

Unsung Saviours of Society

Saluting our sisters,
marching with our misters.
The heroes we forget
go unnoticed like silhouettes.

They foster our future,
Fuel the fire to kindle new life.
Crowned with manes like lions every time,
They take their stride,
Parading like peacocks
thumping with pride.

These are our mothers, who carry the burden
Of unfathomable stress.
Who work so hard and almost never see
The ripe fruits from the tree of success.

I must say as a community
We are blessed
To have someone clean our mess
And sacrifices their rest.

All so they can see their child prosper.
I say thanks to my Mum,
For I would like her to know
I am truly honoured to know where I come from.

By Jaha-Lezibusiso