

My Forefathers

By

Lwethu Twana

When I hear the word heritage, I think of my forefathers, and this is dedicated to them:

When I look into my eyes, I see love

when I look into my eyes, I fall in love with the pieces of you in me that I see

In my eyes I see rain that washes away the pain

I see hopes and dreams passed down from generation to generation

I am a dream, I am the dream

to the one who was afraid to walk the streets

to the one who was afraid to speak

But most importantly I am the dream to the one who was brave

to the one who never caved

to the one that saw light at the end of the tunnel

I am that light indeed I say you were brave

grateful indeed for what you have done, to breed a nation of people who can forgive what has been done

Kings and queens who sing songs that cannot be unsung

nations who find love and beauty in everything

nations who come together despite their differences

nations filled with joy even though plagued with sorrow for what they have lost

But remain strong, in hopes to build better.