

with the maintenance of our own identity and sovereignty.

DAUGHTER: How vewy nice of you. When will these fings be?

POLICEMAN 1: Six months. Meanwhile (he again takes MRS X by the elbow) you come along to the station and pay your fine.

Hurry up, the van's nearly full.

(MRS X picks up the child, casts a swift glance at her husband, and exits with the POLICEMEN.)

MR X: (shouting after them) Who's going to turn the first stone?

ELEANOR ANDERSON.

Autumn: A time for dying

VIOLET PADAYACHI CHERRY

The fall goes out in a blaze of color,
Heralding its death pangs,
The leaves range from sheer gold
To mottled red,
Soon there will be heaps of
Crumpled brown
And where once I peered through
Trellis of magic leaves,
Overnight there will be only ghostly
outlines to remind me of those
Golden summer days!

An icy chill greets me
As I pick my way across a carpet
Of newly fallen leaves
My garden will be bare,
With not a single bloom
To break the dull monotony of
Winter's creeping fingers,
Destined to suspend me
In icy gloom,
Through months of wintry cold,
A watery sun, weeks of dreary grey
With only the wind and snow
Breaking the sharp monotony of each day.

I long for the brilliance of my
African landscape,
Bright orange sun, creeping out
Of the Indian Ocean each dawn,
Softly bathing the hills with
Limpid pools of golden warmth,
An indigo sky, blood red bougainvillea
Gently draping the white washed houses,
And the trees — full and radiant
In their golden splendor.

I begin to feel once more the sun
Warming my chilled bones,
And can hear again the birds —
A cacophony of sound!
Against a city awakening to yet
Another day of sun and warmth.
Give me again those brilliant colors—
Tangerine against blue,
Deep purple and emerald green,
The powerful smell of tropical flowers,
And the sound of the sea
As it batters the rocks and creeps
Toward the golden beaches.
A panorama of color, sound
And vibrant life!

I miss the gentle palm trees
Outlining the ridge,
Hinting of a paradise of color,
A touch of mystery,
As I conjure up from afar,
The valley of a thousand hills,
Cattle in the distance, huts here and there,
Faint echoes of the herd boys guitar,
Twanging in the distance.
Fills me with pathos and longing
Of what perhaps will never be again,
Memories of those harsher times
Of yesterday are softened by distance
And lends enchantment to a land
Now far removed, and yet
Still poignantly remembered.

From The Diary of an Exile

October 1974