

'Death Never Be Proud'

By Eva Mokoena

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Death do not be proud
Innocent lives are being taken away by you from their loved ones

You come and steal us, and bury us under this cold soil where there's no neighbour, family or friends only the darkroom that is fitted for me only, my pain and sorrows

Lovely people I'm not here to become your enemy or your dark Lord
I'm here to take you back where you belong, and bring you together with your old families who have passed on before you
Heal you from your suffering of pain, and bring you together with your creator, God almighty

Never hate or be angry at me, I'm gonna come like a thief always 'cause when I'm around you remember to pray

Never cry for someone who has already gone, 'cause he served his purpose in this life and in this cruel earth
Death be not proud
Even though you will always be part of our lives

Death never be proud

This poem is dedicated to com Oupa, you played your part in this world. You have disappeared like water in the soil but you left many traces that we will remember. I've known you for such a short space period but learned a lot from you, especially to be patient and to be focused. Written with a sore heart and sorrow.

This poem was submitted by Eva Mokoena in tribute for the funeral of Oupa Lehulere. You may republish it, so long as you credit the authors and Karibu! Online (www.Karibu.org.za), and do not change the text. Please include a link back to the original article.