



Fresh
offerings

*Poems on food, agency and
urgency*

Dylan McXabe
Bonang Libuke
Amy Brown Hendrickse
Khuthala Bokolo
Jerome Coetzee
Vuyokazi Ngemntu
Sanelisiwe Nyaba
Luke Metelerkamp
Luxolo Witvoet
Vuyokazi Ngemntu
Ayabulela Zonke
Thimna Matika
Maluviwe Aviwe Dibela
Yolanda Magazi
Luleka Zepe

in collaboration with



poetry is medicine



Introduction

Straddling ways of knowing
we step into the battle,
the dance, the act.

Wooden spoons in hand, we
approach the podium.

Laptops in tow, we enter the
kitchen.

One thing we're all sure of:
We cannot do this alone.

So, that said,

This collection of offerings
from poets, praise singers,
feelers, storytellers and
humxns of the Cape
represents a small step in a
process of engagement

between research and
reality, statistics and the
soul.

Nothing grand.
Just the outcomes of three
days spent together, as
regular people, trying to
unpack a 163 page report
detailing our own lived
realities with food, hunger
and community.

Table of contents

THE FACTS
HOME WITHOUT A DINNER TABLE
MAAGIES VOL OEGIES TOE...
WHO CARRIES THE BURDEN?
HUNGER STRIKES
ENDLALANI
INTERVIEWING STATISTICS
FACTPOLICY SHEETBRIEF
PANDEMIC OF HUNGER
PART OF THE BODY
MR CORPORATION
DANCE FOR OURS
SING THE SONG
HUNGER I'M NOT YOUR VICTIM!
FIGHT!
WHAT WENT WRONG?
WE ARE NOT HUNGRY
Ndiphaka Nje
D.I.S.T.R.A.C.T.I.O.N

THE FACTS

Dylan McXabe

Matriarchal bonds on scorched land.
Repossessed houses
on dispossessed land
Landless Farmers
Nutrient-deficient food
A lived experience of dichotomy
These are the facts
Presented by F.A.C.T

A HOME WITHOUT A DINNER TABLE

Bonang Libuke

An onion and tomato from
Ma Dlamini next door.
I know Mother had to cut through her
pride to ask for it.

Two blocks of stock cubes from
uMy Friend.
The last of Father's earnings.

Maize meal from uMzala in a
lunchbox.
The same lunchbox contains the sore
heart uMzala handed me the lunchbox
with, because she would have to carry
her lunchbox to another home in the
days to come.

After a few aromas bouncing in
the air, mother calls to hand us a
noble plate of food.
We eat from our laps.

Those with homes without dinner tables
do not eat for joy,
or to become healthier.

They eat to survive.
With raging appetite
and numb taste buds,
they swallow chunks of food
along with their humanity.



MAAGIES VOL OEGIES
TOE...

Amy Brown Hendrickse

Kinnes moet nie KOS Mors nie.

Daar is kinnes wat nie KOS he nie
Papa sê hy werk hard vir ons Kos
Daar is papa's wat nie werk het nie

Ek verstaan die misverstand
Dit het begin gister man
Toe die Ander mister van 'n different
land
hier beland. En hier beplan
My mag kreen se lied wag reën
Die note is 'n mondvoll,

Kinnes moet nie KOS Mors nie.
Daar is kinnes wat nie KOS he nie

Papa sê hy werk hard vir ons Kos
Daar is papa's wat nie werk het nie

—
Ek verstaan die social distance man
Kneeval vir afhaal in a different tongue.
Vra Ancients vir 'n vleistuk oppie
Krismis lunch.
Die kortjies is raasende Maggie's.

Kinnes moet nie KOS Mors nie.
Daar is kinnes wat nie KOS he nie
Papa sê hy werk hard vir ons Kos
Daar is papa's wat nie werk he

—
Kinnes moet nie KOS Mors nie.
Daar is kinnes wat nie KOS he nie
Papa sê hy werk hard vir ons Kos
Daar is papa's wat nie werk het nie

—
Ek verstaan die shit nie man
Wats statistics vir 'n illiterate man
5 bop chips 'n pakkie biscuits man
Laaities sing liedtjies van gee 'n stukkie

Kinnes moet nie KOS Mors nie.

Daar is kinnes wat nie KOS he nie
Papa sê hy werk hard vir ons Kos
Daar is papa's wat nie werk het nie

Ek verstaan net hoe om niks te plant
Sal my misgis om my te risk op hierdie
system, son.
San-Khoi se tjind het lanklaas vis
gevang

Kinnes moet nie KOS Mors nie.
Daar is kinnes wat nie KOS he nie
Papa sê hy werk hard vir ons Kos
Daar is papa's wat nie werk het nie

WHO CARRIES THE BURDEN?

Khuthala Bokolo

Ndi busy ndenza was goed
yamalweyile.

Ndomelwe ngumqa ngokungazi uba
ndizodibanisa ntoni phi njani kwimbiza
yangokuhlwa.

Ngalentseni bendiqongqotha ipheyile
lomilimili.

Kanti dololo kwaswekile leyo
ebendithembe uvubisa ngayo kwipapa.

Ngapha zizikhalazo ngoo 'Mama
ndilambile ndiyagodola ndipepeke
ulikuwe undinyathele.

HUNGER STRIKES

Jerome Coetzee

Hunger strikes not as a number
but as organs folding into each other

Intestines removing spaces
Hugging each other

Acknowledging that I survive
with my neighbour

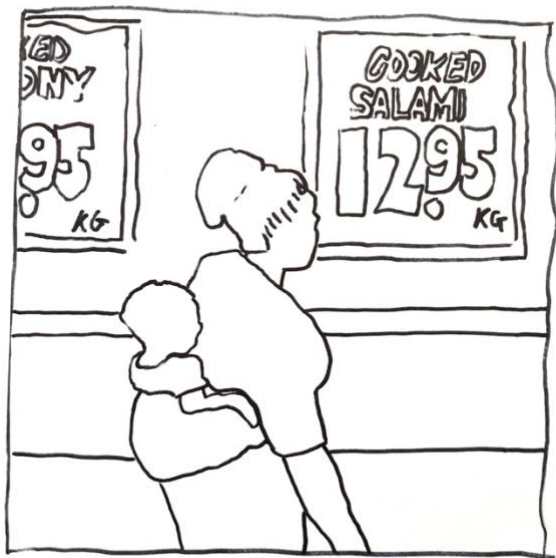
You speak of hunger
We talk about feeling, embracing,
surviving, overcoming, hunger.

ENDLALENI

Vuyokazi Ngemntu

Mama

Lendlala iyalumeza
A screeching silence
fills the big pot
My dignity feels naked
Has the land forsaken us?
Home is synonymous with drought.
A growling belly symphony
Khanivuseni ikat' eziko
Tata, kwawubuye
Netyetyisiweyo.



INTERVIEWING STATISTICS

Sanelisiwe Nyaba

Q:

So, what would you say to them?

A:

I would tell them that I am angry. That I am confused. And it does not help that I am hungry and that things are bad, things have always been bad. For someone like me, for people like me.

Q:

Oh, I am so sorry.

A:

You are sorry?

What are you sorry for?

Don't you dare feel sorry for me

I don't want to be felt sorry for.

Do not reduce me

with your pity

That is the shame

that is you shaming me into crumpled
piece of paper

I am nothing like you think

I am not my hunger

and yet I have no choice

I am stuck in this sand filled box

the sand is made out of your pity

and it drowns me

for supper tonight I will have the sand
in my mouth

Q:

Slow down, what do you want? Why
are you shouting? Why are you so
angry?

A:

I am not angry dammit
I am hungry for more
more for myself
more for my people
don't you see?
don't you see the hunger in my eyes?
in the way I breath
in the way I talk
I am consumed
sometimes I do not know who I am
sometimes I wish I was someone else
someone better
someone freer
someone who can get up and say,
let's go somewhere
anywhere, that is far away from here
without thinking about money
and where my next meal will come
from
I cannot breath

can you not see?
I am barely breathing
do you care?
do you really care?

FACTPOLICY SHEETBRIEF

Luke Metelerkamp

Access to
want to see Ward 41

1, 2, 3

Want to see
access to percentage of community
soup kitchens

Early childhood headed mothers

During Covid-19
lockdown rates increased
disproportionately to the gender-
sensitive, feminist, livelihood coping
strategies.

To put food on the table
on average
improvement in
markets for land and urban food
production.

Food related environments challenge
their community centered networks.

Depression sets in:
Forget the risks of crime and
malnutrition *my own hand* has a
deadly vision for food-policy reform.

Thankfully,
however,
food-sensitive mapping related
challenges concentrated around the
shopping mall.

While mall-sensitive planning centralized around food sensitive depression, anxiety and hunger.

Recommendations for better food safety intergovernmental panel on integrated development foundations highlighted the need to take the situation seriously.

Moving from one crisis to another fortunately the protracted pandemic polycrisis protected multi-lateral livelihoods.

Informal traders were participants, 435% of whom were marginalized, disembodied results.

Providing, in their absence, a summarized snapshot of the significant situation

PANDEMIC OF HUNGER

Luxolo Witvoet

The pandemic of hunger
Hunger is bigger than the virus
Violence searches for food
Struggles, heartbreaking
Women give their bodies for food
1994 the end of the poor and landless
black farmers?
Production
Processing
Distribution
Preparation
Consumption

Food and food systems
Structural inequalities
Uneven power relations
Power
Race
Class
Gender, collective traumas
Pre-existing food injustices
Shaping food governance

The people want food reimagined
systems
Mfuleni, Khayelitsha, Mitchell's Plain,
Gugulethu, St Helena Bay
When will the wind blow sand in-
between your shrubs

PART OF THE BODY

Jerome Coetzee

We do not plant flowers
We plough the streets that have been
made poor

On the right side of the land
hands that shape the soil with beauty

On the left side of the land
bodies that merge on the streets in
struggle and hope

Part of the body
Part of the land

MR CORPORATION

Vuyokazi Ngemntu

M_r corporation?

Why does my hunger feed your greed?

Why make of my body fertile ground
for your sterile seed?

My perpetually aching belly
always empty

You muffle my cries
with your gestures and lies

My emaciated limbs

It's the little things
like structural inequality

and life quality

The indignity of our indigence

The cause and the consequence
The effects ripple
While we the people
succumb to despair.
You don't even care,
Mr corporation.

DANCE FOR OURS

Ayabulela Zonke

Let us dance for ours

let it speak its mind
colour its thought

let it channel its path
in the purist form

let it shower its growth
away from its norm

let it soil its feast

with eternal applaud

let it forever its touch
as we plough its greed

unveil its mourning;
through mystical chambers
a sign of peace;
for once I feel;
rather alive and well

as we dance for ours

SING THE SONG

Thimna Matika

Little one

You always have a song
in your heart

Sing that song,
like the art of you heart
which it is

Sing from your heart
that the rain is silky
wet and slippery

On cold days we lament
its icy command
We gather fire and around it

We gather
At war with the weather

How graceful the rain
that everything it touches
Rain comes singing from the heavens
When it touches the soil
Breaks into song
The earth breathes life
and gives life
To a varying variety vegetation,
fruit and flowers
Rain nourishes as soul as it fills the
rivers and flow into ocean
The earth sings the glorious song
of grace and growth

Its magical
how we receive
magical blessings
for new life
for fruition and growth
Break into song when the cold rain
touches your skin
Feel the magic

It's happening
around you

HUNGER I'M NOT YOUR
VICTIM!

Maluviwe Aviiwe Dibela

My tummy never smiled
Since birth it never laughed
How can I ever love
When death is the only thing I love
It's been my mind's friend
The cure of this pain
Oh yes it's a pain
Tears are my friend
Tears are my friend
Oh it's no longer the same
Since my father's death

All I experience is pain
Not because of his death
But because of the fear of dying
Dying from starving
Yes hunger has been striking

My tummy never smiled
Oh my heart has been swimming in
blood
Sinking in pain
My efforts in vain
How do I get over this pain?
Hungry stomach
Empty pocket
The empty buckets
Empty cupboards
You'd swear I'm a robot
No food, no drink
Just a pain and pills
I don't even know what's a bill
Imeko imaxongo
Kunini inyembezi ndizixhaphile
Emphufumlweni sele ndixhalabile
I mean how many people have died?
How many people are depressed?
This pain is real

Hunger, we're not your victims

Even though you've dug a grave in my
stomach

Deep as my father's grave
You leave trails on my stomach
There's a pain on my tummy
Hunger you leave tracks

I picture death

Yes death

Khawundiyeke

Kngcono ndizifele

You're never gonna kill me

I'm not your victim

Don't you dare victimize me

If this is a war then bring it on

Bring it on I'm not a spoilt brat

I know the hardships of life

So Imma face you heads on

Hands off

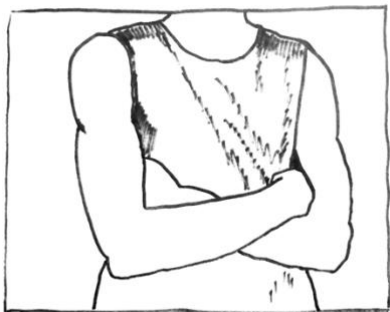
This is not a physical fight

Rather call it an emotional one

Coz emotionally you've been attacking

You've been striking

Leaving my heart bleeding
My tummy groaning
In pain sinking
Hunger I'm not your victims I rather be
a victim of death
Kaloku Sele ndiyintlekisa ekuhlaleni
Kantt thixo wawundisaphi emhlabeni ?
Kungoku komile emqaleni



FIGHT!

Yolanda Magazi

Fight!

Food injustice

Droughts hit tables

Fight food insecurity

Time waits for no man, fight

Fight!

Retain power

Fight injustice, hunger

Time for agency

Fight

Raise your voice let it scream.

I see resilience, imagine

Fight food injustice

Fight for unemployment
Raise your voice make it count .

Fight!
Stand up
Food insecurity exists
Unemployment exists, whats done?
Lack of nutrition exists, Wake up!
Lord intervene !
These battles are beyond us

Fight!
Food categories
For different people
Food injustice is a battle
Fight for what you deserve
The fight goes on it's only the start
Fight ! Fight
Fight

WHAT WENT WRONG?

Luleka Zepe

We're coming from Africa
We are in Africa
Greetings my brothers and sisters
When I saw you
My tears ran down my cheeks
I wanted to cry
But was ashamed
When I saw you
So hopeless and helpless!
Where are we gonna go
Our forefathers land is abandoned
and dry
Their fields are dry and dead!
While our families are dying of hunger!

What went wrong?
Where did we go wrong?
Where did we lose it?
Let's go back to our roots
(Masibuyel' Embo)
There were rains!
People were happy
They ate from their harvesting!
Eating their watermelons!
Helping each other

Today we are crying

Is it a Xhosa lament?
No its not a Xhosa lament
Its a whole Nation
We all crying for the same thing
We are dying of hunger
We have been crying
We fought so many battles and won
We defeated our enemies
This fight of hunger
Why don't we fight it?
Lets all stand and fight together!
Why did we neglect our rivers?
Why did we neglect our land?

Why did we neglect our Nature?
Why did we neglect our Nature, our
mother?
Oh Mother Nature
Why did you let us ignore you
Oh Mother Nature
Why my people ?
Why did we flow with the flow of the
Western road?
Why did we neglected our Nature?
Why did we neglected our rivers?

Let's get together and
recreate that which we lost and
Protect the little we have!

Can we wait for government ?
That will be forever

Can I do it alone
That will not be enough

Can we do it together?
That will be enough for all of us!



WE ARE NOT HUNGRY

Thimna Matika

Famine

Oh Africa laments on
Scarcity of food
The fruits of the earth

Deprived
Not equally shared
How we've come to this disaster
We have not anticipated

From hand to mouth
Never enough for the whole house
The beauty and gifts of the earth
are not ours

Soldiers in aprons
and big spoons
Steering large pots
for communities

Mothers
at the forefront of the warfare
Before the world realises
that this is war

Spear on
community kitchens
Spear on
the hunger

We are not hungry
A wave of hunger engulfed
African nations long along
We are faint from hunger

For knowledge of ourselves
We are hungry
From deprivation
From elimination from world history

For knowledge of our spiritual ways
We are hungry
From decolorisation
We are lost with no history and
direction

Ndiphaka Nje

Thimna Matika

Ndiphaka nje

iSizwe silambile

Sizwe esi sisinike olu phangaleleyo

uThando ezi Qhamo

Qhama nawe apho ukhoyo

uQhamise umzi ka bawo

D.I.S.T.R.A.C.T.I.O.N

Dylan McXabe

I
am distracted.
If only, I
wasn't hungry. Then I
might be able to dream.
I dare to dream,
Hungry and Distracted.
I still
Dream

Curated by
Luke Metelerkamp & Sanelisiwe Nyaba

with editorial support from Jerome
Coetzee

Cover illustration by: Luxolo Witvoet
Illustrations: Luke Metelerkamp

Supported by:



Federal Ministry
for Economic Cooperation
and Development

