

## 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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