I AM AN AFRIKANER WOMAN

Sindiwe Magona
University of the Western Cape

DISLOCATING WOMEN
In the run up to the first truly democratic elections in South Africa, the Afrikaner women issued a heartfelt cry: What have you done in our name? Did Black women understand the question? Twenty years later, many a black-black woman, “Bantu” in the terminology of yesteryear, have begun to feel the anguish of their Afrikaner Sisters. Indeed, I am become the Afrikaner woman of yesteryear - Guilty by Association.

The lesson? Power disempowers women and yet, in the final analysis, we are all held accountable for the ills of society. In essence, there is no ‘other’

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I AM AN AFRIKANER WOMAN

I, am an Afrikaner woman.
Yes.
Oh, yes, I am.
Am
An Afrikaner Woman.

Look at me.
Stop, and take a good
Look at me.
A very, very good look
Of me.
Look!
Look!
I, am an Afrikaner Woman.

For years, decades even –
You, sealed my lips
With your lies
Your deceit
You sealed my lips.
Woman! You said,
This, God ordained!
I obeyed.
Woman, you said,
This is Tradition!
I obeyed.
Woman, you said,
This is Truth
It shall save you and
Your children to the third,
The forth, the nth Generation
For, it is ordained
God ordained.
I obeyed.

Was there never a misgiving
Deep down my belly?
Did my heart never
Oft-times flutter and sigh –
With slight motherly misgivings?
Did never a shy and timid tear
From ever so careful eye
Sometimes escape?

Yes.
Yes! Yes! And Yes, Yes, Yes.
A million million times
Yes!

But Religion
   Tradition
Die Volk
   You
They all sealed my lips
   Die Volk
Tradition
   Religion
You You You
They all sealed my lips.
You, sealed my lips.

   BUT
Oh, God above!
Above all these
Above God, religion, die volk, tradition
And above
You –

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Fear sealed my lips.  
Fear sealed my lips.  
Fear …  

Then, when nothing could stop truth  
When, truth burst upon our heads  
Thunderous as storm rain  
Then, like the silver swan  
My silent lips wide did open.  
Yes, lips long fear-sealed  
Unsealed, my long silent lips  
S C R E A M E D: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, IN OUR NAME?

I, AM AN AFRIKANER WOMAN

Today, black as I look  
Inside … inside, I bleed  
Bleed as the Afrikaner women  
Bleed as the Afrikaner women  
Only yesterday – NO! This morning,  
That soon it was when the  
Afrikaner women  
Asked: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE IN MY NAME?

I ask  
I ask  
Today … today, I ask  
WHAT IS THIS YOU ARE DOING IN MY NAME?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY NAME?  
Today - I am an Afrikaner Woman.