

NIGHTFALL

The black trunks holding up their canopies
are hushed at dusk. Tattered, the green drapes stir
as skies darken in between and heaven has
no more candles for tonight. Up there

thunder spoke a summer sermon
but watery and little was the soothing rain
and now I cannot even see the common
clouds because I'm waiting for the sun.
Wishy-washy are the sweet tomorrows

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and most amazing our tenacious hopes:
the cat sleeps in the corner as I throw
cold wate on these unromantic notes

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A poem by Anthur Nortje
-A poem condemning
apartheid (but how??)