

## **do you care?**

you ask me if i care for the environment

what would you say if I told you  
that my umbilical cord  
is buried under a baobab tree

what if I told you that  
i am zulu  
that zulu means the weather  
the heavens  
the rain that is a soundtrack  
to my prayer

that I catch each bead of heavenly water  
on the tip of my tongue  
to string a necklace to wear in supplication  
to the munificence of the sun

that in my nakedness  
i am sworn to tell the story  
of the termite  
whose coat is the hymen of my mother's ore

that in my language  
my breath is laced  
with the inner garment of spirit  
unveiling the rumour of winds without moisture

you ask me about endangered species  
but do you not see the impaled tattoo on my soul  
can you not see what I wear  
on my wrist  
a vellum inscribed with a silent promise  
to sing the melody of the sacrificial blood  
still oozing from the fields of my ancestors' grazing

yet still you ask me  
if I care about our planet  
you preach to me from the pulpit of superiority  
(necktie a tourniquet of impropriety)

why do you not ask me  
why I grace the face of my mother  
with the songline of my dreams  
why my dance makes undulating patterns of unadulterated love  
why I can mimic the bird of morning  
and salute the sun with shapes of humility and gratitude  
each time it is enfolded by the crimson wing of night

what would you say  
if I held you even closer  
and told you to  
open your clasped hands  
(arteries bulging to bursting)  
and embrace me  
so that the fossilised dust you hold for dear life  
will not die an even deeper death

open your hands

and let it go...

just let go.....

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