

Kgebetli MOELE

Nature of life

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2006: The Kruger National Park: man's sanctuary where the rule of nature still presides - will always preside - even with the maximum human intervention. It is nature's defiance to humankind that humans can be at the top of the living chain but the rules of nature will always be conformed to.

Humans can kill elephants claiming that they have reached the Park's carrying capacity; they can reintroduce extinct animals in the park and help in the breeding of those that are - in their human terms and conditions - endangered but within the borders nature still dictates the rules: mammoth, your time is over, and we no longer have a living mammoth. T-rex, your time to overlook the earth is up and we only have fossils of the T-rex. The day will come when nature declares: humans, your time to dominate the earth is up and we will all be no more. Oh! You think you will move to Mars? Huh!

The rules and regulations of nature, fascinating, isn't it?

A pack of warthogs grazing wearily in the flat plains, mother warthog on an interrupted watch out, she is constantly disturbed by a hungry tummy but danger and death are never faraway. She knows this little fact and understands because it is nature.

The scavengers are hovering about employed to clean up the savannah after danger and death passed by and tummies - big tummies and at times little tummies - are well fed.

They are employed to clean up exhibit in the savannah of danger and death so that nature can prevail without any evidence of foul play. And all that is on display is pure beauty and there is no constant parade of the results of danger and death - a graveyard.

A lioness on a prowl: it is an employee of nature employed for a regulatory function within nature. The lioness is too a creation of nature to serve nature in a way that Nature intends nature to be, beautiful. But I smell some ruthlessness within the lioness. It is danger and death. See those canine teeth build for a purpose and the muted crawl within the long grass and the terrifying swiftness as it takes down its target and aims its teeth right at the highway that gives the prey - a prey? It is no longer a warthog? Well a victim - the vital oxygen that keeps everything life.

This lion is on the prowl, it has hatched little mouths to feed. I was waiting, counting the comings and goings of people who love nature at it raw and brutal. They are here to connect with it at its best - to be part of it because at best humans - we - are all animals in our nature and no better animals than any animal. We just have a mind that tells us that we are superior because - look around - but we are still, in simple words, animals, part and parcel of nature.

I was talking with these illegal aliens from the other side of this Park - abruptly caught offside by the information age with their primitive ways. They are living this 'animal life,' trying to adapt and live in this global village. And they are hanging on, all black and surviving. You can smell their hard labour from a mile or maybe they see crocodiles in the water and so they don't want to risk washing because the crocodiles will make a meal. They are wearing expensive labels and have advanced cell phones, so they are not that far off. I hate these people, fuck them and their brother-in-law Mandela and their sister - I despise them. If I was the ruler of this jungle, they will be on the other side, their side.

Shocked. Fuck. Well, around this place the lion hates - despises to kill the leopard, the cheetah and the hyena who in turn don't like each other they loathe each other to a point

of bringing death to one another: nature. Nature. Think slavery, think segregation and think fascism, oh! I nearly forgot, think apartheid. No? Oh you are living in sugar coated world. Dam, this is nature, captivating and intriguing.

You think because apartheid ended, Black and White share a toilet seat, that Black can marry White. You are coating your reality with sugar and believe, it will taste very sweet. But hear the truth apartheid did not create Black and white neither did it create Afrikaans and Zulu. Group Areas Act was a concrete act of keeping Venda people very Venda contrary to what democracy is doing with Venda people, making them English speaking Venda people. It is similar to making a lion change its meal habits and start grazing.

Within your social engineering, your wisdom and understanding nature prevails.

The lioness' preferred prey is grazing in the tall grass wearily and constantly looking around at intervals comforted by safety-in-numbers but those will be the last sweet grass it ever has down its throat. Do they think that the grass is happy to be chewed up, being run upon and shitted on? No, the grass just doesn't have a means of rebelling against nature.

The prey noticed the lioness some hour ago when it lied flat on its hungry stomach and waited for the prey to come within striking range.

Swiftly like an unexpected lightning and before the prey knew it, claws had clawed it down and the fact dawns with its life that numbers does not translate into safety. White people were there with their digital things waiting like the lioness, waiting for the souvenir moment and they got it, nature, beautiful, fascinating and they are now ecstatic. It was worth the wait, they will witness it over and over.

They had waited an hour or so just to catch that moment and now that they had it on digital video, it was beautiful beyond any measure. A moment beyond any financial value. It is beautiful beyond measure, yes, true because it is - it was natural.

This hungry lion's preferred prey came in and out the gate at will; some stopped to pick up a souvenir - an additional memory of when they walked into nature and became part of it that is unlike the digital video that one had to press play to see - this souvenir can be an art effect that will dominate a living room to be seen every morning without any effort. I intervene for one of the vendor keeping myself occupied, played my tricks. I am a salesman by birth - I always thought that if it came to it, I can sell ice to an Eskimo at a high price. Sold two items at seventy percent more than the vendor's asking price and I commissioned a job for him.

"Sir, if you don't like the animals, you can give us a picture of your family and we can carve it for you out of wood as we did with these animals. We can make it a miniature, square meter or life size, depending on what you prefer, sir."

"What? What did you say?" Shit white women, I was not even talking to her, I was talking to her husband. "It is priceless madam, all that you are paying - you are only thanking the hands that did the work because the work itself, it is beyond any value. Madam, it is like a photo. You are paying for the photo paper not the content of the photo."

"How much is the thanking price."

"Depends on the size, what size would you want?" At seventeen grand and a down payment of ten thousand, me the born salesman sold and they bought something that I was not even sure about but believed that the sculptor will surely sculpt out of any wood. But the dumb vendor was so overwhelmed that he gave me five grand. Told them that they will have it in four weeks time but he said that he could do it in less than a week. Then we took a picture of the whole family and I preferred one of the children to lock hands, the other to fold her hands and the third to hold his hands as if he was holding some thing in his hands and each parents' hand resting on the shoulder of one child and the other hanging on the sides. I was thinking that the hardest part was sculpting the hands resting on the children.

17h00: This lion was still laying waiting for the preferred prey to come in striking range, more alert. An hour later the natural world's entrance will closed and so those that were

not sleeping inside the natural world were on their way out of it. It was the second day this lion was prowling these parts of the Global village, anxiety, hunger and adrenalin had reached their pinnacle.

17h43: a caravelle exclusive strutted out of nature more like a victorious buffalo bull after securing the exclusive rights to be the mating bull during the mating season. I got the green light – this lion’s heart gave the green light. ‘Sibindi uya philisa.’ It whispered in a Godly voice because the prey was within striking range. Hunger or fear of hunger is a superior driving force.

This lion was attacking. My heart declared it again in that Godly voice. ‘Sibindi uya philisa.’ As the lips moved to the words. I swallowed sweet saliva and put on a smile, a happy smile. It was like when one sees a girl that one loves but doesn’t have the logical reasons why one loves that particular girl; it was that kind of green light. This was my prey. Started my car and prowling from behind.

At the long straight – the striking point, where my planned chance of striking them was, I could see the lights of approaching cars. After they had passed; that something within gave the green light again, the sweet soothing voice of a God inside me.

‘Sibindi uya philisa. Now or never.’

I took that risk, I could not see if there were approaching cars, thought that if they came will have to fold the whole thing but there was never a car.

I rammed the caravelle on the left side forcing him to make a u-turn and stopping in the middle of the road facing where we were from. I hit the hazards and parked my car in a normal way. Then run to them as if offering help. The old man was still in shock as if unaware of what had happened. Nature is aversive to the sick and the aged. He was like a veteran of world war two, I looked at him and thought that he must have been a brave soldier of the second world war and it was as if he had seen too much of the inhumane deeds – nature – and not unwilling to see anymore.

The engine was still running instilling intentions and false immortality to anyone with the insatiable love of engine power. It was begging, crying to cover kilometres before it tires up, isn’t it animal nature? Do your purpose before your time is up and you thought that it was a machine.

The veteran and his veteran wife were talking foreign language, sweating furiously and they had influenced the internal air in the car badly and their seat belts were on. Time was important in milliseconds; the Z was out, opened the door hitting him with it three times with lightning speed as all conscious left him. The seat belt nearly made me lose it. It frustrated me for a second there. I could see the approaching lights but before they could suspect anything. I had parked the caravelle in the back of my van both cars flashing the hazards. All the lights passed on back to real life without suspecting the nature of things here.

The veteran’s veteran wife was in tears, fearing to scream out but physically she was screaming, her eyes closed and in a mumbling conversation with the all mighty God.

“Baby, I am sorry.”

She was not listening to me, she did not hear me.

“Baby, baby I am talking to you. I said that I am sorry and I am sorry for what I am about to do to you.”

I shook her on the thigh and her conversation with God became intense and slowly becoming audible till I could hear her clearly – foreign language.

“Baby, honey, I think you need to stop praying and fight back.” But she continued her one way conversation with Dear God.

Did she think that the springbok prayed to God when that lion's claws stroke it? God knows anything that happens in this world that he created, think that he doesn't know all the people that are terrorised by sinners like me and all other spirits and soul to terrorise his children each and every day the he creates.

The springbok tried to run away and the pursuer needed to fill a tummy and little tummies - the prey and the predator are both creations of God - the brutality of Mother Nature. Beautiful. Maybe that's what they thought. The springbok died running but the old ones - sick ones have to pay for the toll of Mother Nature. Death, it is in the end life, isn't it? My God whispers; 'Ukufa kwale inje ndoda, ukuvuka kwale inje ndoda.' And I told her, "Baby, death of another man is the rise of another man."

But she was totally engrossed in prayer. I looked at her and I thought that she was once a beautiful woman and for the first time I felt sad that my beautiful wives will one day develop wrinkles on their face, I did not want to grow old with them. I wish to die before they start to develop their first wrinkles.

Was there a reason why I shot them? No. I could have tied them together and left them under the bridge but I shot them, each took a bullet on the forehead. The scavengers of our world say that it is execution style. Why did I shot them? Well ..., why did I shoot them? I want to give an undisputable reason but right now I can't think of one but they are dead. That is the nature of animals.

This lion has had its hungry stomach fed, fed its lionesses and cubs to face and survive another day and night but then when the sun rises, we will be hungry once again prowling for more prey.

Then I left their remains for the vultures and scavengers of this man-influenced-mother-nature to come and do their work because it is their nature to come after the job has been done and piece the puzzle together trying to track the predator responsible for this brutal act. I reloaded the Z. I cleaned the Z. Z. Omega, the-end-alphabet then I had an overwhelming feeling to leave it - I never liked that gun anyway, as functional as it was, it had one huge downside; it was heavy - and preclude the vultures' search for the deadly weapon. Dumb these vultures; they first have to search for the murder weapon first. Fuck them. I slot it on the right waist of the veteran like he had put it there himself.

The Z, I have never liked that gun. It always represented police power and police power reminded me of apartheid police brutalities. I have never had any connection with it. I used it only for the function. It was too big and too heavy but I feel that it had done its duty obediently and functionally like apartheid's black police officers.

I did fill in another piece of this puzzle saving them a run around of looking for the murder weapon. They had to start by looking for me, that is if they can find me. All the vultures needed then, was a motive puzzle so I gave them a detour:

All the pain that you have caused my mother and her family is now forgiven. Now her soul will rest in peace because now the family is at peace.

Long afterwards I thought it to be a dumb detour because to be effective, it had to be in the language that she was in conversation with God with. Ah! No problem I know that they will never think anything because they are all an incompetent lot in democracy - ruins of apartheid and its brutal policing policies.