

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Upon one bush, three colours:
powder white, lilac, soft blue, a star
exploding with fragrance

I have opened a door into a new life,
what were the countries I left behind,
a life I thought I was familiar with

In the early morning the ibis flies
to roost, its dark call *Hah-de-dah*
dips a long curved beak
into my dream
draws me from sleep

On the roadside in Hillbrow
a small black child is dancing
“the time of my life” she sings

The suburbs below drowning
in the thick perfume of flowers,
each walled garden and then the veld
burst open

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