

Kariega Metaphors

What mattered most
at Kariega

wasn't just the dune-bush,
the sightings
through branches of sea;

the air-plants, the duiker
a hoof raised,
breathing dusk in a kloof.

What mattered most

wasn't even the throb-songs
of nightjars, calling
bird to bird in the dark,

or the quiet, the glimmering
above the estuary
of dim recessional stars.

What mattered most

was a firefly
pulsing through the bush-banks
its pinhead of life.