

Kasi Tours

by Ntsako Layn

We are their dirty little secret,
the shadow cast over Table Mountain.

They don't see us.
They pretend we don't exist with them.

We are one of the negative impacts of apartheid.
We find ways to be seen.
We've now monetized our poverty—
we call it Kasi tours.

We've turned our homes into exhibitions,
because survival here is an art.
Death is our walking stick,
but there's no dying today.

We've been living from hand to mouth all our lives.
Our leaking roofs catch whatever blessings fall
from Umlungu's pockets,
landing into the buckets we call hands.

We manage to stay afloat,
to keep our heads above our debts—
even if the only silver lining
is our metallic roof,
we still search for hope:

for Langa,
for our pride,
for Gugulethu,
for Khayelitsha, for our homes.