

# A View From Within

Far from my parents' home  
 I dream of these men  
 exiled from their land of birth  
 politicians and thinkers who —  
 having conquered foreign lands  
 —come to rest close to home  
 creating a family life  
 which —while nursing their optimism  
 for tomorrow — will not erase yesterday's  
 hard memories

A lifestyle chosen deliberately  
 friends in the dozen yet friends one or two  
 I sit with them now in my father's house  
 filling up their glasses handing round snacks  
 and playing their favourite music  
 I retire for a while but  
 irresistibly return  
 to pamper and listen to these grown men  
 laughing over their past with boyish lights in their eyes  
 they stay on as the clock turns  
 drinking ceaselessly and soberly discussing  
 the day's events

how much I ask myself will their children know?  
 how deep will their sons read  
 into their fathers' lives?  
 will their daughters perceive them  
 as I see them now?  
 for their fears their mistakes their negligence  
 and — above all — their uncertainties?  
 will all these render them unapprehended heroes  
 ever-struggling men-children  
 whose mothers never stopped hoping  
 to find them alive?

Far away from home  
 I the daughter will remember such evenings  
 and carry in me as I tread through the night  
 into the morning  
 that light in your eyes  
 that light which took you through countless  
 such evenings  
 till you found your way back home

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*Illustration by Kim Franklin*

