

I AM AN AFRIKANER WOMAN

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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 –

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.