Da common mans: What is da law?

(Written from the perspective of a black man in the apartheids era)

By Gilles van de Wall

Dyou ask me, what is da law?
I tell dyou abou my, da law.
Da law is what made no futa for me.
Da law tell me who i mus be.

It tell me where i can walk.
Tell me how i can talk.
It tell me when to breath
Tell when to speak.

Da law got me dis place.
Dis wasted, barron space.
Da law made me not to read.
Da law is what make me blead.

Fo da law is what kills.
It is what bills.
Da law ask me questions.
Da law has no suggestions.

Questions of a 'pass'.
Questions that makes me cuss.
Da law make it impossible to survive.
It kills my dreams every time i strive.

Da law is not fair.
Da law only stares
At my miserable tale.
Like dat of dose dying whales.

It sounds so nice from da distance.
But when dyou look close it kills my existance.
It gives all of us dis blistas.
While sends no hope in its whispas

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Da law is what tells me who i mus be.

In the apartheids era people where forcefully moved; killed; tolled when, where , how and in which way they could walk in era's that was reserved for the whit e
folk of that town. What did the law mean to them when it was the law whom approved of them being tortured, killed and treated like animals? This is the story through a black man's eyes perceived from a white male law student's mind.

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