

# MONGANEWALLYSEROTE

*National Poet Laureate Hub*

## PODCAST EPISODE 1

**THEME:** Young Voices and resistance in the arts

**GUESTS:** Frans Tauyatsoala & Dipuo Habedi

FRANS TAUYATSOALA

Writers dig for depth where holy men rape children  
We are still without a president  
The paint and the brush disguise, walls cry  
The sky disgust us like Willy Lynched dreamers  
We echo poverty  
Freedom of speech is too expensive  
The eye cannot stand this  
We wear masquerades to eclipse reality  
Money mocks the needy  
We still let the enemy speak  
Its not only hypocrisy, there's Hippos in the city, bulldozing the streets  
Heathens preach God,  
We hear their actions more  
We have been here before  
Jesus was accused of fraud  
We slip on floors tongues moonwalk on  
Treason monologues and political endeavors  
The gallows raped martyrs galore  
We mourn freedom its obnoxious this modern life  
NASA decorates the sky, artificial stars watch us as we attempt to solve Malcom' X  
reminiscing on no remedy can cure us from the shackles we bared, Lady Liberty can attest  
They say white Is the new black where Africans are foreigners in the motherland  
ISIS eye sees the terrorists  
terror reels obedience  
Holographic are horror scenes, dead men speak  
Its apocalyptic how a pork eclipse sin  
There's a stranger in my village  
This man is wicked  
Chanting reverse spells of enchantress  
Boko Haram is an institute for girls

## SCORE

- Relevance to the theme 5/3
- Creativity (imagination & innovation) 5/3
- Style 5/3
- Originality (unique interpretation of the theme) 5/5
- The coherence of form and structure (harmony of words, presentation) 5/3
- Clarity of imagery 5/3
- Creative use of language 5/4
- Creative storytelling 5/3
- Overall impact/ Power 5/3
- Edutainment value 5/4

**TOTAL50/34**

DIPUO HABEDI

HI MOMMA,  
HI PAPA,  
HI BABE,  
HEAVENLY FATHER....

DAMN EVERYONE IS TOO BUSY TO ACCOMMODATE ME IN THEIR BUSY SCHEDULE.  
DANM EVERYONE IS BLUE-TICKING ME.  
DANM I'M LEFT ALONE TO SUFFOCATE HERE WITH MY DEAREST FRIEND NYAOPE.  
TODAY YOU WONDER WHY THE SOCIETY CALL ME  
A NYAOPE GIRL.

TODAY THE SOCIETY PAINTS ME WITH SAME BRUSH AS CRIMINALS, TODAY MY  
MOMMA SPITS ON ME...VOMITS WHEN SHE GLANCE AT ME YET YOU ARE THE ONE  
WHO CHOSE MY SIBLINGS OVER ME  
YET YOU ARE THE ONE WHO ALWAYSOUTCASTED ME LIKE A PASTOR  
OUTCASTING DEMONS.

YOU WERE TOO BUSY TO ACCOMMODATE A BLACK SHIP OF THE FAMILY.  
HOW MANY MISSED CALLS DID I LEAVE?  
HOW MANY TEXTS DID I WRITE?  
YOU CHASED ME LIKE A DOG THAT ATE  
YOU'RE FAVOURITE LAST MEAL.

I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU NOR FOSAKE YOU,  
FATHER THOSE WERE YOUR WORDS NOT MINE  
I LIFTED UP MY EYES TO THE HILLS LIKE DAVID  
MENTIONED EACH AN EVERY SCRIPTURE I COULD THINK OF BUT THE MORE I  
PRAY IS THE MORE MY HEART BREAKS  
LIKE HANNAH... MY LIPS MOVE WITHOUT ANY SOUND,  
THE MORE I PRAY IS THE MORE THE SOCIETY HATES ME.  
SO CAN SOMEBODY GIVE ME A PEN AND A PAPER  
I WANNA WRITE ABOUT THE LOVE I HAVE FOR MY MOM,  
YET SHE THROWS IT BACK TO MY FACE.  
MY HEART IS SHATTERED TO THE CORE AND I DON'T THINK ANY GOOD PORTER  
CAN FIX IT.

I DON'T THINK THERE'S A BEST MEDICINE TO CURE THIS WOUNDS MY HEADREST  
IS SATURATED, MOM YOU KILLED ME WITH A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD.

I DON'T THINK THERE'S A SHOULDER STRONG ENOUGH TO LEAN ON EXCEPT A SHOULDER OF MY MOTHER  
I DON'T THINK THERE ARE GOOD QOUTES OUT THERE TO CONSOLE MY SOUL EXCEPT "I LOVE YOU MY CHILD" FROM MY MOM.  
SO PLEASE REFRAIN FROM JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER.  
I AM A 16-YEAR-OLD INNOCENT GIRL SEEKING LOVE FROM A MOTHER IT'S PITY I GOT IT IN A WRONG WORLD.

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- Overall impact/ Power 5/5
- Edutainment value 5/5

**TOTAL50/50**

## WINNER & REMARKS

### ***DIPUO HABEDI***

*Simple, yet deep in feeling scored 50. Creative and remaining relevant to a very emotional and harsh reality.*