

DILEMMA – 1976

by Jacob Stern

The long brown land moves widely north,
Treasure of veld and kloof and sky
Holding farm and dorp and kraal.
Sanctuary.

The low grey town lies greyly still,
Cistern of hurt and lack and rage
Spilling pain and want and curse.
Rebuke.

The thin black line moves slowly south,
Frontier of fear and doubt and hope
Bearing fire and sword and joy.
Attack.

There is the gun. □