

VOORGESKREWE GEDIGTE 2022

GEDIG GR. 8 DOGTERS EN SEUNS



Brood (*Heidi Pretorius*)

bakhand, uittand
krom gedra aan jare se vodde

dae se honger drup
uit geplooid oë
'n tong wat dorstig
trane sal slurp, slurp
opslurp

dan, skielik!
die onthou van dié dag
die spesiale dag

die geseënde dag

die volkom-dag
die manna-dag

geen asblikdag

toe die Heer se hand
min brood opdien
maar kon voorsien

aan hom en nog
vierduisend negehonderd nege-en-negentig
ander
en toe nog twaalf houers
te spaar

en man en muis en mossie
wat die oorvloed kon verorber

boepmaag
volmaag
is almal voldaan
tot die dag van more

die dag
die enkele dag
was die bedelhand
'n broodwinnershand

GEDIG GR. 9 DOGTERS EN SEUNS

Bobbejaan se gedigte *(Stephan Lategan)*

O wat is die mens tog 'n vreemde soort dier.
So dink ou Kees
waar hy bedees
aan 'n tou op sy paal sit, reg teen die muur.
Want van mensaap se pote gebruik dié net twee.
Die ander twee die hang so ongebruik mee.
Sy hare die groei nét bo-op sy kop,
maar tog lê hy kaal vir sonbrand en dop.
Hy vreet graag en kou,
maar gooi dan weer gou
die lekkerste stuk
weg in 'n blik.
Hy los al sy kleintjies om mal rond te hol,
om lekker te jol
en balle te skop.
Maar hy soek nooit die vlooitjies
op so 'n lyfie of kop.
O, wat is die mens tog 'n domme soort dier.
Die hý wat hier hoort aan 'n tou teen die muur!

GEDIG GR. 10 DOGTERS EN SEUNS

Hansie en Grietjie *(Evelyn Castelyn)*

daar was eendag 'n woud
aan die kant van die son,
die maan is 'n flou olielamp,
saans brand honderde kersies,
die volgende môre word die kindertjies
afgelaai by die heksie se huisie
hulle huil tot vanaand
na-vyf, na werk kom die
Stiefmammies en –pappies hulle haal
met 'n ysterswaan
die nuutste model blaas rook
en jaag oor riviere teer
tot by kelders parkering
dan word hulle opgehys
gebad en gevoer in 'n hok
moet hulle soet gaan slap
eennag, het hansie en grietjie
weggeloop, bo-oor die tralies geklim
en fyn en flenters geval
op die paadjies sement
ver van die huis af



GEDIG GR. 11 DOGTERS EN SEUNS

Vincent van Gogh (DJ Opperman)

Jy het as 'n miskende
heilige vergeefs geveg teen die ellende
en die onreg in die krotte van die myn,
in agterbuurtes en op landerye; slegs die pyn
en skriklike stryd van God
leer ken, wat mens en boom verknot
in Sy kramptrekke; maar eers toe jy die koringgerwe
in aanbidding van die son kon verwe,
boere, wasvrouens en gepynigde gesigte,
die kantelende landskap en die snelle ligte
geel en groen en blou - alles met koorsige gevlek
tot branding van die skone kon verwek,
toe is sy hartstog eers in jou volbring
soos groen sipresse tot 'n vlam verwring.

GEDIG GR. 12 DOGTERS EN SEUNS

Die sagte sprong (Sheila Cussons)

Dit kom wanneer dit nie verwag
word nie: 'n aanraking van die verstand
lig soos 'n veer, vlugtig maar presies
en jy dink as sy ligtheid so is, so potent
dat die aandag nog lank daarna
die indruk behou, hoe moet sy vasvat wees?
: Dit kom wanneer dit nie verwag
word nie: iets wat die bewussyn tot
in die lewe tref, iets soos 'n sagte *sprong* –
vreugde, verbasing, vreugde, herkenning:
hoe moet u vasvat wees?

GEDIG OPE DAMES EN MANS

Besoekersboek (*Fanie Olivier*)

op die sel se mure het iemand uitgekrap
(of liewer: ingekrap): sy naam en al die dae
van sy duskantse verblyf. gaan mens op stap
deur duikweë stasies onder brûe bly draai die vrae

wie was dié peter? Waar kom pam vandaan?
hoe het die vriendskap tussen brian en ed begin?
sou w.a.l. se ouers hom meer as normaal geslaan
het? hoe lank het lieb sy liesbet bemin?

ek loer na die hiërogliewe. 'n boer het my gewys
waar jagtonele oorgebly het teen die krans.
vóór in die gideons se bybel 'n lang lys
lesers wat hul teen sterflikheid probeer verskans.

'n kind hoes seer: 'n lam huil stomgemaak. Ek sakraap
moed bymekaar: ek was hier en hier het ek geslaap.

PRESCRIBED POEMS 2022

POEM GR. 8 GIRLS AND BOYS

I sing of Change (*Niyi Osundane*)

I sing
of the beauty of Athens
without its slaves

Of a world free
of kings and queens
and other remnants
of an arbitrary past

Of earth
with no
sharp north
or deep south
without blind curtains
or iron walls

Of the end
of warlocks and armouries
and prisons of hate and fear

Of deserts treeing
and fruiting
after the quickening rains

Of the sun
radiating ignorance
and stars informing
nights of unknowing

I sing of a world reshaped

POEM GR. 9 GIRLS AND BOYS

New Boy (*Gareth Owen*)

He stood alone in the playground
Scuffed his shoes and stared at the ground
He'd come half-way through term from the Catholic school
On the other side of town.

He'd a brand new blazer and cap on
Polished shoes and neatly cut hair
Blew on his fists, looked up and half smiled
Pretending he didn't care.

And I remembered when I'd been new
And no one had spoken to me
I'd almost cried as I stood alone
Hiding my misery.

Heart said I should go over
Share a joke or play the fool
But I was scared of looking stupid
In front of the rest of the school.

At break someone said they'd seen him
Crying in the Geography Test
And when he came out they pointed and laughed
And I laughed along with all the rest.

In my dreams I'd always stood alone
Believing I was the best
But in the cold playground of everyday life
I was no better than the rest.

POEM GR. 10 GIRLS AND BOYS

Letters (*Olwethu Mxoli*)

I want long letters

the kind you have to wait for
with postage stamps
and thousands of finger-prints

imperfect letters
with scratched out words

I want to see your handwriting
how your e's look like r's
I want to trace every loop
always careful not to smudge the ink

I will read them
crumb by crumb
all the while wanting to devour

I will treasure them
tuck them away
to dig out
when I want to smell you

I want letters with at least ten postscripts
I want to know you squashed in
every thought you could
so I could hold them

I want to run to the post box
each morning
because it might be the morning

that brings
the long letter I've waited for

my whole life

POEM GR. 11 GIRLS AND BOYS

Hard to find (*Sinesipo Jojo*)

Words are everywhere
daily
we read them, and they fly out

like nobody's business when we are provoked...
but there's always something hard to understand...

they are hard to find
when they are needed by the heart;
when the heart feels,
words hide like they are not part of life.

While words are busy playing some twisted game
my heart looks sadly through the glass windows
as the raindrops slowly slide down, gently
on a cloudy lifetime,
hoping that one day,

words will realize what my heart wants to say.

POEM GR. 12 GIRLS AND BOYS

Sonnet 18 (William Shakespeare)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

POEM OPEN WOMEN AND MEN

Natural son (Richard Murphy)

Before the spectacled professor snipped
The cord, I heard your birth-cry flood the ward,
And lowered your mother's tortured head, and wept.
The house you'd left would need to be restored.

No worse pain could be borne, to bear the joy
Of seeing you come in a slow dive from the womb,
Pushed from your fluid home, pronounced 'a boy'.
You'll never find so well equipped a room.

No house we build could hope to satisfy
Every small need, now that you've made this move
To share our loneliness, much as we try
Our vocal skill to wall you round with love.

This day you crave so little, we so much
For you to live, who need our merest touch.