

## School library competition winners: My Covid Journey (2021)

### Covid-krisis

Die Covid-19 pandemie het ons almal onkant gevang  
en die hele wêreld word ewe skielik bang.  
Duisende mense het hul lewens verloor.  
Soms voel dit die hele wêreld is getoor.

Om afstand te hou is nou 'n noodsaaklike ding,  
tog het die virus weer families bymekaar gebring.  
Hospitale is vol en dokters maande vooruit bespreek.  
Ons het begin om ons gesigte weg te steek.

Skole word toegemaak en die ekonomie val om.  
Om deesdae nuus te kyk, maak mens net elke dag meer verstom.  
Die 'werk by die huis doen' het ons almal onderwysers gemaak,  
maar almal hardloop eintlik net na Google toe vir hulp met elke taak.

Besighede bereik hul einde en duisende wekers word afgedank.  
Almal wie nog aan die lewe bly, kan net die Here bedank.  
Alles in die huis begin minder raak and winkels raak weer duur.  
Selfs Pappa het al video-speletjies begin speel, want hy is so lus vir bestuur.

In die grendeltydperk voel 'n minuut soos 'n uur.  
Ek en my broer kan mekaar nie nog langer verduur.  
Ek dink ons verloor dalk van ons verstand.  
Nou die dag, by ons tuisbly-haarsalon het ons amper Ouma se hare verbrand.

Gisteraand het die televisie amper my oë verbrand.  
Die wetenskaplikes het 'n vaksine uitgevind!  
Al raak ek geïrriteerd en begin ek my familie vermy,  
sal die huis, met 'n boek in my hand, vir seker altyd my gunsteling plek bly.

Sylvia Roux

## Lewe met Covid

Soos 'n dief in die nag, uit Wuhan verskyn  
Stuk vir stuk gesondheid binne gedring  
Die hele wêreld onkant gevang  
Ons is toegesluit onder huisadres  
Families uitmekaar geskeur  
Ouma en Oupa is weer alleen  
Geïsoleer

Kinders by die huis, want die skole was toe  
En arme Ma moet werk,  
En kook,  
En vasklou aan die bietjie geld  
En die kinders help met Wiskunde  
Die huiswerk wat oor Zoom gestuur word  
Die chaos los, want samewerking is laag  
En konflik hoog

Nou's die skole oop, maar anders as tevore  
Onderwysers oorweldig met maskers, sanitasie,  
A f s t a n d, dissipline  
Sal die leerders kan leer, en nogtans nog  
Van die brullende patogeen beskerm word

Ek is emosioneel en depressief  
Ek wou vlug na die skoolbiblioteek  
Om weg te kom van Alles, of om op te lees  
Hoekoem word die virus sterker en sterker  
En die ekonomie swakker en swakker?  
Hoekom is armoede weer die nuwe norm  
Asof dit nooit die norm was nie?

Sal die wêreld kan herstel uit die puin?  
Sal ons kan voortgaan met samesyn?  
Sal elektronika steeds help om die naald en gare  
Van kommunikasie saam te werk?

Die wêreld het verander.  
Maar ons sien nou ons foute, meer as ooit  
Gesondheid word weer 'n prioriteit  
Oor afstande heen het ons saamgestaan  
En ons harte met mekaar gedeel  
Ons is uitmekaar geskeur  
Maar ons het geleer om te verenig

*Cornel van Rensburg*

## **My Covid-19 Journey**

Covid-19 has completely shattered our world.  
It has us upside down in a constant twirl.  
Social distance, sanitizing, mask wearing is our new norm.  
We find ourselves in a deadly storm.

Classmates are near, but filled with fear.  
I wish we could fast-forward maybe a leap year.  
To a better, safer and brighter tomorrow,  
A secure future with far less sorrow.

The world of books has been my escape  
In the uncertainty and madness.  
It's been my cellotape  
Holding things together, characters without measure.  
In the middle of restrictions, my mind is still growing.  
Covid-19 won't stop the creative juices from flowing.

My library card is my passport,  
It is my every mode of transport.  
Yes, I can't go anywhere,  
But books definitely take me everywhere.

*Yusra Jones*

## Our "Place" of Dreams

It's the beginning of the year,  
the best time to keep your goal book near.  
Excitement dwells in our heads,  
expressed as our goals instead.  
Back to School, excited and all...  
we flew sky high without fear of a fall.  
BREAKING NEWS: NATIONWIDE LOCKDOWN...  
All notes and books are to be put down.  
I enjoyed it – for a while –  
until it took away my smile.

I thought that visiting friends would make me feel better  
but little did I know that the ground was getting wetter...  
Visiting friends turned into funerals and hospital visits.  
I watched arrogant people humbled to the level of lizards.  
Close friends spent their nights, out in the cold,  
because inside, the jobless drunk dad created his own world.  
Huddled groups of friends tried studying on the street,  
while the hot cement burnt their bare feet.  
Teenagers looked for jobs to earn at least something,  
to feed the little one at home who had little to nothing,  
because the mother had died in such a short scene,  
thanks to a new disease...called Covid-19...

**Back at home**, mom always felt unease  
My hungry siblings were most certainly displeased.  
But they were too young to understand  
that mom's wallet had holes and contained sand  
And Dad's income was not enough  
So right then, I had to become tough,  
declared, the deputy parent at this age  
Because helplessness was our blanket at that stage.

Peeking outside my window I couldn't believe it:  
the big bully from school was in tears, I couldn't leave it.  
My hate and anger turned into sympathy...  
To see that his father abused him way worse than an enemy.  
Beaten, bruised, blood all over his shirt –  
Every day, he slept outside in the dirt.  
While i was enjoying the lockdown  
some kids were being forced to bow down.

At long last school reopens in the midst of Covid-19  
Putting on adult shoes at the age of sixteen.  
Teachers and learners wearing masks,  
Tons of homework and an increasing number of tasks.  
It breaks my heart into tiny pieces,

seeing those that were once our top achievers  
losing hope and not believing in possibilities  
and failing due to extra responsibilities.  
It's clearly not like the good ol' days  
when teachers would find one thousand ways  
for us to comprehend the work, with persistence,  
because **NOW** they need to social distance.  
Learner and teacher bonds shaken,  
marks dropping as if the computer was mistaken.  
Those souls who could not study on their own  
Struggled with Math-equations – all alone.

But...

What if we had just **one place**:

Peaceful, pleasant and our dreams we could chase!  
A place where we don't have to be parent and child.  
A place that is calm and nothing close to wild.  
A place where books could answer the burning questions.  
A place where we can spend hours, or even sessions.  
A place where Jabo won't have to hide,  
his dreams and goals locked inside.  
A place where no one will ask us to drop the book  
and to go buy vegetables and rather learn to cook.  
A place where Johny, who has an extra job at home,  
could at least study for two hours – all alone.  
A place where Nomza, who can't do Maths,  
can take out a Siyavula textbook and learn her facts.  
A place where Siphon, who always studies outside,  
can finally feel the magic... of studying inside.

A place like that at our school: we all dream...  
If this dream comes true, you'll hear us scream.  
For a place like that can change our lives.  
Our dreams will rise and give us high-fives.  
A permanent place, not something temporary.  
A beautiful place, something like:

a Library!

*Divine Ndaya*

## **Uhambo lwam lweCovid-19**

Siphila ingathi asingobantu yiCovid  
lintliziyo zethu zophukile ngulo bhubhane  
Sihleli ezindlini sinexhala lokufa yiCovid  
Abantu BAYAPHELA NGULO BHUBHANE  
Kanti thina senzeni?

Ezikolweni sifunda phantsi koxinzelelo olunzima  
Izikolo azifani nakuqala  
Iititshala zethu ziyaphela  
covid, thina sizofunda njani?

Abazali bethu bathatha izigqibo ezinzima  
Izihlobo zethu azisekho  
Kulo mhlaba umagad'ahlabayo  
Silahlekelwe ngoomakhulu kunye nootamkhulu bethu  
Asisenazo izihlobo ngenxa yalo bhubhane  
Kufuneka siphile njani?

Ithala lenchwadi zethu zingasanceda ngeencwadi ezinenkcazelo yale Covid-19  
Sikwazi kwakhona ukufunda  
Sikwazi ukuqhubeka nemfundo  
Singancedeka kakhulu singabafundi

*Siphokuhle Tshapela*

## **ICORONA**

Ndive, ndabona ngokwaneleyo  
Abantu bakuthi besiwa okweempukane  
Sindikruqule, asonwabisi kwaphela  
Kwabaninzi sishiye elingapholiyo  
Kwabanye wova besithi abanabhongo layo  
Ndinixelela ngeCovid-19 mna!

Siphantse saphoswa lulwazi bafundi!!!  
Kodwa saxela umthi ushukunyiswa ngumoya  
Masiqhubeke sisenza njalo  
Noko ophezulu akasayi kusilahla  
Xa ibisisifo esisukaphi esi? Ngoba sindidinile

Isibambise ongezantsi,  
Xa kusithiwa imke nabo sibathandayo  
Xa bebesithi imfake,  
Kweloogqirha neloonesi ikhaya  
Yhini Mdali! Yhini Mdali!  
Masingaphelelwa themba sinawe  
Ngoba okwelizwe kungawe

Mawethu masizikhusele  
Isifonyo mayibe sisithandwa  
Kulowo, nalowo  
Makaphel'amabongo  
Ngoba lufikile lona  
Ndithetha ngotshaba  
Olu luyi Covid-19  
Kant'umntw' akaphili ngaphandle kwengxaki?

Lonto ingenza kubekho inzolo  
Singabuyela kumathala ethu encwadi  
Eyona ndawo bekudala siyikhumbula  
Masingaphel' amandla sisenawo  
Ndidiniwe yile nto!

*Lindile Shasha*