

Down to the River

An Anthology inspired by the
Jakkalsrivier, Eden

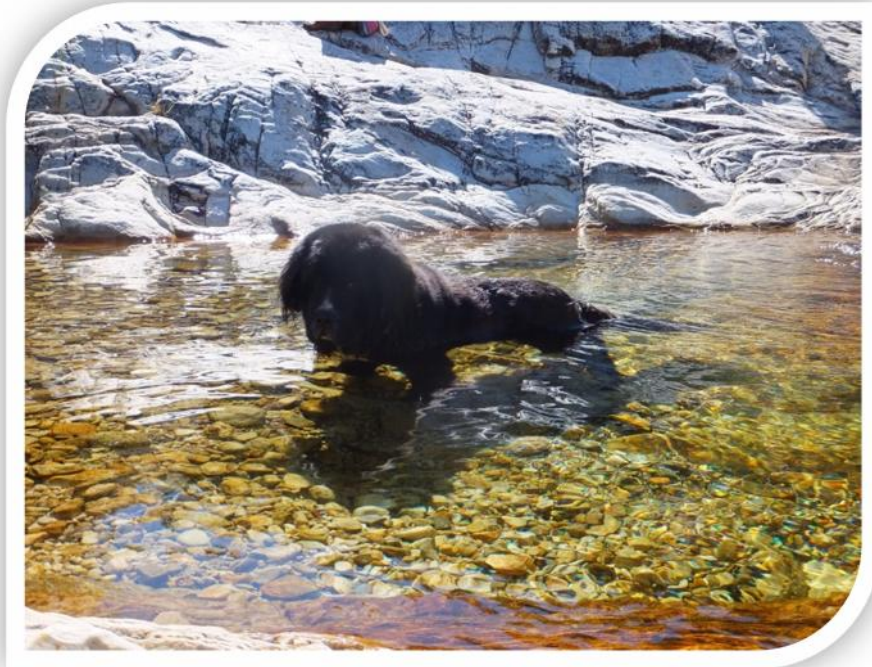
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Towerland



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BETWEEN FORM AND STRUCTURE

*Between white and black there is iridescent green and brown.
When flow meets structure, the river sings
Creating its own melody: quick, quick, slow, slow
Oh so slow, quick, slow, quick.*

*Where flow meets structure, new life emerges
In crevices and cracks, transforming meeting
Places into miniature verdant living spaces.*

*When form meets structure, there is movement
Over stillness – and stillness creating new movement.*

*Deep potholes form as transported little rocks
Jostle each other in the flow,
Where flow and structure meet.*

*Rocks liquefy, droplets solidify
In the touch both are transformed.
Time is the ever-present partner
When flow and structure meet.*

(Ghalib Galant, May 2013)



THE RIVER

*In a valley a river flows
So beautifully it flows
In purity and strength it goes.*

*In a valley a river flows
With rocks so strong its flow
Charting a way between the rocks it flows.*

*In a valley a river flows
Down the valley it goes
Making a beautiful melody as it flows
Music to my ears clear and beautiful it flows.
In harmony the river and rock together dwell
Creating a beautiful sight of flow*

(Maureen Sibanda-Shonge, May 2013)



THE RIVER OF MY LIFE

With ups and down, my life
Is a flow. In happiness and
Joy my nights flow
In sadness and hurt
Down my river flows

With ups and down my life
Is a flow
With difficulties and bumps
Still I flow down the
Valley in stillness and
Strength I go.

With ups and downs my life
Is a flow. With persistence
To chart a way I flow
Together with nature and obstacles
I dwell. But still my life is a flow and
In life, I flow until to the
Lord at last I flow.

(Maureen Sibanda Shonge, May 2013)



ESSENCE

THE WATER CARVES THE ROCK.

THE ROCK SHAPES THE WATER.

(Justine Reilly, May 2013)



PEDRAS NO RIO

Pedras ...
Tantas pedras
Claras , quase brancas , assentadas
Ao meu redor
Prontas para falar ...
Mas é o rio quem fala primeiro ...
Canta , cantante , canta tanto
Música tão doce ...
In-ebriante ,
Refresca meu corpo
Inteiro
Segue adiante
Tanto canta o rio
Que as pedras preferem descansar
Com tão suave som
Querem mesmo é dormir
E
Assim o fazem ...
Mas são tantos os olhares
A brisa suave que sopra
Que as plantas chegam
Trazendo alegria
A estas paragens
Brinca o rio
A pedra fica ali ao lado
Só brinca quando quer
O sol entra e sai
A água ...
Escorre nú leito de pedra ...



(Jeff Costa May 2013)

KORERO MAI-SPEAK TO ME

O Rock you provide form to my fluidness
I can flow and bring life because you contain me.
Your contours can constrain me to lie in
Deep pools of stillness with light speckling against
Your camouflaged belly.

And proved moments of exhilarating flowing,
Tumbling, bubbling madness,
You channel me and release me,
Focus my direction and allow me unique path
And yet O Water,
I am not impervious to your fluidity,
Your energy shapes me,
Creating smooth textured surfaces.

Deepening my crevices and folds,
Break me to create sharp edges.
I absorb something of you
You cool me on the hot summer days,
You allow me to pass into you
My stored substance, my essence.
You gain life through what you absorb from me.
You pass through me.

I remain and yet you take something of me into new places, new horizons.
We are alpha and omega, ying and yang
An ongoing symbol interwoven intimacy.

(Bruce Maden, May 2013)



LEETO LAMA KWA NOKENG – MY JOURNEY TO THE RIVER

*Ke tsamaile, ke bone, lefatshe le kgabile
Ka botalana, metsi a lelesela,
ke bontlenyane
jwa tlhago
ditlhare, dipalesa ka mebalabala,*

*Lefatshe le tletse thodumo ya boiketlo,
dinonyanane di ntsha melodi za go kgatla tsebe,
motsamao wa batho go utlwagala ona fela,
tlase, godimo ke mojakaloo fela,
dintswa, batho ba kgatlegile*

*Metsi le matlapa, ke ditumediso tsa rona,
boitumelo ke nna, diphologolo le batho
ka ntata yaka, lefatshe le tletse matsetseleko
a go kgona go tswela pela
Metsi le matlapa, dile pedi di fana ka botshelo.*

(Tsamme Mfundisi, May 2013)



THE RIVER

The river meanders through the rocks on a never-ending journey.
Its many twists and turns through the valley have carved out a bed,
But not to rest in.

Walking up from pool to pool,
Not knowing what lies beyond the next bend.
The icy cold of the clear waters takes my breath away in the immersion.
Stunning, beautiful clarity of mind in the now numb body.
Slow prickle, then tickle as the sun laps up the dew on my naked belly, thighs, breasts.
White rocks don't get warm in this season anymore.
Rock and water sing together at my side.
Splish splash murmur gargle hello river hello rock.

Rock and water make river.
Their relationship, together with soil, at times
Leads the moist element to places far away.
How did rock and water meet? When did this relationship begin?

Water sings on rock.
Rocks turns colour for water passing through.
Love is like that.
You do things for one another.

When the river gets dry and no water runs,
The stones bleach and life goes away.
When the water is too much, life also ceases, death and devastation occur.
What is the imbalance in a conflict situation like Zimbabwe?
What do we need more of, less of?

When I drink the water from the
river, all blockages cease to be.
I induce flow. I am water after all.
The quality of my thoughts is the
quality of my water,
Is the quality I bring into the world.

(Undine Whande, May 2013)





NDAONA RWIZI RWUNOYEVEDZA – I HAVE SEEN A MAGNIFICENT RIVER

Nhasi ndaona rwizi

Rwizi rwunoyerera zvinoyevedza

Rwakashongedzwa namadziva, zvinomwisa mvura

Zvakati tseremete norwizi zvichidzika zvakadaro.

Rwune bundo nemiti zvizere noupenyu

Nemvura namabwe zvinoita mutsimba

Mutsimba wazvo wepasi chigare

Asi muchinyararire,mvura ichipaza nokuputsa mabwe akayeverwa.

Nhasi ndaona rwizi

Rwizi rwunoyerera zvinoyevedza

Namakomo anotyisa, akagara kumativi maviri arwo

Akatuzurirana zvokuda kutatazurana

Gare gare oratidza sooda kuregererana

Kuti achibatana agotsimbirira zvole zviri pakati pawo

Kusanganisira ini, rwizi,miti pamwe nebundo

Kuvavarira kubvisa upenyu mazviri

Iwo agodzokera muhurumende yawo yomubatanidzwa

Nhasi ndaona rwizi
Rwizi rwunoyerera zvinoyevedza
Ruwchisiya mamwe matombo akatsemuka, mamwe akabovoka mamwe
achidashuka
Mamwe achitsvedzerera kuivhurira mukana wokuti ipinde, ipfuure
Ndaona rwizi rwunoyevedza
Irwo rwizi rwamachachacha, kana kuti machangwa here?

Nhasi ndaona rwizi
Rwizi rwunoyerera zvinoyevedza
Nemvura yakachena, yakatsvinda, inonyevenutsa matama
Chero zvazvo payainaya
Yakapfuura nomumhepo
Mumhepo mune mhepo, mamhepo pamwe nemweya getsvina
Ndokuburuka pasi ichiyerera nepane tsvina dzisingazivani
Iyo ndokuramba yakachengetedza umhandara hwayo, kuchena kwayo,
kutsvinda kwayo, nokunaka kwayo.

Nhasi ndaona rwizi
Rwizi rwunoyerera zvinoyevedza
Rwizi rwamachangwa, kana kuti machachacha here?
Chero zvangu ndisina kuwona machangwa kana machachacha acho
Kuti zvizadzsike pakabva zita racho
Asi nhasi ndaona rwizi
Rwizi rwunoyerera zvinoyevedza
Ndaona rwizi rwamachangwa, machachacha
Rwizi rwamachangwa
Rwizi rwamachangwa.

(Clever Chikwanda, May 2013)

LEBEN IM FLUSS

Am Fluss, vor dem Fluss, über'm Fluss,
Fuß im Fluss
Fließendes Leben, fließendes Lieben, fließendes Lachen,
Flüsterndes Rauschen, plätschernde Geschichten,
Tanzende Halme,
Stocksteifer Stein.
Wärmende Sonne, kühlende Erde, endloser Himmel,
Ruhe in mir.
Spüre die Kraft, spüre das Getragensein,
Schönheit des Lebens,
Lebendige Schönheit.

(Fritzi Groll, May 2013)



APRENDIZAJE NATURAL

*Historia del mundo está en una piedra.
Una piedra enorme, es casa del agua.
¿Es el agua la casa de las piedras?
El agua fluye, me inspira a dejar mis pensamientos,
Mi mente es libre y viaja.
Difícil decir adónde viaja, no hay frontera entre tierra y cielo.
Vuelan mis ideas, el aire es mi elemento.
¿Adónde voy desde aquí?
Son múltiples las dificultades de la vida,
Pero hay esperanza
En la observación de la naturaleza
Que ha resistido cada golpe,
Cada tormenta y la invasión humana.*

(Fritzi Groll, May 2013)



THE RIVER

Oh! What a wonderful experience
Flowing slowly but surely over the rocks
Rocks layered across the river
All in different colours of nature.

Oh! What a wonderful experience
Cracked rocks forming shelter for creatures
Smooth rock offering passage for the river
Cracked rocks supporting life

Oh! What a wonderful experience
Clean water running over the rocks
Making different sounds in accordance to the terrain
Always peeling off rock particles

Oh! What a wonderful experience
Acting as a transporter of particles
And organic matter
Making foam and bubbles on steep slopes
Moving fast and slow at the same time.

Oh! What a wonderful experience
Together they coexist and share
But harm one another
River constantly peeling off rock
Rock resisting water to flow.

(Kennedy Majamanda, May 2013)

