

Fly on the wall ...

JOBURG NOVEMBER BLUES

To Joburg they brought the G20
We tried not to look so low-renty
The homeless were chased,
Roads painted in haste,
So little could look more like plenty.

A plane full of Gazans here landed
And nobody knew who had planned it
Some said 'deportation'
While others 'host nation' –
A hottish potato was handed.

Inquiries come thicker and faster –
The wounds are too big for the plaster,
What witness A said
Should fill us with dread –
O boy; it is quite the disaster.

But still we have Temba and Siya
We toast with our wine and our biya;
And brannas and Cokes
For all the good okes
Who say we are staying raait hiya. **A**

