

RESETTLEMENT

Deep beneath the rubble
tight between two
old
rusty pieces
of corrugated iron
lies my heart
I shall never get it out now
the bulldozer tracks have bruised it
into the ground
I walk on
my new home
nowhere
and nothing beats in my breast
my blood runs cold
reptile-like
my eyes do not close in sleep
I dream no more
my heart is buried in the rubble
all I have left is my nightmare
and a bent tin bucket
with a hole

Barbie Schreiner

POETRY

He read Serote
who defines fiercely
our social need.
"That's not poetry:
it's politics,"
he cried.
"Poetry is a pure thing,
quite unconcerned
with worldly aims."

Then he plunged
into a proper poem:
it was Andrew Marvell
speaking subtly
to his coy mistress.

And he exclaimed:
"That's not lyricism:
it's love.
Poetry is a pure thing,
quite unconcerned
with worldly aims."

Vortex