

Dumb Girl

Listen girl aint that man which used to call you his brother – aint he call you ma kwere kwere one time – and aint though you saw what he was sayin to them other boys in they language about you – ma kwere kwere. You knew what that mean cos of when you was up in Johannesburg when they was killin black Zimbabweans and Mocambicans and and and labellin em ma kwere kwere – that word rang out all over the place. ma kwere kwere. up in Johannesburg you knew what it meant cause every body used to talk about it all the time during that there xenophobia when they was lynchin black African who wont South African.

ma kwere kwere – that what your boy Clive call you, boi. black, black, African, African, foreigner, dirty African foreigner – and those South African black boys was killin em. Clive and those boys in the bar with you laughin at you drinkin your money beers – they was laughin at you – and you aint suppose to know it. Girl aint that dude suppose to be your brother.

aint that a bitch, up in, up in, Langa Township the year before them boys which used to roll with you out there and you used to deejay out there and they brag and tell they friends you New York, you their brotha from anotha motha – as they like to say.

aint that a bitch up in Langa buyin em all that beer and bud and then you bought em cocaine – them black boys out there aint use to cocaine – slap you head and said it werent natural, try in to be a boy, fuckin around with girls, I said that boy was all coked up and slap you upside your head, it aint natural.

Then when you passed out in the back of the jeep they try to rape you and you got lucky. Bravo. You aint was usin your head but you panic and drove your foot through the niggas face and cracked his mouth and his nose was bleedin profusely. fuck was you thinkin, get in in with them boys? specially after that one boy slapped you upside your head and call you a bitch and say it werent natural, all coked up and aggressive. After that you gave em all your coke and bleak out on that bottle a gin and weed. say was you tryin to forget what that boy done to you. fuck was you thinkin, sittin back there out on a empty road at night, bleakin out while those boys that was buckin out on you was getting buck on cocain – and you bleakin out on purpose, and you pass out, fuck was you thinkin? Dummy. You got lucky cause you got lucky cause you woke up when he was about to get on top of you. Bravo. Aint use your head but your legs done it for you – drove your convers foot through a niggaz head and cracked his face. So much

blood. Black like tar fallin in the dirt outside when you busted the back door open with your foot and got out of there – them boys from Nigeria picked you up on the road and dropped you right in front of your house. The say they know you cause you that Nigerian girl who buy a lot a drugs from their boy, and they say how come you fuck with girls, aint natural, but them Nigerian boys dropped you home that night and and aint fuck with you, but what was you thinkin, girl? Dont do that dumb shit agin.

fuck was you thinkin dum ass oughta got raped, might as well have, if you know what ah mean. After that, some time after that, ah used ta hear you and me sayin it, should of kill yourself should of kill your self like you and me told you. you here again aint you. saw this nigga call you ma kwere kwere buyin him and his boys drugs and booze, lost your job cause a this nigger snortin lines and smoking bud and drinkin booze all day. now you here again, aint it? Nigga say he caint find the key and you locked up inthere with him alone boy. fuck was you thinkin, dummy, you right where you was before. Look what he's doin in the toilet over there, right in front of you – naw I aint lookin. You locked in again, fuck was you thinkin. Should of kill your-self like you and me told you.

Naw. Not this time. Ah remember that thing which Aunty told me. I remember what this sick dude in the toilet right here in front of me told me – about when they was singin those spirituals in blue. I keep forgettin till its too late but, naw, not this time. Voila. O yeah. I see.

-there you go girl, how you aint gone see when you open your eyes.

when ah open ma eye I see what is as it is. I see.

- How you aint gone see whats up when you eyes is open and lookin right at it. looke at it.

- Naw, I see what up but ah aint gone look atit.

There you go. your eyes is open, you see what is. Voila. now you got the idea. Know you usin your head right now kidd. Put that shit to head. Put it to a head. Get a head a the game so you don't have to kick his face out his head – when he try ta do you. you know that what he fixen to do, right? Voila. Back up deep in to the kitchen. No need for Bravado. Dont say shit don't do shit but run up into it and drive your foot through the gate, aint it locked.

aint I pick up pace and felt like ah was light like ah was glide in through water and voila, the gate open. you done it boy. you awake. Dont come back here no more. No matter what he say. Voila.