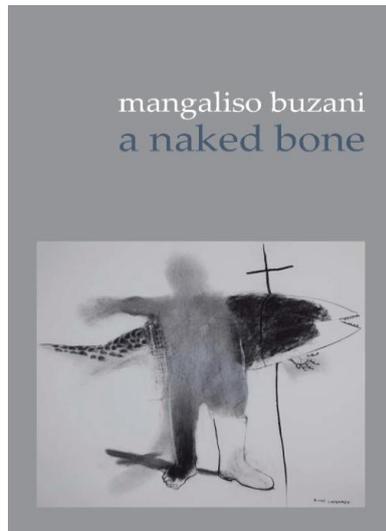


Deep South
invites you to the launch of

a naked bone
by
Mangaliso Buzani

5.30pm Thursday 18 April
National English Literary Museum [NELM]
Worcester Street, Grahamstown



cover drawing Amos Letsoalo

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Mangaliso Buzani grew up in New Brighton, Port Elizabeth, and later trained as a jeweller in Tshwane. His first collection *Ndisabhala Imibongo* (Imbizo, 2014) written in isiXhosa, won the 2015 SALA award for poetry. The title poem of this book, his first collection in English, won the Dalro Prize for the best poem published in *New Coin* in 2014. Buzani teaches poetry in English and isiXhosa in the MA in Creative Writing at Rhodes University.

Using simple vocabulary *a naked bone* describes complex states of beauty and suffering, many of them at the borderline where life meets death. In dreamlike rhythms and images, Buzani's poems draw from Xhosa culture, Christianity, and elements of nature. They are love poems in the widest sense, embracing the interface of daily life and the spiritual, expressing joy and compassion in the face of deprivation and mourning.



an agency of the
Department of Arts and Culture

deep
south

poems by Mangaliso Buzani

To my family

Today I will paint my house
with warm colours
I will paint the table
for six elbows
three chairs
for three bums
you will get your bowls
your spoons
I'll paint my love for you
your faces before my face
smiling
because you never smiled for me
always a sour sugar
always a sweet salt
a sadness I cannot tell

The rain

Straight to the garden
the rain came
wearing clear-beaded shoes
it landed on the naked seed
which was fast asleep on its bed
the first sound I heard with my ears
was the creaking of an old bed
that needed some missing screws
to tighten its legs
but the rain kept on falling
the bed kept on singing

excerpt from the prose poem 'a naked bone'

On his death day he was much sadder than on his birthday. His heart was a drumbeat. His eyes were wide open, refusing to sink into the graves of his eyesockets. For the first time he took a broom, to take over what he'd always told his wife was a woman's job. Today he wanted to pause death as if nature was a tape recorder. He took a feather duster, wiped off all the spiderwebs, washed the dishes. Death kept on knocking. He did a spring cleaning. The house was super clean... death kept on calling... the man kept on working... but death finally came in. He left his house, his spoon, his chair, his bed, his television, everything for another man, to use his cup for beer.