



**Paul Njabulo Vilakazi**

**SONG OF THE SOLITARY LEFT EYE TEAR DROP**

**IT WAS A TEAR TO WIPE AWAY THIRTY YEARS OF FLEADOM THAT WAS SOMMER**

**VUIL**

**PAUL NJABULO VILAKAZI**

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### **PRELUDE**

**This Novel is about and tweaked as an Edu-Tainment to be read as a conscientization to the present youth of the Motherland and the Diaspora about our past , as all people of Motherland descent once in Slavery, Apartheid and now in**

**Neo-Apartheid all round and using a mix of the language of S.As'. English and a kind of Ebonics...**

**To share our world -wide pain an ensuing injustices that were never ever healed in more than four hundred years of slavery and into the present thirty years of neo-apartheid, only now struggling in earnest to heal -as a result of our Ballot Box bombardment that has brought in a Government of National Unity,out of which much hope is going forth.**

**Whilst despite all, we also celebrate our strength and its assured wide prospect for the future, way beyond some of the 2024 elections , the world round...As also a Super Power Representatives suddenly have High Tea with the S.A. IEC, just weeks before the Elections and later a 'Messianic Super Star' who has just resurrected by surviving an assassination attempt.**

## **INTRODUCTION**

**This Piece de Theatrical is meant to depict the actual Takalane, though in a novel and dialogical form ;to boldly counter the otherwise image of one , ill-depicted in a dim-wit fable , desperately penned with a purposeful intent to restore back glory to a political party on its shameful death bed...**

**Thus raising this name for the urgent need for her to re-construct her image , to restore the holiest name to her family and ancestral tree and also choosing to rename herself ,from Takalane to Teamswallows, a more empowering Powerful name -Teamswallows - though with a close sounding tone, to the original, yet to still find a new power for itself ; by especially premising it on the adage: "not one swallow make a summer" and advising through the whole story, that this newest renaming gives her more signature power without necessarily obliterating her**

original Takalane ; now so viciously twisted in runes of writings as it remains cogent in the minds of most S.A, Citizens for some totally inured to insults, not so much a caricature worthy of ridicule politically and socially... But almost dancing to the Master's tune...

Thus rescuing this one name from the clutches of a hyena is equal to a National if not Universal Liberation effort. From the painting and embossing of a picture of a girl rising from the ashes of shack dwellings to succeed to go to college and ultimately attain a good job, as a good and epitome of the beating of the neo-apartheid effects imposed on us (all,) willy nilly, is to say; " we managed just against all odds to eat cake, when our intrinsic need was bread, but cake dough we found to be softer for our hands... A man only ought to do only what he or she can..."

Therefore the primary urgency here is being, to prevent and disallow the name Takalane or any other, to continually suffer the newest pestilence smeared on it, by a despicably un-philosophical, unsophisticated self-seeking vulture in the person of President Salient Potso never to harvest from the poor solely their measly vote and the Markets their vilest gluttonous gloat ...

With that clearly being likely to not carry any more, the burden from now on, going forward on her light shoulders, as she is in the coal-face of also being subjected to frequent questions as to the meaning of her newer longish new name, which weight though will be clearly easier to carry than having to continually suffer the pain of the ridicule now put to her ancestral name since uncle Sneaky Poseur - deadbeat tangle pathology of all kinds of conspiracies and blood money haemorrhaging just beneath his Black Skin - as Takalane and friends prefer to call him, he who with political expediency commercialised the name Takalane for him to

**dance a better knock-kneed jitterbug to the tune of the Racist Colonial Capitalist Markets Masters and to sing his out of tune, outdated ditty and to do his damn-est, to try the recapturing of a vote frittering away, into the tubes...**

**With even academics swallowing this hook and sinker and default being inciliary to vilest spin without nary a hard look and audience into what the many Presidents of Slave Acres-allowing big headed honchos to get away with butchery.**

**Just as it was done to the name Old Kinte in ancient slave times ,which was just hugely tarnished by Slave Owners ,who had turned it, to –‘Old Cunt’ and nonchalantly insultingly contorting it, to the levels of the gutter’s worst ...**

**Later to be equally re-framed into the most screaming vulgar labelling of women’s private parts...**

**The story here is painted through two Protagonists , one coming out of the maelstrom maw of present especially Black South African socio-political existence.**

**S A. is dubbed here :Slaves Acres for the purpose and intended effect of the nation , being bought out here, and depicted as a Slave Plantation where people are presently treated as less than slaves by their own and thus is christened - and I say christened as the christening of ourselves is no less than an act of the creation of a brutal chattel slavery : ‘Slave Acres’ - by Takalane now self renamed -Teamswallow to include her embrasure of other possibilities of re organising folk in crying reality out of the slave history and later day continuing Black Township History whose apartheid and colonial residual effects remain manifest also presently in the African American daily life, as in our current S.A His/Herstory articulated mostly by Less Uvalo ,formally named by his father with the help of his mother for a purely Indigenous Motherland name - Akana Uvalo... The two are related blood cousins yet**

born and raised on different Continents...The Inter- Active Encounter Includes Ntate-  
Moholo Motete Leeu ,Teamswallows their extended family relative.

Akana Uvalo now self styled -Less Uvalo,to help the Indigenous Motherland folk in the  
Diaspora to get asround the jaw-breaker -Akana Uvalo, is Teamswallow 's cousin born  
to her Slaves Acres citizen born aunt and an African American man ,ancestrally  
exscinded out of his roots and Less is on holiday in the Country sardonically  
caricatured by Teamswallows- 'Slaves Acres' ; just as the tragi-comedy by a Dueno de  
esclavos in the tradition of Thomas Jefferson of the Slave Mafioso and Paul Kruger is  
played out in the Slave Owners National Assembly and the mockery comes now , to  
be sigillated in this epic State of the Plantation speech as it was aired to us all, Master  
and Slave on the 8<sup>th</sup> February 2024.

## Chapter One

### *GIMME HOPE JOANNA GIVE ME HOPE*

Teamswallow from BraamFisherville, is right now, out for coffee with her Cousin,  
and her family guest from out in the African Diaspora, at their now workable  
rendezvous in 'Free Slaves Acres ' at the City of Jo'Anna at a so- called Rosebank  
Coffee Place....

It is the beginning of March month and the air is beginning to be almost breezy; it now  
wafts from the street into the inner now umbra shaded side of the arcades.

The corner Place on whose outdoor wooden benches on which Team suggest in her  
language - plop their not so fleshy asses- and she intones - unfortunately not  
bequeathed them by their khoisan E-Anccestor and she quickly explains the prefix E

denoting the Feminine Gods in Ancient Kemet and in later centuries Sarah Baartman dubbed -The Hottentot Venus- by parody mealie -mouthed European racists and slave owners who put her up for the Leering Show for the sexually demented leeches. She still celebrates her having inherited such glass full kinda bulky fella for a cousin from across the Waters that have evidently not washed the Indigenous dignity and mien off him. she further lets out that unfortunately relatives and quite a coach-ful cousins of hers from over hear had been so hard done by both apartheid and neo-apartheid to a point that they only meet at family traditional gatherings called 'feasts' only to just hi-five each other and take Whatsapp numbers for in case...

If ever you met one at the Mall, you made small talk like 'Hey when are you returning that visit I paid you last...While one's AI Robotic Shopping Assistant whispers on the side: "Have we checked and scanned this one yet, for DNA and general workable commonalities, to keep close by, enough? "

Facing them from across the street is a big wall showing quite a Technicolor portrayal on its walls, of people enjoying a drink under shades of trees -a very typical depiction of the Indigenous story sharing place -now physically being transmigrated into the persons of Team and Less now plonked at Team's favourite rendezvous and around other few people, who are also frequent visitors here, for a deep sharing of the past and present transference of knowledge, intellectual cross-pollination and healing of memories- some of which are clearly Post Traumatic Stress Disorders related as in the tradition of Khulumani portal of self-healing post apartheid including present afflictions, notwithstanding the subliminal ones... 'Oh the land is trickling back into its rightful shoes;' the talkative Team added colour to the feeling

deep on the inside, for a majoritarian ebony presence here, where they were thirty years ago forbidden entrance. She then stiffened her spine on the mahogany stool. Then Less Uvalo coughed lightly 'Team de biblical King Solomon would have surely found anodder Makheda in you an completely lost his mind Cuz...An Ah pause t' axe fer pardon fer applaudin de fish fer swimming expertly fer a mere human eye, or toddlers meetin on a side walk bof sumb-suckin an one tells emsef-hey nigger is suckin better dan me.

So what did our ancestors young an old, meet fer , in lieu of such a now so commercialised coffee corner?'

In my father's day they would say: ' Oh baby shit no more...' to applaud any girl for doing well.

'Less, yes...' Team wiped the tiny almost flappy side of her Tsonga doek, almost too close to her eye.

'There was always coffee on the penepains, peditains and mountain terrains of the Motherland now carrying the moniker - Continent -and worse licentiously christened Africa or Alkebulan . Yes right here ,in its primordial form, for societal leisure and even for the sipping up of communal - societal herbal drink and lapping up easy treats totally free for clansmen and women in the days of our ancestors and essentially home brewed.

But basically our Out Doors outings were for hunting and a swim or two in some river from which incidentally drew our drinking and cooking water .Our domestic animals also drank theirs there with none of us batting an eye lid -by us I mean our ancestors who continue to live with us in the present- predator wild animals also had

a jol sauntering here in the absence of us and our domestic animals , in the dark of the night ...

There was outdoor eating at all for women , except for men and boys on their own out there, to hunt and for a roast of a bird or other prey ,for clear manly enjoyment and what they would bring home.

Most drinking for leisure and assortments of group thirst quenching , were done at personal own kraal or at the Kgosi's folk's entertainment place and outside eating Rondavels then called Lelapeng , or under the opulent shades of plenteous trees ...

Here drinks like Mageu were enjoyed among peers and kindred; as one kraal would have more members of common grand fatherhood , oft including also coteries of older and younger fathers in own or common ancestral households...

One's father's brothers older and younger- were called elder father and younger vicegerent father ,no uncle about it ,as this designation was reserved for mother's brother or any familiar avuncular man in the vicinity...

While women and all nubile female folk were served and savoured relevant drinks to their nature and feminine grooming , under their own select and sacred shades of trees and other spots ; boys and girls had also kinds of drink assigned to them also with a cultural proviso especially for girls not to take in ,any food stuffs that would prematurely enhance their biological fertility faculties.

The male folk also had their own ,to drink directly from a common calabash, drinks like Mageu, Utjwala/Umqombothi and others of health and manly grooming ;sharing

even with passers-by clansmen and others as subject to one royal house; even more of them from outlying areas , at a time...

Believing always in a collective way of life , in working ,eating, dancing and even mourning together in song, when it comes the time and guided by the human philosophy that no one swallow ever makes a summer...

That in the Indigenous summer as in their Beija Flor cousins in Latin America ,they come to make Summer Festivals not even tasted of in Heaven...Heh, punning-ly , but true... Truism will also be that those who practiced Vodou and other Motherland Sciences had their own private assemblies to practice and relish on ...

Eish Cuz ,by the way, this might be the last coffee we can afford here , as I learn the price of coffee will soon be sky rocketing as cocoa on the Motherland as it gets depleted; question of multi-faceted third - world genocides...

Reason could be the West of Motherland Coup belt having taken everything back from the colonisers including cocoa and thus-they the Almighty- now still struggling to deal even on the Sankofa day!

Just as we were never allowed by the colonizers to deal in our Vodou and Spiritual Enterprises, which are simply Divinations , Thaumaturgy and a myriad of other healing ways of life...Though like to modern science itself there are many of the dark inherent.

I hope some coon government does 'nt come to power or self puffer, despite just pilfer licence here and the holy herb's street price goes hay wire, forcing all like sheep to only poisons like Nyaope and Tick. By the way not only by inoculation did we fight Covid 19 in our streets; Holy Herb was out there together with other Green Corvids

fighting like the Maroons and Cetwayo's Amabuthos themselves, to defend home ground alongside other Gogo's home grown herbs...such as Umhlonyane ,our human health and immune systems ,were so immensely strong, that we shared water in the rivers with animals, without a slight stomach ache or a trifling strain of influenza sneeze sign neither was there any cholera ...

Less Uvalo comes on, 'Come un ,Team , lets talk 'bout holy herb -an long live de herb- a little later, but den what 'bout possible gambollin germs transference round de moufs, an palms of hands, through group lipped calabashes and Ah guess now given evolved post-slavery neo - apartheid wif rats lusciously feeding on steroids an of carcasses of both dog an especially Nyaope addicted man strewn in all our pafs,in a bellow sub-culture lon ingested by House-Slaves an now, in de expansive untended filth strewn on ghetto every fields an wound up injectin eben us , Slave Ancestors, wif dese steroids dat had gotten us t' be bigger jus in volume dan de Biblical Giants demselves , yet ludicrously we still can't take American Massa's Power on...

In dis country dis also shows up no-viscerally as a most virulent Black Massa on Black "rif-raff" darkie on darkie racism -it matters not how heft up is de pimps toyi-toyi, war dance fer sheer show, the racist metastasis is now so deep rooted in de psyche ...De colonial racist selected his Black mind blastin seeds very well. Our nu putschs gainst de thousands years old haf t' be real studied an executed wif nu sacrifices in de life after Cadjue, Nat Turner,Paul Boyle ,Nanny, Dingiswayo ,Shaka Zulu,Makhanda de left handed an Marcus Garvey...

An fer sure our curse is in our inability t' reclaim our names dat are now but jus painted hideously incalculable ,unfathomable ,unexplainable names by means

including de lowest of scooped larceny of our Moddelan heritage roun from only hell knows where; unashamedly driven by de loutish house-slave after we are birthed, in a white jamboree 'comfortably' called de christenin an namin us Roosevelt, Marylyn ,Johnson etc etc ...

Comin some more t' names, by de way History tells me dere was a Great Ancient City in dis area now called Mozambique, den named Gaza alongside , anodder Great 'n Strong Kindom called Gaza, in de Middle East now jus labelled - the Gaza Strip- t' a global lachrymose equal t' untold rivers equal of blood flow, outa its veins an soul- dat very City dat has derived its name from de Hebrew name Azzah ...

Durin thu shuntin aroun of our people here in de den Lily- White South Africa into Slave Compounds also unabashedly called Reserves an Locashons , ditched out out far from de fatter an larger Country, dat de apartheid regime had called dese jus the euphemism -Homelands ; but a learned Prince of de Tsonga people , a Professor Ntswanizee brought back through de back door, de name Gaza ,calling it Gazankulu (The Great Gaza City) under de noses of de Boers.an dis is de form of resistance dat has not gone eben into Liberation His/Herstory literature...

Indeed our Holiest Names have been savagely raped ,from, Kinte, Takalane an now dey are tryin t' finish off Gaza...

Muhammad Ali said de root cause of all de diseases dat now rides free in our bodies ,like sugar diabetic an blood pressure is in our ill-namin...

Unless we claim back our names, we will remain known as jus sick in de soul, huge bodied descendants of slaves... Unable though t' fight de American might still...'

Teamswallow ,now Attempting to make light of this grave soul pulling minute-

'And you said Cuz, Lazarus for rhinoceros heh Cuz, when I last mentioned it and you imagined ;the immigrant from earth then into Hell and who by some smart chance also gotten himself to heaven a little while later? Yeah...

I had meant the rhinoceros of whose skin, we were initially made , when our spears pieced the enemy than his bullets did us, at wars like Isandlwana and before we expired to just English speaking slave chattels, and our parents had gotten into fighting for the best sounding White name on the church shelf ,Cuz ...'

Less Uvalo kind of got on this case , 'More or less, I hear ya so well... but jus stop readin ya bible up sud down heh, Cuz...An stick t' events o' Power like dat e-Sundowns war , which Ah guess de mighty football club gits its name from ...

In America today some Black Christians would lynch ya fer reading de Bible up sud down...Dey say de Book is as true as de Oceans an Mountains have fallen outa de hand of de Creator imsef ...'

Team now laughing softly, 'Well tis a Free Country nay,Flea Slave Plantation, even to be free to be high with bible reading...More so with Nyaope competing and going like lollipops that are getting outa fashion...And our sixties to eighties Liberation chewing gum ran out of sugar...

***WE MISS YOU MANELO WHERE ARE YOU...***

Even adapting Isandlwana to your ebonic tongue as e-Sundowns tis quite in order Cuz....Tis still legal in neo-apartheid S.A...'

'At dat damn home, away from Modderland, we call dat tin' chortled Less, 'bout while tis still legal, still Free Cuntin , meanin like when ye are jus free t' give de Cunt

on offer from some nearest hoe house ... Xcuse me Cuz, Ah mean de word as per  
White design...Less further sedulously exhorted!'.

Then Team with her eyes turned and strangely intensely fixated on a huge mural  
picture painted on the wall of a building facing her, than it did Less, mewed

'Eish Cuz, your mix of strength and sweetness ; is right now, reminding me of my  
paternal cousin Tintswalo 84, and who is yours by extension, and you knew her so  
well yet briefly ; by the way the one ,who got wasted at the damn grimy forsaken pit  
for hospital to give birth in ...The hospital whose tenderpreur henchmen Inkabi did a  
job to waste one Dr Babita Deokaran for daring to tell on their pilfering troughs  
spilling over the whole nation's psyche and poisoning what ever is left of any moral  
cachet of - its motley crew...

*A cup of tear*

*Baby Just a cuppa tear*

*Higher than High tea*

*Is it possible right now?..*

*No no, not right now...*

*Not now...*

*De !*

The one ten years older than us, who tried to seduce ,nay just get fresh with you  
,when you first came over for a visit last time and you jumped off , to her utter  
dismay that she had gone on to wonder loudly to me:

“Hey Cuz, Kanti he our American Cuz, I supposed to be real American ,but you should have seen him jump, after I had cozied myself up close to him and pegged my fully exposed thigh onto his athletic American leg on that darn sofa, only for him to almost full heave jump without be-slobbering me all over ; his eyes that I had mistaken to be by Creator’s choice romantic, pried out real big now ,and even as he is saying: it is wron an we ain’t married an I ain’t committed an worse ,could be incestuous...

I had felt dry in the mouth like an everlastingly water heisted Hammanskraal Slave Acre of copious Lamentations , and no tourniquet ever to its tears of parched wasted thirty-years, as mine own eyes went softly teary at this one bolt switch off, like in load shedding when the sky of an already sparse lit township zone, now cast in a thick ink blackness ;and ironically with an offish bent ,from the present Plantation officialdom , declared the Non-White area (First as in jest, but until the label stuck as it ‘normally’ does in Tin Town areas all around the Slave Acres set ups) sigillating all with a most awkwardly savage promise that its plight will only be revisited once the money still in the pockets of State Capture’s pockets is recovered ...

Yet strange enough the Brother had held such breath of fresh air promise ,unlike just, a Minister of Electricity Promises releasing more sunshine, without explaining with a pragmatic provisory note: for as long as the BRICS Indaba in Jo’Anna Uptown shall last... How I wished that , this now Priestly American presence in my lounge, had an ear for the bundle of me; that I had sibilated just like an African greeting in winter, like thanks Almighty the Sun is out-by the way sister ,near orgasm hefts -don’t last forever ....

Yet miraculously deeper still, I had prayed in my heart that; Lord Bless the Come Home Chile - with well rounded African blubber lips , if ever indeed he is true to the

bone , than what could be at worst, just a mix of macho and religiously cosmeticized  
bristling mane in deep stunt...

Of a creature for which was wrought the most lazy marble 'n sleepy crafted eyes  
fashioned so well for romance under an African moon light moonlight.

Those neatly sculpted ebony blubber lips meant to be chewed and savoured for an  
Angolan Siesta under the shade of a Morula Tree.

And my Mantsopa cave cake mouth, all but wet like the inside of a ripe mango still  
in jackets ; or I should in this instance of my precious holy mango , take licence to call  
it the venerable laced over a mango ,stirred with a highly venereal desire though ,  
over a totally collapsing self ...

And indeed so less innocent it was this mango that it begun to softly tjank, I mean;  
whine about the ' genteel playing ' hunk pushing so easily against our almost  
incontinent appetite of the day.

As I hear tell, the ancestral name of holly hood was actually Horny hood. Still, I was  
left feeling quiet dummy ,while I was not chagrined as such ,with this Lovely Big  
Fella ;smart ass that he is and we had shared quite a chunk of Ancient and Modern  
Wisdom over a glass of wine. We need more of these Jaw -jawing across the waters  
experience"

'And eish, Cuz,was some Slave Acres bard and griot of the poet laureate note , even  
in these days of the surreptitiously banned protest poetry...Indeed a Poet Macon who  
died un-hailed , until you and I pick up her baton. Then Team pointed at the mural

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