**Martha**

my mother’s name is Martha if

if one day someone asked me how much I

love her I would just say that when

I was four years old I walked

home with her in the dark

from a prayer meeting to where my

my dad was waiting to give her a beating

the moment she walked in my mother always

walked home quickly to her

other children and her husband

I had to struggle to keep up

then suddenly I began to cry

alone in the dark because all my

love for her meant nothing

(From: *Grond/Santekraam*. Kwela Boeke, 2011)

(Tr. by Charl JF Cilliers)