

Wathint' Abafazi, Wathint' Imbokoda

Your hands are trembling.
In them lie the voices of your people,
your army
20 000 of whom stand before you now.

You hold up your hand and your army falls Silent
Deafening your attackers.

From now on you will be Ma Ngoyi
Goddess among Men
Silencer of the Rising Tide
And Mother of every girl who questions.

And when your tide breaks and the sea comes rushing forward,
No one will be left untouched.

Don't they know?

The sea brings devastation.
Devastation on those who thought they were stronger.
Devastation on those who thought they could keep the rushing
waves at bay.

But who is mother now?
It has been 831 moons since that day,
And 514 since you joined the stars that sprinkle our sky.

But the waves keep breaking.
Everyday more warriors join your army
Warriors with curves and a womb -
Their greatest weapons.

You are General
and Commanding Officer.

You are Mother Still.

