

Its Thundering by Alfred T. Qabula

Its thundering drizzling and slightly raining
they have disturbed the wasps and army ants
when the buffalo kunks saying two pounds fifty shillings a day
The employers, they did not pay attention to it
They just imposed eight shillings a day
that was when they disturbed the wasps
They were scattered in the roads

Ships were flocking into the sea
the capitalists cried
saying if it was not you Phungula
Since he said the dancers must boycott dancing
so that we should die of hunger

Bad luck came out with you son of Phungula
The capitalists always think that if you lead the people,
people do what you tell them to do
Then the buffaloes roars and stampered
even the ships were not off loaded
Those who did not understand
they asked from those with knowledge
As who touched it on its tail ?

It thundered and take away Phungula
The police ground him swallowing him
and he was dumped to the cold cells
saying you are the trouble maker
As if, its you who said
they should put down the tools
Phungula go and tell them
to go back to work.
You are in here for your deeds

Are you not a communist gospel preacher ?
You've influenced those people
not to listen to their employers
You spoon fed them with communism
now they are hard headed

Alfred T. Qabula

as if they grew up as the lion's shepherd

We can help you, we sympathize with you
its not good that you are here

you're a respected man

We can send you to persuade them
to forget about what they want,
they must go to work

they'll be paid eight shillings per day

By so doing you'll be a free man.

There comes the van speedily
uncontrollable

with its long aerial
waving like of a farmer whip
driving his ox span

It stopped

the police released the Masapho's son

He stood and greet, Shaka, Bayeethe Zuuulu

The Dutch people noticed

that General Botha fought

They started to say

the black people are so kind

Let's fight a life and death struggle

Till we get what we want.

Since they confiscated the land

I don't know what will be the answer to this

Do you see now ?

we are digging gold and diamonds for them

The only thing they do

is to sit on highest chairs

Why don't they give us enough of what we need ?

The whites say I must tell you

to go back to work

So that they can release me

because to stay in jail is not for me

I am prepared to die

to stay in jail

to stand for the truth
The Buffaloes answered
the whites must not think
that this strike is Phungula's strike
we are engaged in the strike
because we want to work
for two pounds five shillings a day
We've long been exploited
and oppressed
now they have come to an end.

The army ants wandered around
and the wasps were up and down
shivering
you'll know the people
before you get old.
The ships flocked to the sea
The employer's hearts
were filled with blood
The hospitals were full for them
Because the strong winds are blowing
the sailor's knees started to loosen

Hold it there buffaloes
with scratches in their bodies
because of oppression and exploitation
Your effort has been heard
Even the whole world is echoing
Stevedoor workers be courageous
and have strength
Your struggle is for every worker of South Africa
They started long ago
exploiting and oppressing us
And they are still carrying on.
Lets fight this war
in unity Africans so as to conquer.
Shaka, Zuuulu Bayeeethe
You are the great.

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