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Massacre; Solitary Confinement: For the Political Prisoners in South Africa

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Author
Anderson, Susan

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MASSACRE

by

Susan Anderson

The women
in blossom under their parasols
enclosing their children in everlasting
arms. They sit.
Their patience
an anthem under the iron sun. They wait.
Colors flutter confronting the scarce wind.
Mute hands. An occasional man’s suit
shiny as a mirror. Faith sweltering
mopped humbly from foreheads. The skirts
of the women spread over the afternoon, unarmed.
Children unaware, restless.
A fence of shadows on the roof of buildings
nearby. Calculated steel arrowed against
a multitude of hearts silent with need.

They were gunned by a horde of weapons.
Shot.
Fire pierced their voices.
Their hands were helpless in the thunder.
Hatred erupted in wounds on their bodies.
The children,
the women, the men.

The gingham breasts of the women
were ripped by heat.

Their blood railed in its own din.
The questions,
the vulnerable dignity
catapulted into hell.
A passbook pillow under a shattered head.
Passbook comfort for the victims.

The desolate blood of the women
travelled under ground. The deaths
of the children became the shadows of
conversation, the words behind the eyes,
the murder of the men became
the pulse of the flesh
now living in Sharpeville.