

Her Absence

Her absence filled the world.
That was Kentridge
in a poster, a gallery.
Far away, that prescience
turned out to be true.

The day after she was buried,
watching a man in the park
sweeping leaves, destroying
a carpet and a universe, only
to find it full again the next day,

I was wondering what satisfaction
there was in the sweeping.
Maybe the sun, slanting
just so, on a mountain
of crackled brown leaves.

Or even the memory
of colour running through,
a dizzying thread
in mud-caked spaces,
setting fire to the dust.

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