

MY VILLAGE-BLOODRIVER

A village with no peace, joy and laughter

My spirit tightens as my heart beats

When I see people dying everyday

When parents wail because of gangsters

My heart is pounding as I learned that a 12 year old beats up his parents

Bloodriver

A village with blood everywhere

Parents spending sleepless nights

Worried about their children going to clubs and taverns to lull their brains with alcohol

Love your neighbours and they will love you

The wise man once said;

A person is a person because of other people

My village Bloodriver

Youngsters live telling themselves that; kill or be killed;

Will there ever be peace in my village?

I am yearning for it

Let us live like ordinary people in this village.

Legonono from Access South Africa