

Looking North

Trees shift in sinuous
heat, candescent
from their roots up
borne on steady waves
to beat with slow insistence
on the shores of this
Highveld morning.

From my roof-top
office, I watch workers
harvest the dry
dumb grass, a crop
to burn, to add fire
to the day.

Northern swallows swoop like blades
towards the earth, arc
around the radio tower,
explosions of sudden
silent morse, ciphers
of the season's charge.

IAN TROMP