

## **Now that I am a grown woman**

I have learnt to be independent,  
Parental nagging is the thing of the past,  
What I do not have I resist to desire,

Now that I am a grown woman,  
I am aware of yester years mistakes committed at youth, When I used to play toys,  
When I had my first lover  
When I was in my teenage stage,  
Where I got pregnant with joys of sex not making love that made me pregnant with fatherless  
kids,

Now that I am a grown woman,  
I am aware of the abortions I made,  
Ten of them that twisted my mind,  
That kept me away from blowing stomach,  
I am aware that I am a murderer because now I am a grown woman not a girl.

Now that I am a grown woman,  
I am aware of thirteen male friends that I made friends and allowed them to sink in my vagina,  
Because I thought those were friends to boost my status,  
Alas! It was not a worthy friendship.

Now that I am a grown woman  
I put aside the childhood stage,  
And focus on my adulthood life,  
To fully discover what being a woman means.

Now that I am a grown woman,  
I know what I am means,  
It means I am strong,  
I am the future,  
I can overcome calamities,  
No longer shall I condemn myself for my past.

It prepares me for possible hurt,  
I will cry to drain my agonies,  
I am lonely,  
I am scared,  
I feel lost,  
And I know that "That too shall pass" because I am a grown woman.

I am truly a grown woman  
No longer shall fake love entice me,  
No longer shall I follow the wrong crowd,  
No longer shall I hunt for Kings,  
Or Studs shall hunt for me for I am a queen,  
I am now a grown woman.

Now that I am a grown woman  
I'll rest assured in His presence because His-story made me realize my freedom,  
Faith and I shall embrace for eternity,  
I shall never fade because I am a grown woman.

Now that I am a grown woman my womb shall carry those that I will pray for,  
Hold them in my faith,  
My hands shall soften the chosen chest,  
My lips drink from the wells of the chosen one,  
My eyes shall only be a light to my chosen one,  
My chocolate skin shall be the taste of my chosen one,  
My heart longs for my chosen one,  
Because now I am a grown woman,  
Thirteen minus twelve is equal to one no longer shall my heart take more.

See I am aware of the names I will get,  
And those that will follow me,  
Because I am a grown woman  
I'll hold on and press on'  
Now I am a grown woman.

T. Mathe

## **Woman.**

Blankets tend to turn cold when the morning breaks,  
Before I throw them away I visit the vortex just to be whole again,  
I have witnessed the morning turning to daylight and daylight to night,  
And comprehend nature's cycle.,  
Before the day comes I bless the world and bless the one I love,  
I am a woman with blessings,  
However as the day starts some shun away the light in my face,  
And if it haste in its race I stand firm in the blessings,  
I am a woman of substance.,

I sing and work and redirect my energies of enjoy,  
Some memories of sadness hit me as the day goes,  
I cry and let go to cleanse my spirits,  
Don't say I am cruel,  
I am a reflective woman,  
I embrace life's dynamics with grace,  
Men and I share no lust,  
I am a woman of purity,  
The twist between men and I is that I don't emotionally, physically, mentally or spiritually rape,  
I don't take away one's virginity by force or pressure,  
I don't for I am a woman.

The twist between men and I is: that I comprehend life better,  
The twist between men and I is humility,  
I am humble,  
I am a woman,  
I am focused and whole,  
I am worthy woman.

I embrace eternal joy,  
My language is pure,  
And my words are a melody,  
Throughout my tribulations I hold onto the Lord, I am a magic flute and sound to the Lord God.

T.Mathe

## **Umtshato wesini esinye!**

Umtshato wesini esinye,

libhongo, ligugu kubantu bawo,

Luyolo kubabulali bafumana ukuphumla,  
Luzuko kwabawuzondayo,  
Unzima kubanikazi bawo,  
Uncgwalisekile ziintsikelelo zikaThixo,  
Uzele kukuqonda nokuqondana,  
Ngumtshato nje onguwo,  
Kodwa ukubulawa nohlaselo kukutya kubo!  
Thixo kwasemandulo wawuseka,  
Wathi makubekho ukuthandana,  
Kukholoswe ngoYehova!  
Amasiko nezithethe ibe ngu ndoqo ekukhuliseni usapho!  
Unejongo njengayo yonke imitshato!  
T.Mathe

### **Why are lesbians killed?**

Why are we getting killed?  
Our death is a mere physical occurrence, ,Even in death our faith stays solid,  
And so does a loving heart remains throbbing, Even in death our soul remains resilient,  
Why are we getting killed?

Our death is a mere physical occurrence, Why are you killing us?  
A being with its own mistakes,  
A being with its own flaws,  
A being with tears like you,  
A being with all of the body like your mom has,  
Why are we getting killed?

Why kill daughters of the land for sexual orientation? That came to earth like you did,  
That cried the first time like you did,  
Children that were once poked like you were,

Why do you humiliate us in church?

At what price must we be humiliated?  
Why humiliate Lord's creation?  
Why humiliate a praying woman like your wife?  
Why humiliate a child like your child?,  
Like your sister we deserve love.

Why put your hands on me?  
Why cut my journey short when life offers plenty? Why are we getting killed?

When I take off my jeans and underwear,  
You will come across a vagina,  
When I take off my bra,  
You will come across breasts big or small,  
In the boob are nipples,  
Why then do I deserve humiliation and murder?  
What is it in my body that makes me different from your mother?  
Why calling me names?  
Why can't you call your mom and sisters with names?

When I open my legs you will see the exact shape of a vagina  
You will come across its lips,  
You will come across a clitoris,  
Why therefore are we getting killed?  
You are killing us  
Because we don't want to open up our legs for penis penetration,  
Because we just don't want to have sex with you,  
Because we don't want to hear all that bass in our ears saying "I love you baby",  
Why exactly are we getting killed?

Why would we be laid to our final rest?  
Before we reach our destination,  
Before we reach end of our journeys,  
Before we have our families,  
Why are we getting killed?

Why are we getting laid to our final rest?  
Before we bid our last goodbyes to our parents,  
And our Sisters and Brothers,  
Why are we getting killed?  
Is it because of how we dress?  
What if we were to go back to the times?  
The times of Simon Petros!  
Where we all had to have ropes around our bodies,  
Would you still kill us?  
I remain with the milk of humanity.

It amazes me to hear a man, who kills a woman because she dresses differently,  
Why can't they kill those women?  
Who can't dress smart?  
Why can't they kill nuns maybe?  
Why Butch Lesbians?

If being a lesbian is a sin!  
Let us kill all sinners,  
Start with thieves,  
Follow with rapists,  
Never forget adulterers,  
Maybe search pastors,  
God to reverelants,  
Kill preachers,  
Kill man,  
How if we include liars?

And there after go for authorizing killing as a norm,  
That if I don't like you and the church I kill you,  
How if we kill each other like flies?  
Kill everyone for who they are and the choices the make in life,  
How if we start to kill nuns for being nuns?  
Follow with priests and pastors,  
Perhaps kill each other for having partners they have,  
Why do we humiliate one another?

If we all believe in God,  
What kind of God is it that we praise?  
Why kill and humiliate in His name?  
Pastors preach what they think not what the Holy Ghost says,  
Are they amenable to lie?  
They throw people of God out of the church,  
Because of whom they choose to love,  
I am overwhelmed by the lies we get in churches,  
We hide our sins,  
Pretend like we are pure in the church,  
Whereas we murder certain gender with hate,  
If you are a pastor and you humiliate to me you are not,  
And never will be different from a murderer,  
And so you kill!  
If we all believe in the ancestors,  
Which ancestors say we should be killed?  
From which end to which end is its grave?  
Who buried them?

If there are any ancestors that do not accept people as they are,

Then they are cruel;  
They never lived;  
They are not of human nature;  
They are aliens;  
Camagu!  
Why are we getting killed?  
Why are we judged?  
Why are we humiliated?  
Why do we receive negativity?  
If you are gay and lesbian,  
Transgender and intersex,  
Ignore these names,  
You are human!  
Let' s all use the common name,  
If some groups are straight we are also straight!  
But if you are lesbian or gay,  
Transgender and intersex,  
And still you humiliate one another,  
I' ll tell you,  
"You don't appreciate life,  
You have never heard the loud cry,  
Of those who were murdered or shot at,  
Before they closed their eyes and declared dead,  
You have never heard the cries of their parents,  
You have never seen the broken hearts of their loved ones,  
You have never felt the pain of those who were kicked out of church.

You have never felt the pain of harassment,  
You have never felt the pain of rape,  
You have never felt the pain of being abandoned by parents,  
You have never felt rejected and isolated,  
You have neither heart nor feelings,  
Until we dig your grave shall you wish to say "let us unite and fight for our rights" ,  
By then there will be no time.

You have never held your tears for a second,  
Receiving discriminating words from your own mother or father,  
You have never been told you are a waste,  
You have never been told you must die but only until death shall you wish to proclaim unity,  
May the souls of those who have departed from us rest in peace!

T. Mathe

**Uze ungandibizi ngendoda xa uyindoda**

Uze ungandenzakalisi ngamazwi akho arhabaxa!

Uze ungandibizi ngendoda wakuvukelwa bubu khwenkwe nenzondo,  
 Uze ungandibizi ngendoda wakuvukelwa bubu ndlobongela bakho,  
 Uze ungandibizi ngendoda kub ufuna ukuva ukuba impendulo yam izawuthini na ukuze wena ufumane ukundiphatha-phatha de uyofikelela emazantsi apho ubulindele khona impendulo!  
 Makuthi wakuvukelwa sisifo sobudoda bakho ukwazi ukuhambisa okwendoda eyindoda ucinge nzulu ngesibekeko sika nina phambi kokuba wenze okumasikizi kum!  
 Kanti uqumbeletoni na usezawu qhamisa wandise nje nawe kwedini uthso ngosapho olufana nam,  
 Wakubona amabele esifubeni sam cinga okwendoda eqotho;  
 Ungazami nakancinci ukususa isidima nesithunzi sam ngokundi dlwengula ngamazwi akho nangobudoda bakho!  
 Kanti undibuzelani na ukuba kutheni ndinxibisa okwamadoda ekubeni ubona ukuba mna ndindim xa ndinje!  
 Noko ndilibhinqa kodwa ukudalwa kwam kenje nje ukundikhanyela!  
 Ukuba ngaba intlungu yakho ikukundibona ndinje nam andithandi ntonayo ndithobela umthetho wendlela emandiphile ngayo!  
 Kwamna nukuba ndandazile ndingekazalwa ngumama ukuba impilo yam izobanje nge ndaguqa kathathu ndababiza balithoba o-Amen ndimcele uSombawo angayivumeli lento yenzeke dendicele nokufumana umyeni obhetele kunawe oyindoda emadodeni lento inqabileyo namhlanje kude kubhetele nathi esidlala indima yamadoda amadoda ekhono siwabukele elichithachitha ilizwe lika Thixo sijongile!!!  
 Ngxe ndiselibhinqa noko kwenzeka njalo ndiyayazi indawo yam nokutya kwam lidolo phantsi ndithethe noSomandla wena uyazazi na????  
 Uze unganibizingendoda kuba ufuna ukuthatha ubumna bam nobu bhinqa bam ngobudoda bakho yiba yindoda emadodeni thethisana nam sibonisane ngezinto ezikukhathazayo ngobumna bam ndizowapholisa lomanxeba ngeempendulo ezimsulwa neziyinyani!  
 Ungandibizi ngendoda ubona amabele esifubeni sam!!!  
 Ze ungasibeki isandla sakho kum;  
 Undikhabe; Undijije; Undophule;  
 Ubusaphaze phantsi ubuchopho bam okwenja ithsysiswe yimoto ndixolele ubeze kuSombawo akandibizi ngendoda ebona amabele esifubeni sam ,uyandixolela naye ngobumna bam Wathi xa wayehleli kweli uze kuphilisa izigulane kanti wandibona nam  
 Khumbula ukuba kwahlalwa phantsi kwahlwelwa kwade kwagqitywa ngempilo yam ukuchitha-chitha kwakho ubuchopho bam kuthetha ukuba wena wazi kakhulu kunaloThixo wahlela ubomi bam  
 Sixolele ke sobabini Mna no Thixo ngobumna bam ze ungandibizi ngendoda kuba ufuna ukundibulala  
 Nam ndambuza uThixo ukuba uqinisekile nangam? Wathi "usengumntwana wam ze ungasiyeki isandla sam nasebunzimeni"  
 Sixolele ke mna noThixo ze ungandibizi ngendoda xa ubona amabele esifubeni sam!!!!  
 Ndoda usezakundi bulala na naxa usiva isikhalo sam?

T.Mathe

**‘Natural’ at home ‘choice lady’ outside**

My heart pains,  
My soul thrives,  
My breath is wasted.

No longer do I count the days of going home,  
Cities have been my home,  
Even then I am scared, shiver, and traumatized,  
My living ancestors would come after me.

The horse riders will come after me,  
I am in a black zone,  
If I meet any home girl they will tell my ancestors about me,  
Then they will come after me.

I live a double dotted life,  
At home where acceptance is rare,  
I am a girl,  
A girl that should be married,  
A girl that should be dragged by the boys,  
For them that is a norm,  
For them that is natural and God likes it,  
I am to be called by names mfazi to makoti,  
I am supposed to charm men for I am their ground.

I have surrendered myself to rape,  
Before my own people organize it for me as a cure,  
I am natural at home,  
I have sustained sexual pains from the one my parents chose for me,  
I told him three times before he penetrated me,  
I screamed like a baby but he was on top,  
I told him it's painful,  
He said 'kuzoba ngcono' (it will be better),  
I told him not to do it before I bleed  
But it was late I was all red.

My home was small,  
Couldn't even see the cow that live in the kraal,  
For a minute I felt like it's better to talk to cows than humans, For me my family was just  
strangers I meet in the market,  
I was told to allow boys to grab me as long as they wanted,  
For a minute I said "I hate men" ,  
Every time I went to fetch water that man was at the tap,  
He would always whisper "I want more" ,  
And eventually he got more when I went to the shop,  
Then I did not cry was strong.

Now I am in town,  
I met people of my kind,  
Kept my Zodwa' s name in my heart,  
Could tell her what I went through at home.

Here I live like I am in heaven,  
I live like God is on my back,  
I swear God is only found in towns,  
My pain is gone but the scars left.

I wear what I want to,  
I kiss who I want to kiss even in my dreams,  
I talk to her any time but not about everything  
If I talk to her about this she will leave me,  
I live a double life,  
I live a life of being un-cherished to being cherished,  
From unaccepted to accepted,  
From being unloved to loved.

I live a beautiful life where God exists,  
Until they kill me in town I shall rest,  
As long as I won' t feel much pain as that of home,  
I will die happy and excited,  
Then tell God about what that man did to me,  
And therefore indicate to him that I repent if homosexuality is wrong,  
But it is a good life I ever had than that of sleeping with a man,  
My heart is so strong it awaits rest.

T.Mathe

### **Wave your hands upon me**

Wave your hands upon my soul,  
I'll see thee with the eyes of prayers,  
Whence I am is a joyful place,  
Though I left with silence you shall be left,  
Thy memories shall miss what my soul did for thee,  
Wave your hands upon my soul.

I see thy pain but ease it,  
I am not lost nor shall I perish,  
The morning was shining yet I am gone,  
For I was there to cherish it and my body to perish in its glory,  
Wave your hands upon me.

Cry not and sad moments shall be gone,

Ease your hearts and release my weakened deeds,  
Greet all my friends and unite the family,  
Wave your hands upon me.

I may be gone but happier and young,  
Wave your hands upon me,  
And release my soul.

Dedicated to Umkhulu that took his wife to the hospital I saw them walking together and after doctors consultation she was late, though I don't know his name I don't know him. Gxebe Mkhulu!

T.Mathe

### **I'll let you go!**

The scent you had,  
The perfume in your Jersey,  
The touch I sense,  
The whispers I had will all vanish,  
Yet my heart is still clings to yours,  
My soul navigates yours,  
My eyes turn still on yours,  
My lips wanna sense yours,  
But due to long over dues unto you I'll let you go,  
I will no longer sing a melody for you,  
My heart begged yet attained rejection.

My soul embellish in isolation,  
My heart felt yet hurt,  
I'll let you go,  
My heart matched yours yet got dumped,  
My lips spoke yet lied unto you,  
My mouth uttered yet so foolish unto you,  
I'll let you go,  
See I have seen birds flying from earth to the sky,  
Fish swim from surface to deeper ends,  
Children born and they perish,  
It means everything vanishes and shall be gone,  
While I breathe I'll let you go,  
For unto the time that ticks we did not catch up.

Like grains of sand in a palm,  
One by one I shall drop back to the shore,  
For I'll let you go and when you are gone,  
When you are gone remember me,

In the unknown journey may my lips give you hope,  
When you are gone be strong,  
When you are gone be firm,  
When you are gone pray,  
When you are gone love sincerely,  
But remember me I have loved you.

Like melody my heart bids farewell,  
In tune full notes are blown,  
No more do I look back,  
For you flew away with your heart,  
I am left here pondering,  
But incase,  
In-case I see you would I?  
Would I get to love you again?  
Would I get to smile for you again?,  
Would I get to kiss again?  
We will make love when I get back to you,  
Kiss in the rain,  
Sing and forget the bruises,  
You will get it all as they say,  
But I say,  
We won't stop,  
That is if you have a chance,  
May I have a chance?

T. Mathe

## **These Chicks**

We tend to stay around with 'these chicks',  
Stay for beauty,  
Stay for color,  
Stay for worst,  
Stay for nothing,  
We tend to stay around with "these chicks"!,

Stay for fun,  
Stay for fights,  
Stay for loneliness,  
Stay for company,  
We tend to stay around with "these chicks"!

Stay for money,  
Stay for alcohol,  
So we stay for ...,

But we tend to stay around with "these chicks"!

Abuse our emotions,  
Abuse our feelings,  
Abuse our love,  
End underground,  
Because we tend to stay around with "these chicks"!

Put end to our love,  
Finalize our wisdom,  
Watch our visions buried,  
We tend to stay around with "these chicks"!

Turn blinded scars they cause,  
Wake up when we are dead,  
Next minute they are gone,  
With males they are called princess,  
Yet they left us with dysfunctional hearts,  
Because we gave it all,  
We tend to stay around with "these chicks"!

What then should a heart do?  
For it loves and loves unconditionally though blinded by war?  
We stay with "these chicks"!

T.Mathe

### **I am an African!**

I owe my being to the Khoi and the San whose desolate souls haunt the great expanses of the beautiful Cape, they who fell victim to the most merciless genocide our native land has ever seen, they who were the first to lose their lives in the struggle to defend our freedom and independence, free gender activities, equal marriages, one love, and love of the same-sex with the facts that we are all human beings born of the spirit and they who, as a people, perished in the result.

Today, as a country, we keep an audible silence about these ancestors of the generations that live, fearful to admit the horror of a former deed, seeking to obliterate from our memories a cruel occurrence which, in its remembering, should teach us not and never to be inhuman again. I am formed of the bloods that washed the lands of Africa 'batshabalala abantwana bomzi ontsundu' Whatever their own actions, they remain still, part of me.

I am a grandchild of the peaceful men and women that Manjodi and Madlamini led, the patriots that Bonabona and Mandlovu took to highest mountains of education though informal.

My mind and my knowledge of myself are formed by the victories that are the jewels in our African crown, the victories we earned from pure contribution of the, non sexist, non racist, non tribal, LGBTI members who still sincerely contribute towards entire freedom though there is blood and tears in their eyes

I am the grandchild who lays fresh flowers on the LGBTI graves at Inyanga and the friends , who sees in the mind's eye and suffers the suffering of a simple peasant folk, death, concentration camps, destroyed homesteads, a dream in ruins.

I am the child of soil

I am part of the generation that wanted to know 'who was like me before' due to unstable conditions our Africans gave us.

I am part of those who know their history and came across the words that say "Some people believe homosexuality is an idea brought [to Africa] by the white man. But it has always been here. What the white man brought was homophobia clothed in religious doctrines that we did not have before."

I own a doctrine of my words and research from what I preview and review for my knowledge and came across the great history of Anthropologists Stephen Murray and Will Roscoe who reported that women in Lesotho engaged in socially sanctioned "long term, erotic relationships" called motsoalle.

And first recorded homosexual couple in history is commonly regarded as Khnumhotep and Niankhkhnum, an Egyptian male couple, who lived around the 2400 BCE.

I am an african child who claims her education.

I come of those who were transposed from who they are to what people want them to be and back to who they are, whose being resided in the fact, solely, that they were able to provide physical labour, who taught me that we could both be at home and be foreign, that human existence itself demanded that freedom was a necessary condition for that

Being part of all these people, and in the knowledge that none dare contest that assertion, I shall claim that: I am an African.

I have seen our country torn asunder as these, all of whom are our people, engaged one another in a titanic battle; the one to redress a wrong that had been caused by one to another and the other, to defend the indefensible.

I have seen what happens when one person has superiority of force over another, when the stronger appropriate to themselves the prerogative even to annul the injunction that God created all men and women in His image.

I know what it signifies when sexuality and tribe are used to determine who is human and who subhuman .

I have experienced of the situation in which sexuality and tribe is used to enrich some and impoverish the rest...

I have seen concrete expression of the denial of the dignity of a human being emanating from the conscious, systemic and systematic oppressive and repressive activities of other human beings.

I have seen concrete expression of hatred of a human being emanating from conscious and systematic oppressive activities of other human being

I have seen concrete expression of anger, xenophobia and homophobia emanating from conscious and systematic oppressive activities of Pastors, Mothers, Teachers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers and friends (other human being)

There the victims parade with no mask to hide the brutish reality, the beggars, the prostitutes, the street children, those who seek solace in substance abuse, those who have to lose their sanity because to be sane is to invite pain. Perhaps the worst among these, are those who have normalized the fact that they will be brutally killed, raped happiness and for purity, isolated and rejected even by the valleys of Phalo, though they have done nothing but they are just who they are!

Among us prowl the products of our immoral and amoral past, killers who have no sense of the worth of human life, rapists who have disdain for the women of our country, animals who would seek to benefit from the vulnerability of the children, the disabled and the old, the rapacious who brook no obstacle in their quest for self-enrichment.

"All this I know and know to be true because I am an African!"

I am of the soil and Rainbow nation

Once rejected and isolated even by those in the family of LGBTI where people are classified in classes of their status, appearance ignoring dignity and tomorrow!

'Kanti singobani na?'

All this I know and know to be true because I am an African.

Because of that, I am also able to state this fundamental truth that I am born of a people who are heroes and heroines, of a people who would not tolerate oppression and yet they are able to oppress maybe its due to little knowledge. I am of a nation that would not allow that fear of death, torture, imprisonment, exile or persecution should result in the perpetuation of injustice. I solemnly do not fear rejection and isolation caused by who I am! For nothing would change me and no one shall give birth to the creature that is as me for I am light that sparks differently from others.

I am an African.

I am born of the peoples of the continent of Africa.

A root of Namibia's insecurities

From the worries and doubts of Petrus Gurriab and rape from his teacher for he was an un(normal) boy that is dishonesty from the great mothers of all careers disguised by gowns of education yet so empty.

From the lands of Uganda where homosexuality was punishable by life imprisonment,  
From death of Thapelo Makutle, Zoliswa Nkonyana, Phumeza Nkolonzi who cried "ndenzeni" kanti ke senzentoni na?

Where they died that's where my spirit lingers;

From the revolution of Namibia and its operation which was open in capital Windhoek.  
From emerging rapes of Tanzania and Botswana where lesbians were being raped in effort to persuade them to marry men.

From the words of great leaders :

Lind Bauman who grew up in a tribal community and was expelled due to her sexuality.

Daniel Arap Moi's declaration which stated "Kenya has no room or time for homosexuals and lesbians. It is against African norms and traditions and is a great sin."

From President Sam Nujoma's first anti-gay speech, saying that "homosexuals must be condemned and rejected"

From his ministers speech who also bashed gays and lesbians by saying "Homosexuality is a behavioural disorder which is alien to African Culture"

From Zimbabwe's President Robert Mugabe's statement that dismissed gays as "Lower than pigs and dogs"

From the emerging words of our parents saying "andiyifuni lento kwam"

Kanti kuzele obani na?

I am truly from the bravery of Oxrub who said "Mom accept me or not.....I am your son and I am still the same person"

The dismal shame of phobia, suffering and human degradation of our continent is a blight that we share. The blight on our happiness that derives from this and from our drift to the periphery of the ordering of human affairs leaves us in a persistent shadow of despair.

Whatever the setbacks of the moment, nothing can stop us now! Whatever the difficulties, Africa shall be at peace! The spirit of those who died due to their sexuality and those who are abused still leaves and Africa will be at peace with its creatures. Ngoba sikhona emzabalazweni!

A lamentation like poem from Thabo Mbeki's speech and quoted and edited by Poet T.Mathe

### **Association**

Drinking and partying are the association,

Drugs and sex,

Bullying and dying,

Pushing and failing,

Sinking and fading,

Falling and abuse,

Horror and corruption,

Lame and crazy,  
Less valuable,  
Anti- surviving species,  
Moving though there is no future,  
Cheating and harassment,  
Unnatural and sinful,  
Disgrace and disgusting,  
Demonic and unworthy,  
And so does sexual abuse.

What boys who pretend to be man want from us,  
Rape and death,  
Isolation and rejection,  
What some "churches" wants from us,  
Salvation that makes us change our sexuality,  
Salvation that makes us pretend to be comfortable where we are not,  
Salvation that makes us: great liars and pretenders,  
And living lives that don't belong to us,  
What un-accepting family want?  
Disown and criticise you,  
Invite reverends, to read revelations,  
Traditional healers to trade in and change us!

What the state does?  
When one of us dies they are happy,  
Court dismisses the case,  
Offenders are praised.

What we know,  
After all we belong somewhere,  
And God is with us,  
Wiping our tears,  
Guiding us,  
Holding our hands,  
Making us prosperous lot!

What we will never do,  
Is to create a judging God,  
A gender based God,  
A hating God,  
For we know there is an unconditional loving God!

T.Mathe

**Be it a judging God**

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