

My Home town

Tembisa, my hometown
Aint no need to frown

Come, come, see how we get down
This is where I was born

Where I was ~~born~~ raised, raised to mourn
To jubilate, the joy, the sad

That makes you say, we bad
Like and other hood

Always and forever misunderstood
But, as all our life's good
Aint never been good

Poem By Sudan Gaddafi

Written 2011 September 2011

