Yet he returns by without a nod,
The pastor, the shepherd of God's own flock,
You're Christians by day, pious by night,
You still wear red blankets in God's very house.

I swear by Nostriz, you should all be kicked out
Our every rogue can be found in the schools,
Our every thief can be found in the schools,
Our every crook can be found in the schools.

Art college certificates banded by bumps,
The judges in charge just roar in derision
With the learned products of school education,
Gods crowned to carded, courting jam-packed

With sons and daughters who've all been to school,
Advise the air and pleading in vain
Their absent family who left them standing,
With mourning eyes their mothers bewail

Our capes in Newcasta ill all hours of the night.
Shamelessly shackled up with live-in lovers,
They roamed the countryside searching for marriage,
Where are your daughters? Can you account?

A Red Blanket Addressed Christmas
The Zulu Girl
To F.C. Slater

When in the sun the hot red acres smoulder,
Down where the sweating gang its labour plies,
A girl flings down her hoe, and from her shoulder
Unslings her child tormented by the flies.

She takes him to a ring of shadow pooled
By thorn-trees: purpled with the blood of ticks,
While her sharp nails, in slow caresses ruled,
Prowl through his hair with sharp electric clicks,

His sleepy mouth, plugged by the heavy nipple,
Tugs like a puppy, grunting as he feeds:
Through his frail nerves her own deep languors ripple
Like a broad river sighing through its reeds.

Yet in that drowsy stream his flesh imbibes
An old unquenched unsmotherable heat –
The curbed ferocity of beaten tribes,
The sullen dignity of their defeat.

Her body looms above him like a hill
Within whose shade a village lies at rest,
Or the first cloud so terrible and still
That bears the coming harvest in its breast.