



# Poem

## An Abandoned Bundle

The morning mist  
and chimney smoke  
of White City Jabavu  
flowed thick yellow  
as pus oozing 5  
from a gigantic sore.

It smothered our little houses  
like fish caught in a net.

Scavenging dogs  
draped in red bandanas of blood 10  
fought fiercely  
for a squirming bundle.

I threw a brick;  
they bared fangs  
flicked velvet tongues of scarlet 15  
and scurried away,  
leaving a mutilated corpse—

an infant dumped on a rubbish heap—  
'Oh! Baby in the Manger  
sleep well 20  
on human dung.'

Its mother  
had melted into the rays of the rising sun,  
her face glittering with innocence  
her heart pure as untrampled dew. 25

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<http://www.poetryforlife.co.za/index.php/anthology/south-african-poems/103-an-abandoned-bundle>