

Their rumbling voices

There is something about the word *Peace Rugare* that can be unsettling
Especially in the current climate
2020 has placed the phrase,
Uncertain times
on our doorsteps
what do we do with it?

The rhythm of life seems uncertain...
There is so much noise out here...
Death of loved ones, so much loss
Loss of jobs, lives, loss of social gatherings
The freedom to randomly make a grand entrance
into a gallery, restaurant, theatre, disappeared overnight

Uncertain times...

Fear of the unknown
Fear of corona
The virus that has wreaked havoc in our lungs
It ping pongs somewhere, in the intricate details of air, oxygen, O₂

Uncertain times...

Where is *Peace Rugare* in a world bursting to the seams with rage
Where is *Peace Rugare* in a world where nothing absolutely nothing makes sense
How do we even make sense of it all
How do we even begin to find peace in chaos?

Well
I close my eyes I hear their rumbling voices
and all the noise fades away
In the rhythm of our traditional dance *Jiti*
The noise fades away
I reach for the needle, the thread, *kente* fabric,
The noise fades away
in the moulding, shaping, cracking, breaking, mending of clay pots
The noise fades away
My bones, my blood, my mind sings...

I close my eyes I hear their rumbling voices
The sound of my father playing his favourite song (vakapareyiko vana vangu)
a sad song, but it brings me peace, a memory of my father long gone
The sound of my mother's old sewing machine chucking away in the early hours of the morning
She's long gone.....the sound...the memory lives on.... peace
The feel of the warm soil underneath my feet, reminding me of who I am, my heritage, my blood, reminding
me that I am a Zimbo, Mwana wevhu! Mwana waMwari!
The sight my uncles, grandfathers making exquisite miniature cars, cars made from scrap wire, the

tight knitted memories of mothers, grandmothers, ana Gogo, from down the road, weaving baskets,
singing hymns , roasting peanuts, cooking sadza
a delicious feast of creativity...

Peace Rugare

I close my eyes I hear their rumbling voices

The rumbling voices

Prayed for me

My *Peace Rugare*

I'm inviting you to

Close your eyes

What do you see???

Laura Nyahuye

September 2020