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DOI: <http://dx.doi.org/10.18820/23099089/actat.v42i2.5>

ISSN: 1015-8758 (Print)

ISSN: 2309-9089 (Online)

**Acta Theologica 2022**  
42(2):46-53

**Date received:**  
1 August 2022

**Date accepted:**  
1 October 2022

**Date published:**  
14 December 2022



Published by the UFS  
<http://journals.ufs.ac.za/index.php/at>

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## In Honour of:

### Desmond Mpilo Tutu

(7 October 1931 – 26 December 2021)

## pryslied vir 'n vreeslose gewete<sup>1</sup> (Antjie Krog)

hy wat daardie verskriklike dag met  
sy blindelingse vaart van aankoms  
homself bo-oor die liggaam van 'n  
veroordeelde gegooi het  
wat tussen siedende comrades, petrol  
en vuurhoutjies  
met sy eie liggaam die liggaam van 'n  
vertrapte bedek het  
sodat op daardie oomblik die goeie in  
die wêreld heilig word  
en groei ten aanskyn van 'n land vol  
ontmensliktes

ek glo nie in heiligmaking nie  
maar die ingrypende aantasting van  
'n ganse land  
deur hierdie enkele mens laat my glo:

nou is hy dood – hierdie gewete

'n gewete wat nie bang was om alleen  
te wees voor 'n skare nie

'n gewete wat nie bang was om woedend  
soos 'n leeuwyfie om te draai

en die verkeertes in die oë te  
staar nie

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1 The Afrikaans and English versions of this poem was reprinted with permission of the author. It was first published in "Plunder", Antjie Krog's book published in 2022 with Human & Rousseau.

'n gewete wat nie bang was om alleen soos 'n skildvel te staan  
 terwyl leuens en beledigings hom tref nie  
 'n gewete wie se tong kon spreik soos die vlerke van 'n arend  
 wat 'n skare mense kon optel en neersit anderkant die vlamme  
 'n gewete wie se gebede die son kon laat stilstaan  
 in die dal van bevoorregting  
 en die maan oor die velde van townships  
 'n gewete wat daaglik gebede kon weef  
 rondom die dubbele ruggraat van 'n land  
 nou is hy dood – hierdie gewete

eiehandig het hy aan 'n diepverdeelde land  
 'n taal van ons-heid gemunt  
 hy wou dat ons woedend wees oor onreg  
 hy wou dat ons instem op die toonaard van omgee  
 hy wou dat ons leef in solidariteit met uitdeel  
 hy wou ons saambind in omarmende bondels  
 hy wou beskutting met ons bou  
 hy wou groot en magtige dakke met ons pak  
 hy wou ons omskep in stellasies van menslikheid  
 nou is hy dood – hierdie gewete

ek prys die man  
 wat groot ruimtes oor die aarde versprei het  
 soos hy sy vel, sy liggaam, sy volkome wese  
 tot met sy oudag  
 selfloos oor ons uitgebrei het  
 hy is ons eie onheilige heilige  
 wat ons in die sleurstream van die Goeie probeer hou het  
 ons, wat hom gefaal het, eer hom: Desmond Mpilo Tutu  
 ons, in ons wanhoop, treur oor hom: Desmond Mpilo Tutu

want hy is dood nou – hierdie gewete

## praise song for a fearless conscience

he who that terrible day with his headlong arrival  
threw himself over the body of a condemned one  
who amongst seething comrades, petrol and matches  
covered the trapped body with his own body  
so that at that moment the good in the world became holy  
and blazed at the sight of a country filled with dehumanised souls

I don't believe in sanctification  
but the interventionist assault on a whole country  
by this one man makes me believe:

now he is dead – this conscience

a conscience that was not afraid to be alone before a crowd  
a conscience that was not afraid to turn around like a furious lioness  
and stare the wrong ones in the eye  
a conscience that was not afraid to stand alone like a shield  
while lies and insults struck him  
a conscience whose tongue could spread like an eagle's wings  
that could lift up a crowd and set them down beyond the flames  
a conscience whose prayers could make the sun stand still  
in the vale of privilege  
and the moon over the fields of townships  
a conscience that could weave prayers daily  
around the double backbone of a country

now he is dead – this conscience

singlehandedly he coined a language of us-ness  
for a deeply divided country  
he wanted us to be enraged by injustice  
he wanted us to assent to the modality of caring  
he wanted us to live in solidarity with distribution

he wanted to bind us together in embracing clusters  
he wanted to build shelters with us  
he wanted to raise great and mighty roofs with us  
he wanted to recreate us in frameworks of humanity

now he is dead – this conscience

I praise the man  
who spread great spaces across the earth  
as he spread his skin, his body, his whole being  
into his old age  
selflessly over us  
he is our own unholy holy one  
who tried to keep us in the slipstream of the Good

we, who failed him, honour him: Desmond Mpilo Tutu  
we, in our despair, mourn him: Desmond Mpilo Tutu

for he is dead now – this conscience

*(translated by Karen Press)*

## Sincoma iSazela

nguye, uSazela weli lizwe ongoyiki ngakoyikiswa  
ubhubhile

nguye, owangena phakathi kwezivuthe-vuthe zamaqabane,  
wapheph'ipetroli nematshisi walikhuse ngowakhe umzimba' ekhusela umzimba  
womntu owawunyhanyhathwe ngeenyawo khon' ukuze lowo mzuzu ibe  
kukubona kwehlabathi ukujika kobuhle bube bubungcwele, obona buqaqawuli  
kubuso babagxeki nakoothob' isidima sabantu

Andikholelwa kubungwalisa  
kodw' uhlaselo olubi kwilizwe lonke  
ngale ndoda  
lundenze ndanokholo: kufefe, nakokulungileyo  
uSazela weli hlabathi  
ubhubhile

uSazela owayengoyik' ukuba ngumth' umzimele phambi kwenyambalala  
uSazela owayengoyik' ukuba ngumth' umzimele okwemaz' engonyama  
ajamel' emehlweni abenzi bokungendawo  
uSazela owayengoyik' ukuba ngumth' umzimele okwekhaka lofele  
xenikwen' edlakazwa ziimbumbulu zobuxoki nemikhonto yezithuko  
uSazela onteth' isandi sithe saa okwamaphik' okhozi  
omazw' aphakamisa izihlwele az' azihlalise phants' okungaphaya  
kwamadangatye  
uSazela omithandaz' ingamisa ngxi ilanga kwezo ntlambo zeelokishi  
nenyanga kwezo ntsimi zobulungisa  
uSazela omihla ngemihl' uthung' imithandazw' ejikeleze umqolo walo mhlaba  
eyedwa waziqingqela inteth' ekhuthaz' imbumba yobunye  
belizw' elitsha elineyantlukwan' eyondeleyo  
wayefuna siyichas' intswela-bulungisa  
wayefuna sibe yinxalenye yobuncwane bokunik' inkathalo  
wayefuna sihlale simanyene, sabelane kwaye kwabiwe ngokutsha  
wayefuna ukusihlanganisa sibe yimbumba okwezithungu

wayefuna ukusibeka sibe luphahl' olukhulu, olomeleleyo  
 wayefuna ukusakha sibe ziindaw' ezikhuselekileyo ezincinane  
 ukuz' asenz' amanqwanqw' okunyuk' uluntu

ah!, sincom'indoda

eyavul' inkitha yamathuba kumhlaba jikelele,  
 walunwebela phezu kwethu sonke ufele, umzimba, nobuqu bakhe  
 ngokuzinikezela  
 kwade kwasekufeni enteth' ivuth' umlilo wamadangaty' obulungisa  
 naloo ntsini yobulungisa, ethandekayo

ubengoyena msindisi weth'ongcwele ngcwele  
 obesolok' esigcine sithe qwa ekwenzen'okuhle

sithi, abamphoxileyo, mwongeni yena: uDesmond Mpilo Tutu  
 sithi, abamphoxayo, khathazekani ngaye: uDesmond Mpilo Tutu  
 siyalambatha ngaphandle kwakhe, kwaye singamadlavu

ubhubhile ngoku

ongoyiki ngakoyikiswa uSazela ongumhlanganisi - luntu luphela.

*(translated by Dr Nomfundo Mali)*

## thothokiso ya mohale a tswang maroleng

yena eo ka letsatsi lela la mohlolo a fihlileng ka sefutho sa mohale  
a itahlela ho kgurumetsa mmele wa ya tjametsweng ke polao  
eo hara baitseki ba halefileng, ba fupere peterole le mollo  
a kgurumetsa mmele wa ya tlanngweng ka mmele wa hae  
hoo hanghang botle lefatsheng bo fetohileng kgalalelo  
mme a tadima naha e tletseng meya e tlohileng botho

Ha ke dumele kgalaledisong  
empa matla a monamodi naheng yohle  
a monna enwa a le mong a ntshokollela tumelong:

jwale a se a ile boyabatho – maikutlo ana

maikutlo a pudumo ya seema-nosi hara letshwele  
maikutlo a sa tshabang ho puruma a potoloha jwalo ka tau e befetsweng  
mme a tjamela ba fositseng kahara mahlo  
maikutlo a neng a sa tshabe ho ikemela jwalo ka thebe  
ha a kalla mashano le mahlapa  
maikutlo a alang leleme la ona jwalo ka mapheo a phakwe  
a ka phahamisang letshwele le ho le hwaramanya kamora kgabo ya malakabe  
maikutlo a dithapelo tse ka emisang letsatsi kgekgenene  
phuleng ya boiketlo  
ke kgwedi e aparetseng masimo a makeishene  
maikutlo a ka lohang dithapelo letsatsi le letsatsi  
ho potoloha naha e mekokotlo- mmedi

jwale a se a ile boyabatho – maikutlo ana

ka letsoho le le leng a bopa puo ya bo-rona  
molemong wa naha e arohaneng ho tebileng  
o ne a batla hore re kgobohiswe ke toka  
o ne a batla hore re hahamalle mokgwa wa tsotellano  
o ne a batla re phele bonngweng ka qhalakano

o ne a batla ho re bopa ngatana ka mahlopho a matahano  
o ne a batla ho aha diqhobosheane tsa botshabelo mmoho le rona  
o ne a batla ho emisa kgurumetso e kgolo ya botumo mmoho le rona  
o ne a batla ho re hlahisa botjha meralong ya botho

jwale a se a ile boyabatho – maikutlo ana

Ke rorisa monna enwa  
ya anetseng ka pharallo masabasaba a potolohang lefatshe  
moo a thakgisitseng lekoko la hae, mmele wa hae, le boyena bohle  
ho fihlela boqhekung ba hae  
ka ho hloka boikabo hodima rona  
ke mohalaledi wa rona wa mohlolo  
ya lekileng ho re boloka molatswaneng wa ho Loka

rona, ba mo phoqileng, re a mo tlotla: Desmond Mpilo Tutu  
rona, tsielehong ya rona, re a mo llela: Desmond Mpilo Tutu

hobane a shwele jwale – maikutlo ana

***(e fetoletswe ke Thabiso Ntsielo)***