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# Tuimeldeursamevloeing

Abri de Swardt

HEN: "Weg" Zó sta ik opgetekend in het opgaaf. Afgeschreven met één enkel woord. Murw geveerd-en-geïnt. Nimmer-niemand anders verbannen. Goeie ouwe Hendrik Biebouw: "Weg".

Eerder, "Weggekruij". Agteraf met my agtervoegsels. Oneerbiedige Biebouwsteen. Sy weg gevind-versinsel. Aan de overkant van De Wagenweg naar de Kaap, voorbij die verdraaide molen. Hier-neffens die tuimeldeur-samevloeing. Mijn weg bekropen. Neder-Eerste, Bieboulevard.

Hygend-Hen, waarom herhaal hul om waters pal-apart te hou?

Men tapt rots uit water. Verbergt zó het maal der wrange vruchten. Smaak-dog Drik-hidro, die tuimeldeur-samevloeing besmet en verzuurd. Links, oënskyntlik-onmerkbaar gelewer, Neder-nywerheidssaad, Biebouvallig, verarmingsarm: Plankenbrug se Plank-met-n-naam-slaan rivier. Rechts, bij de hand, glorie-glans, Bieboudsvleis, genotgang: De Eerste naam-op-het -spel rivier. Dog-smaak: selfde oes. Vir stormwater geboer. Die ou maak-n-plannetjie: "samevloeing: weggeruim."

"Weggebreek", eerder. Henonderdruk weet waar die druk hom skoën. Gewaar jy die B-span wat deur die wingered loop na die meul? Gekoring met kwaadsaaisaad. 'n Hondmoegkwartet ohgetroudes: die uwe Henbloeddruk, my Hanswors, Janmaat en sy Matthijswedstryd. We konden niet langer de kelder in de kat dichtmetselen. Water roept naar water: "Willem Adriaan van der Teestel se dae is getel!" Willemoenboord stel ons bloot aan sy Willemoenstroop, "men heft hier de steendruif, die blaauwe muscadel, of de cataloniër, die witte muscadel, die kleine blaauwe druif en die kristaldruif." Elke gebrek het sy gek. Hans-my-kneg maar net Kompanjieskompos vir die verversingsmonopolie. Hoor jy die herrie in die tuisnywerheidshart? Wilbelemmer wegskrammery. Die molen houdt onze hoofden onder water! Belie Biebreek en Skurwejan het

die meulrat afgedam. Hansgrootword, die meulwiel Afgematthijs. Besef je wel dat de rivier niet schaft? Ons maak amok in ons Adamspakke. Demonstreer anatomie-lesse op mollige goiingsakke. Skoot hoog op Adam Onaantasbaarheidsbrousel. Of waren we duizelig van darmkrampen en dijkdoorbraak? Werp je wateren op het brood. Steek draak met dal soene tussen rantsoene. Word bestuif en ingewy met Sebastitan se meelblom. Beoefen gatbakkerij. Sy Haandrukkie genoem. Hy, my Eerste-Hanse. Gefopspeen met hansheuning, rivierlangs onder die loom trosse van sy lag.

"Gatweg!" daar ontplof ons graanwolk newelbeeld. Star weggemoker deur Johanbynes. Die stapelvoedselmallemeulens steeds wit gespier. Gat vertel die versteller! "Skoertweg, onverskilliges!" maan Wildebosch se rottang-in-die-Johanneseier. Die wegwikkelende losklap van Hangmatthijs natore skuim tussen sy tone. Toch weerklinkt onze optocht van bruisende glazen: "Elke streepsuikeruur voorsien sterrejare oorstromingsgebeure! Wilbellemetjie doenskrumtameletjiegeure! Europa is jul gebakte pere!" "Holskoert, oortolliges!" Deur helsegalbrandsiekkloppings van moersweeskindswoligheid kalbasuin ek uit: "ik wil niet loopen, ik ben een Africaander, al slaat die landrost myn dood, of al setten hij mijn in den tronk. Ik sal, nog wil niet swygen." Muisie het 'n berg gebaar!

Wat 'n Hygromari, Hendrukvout! Die muur is aan die skrif! Liewer, "weggekaats." Waters vang die wêreld, meng het onherroepelijk terug. *Nahe am Wasser gebaut, Kinder und Betrunkene sagen immer die Wahrheit.*

Wat dan van rivierandkromhoudsappigekinders soos ek?  
Was je nog aan het bukken voor je boeltje?  
Stortweg het vaderlandse uitsonderlikheid!  
Sakweg met vastelandse vervloektheid!

Uit kombuismatrasdrome het my oudsusse se moeder, sy wat op Boinabaai Diana weggenoom is, geprewel: *Izay mahay milomano ihany no maty an-drano.*  
Hou jouself dop Van der Opstel, jou eie hond sal jou by die koggelkanaal wegverslind!  
Daar inboorling woorde het weggeglip!

Liewer, is "weggesleep." Ons nederlaag van meegesteurdes. Tjoekkietjankendes, toe Oos Wes Matthijs Bes, Hansperd en Slimjaan gefoeter voor die fort. Schande me in de steek. Bieboudjies weggekwyn onder die gek van die gehuggie, liewer as versteek op 'n skeep. My weg-streek. Laat jou lewer oordliëe loop! Waarom wil niemand mij meer horen tussen al dit wegpompen? Die Selentos nedersetting is tog amper so jonk

soos ek! Vir al die gesange weggepiep in my naam soek elkeen nogmaals waar hy staan.

Verwittig die samevloeing raak weggeraap!

Waar is al die rivier se eilande, Hênog?

*Na die plek waarheen die riviere loop..., loop hulle altyd weer daarheen? Wat anders as wegflits en verwarring verwag jy van die verarmde ende genoegzaam*

*zieltogende colonie se bruyshende stroom, Bibbertjie?*

Gooi-allamagtig weegskale weg! Dis meul op ons water! Hoekom meet jy jou rus nie aan die drinkbaarheid van die tuimeldeur-samevloeing nie? Spring in die afvoersloot rondom jou kultuur. Bestorm die oewerowerhede! Daar is gras in die slang! Bekeer jou keerwal! Gun ons twisgierigetiens grond! Laat berge tuislangs deurtuimel! Val met die huis die deur-samevloeing in. Raak vlot in vloede – dit is net die rivier se onthou! Gly jou tong oor die rivierbodetempering. Spreek in krappe van vergelyking. Knyp oop jou taal. Tuimeldeur plaveiselplase! Moenie die bars bottel nie! Daar is 'n stem in jou kraak! Tuimeldeur dromme vol verharding! Tuimeldeur geutgiere! Tuimeldeurspoel verstrooidakke! Gesinkdakke! Aanteëldakke! Ontstuimeldeur bedpandokdakke! Steek jou dak in jou leupels! Betuimeldeur sonpaneelkloppers! Aan de zon behoort de wijngaardscheut? Tuimeldeur skyn uitkombuise! Betuimeldeur bars stoepsittingstye! Stoelagteruitgang! Watertandvreklekkedrekslyke! Betuimeldeur braak sementmengelslaai! Betuimeldeur braak Biehoudoors! Betuimeldeur dink Biebouwoors! Wie grond gooi, verloor modder! Maak jou paaie teer, mein Hänschen! Gooi water in die geld! Klippe oor die stadig! Slaan situasie uit die munt! Kelder kelders! *Aoka ny fitiavanareo ho tahaka ny erika, kely fiavy fa maha tondraka reninaro.* Tuimeldeur drink die seekoei se kroon. Het jy geen voete onder jou grond nie? Offer-Hen, die Eerste-otters roep: *Sis, Hah!, glip aan die tuimeldeurgang-samevloeing se rokjas.* Tuimeldeurvoer poele verdiepings dieper. Maak seesand jou linnekraag! *Hah!, Sis!* Wat die mond van vol is, loop die hart van oor! Tuimeldeur dring-dinkgang-braakdrink-skynspoel-blaaivoer-ervloeinguitspanselmondings!

Hoor-Hen, tuimelsaam!

# Tumble-through-confluence

Abri de Swardt  
translated by Annel Pieterse

HEN: "Gone." Thus am I written up in the census record. Written off in a single word. Beaten down with ink and feather. Never-no-one-else banished. Good old Hendrik Biebouw: "Gone."

Rather, "hide-away-and-gone-seek." Sneaky with my suffixes. Irreverent Biebouw's one. His way-found fantasy. Beyond De Wagenweg to the Cape, past that blasted mill. Here by the tumble-through-confluence gone, seeking my way. Nether-First, Bieboulevard.

Goodness gasping-Hen, why do they keep keeping waters always-apart? Man draws stone from water. Hiding thus the meat of bitter fruit. But taste hydro-pressed Hen, the tumble-through-confluence contaminates and sours. To the left, seemingly left unseen, the seeds of a Nether-industry, Biebouw-ruined, branch of impoverishment: Plankenbrug's plank-beaten-with-a-name river. To the right, at hand, gloriously-glazed leg of Biebouw, pleasure passage: The Eerste name-is-a-stake river. Still, the taste: same harvest. Farmed for stormwater. The old make-a-plan: "confluence: clear away."

"Broke away", more like. Hen-oppressed knows where the pinch shoes him. Did you spot the B-team moving through the grapevines to the mill? Three sheets to the wind on badly sown seed. A dog-tired bachelor quartet: yours truly Hen-blood-pressure, my Hans harlequin, Jan-mate and his Matt-home-match. We could no longer rug it under the sweep. Water calls to water: "Willem Adriaan van der Tea-set's days are numbered!" Willem van der Orange exposes us to his orange syrup: "here we have *chenin*, *blue muscadel* or *Catalonia*, the *small blue grape* and the *crystal grape*." Each want has his fool. Hans-my-man simply Company-compost for the refreshment monopoly.

Can you hear the clamour at the core of the cottage industry? Will-hampers bailing out. This mill keeps our heads under water! Bumper Biebreaker and Jan Scoundrel dammed up the mill-cog. Hans-quit-clowning Matt-heeled the Mill wheel. You do realise that the river does not break for lunch? We're going berserk in our birthday suits. Demonstrating anatomy lessons on plump burlap bags. Loaded on Adam-can't-touch-this-brew. Or were we giddy with gut cramps and dike breaks? Cast your water on the bread. Fool around with relationships among ownerships. Become pollinated and initiated by the flour of Sebastitan. Practice assbakery. Called his little Hans-pressed. Him, my First-Hans. Dummied with Hans-honey, along the river *under the drowsy bunches of his laughter.*

"Eat it!" our flour-self nebula implodes. Struck away starkly by Johan Bee Nest. The staple-food-merry-go-rounds still sinewy white. Go tell the adjuster! "Get lost you ruffians!" warns Wildebosch's cane in the Johan Nest Egg. The squirming-away hit loose of wet ears. Cor-Matt foam between his toes. Still our march of bubbling flutes resounds: "Every candied caning hour brings astral years of flooding! Will-knives whiffs of troubleshot tight spots. Europe is your hot potato!" "Piss off, wastrels!" From the hell's bile-scabrous palpitations of motherless ferment I calablast: "I will not leave, I am an Afrikaan, even if the landdrost beats me to death, or puts me in jail, I shall not and will not shut up!" Teeny mouse has birthed a mountain!

What a bodice-ripper, Hen-misprint! The wall is on the writing. Rather, "bounced away." Waters catch the world, mixing it irrevocably up. *Built near the waterworks, only children and drunkards tell the truth.* What then of riverside timber-knee juicy children like me? Were you still bending for your bundle? Churk away fatherland exceptionalism! Sink away mainland damnation! Through kitchen-mattress dreams she who was named away Diana at Boina Bay, my big sister's mother, mutters: *The ones who know how to swim are the ones who sink.* Watch yourself, Van der Thesis, your own dogs will devour you at the mocking stream! Those native words have slipped away!

Or rather, were "dragged away." Our overthrow of cast aways.

Cry-baby convicts, then East West, Matt-home-is-best, Hans Horse and Jan Clever-Clogs were flogged at the fort. Groined in the kick. Biebumses withering away in the hiccups of a hovel, rather than stowed away in the ship's hold. My lost-streak. Let your liver run over the flies! Why in all this siphoned away discharge will no one hear me out anymore? Surely the Stellentoss settlement is almost as young as me! For all the hymns peeped away in my name, every one still seeks where he stands. Notify the confluence is being borne away!

Where are all the river's islands, Hen-more?

*To the place where the rivers run... do they always run there again? What more than fleetingness and confusion can you expect of the impoverished and soul-destroying colony's burbling stream, dear Bibber?*

Cast-Almighty scales away! It's mill on our water! Why not measure your rest by the drinkability of the tumble-through-confluence? Jump in the drainage-ditch around your culture. Storm the embankment officials! There is grass in the snake. Convert your culverts!

Grant us troublesome teens some land! Let mountains tumble through homewards. Dive into the through-confluence head first! Become fluent in floods - it is just the water's remembering! Glide your tongue over the riverbed-tempering. Speak in debris of comparison. Pinch your language open. Tumble-through pavement producers. Don't bottle the burst! There is a voice in your crack! Tumble-through cans full of callousing! Tumble-through gutter-gimmicks! Tumble-through-swirl strew roofs! Sunk roofs! Multiplywood-roofs! Tumult-through bed-pandering roofs! Bucket the kick! Tumbled by solar-panel beaters! Does the vine-shoot belong to the sun? Tumble-shine-through outkitchens! Tumble-burst-through stoepsitting-times! Stool decline! Finger-licking-frigging-good-faecal-silt! Tumble-break-spew cement-mixed-salad! Tumble-breakthrough-Bieboudoirs! Tumble-think-through Biebouw-fever! Whoever slings earth loses mud! Tender your roads, mein Hänschen! Cast water in the money! Horse your holds! Take situation of the advantage! Sink the cellars! *Let your love come softly like misty rains flooding the river.* Tumble-soaked-through the hippo's crown. Have you no feet beneath your ground? Offer-Hen, the First-otters call: *Sis, Hah!, slip on the tumble-through-confluence's dress-coat.* Tumble-feed-trough-pools fathoms deeper. *Make sea sand your linen collar! Hah!, Sis!* Out of the abundance of the mouth the heart speaketh! Tumble pierce-through thought-stream spew-drinking shine-swilling page-feeding away-flowing firmament-mouths!

Hear-Hen, tumble along!



# Doppelganger

Ronelda S. Kamfer

*And still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little peace?  
It's war on the streets and the war in the Middle East.*

—Tupac Shakur, "Changes"

*Said, "Hey, little boy, you can't go where the others go  
'Cause you don't look like they do"  
Said, "Hey, old man, how can you stand to think that way?  
Did you really think about it before you made the rules?"  
He said, "Son"  
That's just the way it is  
Some things will never change  
That's just the way it is.*

- Bruce Hornsby, "That's just the way it is"

"Ronelda, stap gou vi my Baghdad toe." My ma druk haa regte hand in haa linke bôse en krap rond virrie slap beusie wat êrens daa onne snug en opgekrul lê. Sy lies my hangende gevriet as silent protest en begin barter. Sugend sê sy, "Gan kyk of hulle aartappels by Afghanistan het, maar as daa nie issie, stap vi my Baghdad toe. Ek gan mossie alleen eetie." My ma wiet Afghanistan vekoepie aartappels nie. Sy wil my net die illusion van choice gee. Maa is okay, wan sy lies my gesig vekeerd, It issie dat ek nie wil Baghdad toe gannie, ek wil nêrens toe gannie. Unless iemand sê ons trek nou uit Eeste Rivier. Afghanistan is nader, maa Baghdad is inne area wat politically 'n bietjie meer stable is. Met politically bedoel ek, die gangsters wat oor die area regeer fight minner met mekaar. Die dag wat Afghanistan oepmaak, toe staan die owner vannie winkel mette AK47 op die winkel se stoep. Om te signal hy is gereed vi oolog. Die winkel se naam is eintlik maa net Beverly Superette, venoem na die straat waa it opgesit is. Ôs noemit Afghanistan omdat die owners lang baarde het, buite hulle winkel sit met assault rifles en generally kwaad en intense is soos mense wie nou Jihad gaan maak. Afghanistan issie

winkel vi jou klein everyday goedjies en Baghdad is die een waa jy jou jou serious shopping doen-die ghetto weergawe van 'n supermarket. Baghdad se naam is nie ripped uit the annals of caricature nie, dai is die winkel se actual naam.

Ek stap met my Walkman aan, skop klein kroopies rond soes mense inne hurricane offe plek waa hulle nie sê het oo hoe vandag of more gan lykie. As mense jou kyk, begin hulle gewoonlik by jou gesig en beweeg starag onnetoe. Maa as jy my soe lies, lies jy my vekeed. Vi my moet jy begin opsom van my voete af, bbeende. Ascending order. My Converse lyk soes iets wat die laaste oolog survive et, 'n grys wat stop net voorit swat wôd, die once wit nieste, Jackson Pollacks met modder en sand gepaint. Tussen my dagga blaar hangertjie en my secret socks is noise: 'n washed out jeans wat gecover is tottie knieë mette oorgroot baseball top wat een shade of blue donkerder is as die jeans. Die look skree, ignore me. 'n Deterrent vi mans wat in attack mode gan as hulle 'n stukkie vel sien. My gesig is placid, 'n mess van blou hare, wat als cover behalwe my mond, soes Batman se costume. Maa die mond is als, die mean trek rondom my lippe, en die vyl language vi elkeen wat tyd het omme comment te maak. My mond sê moenie met my fokkie selfs wanneer dit nie beweeg ie. Al my vulnerability lê in my voete. My skoene wat krom draai al soos iemand wie se rug af is. Die scars van 'n tyd en plek.

Ek stap en dink oor die feit dat mense altyd sê dat jou doppelganger èrens daar buite in die wereld is en dat julle nooit sal meet nie. Dit moet sieke waar wees, want die mense van die Middle East sal nooit imagine dat hulle plekke se ewebeeld lê in 'n vuil township in Suid Afrika nie. Eesterivier het als omme lookalike kintetisiese te wen, daai sand wat soe dans in die wind, huise wat lyk asof dit narrowly 'n bomb gemis het. Gunshots wat die mure strooi soos liggies op 'n smis. Militias wat op hulle hurke op hoekies sit, altyd gereed om dood te gee. Dan is daar die water wat die heet tyd loop, elke straat iets wat lek, 'n pye wat gebars het en 'n riviertak vorm deur die swart teer. Dan het ons sulke ridiculously lang slotte, elke township het, groot en stink en vol villis met slimey groen moswater wat netso verlore is soos die mense. Ek is amper by Afghanistan wat ek besef ek stap vekeerd, ek was oppad Baghdad toe. Dit

Dit kom van ingedagte loop. Is okay, ek cross somme oorie veldjie dan is ek wee oppie regte pad. Soos jy instap byrie veldjie sit daa altyd ayas wat dagga rook. 'n Aya is soos 'n forest spirits wattie parkie protect. Jy interact nie met hulle nie, maar as hulle daar sit weet jy gewoonlik dis safe om te cross. Ayas negate die negativity met dai peace pipes wat hulle heeldag sit en roek. Daar wat hulle nou sit, het ek eenkeer gesien iemand skiet sy beste vriend dood, omdat hy die bier glasië laat val net. Verder op, oorie gras staan die jungle gym waar my nefie eendag gesweer het hy het my doppelganger gesien het. Daai was maklik tien jaar trug otmeer.

"Daa is 'n meisie byrie parkie wat netsoes jou lyk," se Branton uitasem en lean tienie half oop kombuis deur.

"Kakpraatie, hie issie 'n parkie nie," antwoord ek.

"Jy! Jy wiet wat ek van raat, die lantjie, die grasperkie waa die dead bodies gegooi wôd."

"Een dead body Branton, julle like oordryf."

"Wat wiet jy Ronelda? Maybe was daa dead bodies gegooi in die ou day...voo hie mense gebly et."

"Eesterivie, was 'n plaas..."

"Exactly, 'n plaas en wat kry jy op 'n plaas?..."

Branton waggie virre responsele, "n Gat in die grond....daai kry jy oppe plaas." Branton, staan hand oppie heur asof hy my nou op my plek gesit et. Al wat ek dink is jirre, platneus, waavan paat jy?

Daai is hoe ek uitgevind het van my niggie Sierra, die meisie byrie parkie wat soes ek lyk.

Ôs is gebore oppie selfde dag, hy ma se suster wat Tulbagh toe getrek het en haa kinders grootgemaak et va weg van die Kaap af. Matric jaar toe wôd ôs beste vriende, ek, sy en Branton.

## Eersterivier en Eersterivie Doppelganger 2

"Klomp piekke net dieselfde name," sê Essie terwyl ons wegstiek vir die gaurdjies op Stellenbosch stasie.

Ons het train gesteel uit Eersterivier om in 'n boutique te window shop vir matric afskeid, die twee wit anties in die winkel lyk soos De Klerk se vrou, maar cute. Hulle groet ons sonder daai usual suspicion wat ons kry as ons in winkels in stap.

"Haai, julle jongmeisies en jonge heer! Waarmee kan ons vandag help," sê die een vriendelik.

"Ôs kyk maa net mevrou, ôs is in matriek," sê Sierra.

"Oooh geluk, julle, waar gaan julle skool?" Vra die ander een.

"Eersterivier," antwoord ek.

"Wil julle poppies nou vir my sê julle gaan skool langs die Eersterivier?" vra sy en begin sag lag. "Nee tannie, die plek, Eersterivier ons kom vanaf daar," sê ek.

"Oh gaats, ek is ook lekker stupid" lag die tannie.

Sy compose haarself en sê "Die rivier, Eersterivier loop deur Stellenbosch, skuus julle," lag sy.

Ons gesels nog 'n rukkie en besef, die klere is uit ons single parent income se budgets al het ons almal twee parents en sê vir die tannies mooi bye. Branton, raak annoyed want ons wil nie Markhams toe gaan saam met hom nie. Is weird, meisies in 'n mans winkel, is weird, ek dink nie een van ons ken mans nie, net ons pa's, but dad's is nie regtig mans in ons huise nie ek en Branton se pa's is chillers, boring as fuck. Essie se pa is 'n criminal. End of story. Sierra se pa, my sad uncle, is 'n sadboi, die ienigste man wat ek al sien huil het oor hy sad is en nie oor hy humiliated of kwaad is nie.

Branton met sy uncle Fester skouers en tilted posture soos 'n Norman Rockwell painting, se masculinity lê alles in sy skoolskoene, polished en weathered. Die res van hom is soos ons, pure kind. Oor 'n paar maande is ons 18 en ek weet nie een van ons wil 18 wees nie.

Ons stap terug stasie toe en tussen die strate van Stellenbosch wat groot en skoon is.

Ek kan nie help om te dink hoe dit 100 jaar gelede moes gelyk het nie, al die ou bome, al die ou geld, al die ou haat.

Ons klim uit die train op Eersterivier stasie, my Branton en Essie klim in 'n Electric City taxi en ek en Sierra klim in die Green taxi, die gaurdjie vra "next stop"

Ek sê "Baghdad," en betaal hom in R1 coins.

"Julle moen safe stap, Eersterivier is deurmekaa."

Die wêreld is deumekaa, dink ek by myself, ek loop langs die sloot naby my huis en dink, is die water van die Eersterivier of is die Eeste rivier se water.

# Doppelganger

Ronelda S. Kamfer  
Translated by Nathan Trantaal

*And still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little peace?  
It's war on the streets and the war in the Middle East.*

—Tupac Shakur, "Changes"

*Said, "Hey, little boy, you can't go where the others go  
'Cause you don't look like they do"  
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Did you really think about it before you made the rules?"  
He said, "Son"  
That's just the way it is  
Some things will never change  
That's just the way it is.*

—Bruce Hornsby, "That's just the way it is"

"Ronelda, walk to Baghdad for me quickly." My mother puts her right hand in her left bosom and fiddles around for the limp little wallet hidden somewhere between her breast and armpit. She sees my miserable facial expression as silent protest and starts bartering. Sighing, she says, "Let's see if they have potatoes in Afghanistan, but if they don't, walk to Baghdad." Fix your face, I'm not going to eat alone." My mother knows they don't sell potatoes in Afghanistan. She just wants to give me the illusion of choice. But its okay, if she reads my face that way, it's not that I don't want to go to Baghdad, specifically, I don't want to go anywhere. Unless someone says we're moving out of Eeste Rivier now. Afghanistan is closer, but Baghdad is in an area that is politically a little more stable. By politically I mean, the gangsters who rule the area fight less with each other. The day Afghanistan opened, the owner of the shop stood with an AK47 on the shop's porch. To signal he is ready for war. The store's name is actually just Beverly Superette, named after the street where it is set up. It is called Afghanistan because the owners have long

beards, sit outside their shop with assault rifles and are generally angry and intense like people who are now going to do Jihad. Afghanistan is the shop for your little everyday things and Baghdad is the one where you do your serious shopping - the ghetto version of a supermarket. Baghdad's name is not ripped from the annals of caricature, it is the shop's actual name.

I walk on with my Walkman, kicking small stones around the way people do in a hurricane or place where they don't have a say about how today or tomorrow's gonna look like. When people look at you, they usually start at your face and move towards your feet. But if you want to read me, you have to start summarizing from my feet up. Ascending order. My Converse looks like something that survived the last war, the colour is gray in the early stages of aging not gracefully, the once white toe caps are Jackson Pollacks painted with mud and sand. Between my marijuana leaf pendant and my secret socks is noise: a washed-out jeans that is covered up to the knees with an oversized baseball top that is one shade of blue darker than the jeans. The look screams, 'ignore me'. A deterrent for men who go into attack mode when they see a piece of skin. My face is placid, a mess of blue hair, which covers everything but my mouth, like Batman's costume. But the mouth is everything, the mean pull around my lips, and the filthy language for everyone who has time to make a comment. My mouth says don't fuck with me even when it doesn't move. All my vulnerability lies in my feet. My crooked shoes are bent like someone whose back is broken. The scars of a time and place.

I walk and think about the fact that people always say that your Doppelgänger is somewhere out there in the world and that you will never meet. It must be sickeningly true, because the people of the Middle East would never imagine that their place's counterpart lies in a dirty township in South Africa. Eeste River has everything to win a lookalike competition, the sand that dances in the wind, houses that look as if they narrowly missed a bomb. Gunshots sprinkling the walls like Christmas lights. Militias squatting on corners, always ready to die. Then there is the water that runs all the time, every street something leaking, a pipe that burst and formed a river branch through the black tar. Then we have such ridiculously long ditches, every township has, big and smelly and full of trash with slimey green moss water that is just as lost as the people. I'm almost at Afghanistan when I realize I'm walking in

the wrong direction, I was on my way to Baghdad. It comes from dissociating while walking. It's okay, I cross a little field then I'm on the right road.

As you walk into the small field, there are always aya's smoking marijuana. An Aya is like a forest spirit who protects the parkie. You don't interact with them, but if they sit there, you usually know it's safe to cross. Aya's negate the negativity with those peace pipes that they sit and smoke all day. Where they are sitting now, I once saw someone shoot his best friend dead, because he dropped the beer glass. Further up, over the grass is the jungle gym where my nephew swore one day he saw my doppelganger. That was years ago.

"There's a girl by the parkie who looks just like you," said Branton out of breath and leaned through the half-open kitchen door.

"Bullshit, this isn't a park," I replied.

"Yoh, You know what I'm talking about, the lawn, the lawn where the dead bodies were thrown."

"A dead body Branton, you always exaggerate."

"What do you know Ronelda? Maybe dead bodies were thrown there in the old days, before people lived here."

"Esterivie, was a farm..."

"Exactly, a farm and what do you get on a farm?..."

Branton does not wait for the response, "A hole in the ground.... that's what you get on a farm."

Branton stands there, hand on hip as if he was putting me in my place. All I can think is jirre, flat nose, what are you talking about?

That's how I found out about my cousin Sierra, the girl by the parkie who looks like me.

We were born on the same day, my mother's sister who moved to Tulbagh and raised her children far away from the Cape Flats.

Matric was the year we became best friends, me, her and Branton.



## Eerster River and Eersterivie Doppelganger 2

"Lots of places have the same names," says Essie as we hide from the security at Stellenbosch station.

We stole train from Eersterivier to window shop for matric farewell dresses in a boutique, the two white aunts in the shop look like De Klerk's wife, but cute. They greet us without the usual suspicion we get when we walk into shops.

"Hey, you young ladies and young gentlemen! What can we help with today," says the one kindly.

"Just looking man, just looking we are in matric," says Sierra.

"Oooh congratulations, you guys, where do you go to school?" Asked the other one.

"Eersterivie," I replied.

"Now do you babies want to tell me you go to school next to the Eersterivier?" she asked and started laughing softly. "No auntie, the place, Eersterivier we come from there," I say.

"Oh my goodness, I'm very stupid" she laughs.

She composed herself and said "The river, Eersterivier runs through Stellenbosch, excuse my ignorance," she laughs again.

We talk for a while longer and realize that the clothes are out of our single parent income's budgets even though we all have two parents and say goodbye to the aunts. Branton, getting annoyed because we don't want to go to Markhams with him. Its weird, girls in a men's store, is weird, I don't think any of us know men, only our dads, but dad's aren't really men in our houses, me and Branton's dads are chillers, boring as fuck. Essie's father is a criminal. End of story. Sierra's father, my sad uncle, is a sad boy, the only man I have ever seen cry because he is sad and not because he is humiliated or angry. Branton with his uncle Fester shoulders and tilted posture like a Norman

Rockwell painting, his masculinity is all in his school shoes, polished and weathered. The rest of him is like us, pure child. In a few months we will be 18 and I don't know that either of us wants to be 18.

We walk back to the station and the streets of Stellenbosch are big and clean. I can't help thinking how it must have looked 100 years ago, all the old trees, all the old money, all the old hate.

We get off the train at Eersterivier station, Branton and Essie get into an Electric City taxi and Sierra and I get into the Green taxi, the *guardjie* asks "next stop"

I say "Baghdad," and pay him in R1 coins.

"You have to walk carefully, Eersterivier is messed up," the sliding door operator warns us.

The world is crazy, I think to myself, I walk along the ditch near my house and think, is the water from the Eerste River or is it the Eeste River's water.

## Faure pad/ 'ienige iets Heilig

Ronelda S. Kamfer

Ons ry met die Faure pad  
oppad Macassar toe  
die pad is donker  
al is dit in die middel van die dag  
remind dit my van 'n Scandinavian forest  
soos hulle in films lyk  
die prostitutes line die pad saam die Port Jackson  
invaders soos die colonizers  
die bome groei orals even oppad na holyground  
ons stop in Kramat road en my ma sug,  
"jirre kyk hoe mooi lyk dit hie"  
nog nooit het ek iets so sad maar so mooi gesien nie  
ek sit in stilte want ek was nog nooit  
so naby ienige iets heilig nie  
die vuil en donker pad  
lined met broken mense  
lead us tot hier  
ons klim in die kar  
en ry verder Macassar toe  
innie skiem  
waar ek gebore is  
ver van ienige iets heilig af

## Faure road/ anything Sacred

Ronelda S. Kamfer  
Translated by Nathan Trantraal

We drive along the Faure road  
towards Macassar when  
the road is dark  
even though it's in the middle of the day  
it reminds me of a Scandinavian forest  
like they look like in movies  
the prostitutes line the road with the Port Jackson  
invaders like the colonizers  
the trees grow everywhere even on the way to holy ground  
we stop in Kramat road and my mother sighs,  
"look how beautiful it looks here"  
never have I seen something so sad but so beautiful  
I sit it in silence because I have never been  
so close to anything sacred  
the dirty and dark road  
lined with broken people  
lead us here  
we get in the car  
and drive on to Macassar  
to the skim where I  
was born  
far from anything holy

# Crossings

Sarah Jappie

[*Sung to the tune of Abdullah Ibrahim's "Kramat"*] Hoe gaan die padjie na die Kramat toe? Na die Kramat toe?

## I. Sak...En...Pak

[Narrator] It is heavily laden, with goods, hopes, regrets. From the first 50 banished there over 300 years ago, to the pilgrims and tourists of today, the road is *loaded*, especially once the autumn chill descends.

[Voice of an older man]: In the old days, at Easter Time the community would go to the kramat by Macassar. We used to gather at a meeting point. There would be organisers who arranged a lorrie and a tent and we would pay them a fee, maybe 2 pounds or three pounds. They would go *sak en pak*.

[Voice of older woman 1]: We brought everything with, but if we wanted milk, we had walk to the farm far across that field to buy milk from the boer. Yes, the boer used to sell us milk.

[voice of older man] The whole of District Six would go. And if you didn't go and camp there you would certainly go and visit. Some people left the Thursday. Or the young and more adventurous would go on a Saturday evening. The kramat was by the way, we went there to *jol*, you know.

*Hoe gaan die padjie na die Kramat toe?*

[Voice of older woman 2]: No, no. We certainly didn't go there. My father wouldn't allow it: it was far too dangerous, it was for the lower classes. And nothing good ever happened there.

[Voice of older man]: The things weren't exactly primitive, but they were usable. People made do. There was running water in the little river - it flows through Faure - and people would do their washing there. It wasn't uncommon to see people washing themselves from pails of water.

[Voice of older woman caretaker]: There was nothing there. It was just dark, people had to make fires. We used to take the reeds to sell it so that people can sleep on there. There was no *thikr*, just singing and dancing. Now everything has changed.

[Voice of older woman 1]: Back then, these sand hills were like huge white mountains. Not so small like now. They were bright white mountains.

[Voice of older man]: Oh yes, the dunes were a happy hunting spot for adventure seekers. People didn't encourage their children to go there: it was dangerous and there was no parental control.

NOW, the Sunday afternoon stroll along the *kali*, THAT was like a fashion show, you know. Just everybody who was anybody was there on the Sunday afternoon by the *kali*.

[Voice of older woman caretaker]: Now everything has changed, it's no more the same.

[Voice of older man and his wife]: We are the last of the Mohicans. Our areas are middle class - you won't get anyone here who goes to kramat. You know our children, they spend their time at the Lord Chales.

[Voice of older woman caretaker]: No more the same.

*Na die Kraaaa-maaaaa toooooe?*

## II. The big one

*It is extremely inaccessible. It is at the top of a little mound, I suppose a few... miles short of Somerset West, leading across the Flats. In order to get to it from the road or the railway it is necessary to cross the Eerste River, and consequently in the summer there is no great difficulty in doing that. A contract[or] would have to cart a lot of heavy material and it is necessary for him to do the carting when there is very little water in the river. That explains why the question of the rains was raised.* (Cape Archives CSC Z/1/1/1107 Ref: 83, from Testimony of F.K. Kendall, June 22 1927)

[Narrator]: Heavy materials became a quietly imposing tomb, green-domed and white-washed, at once out of place and creating it. [In the voice of the old man in the section above] *But remember, for the jolers, it was by-the-way.*

Unlike the campers and the fortune-seekers, Aunty B has been a lifelong resident of *kramat*:

[female caretaker's voice]: *When I was small there was no water, no electricity. It was just dark, dark, dark here. That time there was a little bridge and only one car could go over. It was the most wonderful experience ever because we had nothing, but that hard life made us better people. We had a tough time I'm telling you, but it was lekker.*

Aunty B traverses the flatland below and makes her way up to the top of the little mound 4 or 5 times a day, around the time of each daily prayer. While the saint takes care of pilgrims, she takes care of his resting place: cleaning, touching up, observing the goings-on. [female caretaker's voice] *I can see what the people is doing, with what they go in, how they come out.*

She has witnessed the visitors come and go, and lived through the heavy rains...watching the river burst its banks, in turn flooding the surrounding fields, bringing some calamity with it to the small community living

at the bottom of the hill. [voice of older female caretaker] *It was always high, the water.*

In the holy months, the *kramat* overflows with devotees. [voice of older female caretaker] *But you also get the regulars that come every week – I know them by face.* Seeking the intercession of this saintly threshold in and out of time, their mouths utter prayers destined to be heard – answered even – on the other side. Their supplications build up like strata of spiritual sediment, materialized as a new, colourful [in the voice of the architect] *little mound* of ritual cloths piled high upon each other. An exercise in excavation reveals objects of desire – the buried offerings between the folds:

Letters  
Teeth  
Panties

[female caretaker's voice] *Everytime it's the same... It's unbelievable the stuff you get in there.*

Why do they come here exactly? [female caretaker's voice] *This is mos the big one, Shaykh Yusuf.*

She relights the incense and then recalls that some people say they've seen "him" in the area. [female caretaker's voice] *He goes to the river to make his ablutions.*

### III. In his footsteps

Narrator: "Him"...The green-cloaked apparition that roamed the hills by False Bay. *De Moose Papp*, Grandson of Gallarang Mancongloe. The noble *perantau* banished across the oceans. The bones whose exact location remains a mystery. *Tuanta Salamaka*.

[female caretaker's voice] *But you know, those visitors say the *Turang* is that side, he's not buried here. Everyone comes here with a different story.*

[Makassarese noble]: Kamma anne caritangku nakke. Anrinniak ammenteng ri birinna binangaya nakukkutaknang ri batang kalengkana. *Apa nakasiak anrinni? Apa napare siagang bijanna anrinni, na bella kamma battu riassalakna? Apa memang Tuanta niaki anrinni? Tenamo na kuassengangi.*

*(My story goes like this: I stood at the edge and I thought to myself what did he see here? What did he and his family do here, so far away from home? Was he there? I don't know.)*

Riolo kabarakna sekreji karemeng nialle battu ri kuburukna anjo nampa pajjappanna aklimbang tamparang, anjo karemenga atimbo-timboi sanggenna akkalepui ammotere. Rupa tawwa angkana taklanna niaki anrinni, songkokna niaki ri Mangkasara, bilang-bilangna niaki ri Sri Lanka. Jari Tuanta Salamaka niaki kema - kema. Ri Mangkasara anjoeng, ri Mangkasara anrinni poeng.

*(As the story goes only his finger was taken from the grave and as the boat that carried it [narrator: De Spiegel or De Liefde?] crossed the waters, it grew and grew until the whole body appeared once more. Others say his tongkat is here, his peci is in Makassar, the tasbih is in Sri Lanka. So, he is everywhere. In that Makassar, in our Makassar too.)*

*Bagaimana jalan ke makam keramatnya? Makam keramatnya?*

[Makassarese noble]: Siratangi punna tau Mangkasarakaka eroki mae azziarah anrinni. Ingka, tena nakamma kabusuk taua sawe mae anrinni, anjappai tampa-tampana Tuanta. Kulangngerek angkana jekneka anrinni nibarakkaki, jari takkulleaki tangngalle sibotolo jekneka ri tenanapa nimmoterek battu ri se'rea kampung.

*(It's only natural that we would want to see this place where Tuanta once was. But not all of us will ever be able to visit here. To follow in his footsteps. Someone told me the water was blessed, so I had to collect some of it. To carry it back from the rantau.)*

*Bagaimana jalan ke makam keramat-nyaaaaa? Makam keramaamaaatnyaaaaa?*



# Resolution

Saarah Jappie

Everything begins with a *nyya*  
Whether by the bank or the opening  
We stand at attention

Hands, three times  
*Se're. Rua. Tallu.*  
Delve beneath the surface  
Fingers freezing as you pull them out at the root

Mouth, three times  
*Satu. Dua. Tiga.*  
Open wide as they stream in  
Tongue bleeding, twisted into adaptation

Nose, three times.  
*Een. Twee. Drie.*  
Catch and then release  
Lungs *resisting* as the decay sets in

And so on.

Currents and *kak*  
Sand hills and *stukkende* stories  
Absolve yourself  
Let it all wash away

# Endless Song

Abri de Swardt  
For choral transposition

*The nymphs of the First River have long left in endless Januaries – Ridder Thirst*

**Endless Januaries (voice One & Three):**

*For Endless Januaries we retreat in your river mouth,  
Upon the cradle of our ancestral sanatorium,  
To return to you all your pillaged sweetness's*

*Embalmed in the commons of your recesses and particles,  
We sip fine vapours that escape from whatever does the living  
So we can divine the swell of your names unsung and unnumbered,  
For neither firsts nor lasts will blanket shoals swallowing sequence and chronology:*

Names like

**Endless Januaries (all voices):**

Aams, Ammams, Areams, Ariamsas,  
Aroam, Aroroams, Aruguams, Auchaamas,  
Gaams, Gaamskaris, Gamams, Ganaams,  
Garibams, Garinams, Gobeooms, Houniams,  
Huams, Huniachaamis, Hunjams, Karaam,  
Kcharugyeamseb, Koams, Kumsis, Kuruams,  
Naiams, Naochaamis, Narachaams, Nuaums,  
Nubuams, Oamseb, Oiams, Umkchamma

**Endless Januaries (Voice Two & Four):**

Your mouth undergoes underdetermination –  
underlives undertow –  
Under the gun, under the hammer, under the name

Your mouth undercuts undernourishment  
under the auspices of underworlds  
Under the hatches, under the weather, under the skin

You undertaker underdeliver understanding  
under the table, under the influence, under siege

You understudy underthrusting,  
Sunder the gun, sunder the hammer, sunder the hatches, sunder the skin,  
sunder the influence, sunder the weather,  
sunder your name

**Endless Januaries (Voice Two & Three):**

We ooze your turns of phrase  
which braid bridges and beach embankments,  
For centuries unswimeable, where *element nor implement are seen*

For the *je ne sais quoi* bandits who harbour plagues in garments, temper each other into toilets,  
saturate spill surplus, writhe remedies to *ma se* concentrations bereaving effect,  
Will side with your shallows to reside in names sunken, like  
*the love that is made in the dunes*

For the gust that never carried the coal from the magistrate's pipe,  
Neither quells the insurrection of underwhelmed school of Southern mullet, legion of Ghost  
frog, parcel of Black oystercatcher, romp of Clawless otter, harem of Elephant seal, and ball of  
Pink earth snake  
Each miniscule meandering, a queer epoch contains  
Each wretched arrival, mere ebbs in brine

**Endless Januaries (Voice Three & Four):**

Hier Bot Klein Mossel Onrus,  
Hier Berg Kleineiland Keyzers,  
Hier Ratel Malgate Haelkraal,  
Hier Langverwacht Bottelary Klippiers,  
Hier Crook Storms Bonte Baakens Schoongesig,  
Hier Spoeg Holgat Bitter Swartlintjies Groen

**Endless Januaries (Voice One, Two & Three):**

Your mouth is a marooned pool of tongues  
Your mouth is an extravagant nursery

**Endless Januaries (all voices):**

Your mouth is a songbook of dissolutions,  
Your mouth is a wreath of front teeth,  
Your mouth channels winds for unbecoming, salt for  
salutations, tides for fortitude  
Your mouth, Mbokodweni, gargles granite and shale,  
bleach and whale,  
bidet and grail, *(A place of rocks)*  
Your mouth, where *only the valiant of voluptuousness drink*

**Endless Januaries (Voice Two, Three, & Four):**

Your mouth is under consideration under protest  
Your mouth is undersubscribed under one's breath

**Endless Januaries (Voice Three & Four):**

Your mouth is Hier Krom Modder

Your mouth is Sundays Gxwaleni

*(A place of moaning)*

**Endless Januaries (Voice One, Three & Four):**

Your mouth is an archive of toxicity

Your mouth is a bedpan manifesto

Your mouth is a mausoleum of clouds

Your mouth is a theatre of troughs

Your mouth whispers names like Shwele shwele

Your mouth is *snug en opgekrul*

Your mouth is *no more the same*

Your mouth sings without tongue, tooth or lip

*(Forgive me, Forgive me)*

**Endless Januaries (Two):**

Your mouth is under no circumstances under a spell.

**Endless Januaries (all voices):**

Your mouth may be greatly out of alignment with your river  
Your mouth is, at heart, choked

Your mouth is under your toes  
Your mouth will soon be *oorals oor*

**Endless Januaries (all voices):**

Your mouth laps names undercover, understated  
like Siyaya, Sezela, Siyageleza //amma Khama  
like Eerste, Seerste, See

*(We are going, we have come, we are flowing as if waters)*

**Endless Januaries (all voices):**

Like the throat leaving the mouth,  
the throat is out the mouth

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