AFRICAN CLAY BIRD .

FOR IRENE W.

Creation is externalized porcelain

Guinea fowl

And within each

Stylized feather

You exist ,

And make yourself know

That you exist emotionally

Within our time and space.

Each curved line and

Well placed stroke slowly

Carves the bird out of

Shapeless clay ,

And as your hands

Undertake the task at hand

…do you know that you shape

Your inner being , your spirit

Your potential - filled - soul

That has cried and pained

For its own formation.

You - bird - you

Shapeless clay evolving into winged beauty.

AFRICAN MARY

For Karen P.

Cacti inter - thorned with roses

Thorn to thorn

Double pierced and joined

In one view of

Unification

With bell without , bell within

As one soul rose to take

Up life’s promise

And

Within that promise

Her face

Was lit with a soft , white light

Ash blonde hair met lighted face in

One unificatory experience ;

Small flames surrounded ,

Included and incorporated.

Me - thos soul flowed outward towards the

Soft light to co - mingle

With the cracked polished floor boards

Renewing a bond between

Life , my life , my soul and the

Pulse

Of

Africa.

Alice Catholic Church , Ciskei , 27 October 1987

AFRIKA I SALUTE YOU

( written by Karin Paasche , 3 december 1987 )

Afrika I salute you .

O continent of pain and joy

Too harsh for those who love you

Your rocks and your boulders

Cannot dry the tears

In eyes that have looked on you

But belong to other climes.

Afrika I salute you

O continent of rain and of thunder

Much there is that I would give you

But you cannot meet my needs

Too harsh your sun

For fairer skins

Too proud your people

For hearts that would love .

Afrika I salute you

Only say the word and I will stay

But if it comes not from your lips

Then elsewhere I am forced to go .

Too harsh your sun

Too proud your people

For hearts that dare no longer fight alone .

Afrika I salute you

Where else will I know

Such pain and joy ?

O continent so dark and lonely

Where is the sunshine of your promise ?

Why did you let me in

If you would not have me stay ?

What hope have you

For those who have much to give

Yet dare not go this road alone ?

As I see the storm clouds gather

I turn my eyes to the setting sun .

Dearly have I loved you

Yet dare not stay

Where I am not welcomed .

In my pain you turn away

To meet the needs of a cause unknown .

Afrika I salute you

As you journey on

What you see as anger

Is the pain of a woman unloved .

The price is too high

When you pay it alone

The journey too harsh

To go it alone .

[ A handwritten note at the end of the page : ]

For Garth with love -

In the hope that for both of us

There will soon be a

Home in the true sense

Of the word

And also

Somebody special to share it with us .

Nice to know you

Fellow traveler !

Love Karin

BEAUTY PARLOUR , GRAHAMSTOWN (11 july 1988 )

Sentiments in me of the harshness

Of the fallen white wombs

Dried female juice

Imprisoned

In their clinker brick houses

Brick boxes …

The vernal seasons of biting sarcasm

Intermittently in my outraged heart …

The beauty parlor

Poodle under arm

‘’ turning arriving gray into varnished auburn ‘’

‘’ he said ; she said ; … how is the little dog ? ‘’

Ouch … you bitch

Red talons at the nail varnisher

Waving the beggar off

Clawing at my desecrated soul …

As Fair Lady is thumbed … under brain frying

Brittle curls.

A chill in my sick soul like a long

Round sound

Screams are the turning of a page ,

While hippos wallow

And caspirs shriek along tarmac …

How we shall live from Malibu to Sandown ,

And dress from Princess Di to Rosenwerth …

Police vans rolling ,

Tumbrils rolling ,

Rapid the streets hollow raucous sound ,

Clatters

Crackles

Rapid gun fire and deadly bullets …

But nothing penetrates the helmet of the soundless

Hair dryer.

CATHAL

Alice , Ciskei , march 1987

Tightness surrounds my internal being

Like the closing lid of

a mahogany chest .

All air evaporates ,

Dissipates

Around me .

Seated in a swivel chair , while

Cathal

Rocks

Slowly

To and fro

On the legs of his .

I experience a well being waiting

Just

Beyond my grasp , as if i stretch

I will reach,

But the energy that it will take

Is boundless ,

While I am bounded .

The chest lid does not

Snap shut

But inches slowly ,

Inexorably down

Towards its tarnished silver lock .

I fight back pushing upwards to keep

The lid

Open ,

Up and clearly breathing

Fresh air .

Cathal informs me about the collective unconscious

Which exists within us all and

Wonders if i am not

Striving

Against

The striving

Of my blood .

The idea that my blood

Follows

The simple ancient pattern

Of the mating combination

Repulses

Frightens me ,

But overjoys me

That i feel

Whatever all men

Feel .

FOR GARTH , FROM HIS AFRICAN MARY

( written by Karin Paasche )

Dedication….with love , Karin

Hogsback , 7 JULY 1988

You have said goodbye

Because you dare not face

The revelations

Of the mysteries of Africa .

Your journey will not take you

Into its dark interior

For you the way into the light

As you move

Dark speck

In God’s eternity .

Not for you to be a light

In darkness

For still you fear the darkness

In yourself .

For you the light

Offered by psychologists

For you the light

Of western thought and reason .

Be gentle with yourself

My dear dear friend

And do not force the depths

In which your light is born .

Be gentle with the things

With which we have entrusted you

And pray for us

As we do pray for you .

FOR LINCOLN

Creation

Poetic

Religious

Scientific

?

Would philosophy say ,

‘’ combination of all to all ‘’

Myth to history.

Adam to adam

Garden of love to

Garden of tears

Fall to fall

To rise.

All people

All times.

Circle within circle

Everwidening

Within the age of

Dust to dust.

Within the encircled

Dust storm ,

I exist

Of adam ,

Adam’s dust

And touch

Creation to creation .

What is death ?

LORD SILVER - SPIRIT

Lord silver - spirit ,

You

Who

Gild the horizon with

Silverized mercury

Uniting

Sky and earth

Into one

Totality .

Hear my heart - soul

As it

Pounds

To

Ancient rhythm

As you slip

Beneath

The world’s level

Plunging

Fir tree density

Into

Blackened

Obscurity.

Hear my heart - soul ,

And feel my heart soul

As it gathers power

Within

To pour

Outwards

To meet you

In a glorious eternal rhythm .

Beat my heart - soul

Into

Silver load

To match ,

Meet

And

Mate

With the silvered universe .

Beat my heart - soul

Into

Shape

As

Ancient silver -smiths

Beat raw metal

Into masks

Of slit eyes

To grace

You.

The ancients utilized your power

And

Created from it’s force ,

As

I

Wish

To do !

Take my life

And

Create

Your

Silvered jewel :

The silver - spirit within me ,

Sees ,

Feels ,

Breathes

And

Touches

This

Jeweled intensity .

MOTHERHOOD

FOR ROSEMARY T.

You will eject living breath from your - self

Into breathed air

Realize what a precious action it is that

You will do

Only you will ever have the capacity to

Create this particular breath.

Carry it

Cover it

Cradle it

Until the earth’s air

Calls for it.

Within yourself , is the future

Nurture , feed well , be well

For this is the breath of life ,

This is creation , and you are Eve .

In you is Eve and Eden before the Fall

With the future breath swimming

Strongly across the inner lake .

Eve you are , Eve you will be ,

Do you not feel the impulse ,

Pulse of all.

Alice , march 1987

MUNYAMBO

( Komga - June 1988 )

Regal cut features

Seemingly

Hewn

Elegantly

Out of black

Granite .

I wonder amazed

At

Munyambo’s

Ancient heritage .

Eyesight faded within the present

But enduring with inward vision .

She presents a craggy

Gray haired

Obsequious and

Servile

Reminder

Of existent polarity ,

Surviving on an age old wisdom and

Tribal profundity

The white person can only nostalgically

Hearken after

From his primitive past

And of which he is totally

Ignorant .

I feel this ancient wisdom and know

Within my heart that within her

Own people ,

The servility would be gone ,

Replaced by

Proud hauteur

And

Sublime magical magnificence

Of

African ages past ,

Touched but

Never

Assimilated ,

Known

But

Ignored

By

Pigment craving .

ORANGE PEEL

( HOGSBACK , 1987 )

I am possessed by desire ,

To peel the sun with its radiated heat ,

Like an orange ,

Peeling

The heated rays piece by piece

Ingesting it slowly into my

Frozen being .

Eating the sun into my body

And absorbing

It’s life

Into my cells .

Expanding with it’s bursting brightness ,

And it’s explosive aetheriality

Stretching between

Horizons ,

While my body

Loses its stolid , earth - bound physicality

And collapses

Outward

To stretch forward

Towards

The horizon to mingle

All that life - heat

Into a new state of being .

SAND - CHRIST

( cathal lagan suggested a theme ‘’ Christ writing on the sand ! A deconstructive interlude ? ) 1987.

Two dimensional perspective

Outlined in grains of sand

Drawn slowly in the heat

Of the day ,

Covered by shadowed

Side slant from

The inn wall .

Female shadow flung against

The earth

Crawls slowly

Towards the artist ,

Displacing grains

Like a worm

Burrowing

Upwards

Towards

Light.

Shadowed grains of sand ,

While fingers

Claw

Towards the drawing

Displacing its

Design ,

But imposing

Continued

Dimensionality .

All resemble

Grains of sand ,

All sand ,

All dust ,

As human lack reduces

All to spheres ,

Minutely globed

Reflecting

Under the sun .

Being immersed in shadow .

SOUTH AFRICA IRELAND

( Future journey to Northern Ireland )

My body space will

Journey

From striven republic to striven colony ,

Brown flatness exchanged for verdant green.

Within that body will occur a division

Between two continents,

Just as my soul strives to encompass

Division of intellect and emotion.

This soul reflecting collective soul

Oppressed , suppressed and divided

Between two societies ,

Black and white

Catholic and Protestant .

This soul originated from a present initiation

Of flattened brown , while landscaped

Generations past from verdant green.

This division exists within my past , within me

But also surrounds my present

And will encompass

Hopefully

To unite

My future

What does my divided soul expect from a

Divided land ?

Will the undulating greeness , shocked by darkened lough ,

Glowering under a brooding sky

Call me ?

Will the vision of my eyes

Greet the vision of my soul ?

SPACED ORBIT

May 1988

Sightless eye sockets

Revolving dark

And spaceless orbits

Of existence.

Brainless brain cavity

Informing opaque and

Obliterated decibles

Of intelligence .

Whitened calciumed texture

Soft but crumbling

Into eternity.

Hamlet touched you ,

Caressed you ,

Imagined his decisions

And future upon you ,

Little realising that

He held his future

His being

Our being

Your

Being .

STREET MUSICIANS AT TWILIGHT (BELMONT-DURBAN. DECEMBER 1985)

While the sea breaks upon the shore

And the sun slowly melts

Behind the white facades,

Music drifts slowly upward

Building up a power to

Meet the dissolving day.

All around us the day slowly

Dissipates, denigrates, divorces -

While the street musicians furiously

Syncopate, strum and conceive -

What feeling do they stir, arouse, provoke ?

Pathos or joy, sublime, sacred or profane ?

At the close of a day, they use their

Instruments as a means of defence

To keep the sorrow of encroaching

Night at bay.

‘’Jabulani’’ and ‘’silent night’’ are

Beaten out of tune,

Paradox of african joy and european bathos

Mingling, muttering , infusing,

Seeping through the gathering crowd.

Paradox of self is revealed in

This evening concert.

My soul melts with the fading sun, and

Sea tides removing,

But exalts at the sounds, at the flow of life

And creative energy.

STRIATIONS (HOGSBACK. 1985)

Dark brooding mountain peak

Framed by dark omnipresent clouds.

Stone inverted V shaped monolith.

Hairy with fir trees and scarred by

Striations of rock.

The perceptions vibrating from the mountain

Are ones of primeval power.

Power formed in flowing layers,

Each reading history off the sides

Over the stretching millennium.

Ancient, old, formed and ejected from the

Bubbling earth’s crust.

SWEET WATERS

Village of the sweet waters .

High summer .

Hundreds of hibiscus blooms contribute

To the perfumes of futurity within the air .

It is old , very old …

And the paradox of San rock paintings

Surrounding the river bank

Like an open air gallery

For all …

While civilisation encloses

Its present paintings

Within locked doors …

English village re - erected

With county tombstones

Within the nerve endings

Of

Live

African culture .

‘’ virginia buller ‘’... dead 1869

Lies in the graveyard

Beneath her english tomb ,

While the black

Of the goose - fleshed streets

Shout

Tribal laments

With the winds and iron-struck clouds …

The wind is freezing ,

Fermentation of

Hatreds and egotisms

For the cheap drink of progress ,

While saturday morning

Unrolls

The rapid streets ,

Past the

Royal hotel - sans Union Jack

But British proud …

Hollow

Raucous sound ,

Clatters ,

Crackles …

And the grand golden chorus of

Sacks of mielies

Being unrolled …

Dream penetrated nightmare perpetual !

WHAT ARE YOU , STEVE ?

( Steve Biko’s grave , sunday february 1990 )

What are you , Steve

But a tiny rectangle of land

Lost in the midst of the world ?

What are you , Steve

But a flock of birds

Gulls

Swallows

Vultures ?

What are you , Steve

But the roar of rivers

Bearing shiny polished stones

In your swirl

Leaving watery traces

Through your hills ?

What are you , Steve

But the terracotta breasts

Of women

Smooth

Pointed

Menacing ?

What are you , Steve

But the song of leaves in thorn trees

Brown

Tangled

Thorny

Dove filled ?

What are you , Steve

But pain

Dust

Cries at twilight

Cries of women , as if in labour ?

What are you , Steve

But a marble - clenched fist

And

A jar of sweet - smooth honey ?

WINDOW PANE (PRETORIA WONDERBOOM - SOUTH. MAY 1985)

My hand against the window pane

Experiences a touch of ice.

The night air was cold and therefore

The window froze leaving a mist

Against its pane

Against its frame.

My hand against the window pane

Left a perfect image of a hand.

But the print

Is bare,

No veins,

No pores,

No tremblings of blood,

Rather a feel of mortality

* A fear of flux -
* A fear of change -
* A fear …

Until your hand joined mine on the

Cold window pane -- and then …

A warmth, a comfort, an enfolding

With the certain knowledge that

Fear dissolves into warmth.

Two different hands will hold the ice

At bay and together

Immortality will hold

sway.

WHITE MYTHOLOGY

It seems to me as if some great mandala of fate,

To rehash Jungian theory,

Swept me back to the Eastern Cape,

Five generations after my forebears had settled it and deserted

It for the Highveld.

It felt as if some force of nature had propelled my inner being

To reseek its fulfilment and to reach its level of fulfilment

In the same physical and psychical spot of my own ancestors.

Did some power in the earth draw me back

Did some power within my soul make me return

Or was it a combination of both.

In white mythology the mountain range

White mythology imbued with

White supremacy

White mythology risen from

Paternalism

Overlordship

Fear

Recreated the image of the dark brooding mountains as the back of a

Snorting rutting Hog.

White mythology recreated the image of dark, brooding mountains as the sweaty back of a hog.

White minds trapped within a cycle of paternalism, overlordship and fear

could not bear to expose the white soul to the black elements

To the power that existed untapped and untrapped around them.

Instead they

Demeaned

What they feared, personifying something they could not

Or would not

Understand.

Transforming the image into that of a crouching pig

The lowest form of English farm yard life.

The white mythos then breathed and habitated on the rocky

Back of the Pig, seemingly secure within

Electric gates

Closed to thought

Closed to revelation

Closed to the power of the earth breathing beneath, around and above them.

Do they not feel the energy surge in the winds that surge through the

Vallies

Do they not feel the raw power welling up like a moses discovered spring

With its force reflected in

Brooding blackened skies glowering and surrounding them.

Do they not feel the primeval power filtered through the rays of the sun

The highest mountain peak clothed in serried ranks of fir trees,

With outstanding rocky striations might be considered a tourist attraction,

But it is the centre of power.

Blackness call the mountain and its power ...witchdoctor mountain

The home of the magic diviners before the white mythos converted it into a

pig.