Seletisha a re anegelago tšona ga di lahlagelwe ke mohlodi, o swara mmadi ditsebe ka polelo yeo e tlwaelegilego ya ka mehla. Motho ga ingwaye hlogo pele go kwešiša seo a bolelago ka sona. Go bonolo go amogela tšeo a di bolelago gobane ga di gakantšhe le ga tee. O ala taba tša gagwe ka bothakga bja thaga ntle le pheteletšo. Mongwadi fa gona o dirile dinyakišišo tša go tseenelela ka mo go tletšeng seatla. A buša a beakanya taba tša gagwe go ya ka tšona dinyakišišo tša gagwe.

LEŠOKAMPHEBATHO II

O di rumile ka bothakga bjo bogolo tša, “Tsatsankalesogana” a re tsebantšha le tša, “Lešokamphebatho” ka tsela ya go tšea maikutlo. Moanegi o re hlagišetša seo ka Sepedi go thwego ke go e nametša thaba o e bona e hlotša. Fa re bona Tlokwe a ile Borwa go nyakana le mafulo a matala. Eupša go kwagala nke o kopane le dipela di huduga, go swana le ge baswana ba fela ba re motšhaba pula o tšhabela matlorotlorong. Mongwadi o thekga seo ka go re bontšha tša moanegwa a robala fase ga mapogoro diphefong tša go theoša le phoka marung, gona go la Gauteng.

Dikarolo ka moka di theilwe maina. Karolo ye ngwe le ye ngwe mongwadi o swaretše peakanyo le tšweletšo ya ditaba tša gagwe ka leihlo la ntšhotšhonono gobane ga eke e fetoga goba gona go felelwa ke maatla a go tanya šedi. Tšhomišopolelo ya Seletisha ke yeo e goketšago mmadi gore a fele a obile molala a nyaka go kwa ditba tša Tlokwe go ya pele.

“Ka mokgwa wo go tletšego mašemong, kudukudu meepong, o ka re dinosi di kweletše ntshwana ya tadi ya mamapo a dinose.”

(“Lešokamphebatho”, letlakala 30)

Fa mongwadi o phegeletše go tsefiša polelo ka go fela a topetša ditshwantšhokgopolo le polelo ya kgegeo gare ga taodišophelo ye. Le ge a šogana le go hlaka ga Tlokwe go fihleng ga gwe Gauteng o no fela a segasegiša mmadi gannyane. Yo Seletisha ke sethakga sa polelo gape o re swere ka taba tša Tlokwe ebile a re šuthe! E le ge re duma go kwa gore o ruma ka goreng.

Tlokwe le ge re mmona fa karolong ya *Lešokamphebatho* tše dintšhi ka semelo sa gagwe ga se tša fetoga. Esale motho wa matšato le mahlale gobane o ile ge a palelwa ke go buna mašemo Borwa a boela gae go tla go fetoša *Mošate Nkgo* ka go bula kgwebo ya go rekiša madila le mogwera wa gagwe Scooter. Moisa yo le Scooter ba be ba tloga ba hloka letswalo.

Ka baka la yona kgwebo ya bona ya go rekiša madila thulano ya ka ntle e tšwelela ge re bona Tlokwe a befetšwe kudu ebile a kwele bohloko. Ka ge mogolagwe Kgopotšo ge a šašarakanya kgwebo ya bona ya bobotlana. Gape Kgopotšo o tshumile mabele a Tlokwe le Scooter ka go dira bjalo.

Tša Tlokwe ga di fele ge e be e le motho wa go goletša mollo ka bodibeng. O ile a swanelwa ke go ratana le kgarebe ya gagwe ka sephiring. Le ge gole bjalo maphodisa a be a no fela a mo hloriga. Re bona a ipha naga e le ge a nyaka fao a ka lotago hlogo.

Ge o botšiša e ba gore o botšiša kudu.

“Ka mokgwa wo go bego go le boima ka gona ke kgolwa gore ge nka be Rakgwadi e le kgauswi, nka be ke ile ka tšhabešetša ka molapong ka Goru ka ya go iphihla.”

(Lešokamphebatho, letlaka 52)

Go molaleng gore Tlokwe o sepetše leeto le boima efela gobe go se bohlokwa gore moanegi a leke go gatelela taba yeo ka go e bušetša kgafetšakgafetša le ge a šomiša mantšu a go fapana gore re nyefišetša ditaba. Karolo ye ya bobedi ya puku ge ke e bapetša le ya mathomo e rarela seolo.

Moanegi o anega dilo tše dintšhi ka nako ye tee. Go be go kaba bonolo ge a ka ripaganya kgaolo dirapa tše pedi.

ROBBENEILAND III

Se sa felego sa hlola! Tlokwe le ge a ikhweditše gare ga sehlakahlaka sa Robbeneiland a se ke a lahlegelwa ke lehutšo. Tlokwe o ile a lemoga gore a go thuše go balabala o sa dire selo. O ile a itlwaetša go phela legaeng la gagwe le leswa e lego bogolegwa bja Robbeneiland. A phurulloa a be a dira le lenyalo la moswananoši. Batho gantši ge ba gola ba a fetoga efela e sego Tlokwe. Karolo ye ya mafelelo e re laetša gore le ge a golegilwe ga se a hwe matwa, re bona ka seo ge a eya fase le godimo go ka netefatša gore lenyalo la gagwe le la Barbara le a phethagatšwa.

Seletisha, nnete ke sethakga gape kanegelophelo ye o re hlotletše yona boka bakgekolo ba dithethwane ba hlotlile a Sesotho maphoroma. Ge re gagabela mafelelo a puku go tšwelela polelo ye kopana ka mokgwa wa potšišo. E le ge moanegathwadi a botšiša moanegi wa rena potšišo. Ka be ka gopola sereti, Mpho Molapo a re: “Se mo thakge a robetše”. O re fepile ka kgodu yeo e tšwago lerotseng, ge e le tše ditaba ditšwa go wa Tlokwe wa go ja mabele, mme Seletisha a re anegela tšona. Ntle le go re letiša a re solela tšona di sa fiša.

Mošate!

iv. TŠA KA MEHLA – Mpho Godfrey Molapo

Fothane Publishing House, 2018. Matlakala: 63

Go nyakega eng mo 'faseng le

Yeo e ka tlišago kgotsofalo

Yeo eka hlokišago bohle pelaelo

Yeo e ka amogelwago ka tše pedi tše borutho

Yeo bosotšana le bja go thoma e bo hlokago

Yeo bošetšana le bja go thoma e bo hlokago

("E kae kgotsofalo", letlakala 13)

Theto ke mafahla a sereti, ka yona se tshwa tšeo di hupilwego ke pelo. Ka bothakga bjo bo kaakago diatla Molapo ka bokopana temathetong ya pele o atlegile go re swantšhetša tša moedi wa maikutlo a gagwe mabapi le lefase le la go hloka kgotsofalo.

Mothalothetong wa pele sereti se botšiša potšišo ka mokgwa wo o khutsofaditšwego, "mo 'faseng le"; o efoga go diriša leswao la potšišo ka tsela yeo e hlokago bosodi. Go tloga mothalothetong wa bobedi go fihla go wa botshelela re bona morumokwanothomi," Yeo". Wona o phetha morero wo bohlokwa wa go netefatša gore ruri sereti se a botšiša. Re buša gape re kopana le morumokwanogare,"e ka" mothalothetong wa bobedi go fihla go wa bone. Wona o kgonthišiša ka ga go hloka kgotsofalo ga batho. Mothalothetong wa bone o re," Yeo e ka amogelwago ka tše pedi tše borutho" Fa sereti se re otlala ka tshwantšhokgopolo ye bogale. Ge e le methalotheto ye mebedi ya mafelelo e nyakile go dumammogo, mme seo se tliša o modumo le mošito ka mokgwa wo o gatelelago potšišo ya sereti.

Yeo o nago nywaga ke e mekae-

Ge o re gakantšha bjalo?

Mphiwafela le letswele o lekane ke efe-

Ka ge sefahlego e le mekoti le mašošo,

Mola dilemo le marega ke di bone go go feta,

Eupša nna ke sa bitšwa setšwalaphakga sa bophelo?

("Bofsa bo a feta", letlakala 17)

Bobotse bja thetokgalemo ye ke gore e thekgilwe godimo ga kgegeo,"mphiwafela le letswele o lekane ke efe-" ka tsela yeo e lego gore e timula bogale le pefelo ya sereti. Kgalemo ya gagwe e tšwelela bjalo ka go swaswa. Go bonolo go kwešiša theto ya Molapo gobane ga a khuti ka tlase ga diswantšho, seo se bonala mothalothetong wa bone.

Seretong sa, "Ikhutše Mogwera" letlakaleng la 23 re kopana le thetosello ya go hlaba pelo ka lerumo:

Yo re tsebanelago tša 'tebong bja tša 'pelo tša rena,

Yo nna le yena re lwago ya lethabo kgaphamadi

Go molaleng gore sereti se lahlagetšwe ke mmata'dipholo e le ruri. Se tšwelapele gore:

O hlokile le "šalang"

Fa sereti se hlabile thedi thabaneng tsoko se itshwere mahlaa. Lehu le mo phamotše letolo. Bohloko bjo a bokwago bo bonala pepeneneng..

Go bonagala e le mongwalelo wa sereti go bušetša mantšu a hlogo go dikagare tša sereto. Letlakaleng la 30,"Go bakwa ya mokgekolo mphiwafela"

Hlogong sereti se re tsebišitše gore ke wa mokgekolo, le ge ebane se gatelela kgalemo ya sona ga go bohlokwa gore se a bušetše makga a go feta a mararo gore mphiwafela ke wa mokgekolo. Sereti se se putliša moko wa sereto sa gagwe ka mokgwa wa go ratharatha, ntle le go lemoga gore o šitiša mmadi go tla le dikakanyo tša gagwe mabapi le sereto se.

"Moruti Nkahlole" maikutlo a sereti fa a molaleng e bile o atlegile go fegolla se borala ntle le tikatiko. O šomiša lentšu "mpotše" kgafetšakgafetša efela go bapetšeng le direkto tše dingwe fa poeletšo e šomile ka tsela ya maleba gobane e šupa potlako yeo sereti se ikhumanago se le gare ga yona. Mantšu a go swana le; *tempele* le *ebangedi* a dirišitšwe bjalo ka maadingwa ka tsela yeo e hlokago bosodi kage go le pepeneneng gore sereti se kgakanegong e kgolo e bile ga go makatše go se bona se felewa ke mantšu. Sereti se a buša se re hlakišetša ditaba ge se re," ke ra yena serwaladitedu boka nna". Mantšu a a tšweletša ka mokgwo bohloko bja go ahlolwa bo mo tlalago dimpa, seo se bonagatšwa ke ge se felelwa ke mantšu.

Sereti ga se ganetšwe go bušetša mantšu ao a lego hlogong ya sereto, ge fela a na le morero woo a o phethagatšago. Seretong sa,"O mo lešitše lebitla" mantšu a bušeditšwe ka tsela yeo e amogegago. Go sereto se Molapo ka methalotheto ye meraro ya mathomo o re tsopoletše kgopolokgolo ya sona ka bokopana. Ge re theogela fase sereti se thekgile sereto ka mainagokwa a go swana le; *phirisegagodi* le *seaparamokgopha'koena* go gatelela bošula le masetlapelo a go tšweletšwa ke sereto se.

Molapo o ruma ka go laelana le babadi ba gagwe. Ke ile ka be ka myemyela ge sereti se re," Sa go thabiša ke gore re sa tlile go kopana gape", a be a netefatša seo ka gore,"Kgaogano ye ga se ya saruri". Ka mokgwa wo o khutsofaditšwego a re,"Go ya ka magoro ga se go tšwana". Nna ka tlaleletša ka re,"Ge e le melato re tla fela re rerišana" gobane nna le sereti re sa tlo kopana gape. A laela sešate a re,"Mošate!"

Le nna ke re mošate!

Ke kgopela difate!

3. POETICS ESSAY

A Differently-Talented Writer

Creative writing, just as any other type of writing, is an art. It is a process as opposed to a product and it usually represents life in a picturesque fashion. As a writer, my mind, body, and language tend to function independently as far as the art of creative writing is concerned. Oftentimes, my body betrays my mind and eventually removes the language of writing from within me, rendering me a hesitant writer. In this essay, I reflect on the process of my own creative writing which basically involves interpreting and moulding the theory, practice and vocabulary of life into the literary discourses in prose and poetry.

My writing is filled with involuntary repetitions. This is because I stutter when I write, and my mind and fingers intertwine in the stammering. I do that unconsciously. My mind knows what it wants to say but my body perceives writing as a merely physical exercise, which means it has something different to say as well. My language then becomes the mediator that orders the body to cooperate, convincing and sometimes pleading with the mind to do the right thing. That's where my language loses its form and where the energy leaks out of it.

My family has a profound influence on my writing because of how I employ a formless language in what I write, and because of how my family understands this language. At first, they tried to teach me a normal language, until they came to realise that if they would only accept me as I am and as I speak, they could understand me better. My little brother speaks the same language as me so that when he talks, you can hear my voice. It's in us because we genetically inherited it from our mother. It is our chromosomal characteristic, even though we don't share the same biological father. Our mother speaks and writes normally, as she has tried to teach me to do, but to make us feel like a part of our own home, she now speaks like my brother and me, just to accommodate us. My family was not only faced with the challenge of learning our language, but with one of having to protect us from the self-appointed language practitioners and experts who have made and still continue to make us feel like we are not Northern Sotho enough because we both can't pronounce the letter "R", which our tongues always confuse with the letter "G". Growing up, these so-called experts made me do an exercise of spelling out the sentence "lori e rwele lori godimo ga lori e ngwe", which directly translates as "a lorry is carrying a lorry on top of another lorry". Obviously in my mind, I can spell the sentence correctly but my tongue can't and refuses to pronounce the second "lorry" in the sentence because it becomes a physically painful exercise. In the same way as when I force the body to write, it leaves loopholes in the language, leaving it meaningless, because it is disturbed over widely spaced and irregular intervals.

Disorganised and scattered ideas characterise the process of my writing. My writing is scattered and you find it in the unlikeliest of places in literature. You find it in the dusty streets of a squatter camp, with the words "I hate koko'a Phumi" written on a note. This is a note that I wrote to my aunt who I despised and when she saw it, she came to me with the branch of a peach tree to whip the disrespect out of my brains. Despite how much I stuttered, I defended my writing and with shame, she walked away. You will find it in a poem about my dead brother at the back of the fridge, written with a white piece of chalk that I stole from school. You will find it written on the kitchen cupboards, words about how much I hate my stepdad. I am the kind of a writer who doesn't write in detail but who leaves clues around.

I doubt that my writing will ever find form given that, when the body is in the mood to write, the mind gets over-excited and I get carried away in the moment of celebrating that my fingers and spinal cord are willing to do their job. The language then gets interfered with. Like Lidia Yuknavitch, I am a corporeal writer. However, I would like to employ it more in my writing because my body, mind, and language don't always work in harmony to allow me to write as corporeally as I would like to. Yuknavitch maintains that 'corporeal writing is not about plot and not about character development' (344).

My writing outlines multiple personalities – an almost-mentally-ill person, a physically disabled person, and a mentally fit person writing at the same time. As I am writing this, I can't identify which personality is writing. Because of this, I write to and for the human race. I write for those who are experiencing the every-day struggle of a dying body and a deteriorating brain like mine. I write for people who have accepted defeat; and for those who can comprehend the holes in my language. This is why I refer to myself as a differently-talented writer. I would like to believe that there are many like me; yet still, maybe my writing will form the commencement of a genre for the differently-talented. I acknowledge that I am indebted to the writing community – I owe it to them to write about being a complicated human; about not having set plans for your life, but just going with the flow of the mind and body. Christine Rivera Garza, in "The Unusual: a Manifesto", says that 'when we write we are in debt, if we write, we owe. The debt transverses all writing; it shapes it. It gives it life. Legitimacy' (n.p.). She continues to say that 'our bodies are keys that only open certain doors we approach remain closed, blocking desires and promises, blocking even the view of both past and present, questions emerge. Awareness is not optional but compulsory' (n.p.). I am in consensus with Garza here. As much as I label my body as dying, it's a relentless body and it is the key to the language made of holes. If my body wasn't struggling, I would have never experienced this language. If my tongue didn't refuse to utter the "R" correctly, I wouldn't be able to experience the absurdity of speaking Sepedi so weirdly. I normally say I speak Sepedi with a French accent. My body is the only key to the door – if my body didn't behave the way it does, my mind's priority was going to be about doing things right: talking right, developing an excellent vocabulary, and writing right. But because Garza speaks about awareness not being optional but compulsory, my mind is now aware of how my body works, and it's also aware of the language that comes out of my body. This self-awareness makes things easier for me, but I don't limit myself to what I know about me. I am exploring the things I don't yet know about my writing – about writing in general – and about the world and life. At all times I am keeping an open mind willing to learn and take in what the universe places at my disposal.

Writing is a rare gift. Yes, everyone can write, but we all do it differently. I hardly write about my personal experiences for I am afraid to touch the old wounds that have just stopped bleeding. I am not sure if my words have the capability to heal the injuries inside me, but I will never know until I try. It is impossible to give to the world until you can give to yourself, but it seems like I have no words to offer to my own limping soul. I know and believe that if I search deeper somewhere inside me, I will find what I am looking for. The words I want are there waiting for me to tap into them; to experience them, to take advantage of their availability, and to fill my empty vessel until it overflows, so that I may give to the world.

Marguerite Duras wrote about a 'new language'. She spoke of a language capable of speaking to the true state of the world. 'There should be non-writing, and it will come someday. A simple language without grammar. A form of writing consisting only of words. Words without grammar to sustain them, abandonment as soon as they have been written down.' (Duras in Cruz, np). Duras describes a writing made entirely of holes with no connective tissue – the exact replication of her experience. A writing that turns our gaze to the world and away from the water; something shorn of decoration. Her writing is disjointed, and it makes me see myself as the younger version of her, not just a beginner in a writing that has holes in it. With this in mind, I maintain that I have to keep writing in this broken language – I owe it to the writing community to bring it to life. It is my duty to evangelise and preach it to nations. This language that I speak and use is not a new language; it is the language that Duras called for in her translated book. Our situations are almost similar: she grew up in poverty and I grew up unable to talk (to this day, talking is still a struggle for me). Both these experiences have had an influence on the ways we use our languages respectively. My language consists of many gaps and broken sounds. I used to be haunted by that, but I have now come to realisation that there is more to my language than what I've known: it is there to serve as the mirror of the body and the mind. It's there to say what the body and the brain are unable to say vocally. This language is there to potentially transport the transmittal meaning of what I want to say through my writing. The language is just the messenger.

As an upcoming creative, I want to be open to learning new writing techniques. I believe my mind knows the appropriate language to use but it understands that it must work with the body to bring out the particular language that I speak. Being at peace with who I am as a writer makes things easier for me; so I don't have the pressure to do it like everyone else. In the freedom of doing in my way, I am open to growing and incorporating methods and other writing techniques that will enrich and refine my writing. The stories I want to write about are unique in their own way and I'd like to write them by writing outside myself and writing outside what I already know.

I want to experiment with writing: the cruelty of the South African democracy and the constitution that is written as if it actually protects human rights and promotes ubuntu. I want to write about the injustices of the South African middle-class, especially about the blacks who are enslaving other blacks in their homes and those who refuse to pay our mothers fairly because they have the option of enslaving women from foreign countries. I want to write about how this is a form of human trafficking decorated with a salary of R2 500, and my differently-talented writing is appropriate for writing about these kinds of issues, which are often overlooked in our country.

As Ann Lauterbach puts it: to be experimental is sometimes taken to mean you have [...] an aversion to form, rather than aversion to conformity' (1). She adds that she 'perceive[s] that the etymological root shared by "experience" and "experiment" formed its pedagogical ground' (1). Simply put, the idea she expresses is that doing something is the best way to understand it. This is the best philosophy to implement in my special-needs writing. The fact that I don't try to be like other "normal" writers indicates that I can become experimental with writing absurdity, which I thus refer to as differently-talented writing (and which Lidia Yuknavitch refers to as being a misfit).

To be experimental as a writer is to focus on and work hard towards perfecting your own style of writing rather than conforming to something you are not. An experimental writer fights and takes a stand for what they truly believe their writing is about. They don't go where the wind goes but they calm and control the wind. An experimental writer doesn't seek to be accommodated because to accommodate them would be like doing them a favour instead of recognising their authority in writing. Rather, such a writer finds and creates their space in the world. Because doing something is the best way to understand it, my experience in writing the way I do grows the more I write experimentally. This means putting what I know at risk to what I do not know yet – but how do I do that; how do I experiment with that? Lauterbach says 'science undertakes cool experiments and art undertakes hot experiments, by "hot" I mean the kind of discoveries that serve the affective or spiritual needs; when affective space is averted, the results is often experimentation for its own sake' (2). Writing as part of art undertakes the experiment of breaking things down: the walls of inequality as well as the constitution that is founded to benefit certain groups of people. There is no better language than mine to experiment with and to tackle these problems in our country, because my language is not personal and it's not attached to anything – it only speaks directly to what is before me. Camile Roy in "Experimentalism" maintains that 'it is possible to have one identity in your thumb and another in your neck' (174).

'I take it as given that the well-modulated distance of mainstream fiction is a system that contains and represses social conflict, and that one purpose of experimental work is to break open this system,' says Roy. The system in our country must be brought to the ground and it is a system that is even more confusing now because its issues are about more than just colonisation. My focus is based on blacks oppressing and being prejudiced against other blacks because South Africa as a society has different shades of black: those who deserve better, and those who don't; the sell-outs and those in between. Experimentalism, then, is an urgent call for the tackling of such injustices. Roy continues to say that experimentalism has to do with 'a narrative structure which covertly mirrors the growth of the white suburbs since WW2, where there is no discomfort around racism because only white people are present. Breaking this long chain of social convention at any link can easily result in personal and literary deformity, which is another term for experimentation' (174). In my writing I want to experiment with writing about the current state of our country where racism is no longer between white and black, but where it exists within black communities as black-on-black racism. In a country where everyone is the enemy and where it's "every man for himself", I want to write about the oppression of black people by other black people. I want to write about the cruelty of black people who encourage black children not to be educated because of the mentality that graduates are poor and criminals are rich; and yet, the very same people promoting that notion are the ones sending their children to study overseas and paying for their fees with embezzled money so that their children could come back and be doctors and lawyers in South Africa.

To restate my point, my writing is differently-gifted. My writing has hybrid identities, some expressed by the body and others by the mind. Bell Hooks writes that 'this dread returns me to memory, to places and situations I often want to forget. It forces me to remember, to hold close the knowledge that for people globally who fight for liberation, resistance is also "a struggle of memory against forgetting". Remembering makes us subjects in history. It is dangerous to forget' (54). It is dangerous to forget, because to forget that something happened is an attempt to deny that it happened. Now, I'm hinting to the struggle of telling out truth as society. Writers and artist are the consciousness of the nation and they are the ones to speak for those who cannot speak for

themselves. As Hooks claims, 'the purpose of resistance, here, is to seek the healing of you in order to be able to see clearly. I think that communities of resistance should be places where people can return to themselves more easily where conditions are such that they can heal themselves and recover their wholeness' (61). Resistance in my writing is important in order for me to perfect my way of writing and to persist in refining it without changing its form.

4. WRITING IN COMMUNITY REPORT

Objectives:

My initial plan was to work with children aged 13-17, especially because I believe they have a lot to say when given the platform. As a firm believer that writing is an element of expression, I wanted to teach children about expressing their power. I made a poster and surprisingly, it wasn't only children who came to the workshop but there were a few adults who joined us too and this didn't affect the space granted to the children. The space was so safe that even in the presence of adults, the children still participated well. In fact, I felt like they were the most participative, and the work they produced during the workshop was also better. My little brother also attended the workshop.

Where and when I hosted the workshop:

I hosted my workshop on the 5th of July 2019 at Tembisa West Library and I received quite a positive response to it. The workshop served as an opportunity for me to find out that, although I am an impatient person, I work really well with children. I was fascinated by their curiosity for writing and by the relevant questions they asked regarding appropriate topics to tackle and write about.

What I did:

First, I introduced myself and gave everyone an opportunity to do the same. From there, we had an ice-breaker exercise to warm everyone up and to shake off the nervousness that was on their faces. When they all settled in, I started talking about writing and the different approaches one could take to tackle writing. I allowed for questions to come and because most of them were still shy, not many questions came through. Then to break the wall between myself and them, I introduced them to free-writing, which is a pre-writing technique used to evoke the inspiration to write. It worked wonders because it was so fun. We did only three rounds. For the first one, I brought up the topic and for the last two, I allowed them to come up with their own topics just to create a sense of equality between myself and them.

I then went on to teach them about the genres of writing as an attempt to explain the difference between poetry and prose; between fiction and non-fiction. By then, they were free to ask me anything and they asked seriously thrilling questions. That, for me, was an indication that they understood what I was talking about. Then, we went back into the writing and the children wrote. Some wrote well with the prompts I provided and some decided to use their own topics. I allowed for both approaches to be implemented as the main purpose was to get them writing.

How I met my objectives:

My objectives were met as a vast amount of good work was produced within the session. The pieces were long but to accommodate everyone, I had to cut them short during the process of editing. Below is attachment of the works I found interesting.

TSHEGOFATSO CHIDI:

Its 2 AM

I woke up in the middle of a dark night and I didn't realise it's two AM. The darkness made me think of those suffering social injustice. South African will never see the shine of daylight. People are living in pain and they are dying, no one cares. It will forever remain 2 AM.

MOTHEO MOTUKU:

Life made us so we can differently represent it. It works out and at times it doesn't. The meaning of life is derived from different circumstances people face in certain stages of their lives. Everyone is given an opportunity full of possibility to reach their full potential. Some they are dead in the land of the living.

MATHAPELO PHOSA:

Africa Beats In Me

My heart beats an African drum.

The shape of my head is an African bow.

It bows in honour of the African in me.

ITUMELENG:

The village it's quite in the middle of the night. Nightmares are making me thirsty. When I woke up to get a glass of water I realised it's 2 AM. People from other house are already awake I see with their lights on and preparing for work and school I assume. I swerve slowly back into my bed. I can't go back. I am scared of the nightmares. I am alone in the house and there are terrifying voices that I don't understand. This house haunted. I can only escape with the rise of sun.

LINDA SIXISHE:

What is life?

We all don't know, day in and out we are in search of answers. It has countless meanings and no one can precisely describe it. Some people try their best to experience in quest to find its meaning. Masses are on a mission to find the truth about life. Every day I wake up still confused.

KAGISO CHIYE:

Why are we disrespecting?

Drug use influences disrespect on youth. People lose interest in users. Gauteng is where most users are found. Drugs ruined many lives.

FLORENCE MAPONYA:

Animals are a part of us.

The fact that animals were created on purpose cannot be denied. They are those meant to provide us with food and dangerous ones that kill. They have their own territories on earth. And there are

beautiful animals that bring joy to life. These animals are therapeutic and sympathetic, like dogs and cats. They have a magical way of making a human being feel better about themselves.

MELOKUHLE MAYISELA:

My path.

In order to achieve your dreams one's got to choose their own path but how do you know is the right path. At the end of the tunnel there is light. What if I choose not to use the tunnel and take the other path and not get lost. There is always another way. Education is not the only recipe for success. There are those who are academically challenged and great at sports, arts and writing. We never look at it that way, but rather put our children through a traumatising space of formal schooling. I am inspired by author and I believe that in me lies a great writer and I can live better off as one.

PRECIOUS BOSHOMANE:

Perfection does not begin to define me but mistakes and flaws make me who I am. Only if I could take back the time I would do things differently. I feel alone and unloved. No one understands the pain I go through and death seems to be the only good choice I can make. I am judged and called names. I am worthless dirt. My head is pounding unresolved issues, regrets unanswered questions.

5. READING IN COMMUNITY REPORT

I presented my work to spoken-word community back in Tembisa on the 6th of July 2019 at Ntsele's Kitchen. It was in the evening from 7-8 PM and it included a "Q & A" session. I read from my English work mostly. The turn-out was good but for me and for the people I was reading to, the reading was weird because it was a new thing to us all – we are used to reciting work, not reading it. After I read, I allowed people to ask me questions and this what they asked:

THAPELO DIBAKANE:

Tsosheletso do you think your poetry has changed?

Answer:

I don't think my poetry has changed that much, but certain things are different now. For starters, the form in which I present my poetry has changed completely and for the better, merely because I plan on publishing these poems.

SIPHO ZULU

Do you think publishing your work gives it a better chance of being delivered to your targeted audience?

Answer:

I think all mediums of transporting poetry to the masses differ and have advantages and disadvantages. The thing about poetry is that you deliver every single piece of writing. One can also take availability of social media platforms to deliver poetry, which makes it easier to metabolize when it's in digital space compared to when it's bought as a book. However, not all work can be delivered through social media – it all depends on the nature of the work. I think my work can be transmitted through social media but not keeping up with the momentum in turn can be a stumbling block.

6. REFLECTIVE JOURNALS

i. English Journals

February-March 2019 Reflections

The exploitation of punctuation to bring out different textures of writing is one of the first techniques I learned during the commencement of the course in February. Presented as an invitation to focus on small devices of writing, I've often overlooked punctuation when writing both poetry and prose. As with a coin, there are two sides to punctuation: it can make or break a piece of writing. Sometimes, even when it is seemingly abused, it could bring out the best in a poem or piece of prose. Now, I choose to consciously use punctuation when dealing with a piece of writing since I could use it in different ways to capture my readers. I always strive to balance my use of punctuation and I use it to entrap my readers and not irritate them. Whatever punctuation does, it must lead my reader towards finishing a piece of my writing.

As a writer I have to constantly decide on my style of writing in every different piece and this comes with its own risks. In fact, every piece of writing is a risk that writers take and at the end of the day our readers decide whether or not our writing speaks to them. However, a piece has to talk to you first as the writer before it reaches the reader's eyes (or, their ears). Therefore, it is essential to pay attention to every word, comma, semicolon, hyphen, etc. These are the ingredients that contribute to the end product that will be presented to readers. Everything that goes into a piece of writing is part of the investment that a writer makes. Every piece of writing is a new invention and it therefore dictates which tools it needs for it to be created; meaning, I can't use one manner of punctuating in all my poems or prose pieces. I have mastered the skill of employing versatility in all the different pieces of my writing.

The hardest lesson for me was the idea that I had to refrain from pleasing my readers and having to accept that not everyone will like my work. I always bear my readers in mind but that doesn't restrict me from writing brutally if need be. I've made peace with the fact that sometimes my readers will be pissed and annoyed by my writing. At times I use punctuation to intentionally frustrate my readers. However, I am cautious when doing that, bearing in mind that when punctuation is used unsuccessfully it has the potential of pushing readers away. During the first semester, my writing had too many loopholes and so I took it upon myself to tighten the writing by doing away with justification, especially in my poetry. It is equally acceptable as it is important to be blunt when writing and now I am doing that without feeling bad at all.

The feedback sessions at the beginning of the year made me quite uncomfortable but as time went by, I learned to appreciate and thirst for them. Naturally during the course of time, I became willing to be critiqued, but becoming decisive in terms of which comments I would apply to my work became a challenge as it is important for me to defend my work and to protect it from being diluted by critics. As a writer I have the duty to strike a balance between receiving or rejecting criticism, and it all has to be done in the best interest of a piece of writing.

Mxolisi Nyezwa, one of the lecturers in the course, emphasized on viewing writing as a way of simply talking and as a subjective thing. That's where the idea of writing about self began: I started focusing on myself as the central point of my writing. Taking advantage of writing to define who I am, I also learned about not being distant from my writing. Subjectivity in writing varies for different writers and it can be exploited in countless ways. Using language forcefully is one of the skills I grasped after the seminars we had but besides that, there is not much that I learned from them. I only took what benefited me and let go of what was not working.

Although people refer to writing as art, to me it is more of a discipline made of various theories. As a community of writers, we have several approaches to writing and all of them are valid. The weirdness of our art is that the very same thing that does not work for you might work for someone else potentially well.

Mangaliso Buzani, who is also one of the teachers in the course, presented on the skill of focusing on the musicality of words in poetry. My experience with that was that a poet doesn't have control on what direction the poem takes. No matter how focused I am, I always find my own poems assisting me in writing them down. Any musicality in the words that I use really depends on each poem. When writing in Sepedi, I am able to implement the element of musicality to the words, but in English I am only able to control the form of poetry.

As a spoken-word poet, I was not very familiar with the importance of form before I joined the course. After my interaction with the different poetry books from all over the world, I had to think about the form of my own poetry. It is very important as a poet to be decisive about form; it matters as equally as words on the paper. Before I came here I wrote to recite – as long as I could breathe or pause anytime between the words, that was fine. But now, I write for a broader audience: the reading community. As much as I claim that I write for self, I write bearing my readers in mind – not as an attempt to figure out if my writing will be acceptable to them or not, but as an effort towards achieving excellence. Employing this knowledge changed my writing for the better.

When Mishka Hoosen presented a seminar about writing the dark side of desire, I realised that I've always written about desire, but I didn't know that the topic of desire has techniques that one can exploit to make the most out of it. I have reasons to believe that my attempts didn't work out because I wasn't really writing it to the core. As beautiful as desire may be, it is quite a dangerous thing and now, I write about it from this angle.

I read for many reasons: to feed my vocabulary, most importantly; and to learn how other writers write about my topics of interest. I also read for pleasure but this year I couldn't afford such leisure. The first book I encountered was *Redemption in Indigo* by Karren Lord. It is one of those books I read out of guilt. I have never really exposed myself to English literature, especially the kind written in the African context. Like many other African folktales, this one didn't pull the right string in my heart. Folktales don't talk to me merely because I am not a fan of fiction. It is difficult to find the material I like by African writers because many of them write about politics and colonisation. However, I believe that African writers like Dambudzo Marechera have done something slightly different, as he did with *Black Sunlight*, but black governments made it a point to ban such literature from seeing the light of day.

I tend to compare Lesego Rampolokeng with Dambudzo Marechera but they are totally different. *Black Sunlight* is one African politic book that spoke to me because it addresses injustice of black governance against black people. Compared to *The Barvino Sermons*, wherein Rampolokeng is addressing politicians in general, I feel like the judgement is directed to white colonisers. "Welcome to the New Consciousness" by Rampolokeng is one of the other pieces that spoke to me in a way that I felt was prophetic. To me, he was prophesying what is to be of South Africa today when he wrote:

the war is done the gore is won

there's something for everyone

for some the sun

for some the moon

& some are microwaved in slave ships"

Rampolokeng in this poem was merely saying it is not yet over and I personally feel that he should've maintained this particular style of writing.

Another African writer that I encountered during my research is Akwaeke Emezi with her book *Freshwater*. In this book, Emezi mastered the skill of bringing surrealism to life. However, the book still doesn't work for me because, like Karen Lord's *Redemption in Indigo*, it has an element of folktales to it. I just want African writers to do more than just that. Just like with Amos Tutuola and his *The Palm-Wine Drinkard*, I feel like he is just doing what his sisters are doing. Their work is not growing or impacting my writing in any way which is one of the reasons I don't really like it.

One of the works that I did enjoy is from Angela Carter, who is my favourite editor. My first encounter with her was with *Strange Things Sometimes Still Happen*, which is embellished with the glory of feminine tales. This is what attracted me to the book. I do not write along those lines but my vocabulary was well-fed, which is one of the things I look for in every book I touch.

I don't only like Lydia Yuknavitch but I am inspired by the depth of how she tells a story to its finest detail. In *Small Backs of Children*, Yuknavitch blends ideas and actions together, making them one element throughout the book. She hardly runs out of words and she remains consistent in her corporeal language in all her works. In the *Physics of Imaginary Objects* by Tina May Hall, I was moved by the idea that nothing limits the walls of fantasy in short stories and novellas where senses are somewhat blended with the existence of life.

They often say that reading books allows one to travel without moving and I have met so many people in the books that I have read. In *The Bruise* by Magdalene Zurawiski, I've met with a character the same scar as me on the forehead. Because the book was recommended to me, I was offended to find that my recommender assumed I am also struggling with the scar on my forehead, but then the book consumed me and absorbed me into its rhythmic language fused with illusions. Although I worked on poetry for my thesis, in future I will employ into my prose the element of illusion to exaggerate either the pain in my story or the confusion, just to exploit illusion and to blend

melancholy with sanity. I liked *The Bruise* because it is one of those books where the writer remains subtle yet still impactful.

Joana Walsh utterly disappointed me with *Vertigo* – everything is too blurry in this book. I was attracted to the delicacy of its cover, only to be disenchanted by its content. While reading the book, I felt like Walsh was just moving in one place and was trying too hard put her storyline into a single piece. Books like this one make me question the integrity of reviewers who write praises for such horrible books. It is evident that even writing has its monopolies and everyone has a price. On the other hand, Elfriede Jelinek's storyline and punctuation in *Women as Lovers* fascinate me, and the way she consistently used small letters even in her character's names amazes me.

Once in a while, I indulged myself with reading books that weren't part of the reading list and so I fed myself with work by Barbara Erasmus. In her sibling rivalry novel *Kaleidoscope*, I liked her use of relatable language and I could see myself, as well as other people, in the book. Both she and Nthikeng Mohlele are flying the South African flag of literature high on an international platform. Mohlele's *Rusty Bell* is written from an international point of view and I like that about all his books – he just writes for everyone from anywhere in the world.

The Kashmir Shawl by Rosie Thomas is one of those books that call readers by their names. It called my name and I had no choice but to read the book. I was pulled back and forth by the longing of the characters and how they sought their real roots. One of them finds themselves travelling from Europe to India to investigate the origin of their grandmother's Kashmir shawl and this touched me.

I always try to finish every book I am reading, but whether I can or not solely depends on the book itself. With *Random Acts of Heroic Love* by Danny Scheimann, I couldn't finish reading it because it is one of those books that just didn't work for me. I researched the writer and found out that he is a screen writer and I guessed that he's better in that genre than he is in writing novels at and not novels – or maybe, his next project would be better than the one I read as it was his debut book. *The Flavours of Love* by Dorothy Koomson was my favourite. It resonated with me in so many respects as a woman who's raising my teenage brother. You can't be in control of children and sometimes you don't have to be. The struggle of single parenting is displayed in bright colours in this book, especially because the mother is widowed. Koomson slightly demonstrates the void of her husband, the element of loss and regret, and the feelings of not being enough as a parent. The element of family and mothering the adolescents is what attracted me to the book.

May-July 2019 Reflections

I was not familiar with the activity of book reviewing before I joined the course. When I began searching for them online, I noticed a few things. It's hard to find them online because most websites that review books are no longer functioning – this is a clear sign that the art of book reviewing is unfortunately decaying. Companies no longer see the need to invest in book reviews, so it is now the duty of writers to review each other's books since investors are turning their backs on reviewing. The challenge would be that each person will review only books they like and other books will be tossed aside. Book reviewing and book reviews themselves are therefore important, and there is a huge gap to be filled. Because of the gap that exists, especially in Sepedi literature, I realised that I can take advantage of it and make a side career out of it. In this way, I would also be allowing myself to be further exposed to Sepedi literature. I feel it is equally important to review books written in English as well because in that way I am affording myself a chance to be versatile as a writer and a reviewer as I believe that there are writers who cannot write reviews. I am not claiming to be a better reviewer but there are a lot of things which I learned about reviewing that have been very helpful.

During the second semester it was hard for me to keep up with seminars any longer. The creative juices I had to produce poems every week were also thinning. I also wanted to focus my energies on my thesis without worrying about presenting poems at a feedback session every single Friday. As much as I felt that the sessions were important and the feedback I was getting was helpful, I was tired of it all because at that time, I had already found my voice for my thesis and all I wanted to do was to start working on it. Also, at that moment I didn't exchange or return books, I was hoarding all my favourites.

At times it was hard for me to respond to assignments, especially to Marike's last seminar assignment. I suspect it was because the guidelines of the assignment had nothing in common with themes of the poems in my thesis. I didn't have the energy to write poems which I was going to end up discarding; my mind was focused on writing poems relevant to my thesis. There was a point where I was fascinated by the intensity of the course; I felt like I was doing a real master's degree. I couldn't complain about the work load and I can't claim that I was not coping. Yes, there was a lot to do but I survived. The trick was to properly manage my time. The time management wasn't as much of an issue as the writing, which was tricky. The mind is not always in the mood to write and sometimes the body totally doesn't respond to the writing. Being a writer is extremely difficult as the motivation to write sometimes leak outs of the system. Besides reading a lot, I tried to listen to music that I really love and that speaks to my soul just to seduce my brain into the writing mood. The most important thing was to get the brain to be functional. In some weeks, I just found myself swiftly flowing into the writing without any troubles but on some days, this wouldn't work. No matter what the body would feel like, I also had to remain disciplined and push the body as far as I could.

There was a week where the seminar was completely different and it brought about a cultural variety of writing. It was something I needed, for a change. Stuart Patterson conducted the seminar and his presence made me feel like I was in Scotland. He made language and poetry to seem simple and entertaining. His poetry is fun to listen to. Even though I didn't catch the meanings in some places, the sound and musicality of Scot's language makes one eager to listen to his poems to the very end. The class we had with him was an informal set-up. He was good at listening to other people's opinions on poetry. As much as we received from him, he also made it a point to receive from us and all of this made me feel happy and relaxed. His seminar was about place and locality and, I must say, this highlighted the vast difference in how I look at poetry that deals with place and it was a difference I was willing to embrace.

In a previous seminar with Kerry Hammerton, she also asked us to write about place but the scope of her assignment had a different texture to it. I think what made me to succeed in handling writing for that seminar was that I used a different tool to write. Kerry told us to find a place outside which is meaningful to us and write there. I sat outside the English department and I was able to produce my work. I would do it more often: writing outdoors inspires me. Kerry was quite impressed with how I managed to experiment with her teachings and in her feedback, she emphasised on how I should push myself further and search deeper into my soul. She loved how specific I was in my writing but she wanted more details. Later, when completing Stuart's assignment on the same topic, I realised how I intimidated my writing as I was able to write about place in a much better way instead of shying away from my subject line. I believe I wrote my poem so well because of this. My colleagues didn't have a lot to complain about, except when they highlighted a few errors here and there. Apart from that, they commented about the tightness of my poem. Overall, Stuart was impressed with our responses to the assignment and he also wrote a poem himself which he presented also. We commented on it and challenged him to detach from Scotland and write about Makhanda using Scot's language. We loved him for it and he is our acquaintance now.

On the Wednesday after his seminar, I attended the public lecture that he presented. Because he was out of class, he accelerated his interest in language activism. It was an inclusive lecture and I learnt a lot about how one can choose to deliver their poetry. He made us watch one of his poetry films that he created with the BBC. I then made a comparison between him and poets in Poetry '99 and my observation was still the same: writers sometimes kill their poetry by not allowing other people who can read or recite their work better than them to do it. What matters is the delivery of poetry and the question is, will you do justice to your own poetry if you read it yourself? One of Stuart's poems was recited by a female poet in the film and she did well as the poem needed a female tone. So, for me, the way that most poets in Poetry '99 read their poems interferes with the rhythm of the poetry and it becomes unappealing. I mean, if you are reading your body language must accompany you in the process of reading as well.

Editing and re-editing your work a few more times before it becomes an end product is the point Mxolisi emphasised in his last seminar. This is what our other teachers in the course always stressed. Basically, editing a poem time after some time allows the writer to explore different possibilities that his or her poem could explore. Sometimes you get the best poems during and after the editing process. In my first attempt of editing my poem, I cut out lines and words that I felt shouldn't be there. Then, in the second edit, I was taking out stanzas and I was left with a short poem but I was happy with it. We didn't have a feedback session for this part but Mxolisi gave us feedback via email and his response to my work made sense. He encouraged me to adapt the skill of making firm decisions in terms of what stays and what goes in the editing process, as some of the lines I took out were ones that he felt I should have kept.

Apart from the seminar there is nothing much to reflect on but my Sepedi thesis. As I read the new poetry books that I'm going to review, there is a shift I see in the language in newly published material. I'm currently reading a poetry book called *Tša ka Mehla* by Mpho Godfrey Molapo and the title itself is in the present – it means “the every-day ordinary things”. It's interesting how he tackles issues like trauma using Sepedi and how gentle he is in reprimanding. The poems show an understanding of the present age we're living in. They acknowledge the peer-pressure and presence of other things that have the ability to ruin someone's life. I had the privilege of talking to him and discussing some of the poems in the book, and we ended up creating a conversation about creating a word for “karma” in Sepedi.

Reading these new books made me realise that over the past few years of studying Law, I had neglected my poetry. I didn't nurture and maintain the foundation I had laid. Yes, I'm an excellent poet, but the authors I've mentioned are spectacular poets. In reading their work, I was able to notice the effort that they invested. Most of the poetry or literature I read was limited to the high school syllabus, so that in way restricted me from writing on that level.

On the long reading list, I bumped into a book about rap called the *Anthology of the Rap* edited by Adam Bradley and Andrew DuBois. I read this book out of my curiosity about the origin of black poetry and the relativity between poetry and rap, and the book helped me with my writing process. I also enjoyed reading it as a fan of rap. On the same note, I also watched a movie about rap and in it, I saw a rap student being forced to take poetry because the college she went to didn't have a rap class. She was resistant to change but later, she realised that poetry gave her rap form. As it is now, I'm able to write English poetry whereas before, I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to rhyme and have a flow in English. I realised that my Sepedi poetry is taking another angle and that makes me nervous about the Reading in Community assignment that I will do. I have never read my poems before and the form of these poems doesn't allow me to recite them as I'm so used to doing, but this didn't bother me much because it allowed me to grow as a poet. I also started seeing growth of my work after my intense engagement with other books and films.

We had a full week of intensive reading which I found to be very useful, especially the part of essay writing. The reading was very frustrating at first, but I gave myself time after the seminar and in the month that followed, I went through the texts again and found them to be very interesting although they were very long. The essay-writing part was a difficult exercise that I failed at the first attempt but mastered very well on the second. I had to begin writing my essay from scratch and this gave me a chance to reflect on the deeper aspects of my writing in terms of how I write and what I want to write about. Within the process of writing I spoke a lot about myself and about the languages I use, which are Sepedi and English. I also mentioned how my inability to speak affects my writing. I noticed that I mentioned nothing about the processes that I use to write the stories that I want to write with my scattered language.

In my essay, I referred to Marguerite Duras and related my language to hers, figuring out the process that will consolidate the essay on my own writing. I also noticed the potential my writing has to change the world and to record the history of the South Africa that is forever changing with all the immigrants, both legal and illegal, flocking to the country. New stories are birthed with the immigration culture being part of us. My essay has helped me discover and remember what I really want to write about, and as much as I admire Lidia Yuknavitch, I don't want to write like her. For me, writing is not about a conscious mission to bring the language and the body into a relationship as she believes; instead, I write incorporeally. I write with two languages, the language my body parts speak and the language from my vocabulary.

R. M. Berry's article, "Introduction: Forms at War, Writing the Present" was actually one of my favourite reads during the intensive week, even though it was not very easy to understand even after reading it a few times. However, there are a few ideas in the article about form and writing which spoke to me. Berry remarks, 'Literacy Forms don't cause actions, literacy forms are actions, but for that reason they can function as inescapably as fate'. According to my understanding of this, it is crucial to pay attention to form when writing because it also speaks on your behalf and it is the duty of every writer to ensure that the form of their writing is sending out the right message because you don't want to be misinterpreted merely because of form. Throughout the year, I've learnt that it was only when I matured as a writer that I started experimenting with form in my writing. At the beginning, my focus was to get my vocabulary right and to decide what path I want to take as a writer, which was a really hard decision to make.

After all the reading I had done, I was left wondering what kind of a writer I am. It is a question that was very difficult to answer, but I think my work throughout the semester was doing more of the talking than me; helping me to find the answers.

I had an idea of what I wanted to write about after the completion of the course. However, I realised there were serious loose ends that I'd need to tighten first. I know that English is not my first language and so I wanted to challenge myself. I have the potential to perfect my diction and I say this because I also learned Sepedi through the literature that I was exposed to. I have reasons to believe that if I read more English literature, I will improve. At the moment, I am interested in the healing powers of writing. I think I've found my voice around that; I just need to put it on paper in a way that I can call my own.

My readings for the second semester were very different from what I read during the beginning of the year. I mostly read poetry that aligned with the body of work I am focusing on, like *Women In Praise of the Sacred* (edited by Jane Hirshfield). It is reasonably difficult read to digest as it was written a very long time ago but I managed to get my way through the book and I mostly connected with the work of Kayda Molodowsky. She declared a very strong statement that I found relevant to this present day. She said, 'The poet does not ask to escape, but to be permitted to know life fully, even when suffering'. This kind of writing makes me believe that the work I'm currently creating will probably complement the work that will be written in centuries to come after me.

Against Forgetting: Poetry of Witness (edited by Carolyn Forché) is the best poetry anthology I've read thus far. Generally, it helped me to locate the pain inside of me and to acknowledge that pain is this living, breathing inside, learning to walk with me.

August-September 2019 Reflections

The completion of a thesis was a crucial time in my writing and I had to tighten up all the loose ends. This year, editing has proved itself essential. Editing a piece repeatedly results in having different versions of poems. However, in the process of editing I needed to make firm decisions of what to keep and what to take out.

During my writing, I felt like there was a kind of poetry that existed in me, and only through discipline and lots of writing was I able to unleash it. I realise that I took a completely different direction from my thesis proposal but I just had this sudden urge to write poetry in an unusual manner. For some time, I looked into the poem I wrote titled "Bleak". Titling a poem has never been my strong point but now I think the process of my writing has allowed me to acknowledge the importance of titles – having the right title from the beginning sometimes leads me to the right poem. I wrote "Bleak" in first-person, and I appreciate the fact that although my initial intention was to write about death of my brother, he comes alive within the poem.

At this point, I am writing poetry in such a way that it will be able to speak for itself when I am no longer around. I want my poetry to scream like I would scream, throwing it hands in the air and squashing things like I would do. I am establishing writing in a form that will make my poetry recognisable as me. I know and understand that I won't always write about my present experiences and although I may find myself writing outside of self, I still want my poetry to stand as mine.

The work of poetry is very important to me and I am very cautious of how I use the voice because with poetry, one can build or break. I don't intend to break with my poetry but I hope to write provoking poems and to be as honest as possible, so I am very careful of what I deliver to society.

Over the past few months of coursework, I think I have found the body of language that makes up my poetry and how my poetry can be defined. For some time in the course I really didn't get it so, for me, the course has shaped my craft in an unbelievable way. I am really interested in the journey that I am taking in completing the thesis and I'd like to see how this new mind shift will influence my voice.

When I write, I spend a lot of time on my own in silence. I don't think about a lot of things concerning my writing because when I am stressed, my mind shuts down and I can't even produce a single line of poetry so I avoid stressful thoughts and situations. When I write, I do it mostly at night, and in the early hours of the day, I spend my time sleeping and reading. When I write, I critique my own work and the ability to be critical excites me. It is important for me to revisit my work with a sober mind and edit it that way. At times my work looks wonderful after being edited. It is through the process of editing that I can pick on a few things that either make or break a poem.

Through writing this thesis, I found out things about myself that I have never noticed with regards to how I see the world and people around me. One of other things I realised is that sometimes in writing, there is no solidarity and it's not wrong to disagree with other writers and I find that quite interesting. I've engaged in arguments about language and about what black writing should look like, and in the process, I found myself defending my writing logically and seeing that, at the end of the day, we all see the world through different lenses and every opinion is valid.

While writing this thesis, I sometimes find myself surprised at the flow of words and at other times, the well is just too dry to drink from. I normally remark that writing a thesis is like writing a CV: it will travel places to describe and present you to people. Therefore, precision in the process of its completion is very important – I cannot afford to make any mistakes.

What interests me currently is how I write differently about death in my Sepedi thesis than I do in the English one. Death is a broad subject in a sense that one can use different approaches to write about it, and in Sepedi, I use a childlike voice to describe how equally terrifying and friendly death can be. There are poems where I used a very distant voice to write about the slow physical death of the body whereas on a normal day, I would write about how the death of my loved one affected me. However, in this kind of writing, I was being experimental and I noticed that writing in this manner allows me to take any direction my poetry may point to. I've focused a lot on death, and now I want to move on to other topics and I am curious about the approach I will take towards that.

In my poetry I try to explore the possibility of making peace with death. Yes, we can't prepare for it but we must always expect it. Because I believe that I will die young, I do the most to prepare my family for the day that I'll go and I do that in a short poem I titled, "No Funeral Rule". It's a conversation I have with my mother and brother where I let them know that they must make peace with my death and where I give them orders in terms of how my body should be buried.

Writing about my death is quite scary but it is humbling to see how far my imagination can stretch. It makes me wonder about how other writers create images in their poems and how they master the art of writing metaphorically. I sometimes find myself writing figuratively but I don't know how it comes to me because I generally write directly. If someone asked me to explain how I do it I wouldn't be able to; it just comes depending on how I am feeling at time. It's dangerous, though, to rely on feeling when writing poetry but it's also not easy to write it in a controlled manner. As I said, poetry follows its own path even though you've planned a certain way to pen it down. I returned to one of the poems I wrote last month titled "Broken Reflections", and it fascinated me to see where the writing led to. It turned out to be completely something I didn't plan. This leads me to touch a bit on intentional writing. I normally convince myself that I establish my intention before I work on any

other poem but most of the time, I can't answer the question "what is my plan with this poem?" For this reason, the things I write about are not things that particularly affected me or that I have experienced, it's just that one word lead to another and then it became a poem.

In the second semester, the reading continued with *Black Fire: An Anthology of Afro-American Writing* (edited by Leroy Jones and Larry Neal) and I liked it for the same reasons that I liked *Anthology of the Rap*. The essays in the book are calling for urgency of genuine black writing. *The New Directions Anthology of Classical Chinese Poetry*, edited by Eliot Weinberger, was simply breathtaking; and *The Living Option* by Karen Solie as well as *The Yellow and Loud Laughter* by Sindiswa Busuku-Mathese are the two books that captured my heart to a point where I chose to review them for my portfolio.

ii. PONAGATŠO YA SEPEDI

Thutosengwalwa sa ka ke kgoboketšo ya direkto tšeo ke di thalathadilego lenyaga. Ka tšona ke leka go tšweletša maikutlo a ka ka dilo tšeo di itšego bophelong. Bontšhi bja direkto di amana le bophelo bja ka bjalo ka mosadi yo moswa. Go ngwala sereto go boima, eupša go fetogile boima le go feta ge ke be fala lephephe ka pene e le ge ke lentšha mašoba ka tša bophelo bjaka.

Tšhomišo ya maswaodikga e na le seabe se segolo go peakanyo ya ditaba tša sereti. Sereto se ka ikema ka ona, ebile se ka kgona go šoma gabotse ntle le ona. Go a hlokega go a šomiša thetong le bongwading ka kakaretšo. Mathomong a ngwaga ke rutilwe kudu ka bohlokwa bja go šomiša maswaodikga, e le ge mofahloši wa ka; Stacy Hardy a re kakatletše ka matheka a leka go netefatša gore tšeo a di bolelago di dulela ruri ditsebeng tša rena. Ga mmogo le baithuti ba bangwe re ile ra sekaseka dingwalo tšeo go tšona maswaodikga a dirišitšwego go tšweletša mehuta ya go fapana ya dingwalwa ka mokgwa wa mehlala.

Mabaka a gore bangwadi le direkto tša mehuthutha di šomiše maswaodikga ka tsela ya go fapana ke a mantši. Maswaodikga a ka dirišwa go kaonafatša sengwalwa goba theto. Mabakeng a mangwe a šomišwa go fetola goba go laola sebopego sa sereto. Thutotofahlošo le Stacy Hardy e mphafoišitše gobane ke be ke tšeela tirišo ya maswaodikga fase ntle le go lemoga bohlokwa bja ona bjalo ka dibetša tšeo di ka phemelago mongwadi goba sereti. Ke atiša gore maswaodikga ka mo gare ga theto a swana le selepe seo sereti a se beago godimo ga hlogo ya mmadi, gore a bale go fihla mafelelong a sereto.

Kgetho ya go diriša maswaodikga e swanetše go latelwa ke tsitsinkelo ye kgolo gobane ge a šomišitšwe bošaedi a ka phuhlamiša sereto goba sengwalwa. Stacy Hardy o ile ge a rotoga natšo ditaba tša maswaodikga a re ga go molato go roba melwana ya krama mo bongwading ba boikgopolelo. Mongwadi o swanetše go tseba gore ke e fe melao yeo a e tshelago.

Go dilo tše mmalwa tšeo ke ithutilego tšona lenyaga se bohlokwa gare ga tšona ka moka ke goba le morero goba lona lebaka la go ngwala. Ka mantšu a mangwe ke leka gore nna ga ke sa ngwalela gore ke e ntšha bodutu, goba ka gobane ke selo seo ke kgonago go se dira ebile se nthabišago. Mošomo wa theto o bohlokwa kudu go nna, ke ngwala gobane go bala dingwalwa le direkto tša go ngwalwa ke basadi ba bangwe go nthušetše go lemoga lentšu le bogale la kgalemo leo le reng gare ga pelo ya ka.

Tše dingwe tša dipuku tša sejahlapa tšeo ke bego ke di balang lenyaga di gatelela lebaka la gore theto ke sebetša se bogale kudu. Ka gona sereti se swana le motho wa go hlama merodi le marumo. *Poetry of Witness Against Forgetting* ya go rulaganywa ke Carolyn Forché. Puku ye ebile le seabe se golo go theto ya ka ya sejahlapa ga mmogo le ya Sepedi, e fetotše kwešišo ya ka ya theto gobane direkto ka mo gare ga yona di hlalosa ditlaišego tšeo ba itemogetšeng tšona ka lebaka la go ngwala theto ebile ba bangwe ba ile ba romelwa ntlwanaswiswi. Direkto tša basadi kgale di e lwa ntwaga kahlanong le tlaišo ya basadi le bana, sa go rothiša pelo ya ka madi ke gore ke rwešitšwe maikarabelo a go tšwelapele ka ntwaga ya bona. Nka kgetha go phutha diatla ke nabe dinao tšeo ka rego ga ke bone go diraga eng mo lefaseng. Sereti ka gare ga ka se ka ntlhokiša khutšo.

Women in Praise of the Sacred ya go rulaganywa ke Jane Hirshfield ke kgobokanyo ya direkto go tšwa go direkto tša basadi ba go fapafapana ka mengwaga lefaseng ka bophara. Puku ye e rwele dilo

tša basadi ka diatla ke ye ngwe yeo e hlamilego medu ya theto yeo ke e ngwadile ka mo gare ga thutosengwalwa sa ka. Kayda Molodowsky ke yo mongwe wa bagaleadi bao theto ya bona e bolelago le moya wa ka ge a re, “mosadi ge a reta ga a kgopele go phonyoga eupša go itemogela bophelo ka botlalo le ge a hlaka”. Go sereto sa ka sa, “Lea theetša lerato” bobedi thulano ya ka ntle le ka gare e ya tšwelela ge ke ratharatha ka lesogana la ka go tloga mathomong go fihla temathetong ya mafelelo ke ge ke ineela ke bolela mantšu a:

*Le ge gole bjalo ke swanelwa ke go ba mosadi
Ke ngatetše sekhethe ke tšwelepele ka leeto
Ke holofela gore le tlare ge le hlaba le lengwe
Moyeng ka welwa ke maruru ka go lebalela
Tameng!*

Go lahleng moya mafalelong ke leka go se phonyokge efela go etemogela bophelo ka botlalo le ge ke ikhweditše ke le gare ga seemo se boima sa go loba motho yo ke mo ratago.

Bontši bja bafohloši ba ka ba ba re lemošitše kgahlanong le kotsi ya go ikopiša hlogo ka maikemešetšo a go kgahliša babadi. Stacy hardy o kgalemile ka bogale gore mongwadi o swanetše go bapalela kgole le go kgahla babadi. O rile yalo ebile a bonagatša ntlha ya gagwe ka mohlala wo mongwe yo moswaodikga a ka dirišwago ka tsela ya go tlabatlabiša mmadi dibete. Mongwadi a ka dira bjalo ka go ngwala tema ya go thoma ka tlhaka ye nnyane ebile a hlokiša mafoko a gagwe difegelwane goba tšona dikhutlo le maswao a mangwe. Mofahloši wa ka o be a sa re gore bangwadi le direti ba swanetše go šišimiša babadi ba bona ka boomo efela ba be le taolo go dingwalwa le direto tša bona.

Direto tša ka gare ga thutosengwalwa di ithekgile go dintlha tše mmalwa go etša tlaišo ya basadi le bana, lehu, lerato le tše dingwe. Sereto seo ke bulang kgoboketšo yaka ka sona, ‘Lehlabula’ ke se ngwadile ka mokgwa wa go tswaka theto le taodišo. Basekaseki le babadi ba bantšhi kudu ba Sepedi ga ba dumelelane le mokgwa wa mohuta yo wa go hlama sereto. Eupša ke ile ka bona go le bohlokwa kudu gore ke ngwale ka mokgwa wo gobane ke nyaka go tagafatša ntlha ya gore ka nnete ke gegea banna. Sereto se se hlamilwe ke mafoko a go hloka difegelwana, ke dirile seo ka maikemešetšo gobane ke be ke efoga go fa mmadi sebaka sa go hema goba go khutša ge a bala sereto se. ke dirile bonnete bja go bea khutlo mafelelong a mafoko ka moka ke beile dikhutlo go thekga dikgopolo tša ka mabapi le dikgaruru kgahlanong le basadi nageng ya gešo. Sereto sa rena sea buša temathetong yeo e latelang se tšea sebopego se setlwaelegilego sa sereto, ke e ngwadile bjalo gore ke kgone go laola dikgopolo ka tsela ya maleba.

Ga se go be bonolo go ngwala thutosengwala ka Sepedi gobane lenyaga ke ikhumane ka gare ga dithutofahlošo tša Sejahlapa fela, ebile dipuku tšeo ebeng ke di bala e le tšeo ke ikgobokanyeditšego tšona ka bo naa. Go bala go ile gwa fetoga sehlare sesogolo kante fela le gore ke hweditše ke bala dipuku tše tee kgafetšakgafetša gobane lefelong leo ke leng go lona ga go dipuku tša Sepedi. Le ge go le bjalo ke ipshinne kudu ka be ka ba le sebaka sa go bala dipukwana ke be ke di sekaseke.

Tše dingwe tša puku tše ke kgolaganego natšo ke; *Lehuto La Pelo* ka J.K Sekele, *Dipheko Tša Bagologolo* ka Maje Serudu gotšwa go yona ke ile ka lemoga dimelo tša polelo ya borena. *Mepipi Ka Moka E A Na!* ka Aletta Motimele le yona ke ile ka humana ke tloga ke e kakatletše le ge ebane ke tlogile ke sa dumelelane le tše dintšhi tše e di bolelago, go etša gore go lokile go gatelela basadi ka nako ye ya bophelo. Afrika Borwa e šoma ka thata go kaonafatša le gona go hlabolla maphelo a basadi, mme kgwekgwe ya pukwana ye yona e hlohleletša basadi gore ba nyalwe. Ka mo gare ga puku ye nnete go leša dihlong gore mongwadi bjalo ka motho wa mosadi o ngwadile puku ya go hlohleletša basadi go nyalwa ka tlase ga kgatelelo go lokile gobane ke gona ba re o hlomphe batswadi. Go ya ka nna seo se bušetša phihlele tša kaonafatšo ya basadi goba yona *feminism*. *Šaka La Pelo Ga Le Tlale* le yona ka Maje Serudu e mphile lesedi la gore o šomiša motaele o mofe ge a ngwala papadi.

Pukwana yeo ke e ratilego kudu go tšona ka moka ke *Direto Tša Sesotho sa Leboa* ya go rulaganywa ke Dominic M. Kgobe, yona e tloga e tsitsinketše ntlha ya gore leleme le la borena le atile go fihla kae go tloga mengwageng yela ya mohla monene. Go ne dipukwana tše dingwe ke ile ka re ge ke di bala ka kwa motho a sa ithute selo, ka be ka ipotšiša gore na bao ba gatišitšego ba be ba lebeletše kae go swana *le Sefatamollo Sea lphatela* ka P.C Mphahlele. Lebaka la ka ke gore bongwadi bja mohuta yo ga bo atiše polelo ya borena ebile ga bo hole babadi ka selo.

Tlaišego Tša Masetlapelo le *DIPŠIŠAMARE TŠA LUSAKA* ka M.P Mathete dipuku tše di tloga di ntšokoditše maikutlo, di ngwadilwe ka bothakga bjo bogolo kudu. Ke tloga ke ipshinne ebile ke ithutile dilo di se kae gotšwa go tšona. Le ge ke be ke sena dipuku tša go tlala seatla tšona di bile lehlotlo la ka ngwageng wo. Ka ge khose yona re ithutile yona ka leleme la sejahlaphe, ke netefaditše gore tšohle ke rutilwego ke di šomišitše bongwadi bjaka bja theto ya Sepedi.

Ke makaditšwe ke go bona tsela yeo theto ya ka e etšereng. Sereto ka se tee go mongwadi ke phihlelelo ye kgolo. Ke be ke ngwala ka lehu, efela ge be ke le gare ke ngwala ke lemogile gore ke ngwadile ka mokgwa wo sereto se kgonago go bolela ka lehu la dilo tše dintšhi ka nako e tee. Ka tsela yeo eleng gore batho bao ba fapanego ba ka kgona go ikhwetša ka gare ga sereto. Ke kgotsofatšwa ke gore ga se ka palelwa ke go phula khudu teng ge be ke ngwala sereto seo, ka gona ke re, 'bohloko bja gago ke bja ka'.

Ga ke tsebe ke fahlilwe goba ke bona tšona na, efela ge be ke ngwala le go beakanya karolo ya pele ya thutosengwala sa Sepedi ke humane ke iponela kgole le theto ya ka, ke ekwa o ka re ke fowa lentšu la ka la ka mehleng. Seo se ile sa ntshwenya kudu moeng gobane ke leka ka tsela ya go ngwala yeo e tla swanago le nna.

Ka ge šetše ke hlalositše ke dubagane le karolo ya pele ya mošomo wa ka, ke ngwadile go nabile ka go katwa ga basadi nageng ya borena. Bjale ka motšwasehlabele ke makaditšwe ke go humana ke ngwala ntle le gore nkare dihlabi tša kgale di tsogile. Maitemogelo a ka ga go katwa a ntšwetše mohola kudu, efela ke ile ka phurulla mogopolo wa ka, ka tloga ke naba le yona taba ye. Ke leka fela go bontšha gore naga e kgaogile dikgao ka lebaka la dikgaruru tše. Khutšo yona basadi ba ka se itemogeale yona. Ka ge motsotso le motsotsotswana basadi le bana ba tlaišwa ka mohuta wa thobalano.

Kea dumela gore basadi ba bantšhi ba ngwadile ka nngalaba ye efela nna ga ke e lebelele ka lehlakoreng la basadi fela. Eupša ke na le kgahlego ka go ngwala ka yona ka mokgwa o e diragalelang bana ba bašemane. Šedi ka moka e filwe basetsana, potšišo ya ka go se ke gore na bana ba rena ba bašemane ba godišwa ke mang ge makala a mmušu le leago a hlokometše banenyana gomme ba tshidiša bašemane maahlo. Kea kwešiša gore dipalopalo ka ga kato ya basetsana di godimo, efela ke ema ka la gore bana ba ke ba rena ka moka mme ba hloka tlhokomelo ya go swana.

Mxolisi Nyezwa o ile a fa thutofahlošo ka go ngwala thetho bjalo ka mokgwa wo bonolo wa go bolela. O tloga a ganetšana kudu le tirišo ya mantšu a dikhuti ge sereti se ngwala sereto mabapi le bophelo bja sona. Nyezwa ke yo mongwe wa bafahloši bao nka pakago gore o bile le seabe se segolo go direto tšeo di humanegago go karolo ya mathomo ya thutosengwalwa ya ka. Se sengwe sa direto tša ka, 'E Rotha Madi' ka sona ke ile ka kgona go naba pelo yaka godimo ga letlakala ka fegolla se borala ka lapolla mampša melala. Ka mokgwa wa go hlaloša tiragalo yeo seswantšho sa yona ka kgopolong ya ka se sa phumulegego. Sereto se se phaphasela ka gare ga maikutlo a bohloko, ga kena bothata felo le sereto sa mohuta yo efela go kotsi kudu go ngwala ka tsela ye. Gobane ke ile ka humana sereto se nkgopotša morago ka be ka bona o ka re ke sepela kgotlompung ya leswiswi, ka hwetša ke sa rate ka mokgwa wo ke beng ke ekwa ka gona. Ka ge tšohle di ile tša fetoga segopotšo sa tlaišego yeo ke itemogetšeng yona mengwaga ye mmalwa ya go feta.

Direto tšeo ke dingwadilego mo mathomong a thutosengwalwa di laetša bohloko le pefelo yeo e belago ka gare ga pelo ya ka kgahlanong le bao ba mphetošitšeng motšwasehlabelo sa ditlaišo tša bona. Go ngwala ka tšeo ke itemogetšeng tšona ke bohlatse bja gore mogopolo waka o sa tunta gare ga kgobalo ye kgolo ya moya, o be o ka re ke monyetla wa ikgopola ke le go ipolela. Ga se nna motho wa go rata go ala ditaba tša ka pepeneneng, efela ke ikhumane ke dira selo seo.

Go fetšeng go ngwala sereto se le tše dingwe ke ile ka nagana ka segwera goba kamano magareng ga theto yaka le nna bjalo ka motho. Nka e tia lefahla ge mmadi a ka palelwa ke go farologantšha magareng ga ka le theto ya ka. Gobane ke duma ge e ka mpolelela ge ke se gona. Sereto seo ke boletšego ka sona ka godimo, 'E Rotha Madi' ke mohlala yo mobotse wa seo ke se šupago. Gobane sereto se ke se se kopana ebile mafelelong a sona mmadi a ka gopola gore mohlomongwe ke be ke feletše ke mantšu, kgane ke ikhumane ke le gare ga tlalelelo ye kgolo kudu ya go ntira gore ke metše mantšu ao ke beng nka rata go feleletša sereto ka ona. Le ge gole bjalo sa go kgahliša ka sereto se ke gore le ge e le se sekopana se kgona go nola mogopola wa mmadi ka go tlemolla ditaba tša go šita pelo ya mosadi.

Go laetša gore ka nnete Mxolisi Nyezwa o kgathile tema ye kgolo go karolo ya direto tšeo ke ngwadilego ka bophelo bja ka, le ka gare ga thutosengwalwa ya sejahlahi le gona ke ngwadile ka nna. Go sona ke kgahlwa ke gore ga se ke ngwale ka sehlogo sa go katwa gwa basadi ka kakaretšo efela ke ngwadile ka maitemogelo a ka a nnete. Seretong sa, 'Lehlabula' ke mohlala yo mobotse wa go ngwala ka kakaretšo. Ge e be ke le gare ke thalathala thutodingwala tše ka maleme a mabedi a go fapana ke be tšhoga gore ke tlo dira bošaedi goba yona phošo fetolela sereto seo se ngwadilweng ka leleme leo le itseng go le lengwe.

Direto tša ka tša sejahlaphi di e keme go swana le ge tša Sesotho sa Leboa di e keme. Ke fao ke ileng ka lemoga botebo bja kgahlego ya ka ge go etla go ngwala ka taba ya go katwa le go tlaišwa gwa basadi le bana. Mxolisi o be a fela a re, 'ge o ngwala theto e dire gore e swane le seipone' ka mantšu a mangwe o be a re ke swanetše go ipona ge ke bala theto ya ka, ebile ke swanetše go kwa lentšu la ka. Ke ka fao ke hlalosago gore phihlelelo ye kgolo go theto ya ka ke ge mmadi a ka re ge a bala sereto sa ka a bona le go kwa nna ke bolela.

Bjalo ka mosadi yo moswa wa mongwadi ke dumela gore ke swere dibetša ka moka tša go lwantšha kgethologanyo. Theto e mphile lentšu la gore ke bolele ke be ke goelele legatong la basadi ba bangwe bao ba sa kgonego. Theto go nna a se morero wa go atiša leleme la gesso fela, empake mpho yeo le lehono nka se re ke tlwaelane le yona. Ka mehla ke ithuta mekgwa ye meswa ya go kaonafatša theto ya ka, go nna theto e swana le mešifa yeo ke swanelago ke go itšhidulla ka mehla. Ke dira bjalo ka go bala theto ya go ngwalwa ke basadi ba bangwe, le ge bane ga go bonolo go humana theto ya go ngwalwa ke basadi ka Sesotho sa Leboa.

Ga ke leke gore basadi ba go ngwala ka Sepedi ga ba ngwale, eupša mošomo wa bona ga o bonolo go hwetšagala ka ntle le mogaleadi wa pene yena mme Aleta Motimele. Theto ya gagwe e bolela le nna, efela *Lekgeswa Lehlephile* ke sereto sa gagwe se tee seo nkarego se gata ka mošito o tee le direto tša ka. Ebile ke sešupo sa gore ka nnete basadi kgale ba goga ka kgara. Ebile ntwaga ya rena kgahlanong le banna bao ba re tlaišago e sale kgole le go fela. Sereto sa ka sa, ' Letsatsanka' ke se swantšha kudu le sa mme Motimele. Phapano ke gore fela nna ka ngwadile bjalo ka selo seo ke itemogetšego sona, yena o se ngwadile bjalo ka tše dingwe tša dikgaruru tšeo di diragalago. Bobedi bja direto di phetha morero yo mogolo kudu, wa go kgala banna bao ba tlaišago basadi.

Kotsi ya go ngwala ka bophelo bja ka ke gore ga ke kgone goba le sebetse sa go boela go dingwalwa goba sona sereto sa ka ka se phošolla, gobane ka nako tše dingwe ke ngwala ka dilo tšeo ke palelwang ke go bolela le batho ba bangwe ka tšona. Dilo tšeo di šitago mafahla a ka ebile ka dinako ke ekwa tšeo o ka rego ke ponoka pepeneneng, ke fela ke tlelwa ke maikutlo a boitsholo ge ke bala mošomo wa ka. Ke ka fao ke sa ratego go o bala.

Tše dingwe tša dithlotlo tša go ithutela khoso ya bongwadi mola ke šetše ke mongwadi ke gore bafohloši ba dira phošo ka go letela gore baithutu ba tlo dumelelana le tšohle ba di rutago. Seo fetoga boima ka ge nna ke tseba gore ke tsela e fe yeo ke ngwalago bokaone ge ke e šomiša. Ke ile ka thulana le yo mongwe wa bafahloši Managaliso Buzani, lebaka e le gore le ge e le mofahloši bobedi nna le yena re bangwadi ka gona go ka se makatše gore seo se mo šomelago nna se ka se ntšhomele. Go ye ngwe ya dithutofahlošo tša gagwe o ile a bolela ka ngwala sereto ka mokgwa wa go lebelela diswantšho. Ba bangwe ba baithuti ka nna ba dumelelane le yena, efela nna yena thekniki ya gagwe e be e se sa ntšhomele gobane diswantšho tša gagwe di sa bolele selo yeo e yeletanago le dilo tšeo ke ratago go ngwala ka tšona.

Ka morago ga dithutofahlošo tše mmalwa tšeo ke ile ka kwa di sa ntšhomele ke ile ka di bapetša le tšeo ke dumelago gore di a ntšhomela go swana le ya; Kerry Hamerton le Stuart Patterson. Bobedi bo ratile ka go ngwala ka lefelo leo sereti se ka ikhumanago se le go lona. Ke ile ka swanelwa ke go tšea sephetho sa gore ke tla ela tlhoko thutofahlošo yeo e nkgodišago le go nkaonafatša le gona go tšwela bongwadi bja ka mohola.

Gobane ke dumela gore nna ke ngwala theto ya moswananoši a go makatše gore batho ba fela ba re e ya bagakantšha. Ge babadi ba bala theto selo sa mathomo se ba tlabago ke popego ya yona, babadi ba tlwaetše gore humana morumokwano le tšona ditumammogo ge ba bala. Ga go atiše gore motho a humane seo ge a bala theto ya ka. '*Monna Ge Nka Nyala*' ke mohlala wo mobotse wa go laetša mohuta wa ka yo moswa wa go ngwala. Molaetša le moko wa sona o dira gore se hloke bosodi. Le ge bane gone tše dingwe tša direkto tše mmadi a ka kopanago le tšona ke di ngwadile ka tsela yeo e tlwaelegilego.

Thutofahlošo mabapi le tshekatsheko ya dipuku le Paul Wessels ebile yeo e kgethegilego lebaka e le gore re laetšwe go ya go nyaka ditshakatsheko. Go boima go di humana kudu lekaleng la internet lebaka e le gore ka bonyane le bonyane bagatiši ba dipuku ba lahlagelwa ke kgahlego ya go lefa basekaseki. Ke putukile tshekatsheko ya go ngwalwa ka Sepedi ka be ka dula gabotse. Le ge gole bjalo tlhotlo yeo ya se ya nthibela gore ke tšwelepele ka mošongwana wa go sekaseka. Ke sekasekile puku tše tharo; *TŠHUTŠHUMAKGALA* go tšwa seatleng sa Moses Seletisha, *Tša Ka Mehla* ya go ngwalwa ke Mpho Molapo le *Dikeledi Tša Ntu* ka David Marosa.

TŠHUTŠHUMAKGALA le *Tša Ka Mehla* ke dipuku tše ke ipshinneng ka go di sekaseka, ebile ke nagana gore di phetha morero yo mogolo wa go atiša polelo ya borena. Bobedi bangwadi ba tšona ke ba baswa ebile ke dikakapa go tša go ngwala Sepedi. *Dikeledi Tša Ntu* ke sentše sebaka sa ka ka go e bala. Lebaka e le gore e ngwadilwe bošaeadi ebile ke a kgotsa gore e gatišitšwe. Mabaka a gore ke se rate pukwana yela ke gore ka mo gare ga yona ke etile kopana le diphošo tša go feta menwana ya ka diatla le dinao. Se sengwe ke motheo wa yona ka kakaretšo.

Leina la mofahloši Mxolisi Nyezwa le šetše le selaganye makga a go feta tekanyo tše o ka rego ke hlokomolloga bafahloši ba bangwe. Taba ke gore šedi ya ka e kudu go bao dithutofahlošo tša bona di ntšwetšeng mohola ka go ngwala direkto tše di tšwelelang go thutosengwalwa sa ka. Go swana le Marike Beyers lebaka la gore ke se kgome leina la gagwe ke gore go no swana le Mangiliso Buzani dithutofahlošo tša bona a se di ntšwele moholo le yo mo nenyane. Lebaka la gore ke bolele ka Mishka Hoosen yena thutofahlošo ya gagwe e be šeditše dingwalong tše ditelele esego theto.

Ka morago ga thutofahlošo ya gagwe ke ile ka ngwala go nabile ebile ka go go kgodišago. Seo se ile sa ntsenya kotsing le bafahloši ba bangwe e le ge ba nyatša gore ke moreti ntle le go kwešiša gore ke rema ka theto le padi, lenyaga ke kgethile go ngwala theto fela. Motho a ka nagana gore ke a ikganetša ge ke re ka mo gare ga ponagatšo ke bolela ka bafahloši bao ba bilego le seabe go ngwaleng theto ga ka, ka gore ke bonagaditše kudu ka Stacy Hardy le ge e se mofahloši wa theto. Go bile bjalo gobane maswaodikga ka gare ga mehuta yohle ya bongwadi a bohlokwa.

Karolong ya mafelelo ya thutosengwalwa ke thalathadile ka tša lerato, go tloga go kgahliša go bona ka mokgwa wo direkto di hlamegilego ka gona. Ge be rele gare nna le mohlakodiši wa ka David Maahlamela o ile a bona bohlokwa bja go kgalema taba ya gore, sebopego sa sereto letlakaleng se bohlokwa efela esego go fetiša dikagare ga sereto. E le ge a kwele ke belaetšwa ke gore methalotheto ye mengwe ke e me telele kudu. Bobotse bja theto ke gore sereti se ka tšweletša maikutlo a sona ntle le thibelo. Thutosengwalwa sa ka ke e ruma ka direkto tša marato, ke hupulla tše di utilego ke pelo ka tsela yeo eleng gore ge nka hlakane le lesogana leo bare ke lebotše mantš a o ke a ngwadilego nka ja fase. Bjale mo theto e mpha tokologo ya gore ke nabiše pelo ke bolele sa mafahleng.

Ke ruma ka go bonagatša thutofahlošo yeo go yona re feditšego beke re bala dingwalo go tšwa go bangwadi ba go fapana lefaseng ka bophara ba ngwala ka bongwadi 'Poetics of Writing' le yona ka Paul Wessels. Ke gomela selepe ka yona gobane morago ga yona mošongwana o ile wa ba wa go laodiša ka bongwadi bjo elego bjaka, maitemogelo, mohuta wa mongwalelo, tšeo di nkgarolago matswalo ka bongwadi. Motheo wa taodiša ya ka o ile wa ikokotlela kudu ka dingwalwa tša; Lydia Yukanavitch ge a laodiša ka 'corporeal writing' yeo ka yona mongwadi a dirišago mantšu a go kgoma dikwi tša mmele, le Cristina Rivera Garza 'The unusual: a manifesto' go yona Garza o laodiša ka boikarabelo bjo bo tlogo le go ba mongwadi, ebile o hlalosa lebaka la goba sekolotong go setšhabeng sa geno ka ge o swanetše go ba molomo wa sona. Cruz Cynthia a laodiša ka polelo yeo e dirišitšweng pukung ya mokgekolo Margurite Duras *Malady of Death*. Taodišong ya ka ke bolela le go bapetša polelo yeo ke e diriša go dingwalwa tša ka. Le ge bane taodišo yeo ke engwadile ka sejahlaphi ke bona gole bohlokwa gore ke bonagatše ka yona.

7. REFLECTIONS ON READER'S REPORTS

English Report

All the observations in my report are valid. My thesis consists of thematic poetry. It was an intentional act, which allowed me to explore the depthness of my topics. In both my English and Sepedi thesis I built my poetry thematically. The process of writing same themes in two different languages instilled in me the discipline and technique to handle them differently.

It is clear that the reader paid a closer attention to my poetry, when he/she said my work made him/her think of Lebo Mashile and Vangile Gantsho. I think that's because the last part of my thesis is purely influenced by Vangile Gantsho's work. Our poetry reflects on how children use spitefulness as a defence against abusive elders. Among othe black female poets Lebo Mashile is the one whose poetry I understood the most. However, I wasn't aware that her work influences me.

I was never familiar with the Poet my reader recommended but after visiting his translated work I see why the reader choose him. He writes along the same lines as me. Hwang Tong-gyu, a Koerean Poet.

Sepedi Report

Here, my reader made interesting suggestion on my punctuation and grammar rules. I wasn't aware of those until mentioned in the report. I implemented all the changes and I believe they work well with my poetry. Compared to English report there is no much to reflect except the fact that I can say I concur with all the remarks passed by the reader.

8. POETICS ESSAY REFERENCE LIST

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