

THROUGH THE TUNNEL

by Hector S. Kunene

Copyright © 2010 by Hector Kunene

hectorpoet@gmail.com

The right of Hector Kunene to be identified as the Author of the Work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright Act 98 of 1978.

All rights reserved, whether the whole or part of the material is concerned, specifically the rights of translation, re-use of illustrations, recitation, broadcasting, reproduction in other ways, and storage in data banks. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without permission given by the Author.

First Published in South Africa 2010

by

New Voices Publishing
Cape Town, South Africa
www.newvoices.co.za



First Edition May 2010 in paperback

ISBN: 978-1-920411-28-2

The Hector Kunene Biography



Hector Kunene is a South African young and aspiring poet. He was born in Hammarsdale in 1982. A place where the politics reigned with bloodshed and the burning of houses for the fight of dominance between the ANC and the IFP in general around 1989. He is a first born in the family with 2 other siblings. He worked in his life just after completing his matric and the love of art and poetry continued from there on after it all began in high school. His work is yet to be published, one of the Poems he wrote called Bloody Corpuscles appeared on Sunday World and from there on he continued to complete his first offering, an anthology called Through The Tunnel. The poem Bloody Corpuscles is about alarming the use of the specific words when talking especially to the young ones. He emphasizes on calling a spade a spade to get the message across. His performance include places called Caprivi in Tembisa North Johannesburg where he would normally attend weekly poetry sessions and perform with artist from all spheres who would come and showcase their gifts. As he hails from Kwazulu Natal he is a Zulu who still speaks a breasted language thou he spent the rest of his high school life in Johannesburg from 1996 to 2001. His poems are mainly in English but he throws in Zulu poems like Izinkomo Zobaba and Maye Kufa which are normally shared at occasionally. He has worked with several artists in the Free State in compilation of an African language book called Dikarabo tsa Bophelo which features 2 of his poems. This book promotes the writing in indigenous languages and to preserve the mother tongue in writings. The African language book is yet to be published.



Acknowledgements

My sincere gratitude to the bone of my bones - my wife Christina Kunene. Love, I truly appreciate the way you managed to put up with me even when it meant I had to procrastinate our plans for me to concentrate on my first of many books to come. I really appreciate you and in advance and I thank you for that you will again sacrifice our family time in order to allow me to work on my second love after you and that is writing. As a young wife I take it seriously that you are doing a superb and outstanding work raising our son whilst you work and still cook a perfect meal for me.

I hope to return the love in voluminous stacks; we are newlyweds since 21 March 2010 and already I am excited and looking forward to our first anniversary. I trust and believe that our love will be able to withstand the trials and tribulations put before and after us. We both know it and it ain't no secret – PRAYER LIFE is the way to go.

To my family on both sides I take of my hat for you in grooming me to become the person that I am. I found myself and my purpose whilst still young. I don't mean to brag but if it sounds like it then I can back it up. I am awesomely groomed with the fullness of respect for all. From Natal to Gauteng I did not lose my source of life God and to both families I thank you for your contribution. As a poet myself I am speechless to say how much you really mean to me. This is one of many to come.

To God be the honor.

Introduction

by Omoseye Bolaji

For a large number of people around the world there is something universal, irresistible and quite burnished about the genre of poetry. Hence poets, in a medley, and cornucopia of languages, are found in virtually every conceivable nook and cranny of the world.

Take an all-time icon like TS Eliot for example; a man whose name is synonymous with the acme of poetry. The United States can claim him as their son; but so can Britain where he blossomed as a world revered poet. But actually the truth is that the whole world now lays claim to TS Eliot.

In Africa many of the all time great poets have been inspired one way or the other by TS Eliot and other elevated poets. One of the most trenchant examples is western Africa's Christopher Okigbo who wrote the type of poetry that echoed TS Eliot at his best. Polished, intellectual stuff. But the whole continent pulsates with such refined poets – like Denis Brutus, Wole Soyinka, Echeruo, Lenrie Peters and Dambudzo Marechera.

Other great African poets over the decades who seem more spontaneous and really inspired by their fecund (African) roots were the likes of Kofi Awoonor, Niyi Osundare, and Okot p'Bitek.

In South Africa, a number of poets have done great things for their communities and the nation at large as regards being excellent bards, and galvanic catalyts. Vonani Bila springs to mind immediately – him and his many poetic anthologies; Aryan Kaganof, Karen Press, Kgafela oa Gogodi, Lesego Rampolekeng. These are people who, to harp onto the cliché, “live and breathe poetry”

In the Free State there are those who have given their all for poetry over the years; probably not as heralded as their more illustrious brethren elsewhere, but quite distinguished people quand meme; including the “veterans” and the very young. In this wise names that easily spring to

mind include Raselebeli “Magic” Khotseng, Job Mzamo, Neo Mvubu, Jah Rose etc.

This is Hector Kunene’s first work comprising poetry; his first book actually. Here is a young man who exudes unbridled dynamism, confidence and eloquence, a gentleman with quite a flair for words; so much in love with the genre of poetry that it practically hurts! (laugh)

It is easy enough to say that this book contains about sixty two that are infused with the characteristic passion, candor, confidence and brio of the author, Hector. But I’d rather say – let us celebrate this collected work of a new young poet! Vito celebratio est. Thank you.

* *Omoseye Bolaji is the author of books of poems like Snippets, Reverie, and Poems from Mauritius*

Foreword

by **Apostle Dumisani Mvula**

Do not despise the beginning of small things. Apostle Paul says “yet to shame the wise, God has chosen the useless, the nobodies, those whom the world considers and counts folly, and to shame those that are counted big and strong, God has chosen what the world counts weak. God has chosen things without rank or standing in the world, mere no things to overthrow the existing order. It is under this magnitude volume of understanding and degree of knowledge to recognize the prophetic feather bestowed upon Skhumbuzo Hector Kunene.

Through the tunnel is not to be classified under the collection of South African Poetry achievers but a display of genuine and raw testimonies, flowing and hailing from the mountains and hills of Hammarsdale in the only province in the country with the surname Kwazulu Natal and emerges with full manifestation on the flat landscapes and uneven slopes of the Free State within the city of Roses Bloemfontein. H. S. Kunene is the gift not yet realized, potential and pride of the country not yet unfolded, an onion with many layers and a big fruit with thorns but sweet in the inside. His biographical submission and childhood portrays the shaping and sharpening of indescribable charisma that birthed this fine matured work. This literature shares but a handful background and the identity of the author wired together as an ultimate manifestation of the long awaited, untapped and not yet articulated. Giving thanks to the Lord God to have acknowledged the person of my caliber having been invited in the life of H. S. “Sbham’senyoni” Kunene not only to have seen the completion of this work but also having allowed God to influence this Gift (H.S. Kunene) . His prophecy will stand the test of times. Habakkuk 1 V 5.

Apostle Dumisani Mvula.

Contents

<i>The Hector Kunene Biography</i>	3
<i>Acknowledgements</i>	4
<i>Introduction</i>	5
<i>Foreword</i>	7
A Calabash Of Peace	11
A Foul Committed To An Innocent	12
A Life Of A Woman	13
A Shoe For My Son To Inherit	14
Africa Arise	15
Anger In A Pick Of Danger	16
At First Site	17
Beneath Thee	18
Bloody Corpuscles	19
Bookworm	20
Bruising Feelings	21
Cheating Standard	22
Child's Lesson	24
Engaged	25
Fastened Seatbelt	26
For God	27
For He Loved Me Ever Since	29
For You	31
Gays And Games	32
Gleaning My Future Today	33
God! My True Inspiration	34
I Am The Kanga-Taker	36
I Don't Know When	37
I Will Portray	38
If I May Wish	39
Impilo Nobunjalo Bayo	40
In-Flight Joy Thoughts	41
Izaqheqhe Zami	42
Izinkobe Zemihla	43

Izinkomo Zobaba Zagcwala Iziganga	44
Letter To The Publisher	45
Life in my times of youth	46
Maye Kufa!	47
My First Born	49
My occupation	50
Paradigm in paradise	51
Parliament under Garment	52
Peace and Joy on May	54
Pictured in my mind	55
Prolific politic	56
Rage in a pick of danger	57
Safe Abortion	58
Selection Stage	60
Sell out!	61
Shoot de Boer!!!	62
So Be Then	63
Spook crooks!	64
The Fired President	65
The intention of my legacy	67
The Rhythm	68
This love is so beautiful	69
Through The Tunnel	70
Tomb Painting	72
Twin Kitten	73
Uneasy Path	74
Unknown	75
Unknown Again	76
Uptight Yet Sweet Inside	78
Victims of My Anger	79
Waves In Gestures	80
When Love Is Dented	81
Windows of Reflection	82

A Calabash Of Peace

I grew up watching my grandfathers and uncles drinking from the same calabash
I never questioned about the diseases until as of late
I took time to watching them sing songs that made them dance
I heard our mothers ululating for them and praising in super joy

It was the good old days that brought us to be the man we are today
It was the same shambock that shaped our paths
It worked wonders by the look of its products
It did us a favour!

So whenever you had to go and serve Umqombothi you had to kneel down and take a sip
So we shook it and sipped it before serving it
Soon after serving the first man he would praise you for being a man!
So we grew up knowing that a calabash was served for elders mostly in our Zulu ceremonies

Every man on the village was allowed to “bit you up” even for no reason!
You could not even tell at home because if you did you would be calling for some more
Every woman on the village could send you anywhere
You could not pre judge and say you are not my mother

God I miss those days!
The days where girls would thrive to impress their mothers for a well-cleaned shining pot
Where the boys spend time with their fathers learning how to become a man
I am the seed of that generation so there is hope.