Head of an Anonymous Moor  
with ‘The Hide of a Black Cow’

Mawande Ka Zenzile and Unathi L Sondiyazi

TARDINESS

Trayvon.
Poems are wasted on us son.
We – like Rabearivelo’s dead black cow –
have morphed into a crying drum.
We are not from here.
Why do you seek justice here?

TRUANCY

Now that you dead like the rest of us,
I hope you don’t wander to Heaven
Lest the catholic god ask you
‘What are you doing here!’