of elegance' (200). 'Smashing my own words to bits, I proffer totally new voices' (203). In that sense, his inimitable style is almost like a way of incorporating that 'demolition into the poem itself' (190).

Whether using language to break down barriers and traditions or to build up new defenses against silencing forces, contemporary poets have a vital place in our society. 'If you want to know the truth, find the poets' (80), Doshi writes, with a caveat that they are 'an almost extinct/species' (82). In amplifying international poets' voices we can seek to ensure that such singular truth-tellers do not die out.

Carol Leon
This Book Betrays My Brother
Kagiso Lesego Molope
Mawenzi House, Toronto, 2018, pb 192pp ISBN 9781988449296 £11.50
www.mawenzihouse.com

This Book Betrays My Brother speaks unflinchingly to the contemporary reader in its exploration of racial prejudice, gender discrimination and class consciousness, concerns which still beleaguer communities the world over. As Megan Labrise observes in an interview with the author published in Kirkus Reviews in July 2018:

In light of the #MeToo movement, Kagiso Lesego Molope’s This Book Betrays My Brother may seem powerfully prescient to North American readers in 2018. But it was first published in South Africa in 2012.

The novel was inspired by an actual event. South African politician Jacob Zuma was acquitted in 2005 of raping a young woman. Reviled, the woman ultimately fled the country. In 2009, Zuma became president.

gods ... delivered my brother' (9). What is so striking, even moving, in the story is the bond the siblings share. The sister adores her clever, charming older brother.

The adult Naledi only appears in the Prologue and Epilogue of the novel. In the first chapter we are taken back in time when Naledi is eight and Basimane is fourteen. Her small family, father, mother, brother and herself, have moved from the poor section of town to a more affluent, middle-class neighbourhood in Marapong. They lead busy lives: the parents run the main grocery shop in their old neighbourhood or location, also called kasi, and the children go to private schools and are engrossed with friends, parties and sports. But this seemingly idyllic situation turns to ruin when Naledi catches her brother committing a terrible act which goes against everything she believed he was, and she starts to question everything and everyone. 'But what strange and disconcerting territory I was finding myself in!' (160). The telling of this story, then, betrays her brother by exposing his shameful secret.

As Naledi goes through the trauma of reconciling herself to what her brother has done, Molope reveals the misogynistic mentality which still prevails in this South African community. The young girl, Moipone, whom Basimane has violated, is maligned and blamed for the rape. The irony is that Basimane goes on to become a celebrated lawyer fighting for justice. In one of Naledi’s last reflections in the book she says:

The difference between my brother and me is that being special helps you pick and choose between what matters and what doesn’t, and sometimes, what’s real and what isn’t. ... For Moipone, I think there’s never been that choice. For me there’s never been that choice. (185–86)

The author is so skilled in her craft that she images this pervasive gender