

We Cypher!

That's our Sunday dish in Walmer!

Story and images by Annelisa Tuswa

Every Sunday, a small community of musicians and poets gather at one place, a platform where artists meet, spreading their knowledge through expression of their amazing talent.

"Cypher is a platform for artists to articulate their arts." Said Thabane – a poet and writer – in our interview one Sunday after his incredible performance.

This platform is described in many ways but all at once, it's a platform for expression, a place to relax and express your mind freely. Every Sunday, you find people gathered in one place to perform and most importantly to support the talent. The youngsters who perform are as young as ten years old!

These artists have established a non-profit organization called F.A.M. (Forward Arts Movement). "FAM is more like a home for all types of performing arts," explained Zukele "DJ Shane" Mangqangaza, an organizer for FAM. "We meet once a week to prepare for our Sunday Dish," he said.

The recognition for the performing artists is amazing. You meet children all over the township singing the songs of these artists!

"It's sad because we hear these artists in taverns instead of on the radio. With all this talent, these artists could go places," said a fan who wishes to remain anonymous, complaining that "Cypher is like a studio for FAM musicians and others. For those who have realized the potential and those who have yet to do so."



Teen Genii

Story by Lesego Letsile

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By Lesego Letsile

Teens think they know everything that is to know about the world, unfortunately we make bad decisions according based on our limited world knowledge.

Everyone knows that teens know better than their parents, it's a fact right? We make better choices like getting a tattoo on our arms that is going to be visible when we become professionals and dating older guys that will help us gain a good reputation with our communities. We sometimes make these decisions just to spite our parents; we think we are proving a point to them that we are capable of living our own lives. Instead we are just ruining our lives because of the 'good' decisions we make. After all the stress we put ourselves through, we go running back to the very same people whom we profess to know better than.

Teens are genii when it comes to relationships; we have degrees in the subject! We are so good that we invest more time in them than school. Who needs a degree in finance when you can have masters in relationships? If only we could sing the same tune several years down the line when we are penniless and the beauty has disappeared, we're working long hours in dead-end jobs that pay peanuts and having umpteen kids. We never think of the consequences; we live for today and that is enough for us. But will it be enough when we cannot feed our loved ones? Will it be enough when we when we cannot afford to fix a patch on the roof? And will it be enough when we cannot afford to go to work?

Whether our psyches are messed up or our hormone imbalances are to blame for the decisions we make, we cannot deny the fact that we still have a lot to learn about the world. Having a limited number of role models is no excuse, rebelling against our parents won't get us anywhere except into trouble. The results of all of this behaviour are often bitter and hard to reverse.



Missing you, missing me, missing us

As I walked away from you
Listening to your footsteps fading away
I believed in you

Missing you , missing me, missing us!

Our bodies may be apart,
But our souls will be near,
Time isn't what makes us alive
It's love and devotion that keeps
The tie between the souls

Missing you, missing me, missing us!

True companions never part
Maybe in distance
But not in heart.
Don't cry...

Keep the smile
Leave the tear
Think of joy
Forget the fear
Be joyous
Till I see you again

Missing you, missing me, missing us!

- Kutlwano Thuto Smith

Dedicated to all the students I have met
during 2008 & 2009 when I was part of
the micro scholarship – South Africa

A DREAM

I dream of a place
I dream of a palace
I dream of a paradise
I dream of heaven
I dream of a place where angels and icons are
I dream of a place where I am free to spread my wings and fly
A place where the sky is not a limit
A place where I cannot feel angry
A place where conflict does not exist
A place where temptations and jealousy don't exist
A place where lying is not real
A place where a man is not measured by how much money he earns
but how wise he is
A place where no human shall be pointed right or wrong
A place where no one has the right to be judgemental

- Ofentse Mokau

My Free Mind

Let my mind flow and be set free
My soul to be buried upon thee
Imagine as it is peppered with joy
And the air pumps to deliver,
Happiness, happiness to conquer
Love to the person I am meant to be
Let there be inspiration to maintain the
standard
Of this free mind.

- Musa Amy Ginyigazi

Where did we go wrong?
Children give birth to children
We as blacks killing our own families
A mother aborting an unborn child
A father raping his own daughter
My society, my community and to
my fellow Africans
I wonder, where did we go wrong?

- Anelisa Tuswa

Poem: I am an African

I am an African
I take pride in my blackness and my fineness
I take pride in myself and rise above men
I free my skin from nylon and cotton cloth

I am an African
Out of the night that covered me with love
As from heart to heart
I thank whatever that God may be for his loving soul

My heart is for joy
My heart is for hope
My heart is for peace
So are my soul health and wealth

I AM AN AFRICAN!

- Kutlwano Thuto Smith

The Ten Commandments of Love

I was lost and you took me as I am
With no doubt - and respected me.
I wondered if I deserved you
And stopped for a moment
And looked at myself
And I saw no criticism.
Made so many mistakes,
But you never shouted at me
Instead you comforted me,
Because you appreciate my efforts.
I make promises which I eventually fulfil.
How amazing is your patience!
You say words which make birds sing
And my heart breaks free with joy.
When we're not together, remember that laughter
We used to cherish life with.

- Ofentse Mokau