

## Iota

### "Nomzamo"

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Look beyond the colour  
Past the covering on us to see what we are  
Turn the faded pages  
The mark we leave on history is what we are  
Every country is part of us  
Irrespective of the one where we grew up  
Yes you are my sister  
Though we never shared a home that's what you are  
And your eyes keep shining in the darkness  
Defying all the chains that's what you are  
Home for the homeless, hope for the hopeless  
Between the lines on your face I can read...  
Nomzamo, Nomzamo...  
They of the silk white breast seemingly proud  
They are so much more less on the day of the vow  
Here's a woman who is tired and weary  
Leading resistance and still laying wreathes  
How can we stand by and watch this happen?  
Is this the justice we preach  
It seems too much to ask for an equal, peaceful living  
In a land of screams, stinging tears and broken smiles  
Following through all extremes  
'One who will suffer many trials'  
Is this a land to inherit?  
Crumbs on the table the segregated people starve  
With gleeful oppression the mindless procession  
Cast nonchalance out of their cars  
Somewhere, sometime we pay for the crimes we  
incessantly do  
If we believe that we are what we leave  
I left a hope--what did you?  
Reeling from punches which leave them winded  
Reeling from laws which should be rescinded now  
Nomzamo, Nomzamo...

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