

Highveld Winter

The melancholy songs of bone
and steel slice
through this strange sad
Highveld winter.
I whet my own grave
mind on the stone
of news and no
news.

No history
can stanch this awful
waste of this season
or yield words brute
enough to hold it.
There is a heart—
breaking sough in the dark
bare trees.

The rains came early this year.

IAN TROMP