

homage to a sanscape

I

even the strong flavours
from the hot dog stand at the gates
of the british museum
cannot dispel the african spores
perspiring beneath the
elephant's foot

and the lilac blush
on the delicate cheeks
of the elegant lady wearing stylish shades
and a scarf of eastern silk
is actually pollen
from the african blue lily

II

work your way through the hordes
posing for their picture
before entering the vault of frozen stories...

III

we journeyed
to the living land of the oldest memories
crossing oc-eons
cupped within the dimples
of the painted rocks

(ritual chalices
beneath an ambiguous sky

dwarfing the grecian colonnade
leading to the world's treasures
not all given with open hands)

in the forecourt
the jewels of a baptismal rain
still hung preciously
from the regal quiver tree -
guardian of the garden of healling

the domed vestibule of darkness
parted gently
like the veil of surrender
to reveal the azure eye
of an inner sky

IV

we entered the haven
of the san
and followed the melody
of a hunter's bow

with her sensitive fingers
the lady of the scarf
strummed the web of silent colour
and danced cheek to cheek
with the bird of paradise

tears of laughter

from the eternal fountain
of her smile
cascaded to the scale
of the harp of vynbos

V

my name is agapanthus
i am the flower of love
come dance with me
let us sway
to the undulating beat of the udu

VI

these rocks will return
to their source
up river to gather again
the glory of faded memories

VII

the sweat of the artist
like morning dew on the rock face
bearing a muted elegy to the african elephant
sweetens the grain
taken by those who will still come
looking for the seed of healing...

© Eugene skeef - 2010

