

Poetry Series

peter rodenby
- poems -

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peter rodenby(8th january 1951)

These poems mean a great deal to me. They span the greatest period of my life and when I read them they stir memories and feelings that represent all that I have been. I have always considered them the best part of me. In some respects that's a little disturbing because if they are rubbish and people find them so, then I must except that my life has been a failure. Some were written when I was a teenager, some as a lover, some as married man, some as a as a retired person beginning a new life, with a new partner in an old cottage in the country where I am trying to become a writer. Some just for the experience, some were called "The Waiting Years" Initially because those poems span a period from when I started the pursuit of knowledge – I began studying for a degree with the Open University. I hoped it would bring me academic and professional acceptance and an improvement in career prospects, more money and a better way of life. I believed hard work, sustained study long term commitment (something I found impossible to achieve in early life) would ultimately lead to the golden path and the prize. Sometime ago I discovered I was wrong, it has cost a great deal more and I'm still waiting. These poems and short meanderings are moments away from studying and work. I now realize that I have been waiting all my life. What have I been waiting for? You the reader must work that out for your selves. I give you the poems you are the final judge.

Peter Rodenby
St Johns Chapel

A Man Alone In The Rain

Rustic rug,
the multitude
from a once green canopy
fallen foliage rustling corpses
a bronze battalion brushed into piles,
casualties of the changing seasons.
Wind challenges the work of the road sweeper
resurrecting their corpses
a sort of brief immortality.
A labour of lost endeavour
A man alone with a broom in the rain
working with the elements
while the leaves are washed
and the side walk becomes slippery with their skin.

peter rodenby

Approaching Evil

“For evil to survive good men need do nothing”

I was only a child
only eight years old.
I had walked with my mother
to the shop where she worked.
Then I started the mile to school
On my own.
It was just an ordinary day.
looking forward to playing football
in the school yard with my friends.
On my way down a back alley
a man approached me
“Can you show me where there is a toilet? ”
I knew this was not right.
He tried to grab my arm.
“Come on show me, you know you can”
I avoided his grasp and ran away frightened.
. .
I went to school
never telling about the incident.
I was frightened and embarrassed
I did not talk because I was ashamed
That evil predator had convinced me
In that brief contact
That I had done something wrong.
In my naive innocence I did not consider
Other possible victims, consequences of my silence.
I should have spoken out,
He may have been caught
I may have prevented other approaches.
But I was only a child.

peter rodenby

Cawfields Quarry

Call of lone curlew
turn down beak
outspread wings
resting on air.

High above outcrop
Whinsill

north facing escarpment
scar of rock
atop the Wall.

A testimony to tenacity
building of forgotten men
frontier of a lost empire.

Flooded quarry water
dark cold hollow on solitary moors.

peter rodenby

Change

Rose petals
tinged with decay
struggling
in the final threads
Of their splendoured existence,
contort themselves,
but
at last
resigned
flutter agonisingly away
on the revolutionary winds of autumn.

peter rodenby

Cold Thoughts On A Winter Night

White isolation
of snow
Remoteness
of winter
Icy night
calls me to account.
Realising
I have squandered
months,
years,
alone,
friendless.
Please
give me
your companionship
perhaps love!
or just sun.
Now I need the warmth.

peter rodenby

Days Of Glory Have Not Gone

recall a golden sun,
blue sky,
broad breaths,
heaven,
careless clouds,
sand dunes
wild grass
head high
where we walked.
Tassel stalks,
topped seeds,
frail
feelings,
in short trouser pockets,
locked in a laugh.
Sandy beach,
playground
for families,
bouncing ball.
Discarded ankle socks
Splintered shells
Drumming waves,
white wash foam,
sea spread
sandwich Sundays.
My mother sits
sail skirted
prepares sandy tea.
My father, sleeping,
lying back
in golden rest,
white handkerchief,
four corners tied,
make-shift sun hat,
days of glory are not gone.

peter rodenby

Eyes Don'T Tell Lies In The Dark

Eyes don't tell lies in the dark
Faces smile, lovingly close,
no need for conversation,
seeking each others lips.
our fingers chase,
meet ghostly in air.
Fire is extinguished,
music has stopped playing,
we are alone, without speaking,
but eyes, don't tell lies in the dark.

peter rodenby

Insecure

I met my first wife in the time I was going through
I now recognise was my first episode of depression.
I was eighteen years old
just returned from Europe after an extended holiday.
It was supposed to be my escape from mundane life
I had no intention of returning when I set off for Haarlem,
things rarely turn out the way you plan.

My councillor has told me
I am a type of person who looks on the world
as a half empty glass
rather than a half full one.
I attempt impossible tasks
only to fail
fulfilling my jaundiced view
a self-perpetuated cycle of depression
following me
unfailing in its company since that time.

My experience then of life
has always been one of under-achieving.
always wanting to do better
expecting more from a situation than is realistic
always unfailingly having to accept
second best
or in many cases
no place in the running at all.
This has meant of course
I have not been an easy person to live with.

I would say that I have been,
continue to be
an insecure individual.
Prone to bleak moments,
despair
long days of dark depression.
The surprising aspect of my personality,
I have been able to present
a perfectly normal persona

most of the time
to my family and work colleagues.

peter rodenby

Inside My Crystal Rainbow

Inside my Rainbow

My crystal rainbow
Each particle perfect and identical
In sympathy and place
Each colored fragment
Apart of the whole.
My sanctuary rainbow
A place of warmth comfort and ease
Embracing empathic peace
A refuge and a fortress for the fallen
And the scared.
My musical rainbow
Where voices harmonize
And vibrate through me
With a semblance of physical pleasure
close to peace
Although in side my imaginary rainbow
My body is devoid of substance
And of pain
I am a spirit being and therefore free.
My spiritual rainbow
Where my own spirit is mercifully received
Blameless and forgiven
A companion that I return to in trust
My colorful rainbow
Where colors merge into each other
There are no boundaries,
No right or wrong
No winners and looses
No black and white
My mystery rainbow
That has no solution
That I can not rationalize or analyze
Where acceptance is the only currency
And I can not fathom the meaning

Only that it is.

peter rodenby

Isle Of Bute

The mainland
string of sodium
shadow in misty rain
no more
a shallow tide
red rock
beach
a walk away
across an expensive stream.

A beautiful green isle
of sleepy dreams
and farms
narrow lanes
winding down to pebbled beaches,
the old town
a shabby port
Victorian pleasure palace
putting greens
sodden in the drizzle.

Across the gray water
from the upper deck
of the old ferry
I look back on Bute
old houses hug the coast
fadeout of sight
as the boat glides further
from the shore.

peter rodenby

It Would Be Nice To Think So

Another place to be,
we live, when we die.
Paradise perhaps.
We go on,
a spirit
or reincarnation,
blessed.
A higher existence,
immortal spirits,
Or heroes
dwelling in the hall
of valiant warriors
Valhalla
Ghosts or Angels,
at God's side
with Jesus
or Who?
There must be something more!
We can not just fall
stop moving
die, rot, decay.
There has to be something
more,
unless
that's it
It would be nice to think so.

peter rodenby

January Parting

I
Tried
Catching
Her tears
From sad
Pathetic eyes
But
They slowly
Trickled
Through my fingers
Dissolving the white unfeeling snow.

peter rodenby

Lambs And Swallows And Dandelion Days

Plaintive calls across dale,
babes of meadow grow quickly in dandelion days.
Following stooping mothers,
nestling teats in a frenzy of feeding.
Tails wag wildly, ecstatic hunger,
quickly skip, prance, and run to play.
Class mates, contemporaries,
seeking each other out.
Woollen "babes in the woods"

Head butting contests,
races, idle time.
upon grassy hillocks champions!
Each mother a watching nursemaid
Kindergarten, a field across the wall.
ignorant of destiny, waiting in slaughter yard.

Bred, born to die fattening on grass,
spring turns to summer, trees leaf again.
Prisoners of Man, boarders of meadow.
lambs grow meat, on feet,
mint is greening in the garden.
Transport trucks, predetermined doom
Begin fateful final journey very soon.

Do they see the swallows return?
Do they recognise them for what they are?
Spirit phantoms waltzing boundless sky,
dance hall limitless, come, go, regardless,
ariel entertainers, free from incarceration
in the dandelion dales and the hand of Man.

peter rodenby

Mollie Made Me Me

Mollie made me smile,
Sunshine to a cold, old miserable man
She made me laugh,
Like a kings fool
Before I could not cope
When I forgot how eat the happiness of joy
Mollie made me love
A flood light on the dark stage of life
Her leading man and not an extra
Mollie, loyal and affectionate,
Tough, strong, resilient
The face of a fisher woman of Cullercotes
Made famous by a New England artist
Mollie made me see
The beauty and the benefit of life
Through her own imperfect speech
And impaired hearing
She taught me to appreciate
All that I saw and heard
Mollie made me Me a better man
When she was only a little girl
My grand daughter

peter rodenby

Never Mine

It was that time of year
towards end of summer
lately leaves fall
with barely a breath of wind
in the garden.
I remember running after you.
tugging at your sky blue skirt.
trailing on sun scorched ground,
craving attention, child I was.
Stooping you picked me up.
clasped me to your breast,
gently as you picked
faded now forgotten flowers.
Oh Holy Mother with haloed head
I can never be the lover that you lost
ecstasy was yours and sorrow
Never mine.
Carefree childhood days have gone
on wings of blossoming wisdom.
Prom that Tall Tower of Temptation
I saw the World, but let it go.
Now mother I'm hanging on this cross
spare pitying tears
for if I am Father,
Son and Holy Ghost.
Then ecstasy was mine and sorrow
This agony is mine and horror
Always mine.

Written in South Africa 1977

peter rodenby

Passengers

All travelling through life, but on that coach there are no alternative destinations. Some will continue the journey longer than others; some will have to get off. Not necessarily at the stop they want. Some will have the chance to go back, but it will have changed and the places too. A return visit is not the same. We take the journey full of anticipation; we are disillusioned, or disappointed to a certain degree, no matter what happens. We are distracted or attracted by what goes on, beyond the windows of the bus. With people we are forced to sit on the bus, we do not know, understand or appreciate, in many cases we would rather not be with them, but that is the nature of the journey. Sometimes we wish to get off and the journey would end. That is beyond our control. We do not know of the people travelling with us we share the experience of the trip and nothing more.

peter rodenby

Photographs Of A Personal History

Some images of a forgotten past
I had no part of
Now scattered on table and floor
surrounded with tears of remembrances.
Times before I knew you.
I am not there!
as you are absent
from my missing photographs,
Images that do not fade with memories
or conceal the sorrow of secrets
without words.

peter rodenby

Poems Of Faith

The Miracle

There was such a crowd
so many
because He had healed the sick.
People followed Him
even in to the wilderness.
I did not think I would get to see the Teacher.
But when his helpers asked for food I came forward,
not afraid I wanted so much to see him.
The people made way for me,
and the Young Master
beckoned me to come.
I laid my bread and fish before Him.
He blessed them so that all could eat.
I believed.
The people sat down
Waves on the grass.
We all ate our fill, none was left hungry.
All that was uneaten was collected up,
nothing was wasted.
A food for my family became a feast for thousands.
Such was the miracle.

Even dogs eat the crumbs from their masters table

I was desperate;
My daughter was possessed by demons.
She did not know me when she was taken,
remembered nothing when they left her.
She has been this way
for as long as I could remember.
I was in despair, but what could I do?

I heard about a Jewish healer,
everyone was talking about him.
They call us dogs,
despise us.
We are not like them,
but I was sure He could heal her.

I had to push through the crowd,
His helpers tried to turn me away.
I called out to Him.
"Master Please help me"
At first he ignored me.

I called again.
"Please pity me, please heal my daughter.
"Even dogs eat the crumbs from their masters table"
He spoke very quietly
"Your faith has made it so"
When I came home she was restored
I believe she will never be taken again.

If I will that he would tarry till I come

When I was a young man I walked with God.
I rested on His breast, I saw Him hanging on the cross.
He was the Light in the dark and He changed my life.
After He came back from the tomb He spoke
Showed his wounds and said " follow me"

All my friends and brothers in Christ
are gone to glory now.
I remain an old man in exile.
He once said
"If I will that he tarries till I come.
What is that to thee? "

I have thought on this all my life.
He was talking about me.

He loved me.
I have pondered the Masters words
Some thought that I would not die
until the End of Days.

But that is not what He said.
Yesterday He came back to me in Revelation.
The Glory of His Mission I bequest to you all now.
I myself, I believe, I go to join Him.

peter rodenby

Sea Song

Weave your hair in sun silk waves
Twirl seaweed in tiny hands
Caress your breasts
with salty sea
let it lap, wash, whirl around
sun soaked skin,
golden thighs,
sea is swirling in your eyes
my love, my love

peter rodenby

Searching For Our Ancestors On The Internet

Photograph
Captured image of farming folk
A different generation
Two brothers
Insular world
Village and land
Killed six weeks apart
In War.

Their lives
Toil, troubles
Happiness, hopes
Days of rain and shine
Snatched from them.

Eyes and features
Bond of blood
Bequeathed
From my great uncles
To me.

.

A Video ghost
Bound to my life
Troubled
Techno world
Restless air
Progress an illusion
Wealth of knowledge
Transitory
Conquests of continents
Providing no contentment
Protection
From ageing or wars.
My Ancestors show me that I will die.

peter rodenby

Sophie By The River And Moonlight

Lying in my arms apparently contented
you do not fidget or struggle,
water soothes, fascinates
no temptations to jump,
to walk away,
that may come later.

I who have stolen time
trespass on another mans fate,
a substitute grandfather.
No blood binds, heritage,
history or haemoglobin.
Both watch water
over rocks, over falls, down river.
I see for what it is, but what do you see
sitting on grass grasping flowers?

It's dark you are asleep
I sit again as night comes
crescent moon
solitary star low on horizon.
A planet does not twinkle,
parade of street lights up the dale.
Fifty years separates
a generation removed.
A man watching water a mile up river
Does not see the same as me.

You are long asleep from time
we sat under shadow of sycamores.
pale light, but you will not see
You were mine a princess of the river
Precious, but not moonlight.
I am beyond you
with burden of experience
toll of tears.
You are beyond me
Infinite possibilities

your life might take.

peter rodenby

Stage Play

A Black stallion
in a yellow field
Coal over buttercups,
beside a river.
Midges swarm,
an irritated tail
swishes spasmodically,
falling water failing
cascades tunefully.
A swooping swift feeds
on busy insects
on the wing,
Restless faun rabbit runs,
erratic through
yellow green
speckled haze.
A weary watching walker
waits
wild wonder,
anticipates
the end
of these
innocent incidents
orchestrated,
choreographed,
perfect performance.

peter rodenby

The Art Of Playing Dominoes

I played dominoes with my grandson
His last year I played dominoes with my father
My grandsons dominoes had animals on their faces
My father's were the traditional kind
There is little skill in playing
Much is determined by the hand you start with
Chance and luck plays a major role
In who wins the game.
Is that much like life?

My father played with dimmed eyes
a befuddled mind
My grandson saw bright animals,
knew the differences
Between a cockerel,
a cow.a sheep and a pig.
My father saw only dots
and found it difficult
to concentrate.
My grandson was beginning his life
Everything was bright
He knew the colors were alive
My father was ending his
In black and white and gray.

I played dominoes with them both
the living link. messenger between the two
I was privileged sharing in the Game.
My father bequeathed to me
the Art of playing dominoes
Is that so much like life?

peter rodenby

The Final Call

In between the hollow of forgetfulness
And the brief spark of lucidity
My father slips from life
No memory for the moment
No recollections
Only facts repeated by rote
His name, his place of residence
A place he grew up in
"Cross Keys Lane"
over eighty years ago.
He shuffles from chair to table
Incontinent, infirm, frail, silent placid.
Not moved by anger.
Occasionally frustrated by a button
That will not fasten, or a coat sleeve
That will not accommodate
An arthritic arm.
He lives a half existence
In a Home
A total reliance on his carers.
I visit him, knowing he does not know me.
Its hard to see him now
A skeleton wrapped in skin
Jaundiced,
No strength to stand
No mind to think
Nothing but a cry
A random outburst
From a delirious mind.
"Help Me" That final call.

Postscript

My father did not see the spring this year. He died.
There was still snow on the hills, a bitter wind froze my face
as I walked from the car park to the hospital entrance.
The Ward, crowded with old people waiting to die.
Delusional, frightened, hysterical and in pain.
This is where my father died.
Afterwards the bed was screened with curtains

His corpse, with half closed eyes lay still, warm, but lifeless.
A vase of flowers and an open Bible.
Beyond the curtain screen the tortured cries of the living.
I said a prayer and touched his head and left.

peter rodenby

The French

They came into our lives
for a short time,
bright morning
strangers,
foreigners,
we did not know them,
they did not know us.
We talked,
sat down together,
ate a meal, drank wine,
did what people do.
We found we shared
similar experiences,
held equal values.
A barrier of language
dissolved with laughter,
despite the rain
they left as friends.

peter rodenby

The Past Is Pressed Flowers

The past
is pressed flowers
discovered
between pages
of a long
discarded book.

A flimsy
brittle remnant
forgotten
silent summer.

The past
a friend,
my life,
unfulfilled
desires.

secrets,
dreams.

There are more
than books
or words
in the library.

peter rodenby

The Replacement

A friend once told me,
we replace people we have lost.

Not a careless, indifference to uniqueness,
just away of substituting someone
we would rather not live without.

I have always considered that observation a correct one,
recently I have had cause to reconsider.

A partner we expect to trust,
love and cherish
Equally we expect these gifts in return.

Children we love, wonder at,
keep a tender spot for them,
no matter how they may disappoint or desert.

We still see them as our beloved,
our real investment in the future.

There has not been a substitute for my children
I have found my life extremely empty.
They do not appear to have, or need, a replacement for me.

peter rodenby

The Saddest Time Of Your Life

A screaming wind unfastened our grip
Aching we clung, desperately embracing,
Breathing like one.
A tear trickled and twinkled
On a sad swollen face
And dissolved to obscurity
In a shower of rain.
Tired eyes revealed the disenchantment
You felt.
Sobbing shabby despair, we waited
For our bus to come.
Out from the cold winter night.
And I loved you there as I look back
On the saddest time of your life.
When hidden beneath your coat
Your stomach was swollen with carrying
Our unborn child.

peter rodenby

These Days Of Grace

The distance between forgiveness is a slender thread of pain
We persevere and persuade ourselves that we can survive.
Its true with time all wounds will be wiped away
But in suffering every day we re awaken agony
In this day of grace in the garden of the lord
We lay down in fields of sweet grasses and forget
Only a golden sun will wake us.
From our slumbers seduced by innocence again
The sent of shaken flowers will pluck us from our dreams
A silent warm breeze will caress our spirit
And we will know with certainty that sorrow, and sadness
And evil and all the badness in the world is gone for us.

peter rodenby

Vindolanda Letter

Letter from the land,
buried for two thousand years.
A note to an intimate friend,
a party invitation, a brief occupation
in some ones life.
Insignificant at the time,
discarded afterwards,
preserved by chance.

A technique of building,
lying layers of moss,
turf and stone over wood
sealed environment.
To be read again by thousands.

Walk Roman roads,
marvelling at
under floor heating,
bath houses and lavatories.
Trappings of civilisation
at the outpost of the Empire.

We indulge in a kind of time travel
imagine the period, touch the evidence
its real, its here, its ancient history!

Words scratched on a scrap of pine,
scribbled sentences,
dead language,
lost life,
a lady and her letter.

peter rodenby

Waterfalls Ambleside

Rhythmic tapping of shoes
Ascending a hillside pathway
Following a sheep ragged track
But seeming like impenetrable steps
To a sacred heart.
Unexpected wind wriggles free
Reaching, probing a weakness.
A tree sways, creaking musically,
A forgotten oboe tune.
A hint of snow
Comes from the mountains
A fine white dust
Slipping between
The bare twig bark
Hungry naked arms,
Stretching out towards the sky
Quiver in expectation.

An almost imperceptible drone
Follows the gurgle
Of a turquoise stream.
But slowly lazily,
The drone becomes audible
And the overture begins..
Water music bursts forth,
Shaking air
In a tumultuous explosion.
A cataract shaped like women's thighs.
A torrent divided gushing down
Twenty feet,
Emerging into foam.
Spattering on rocks below
In the damp, restless air of the fall.

peter rodenby

We Missed The Tide

The causeway was beginning to flood,
We had to turn back, leave the island
Bleak winter sand, soaked pools of water
Littered the beach.
Watching, safe on the Main land
First wave breaking over the road.
We knew, made the only decision possible.
Still sad, to be forced to leave the island.

From the shelter of the car, the tide raced.
Eating lunch, oat cakes and cheese.
Showing photographs, talking laughing
Crushed in the back seat, I knew
By your lips on my face, your hands,
By touch, felt your passion.
The way your body responded to mine
You were there for me and love.

I had come from darkness.
From a long sleep, like Rip Van Winkle.
Being with you was a betrayal
I knew it then I know it now.
Selfish, cruel, hurting some one.

I waited ten years.
For circumstances, situations to change,
Friends and families
Marriages and deaths, kept us apart.

I hoped you would come to me.
I said it then. I say it now.
Only, I am not your friend
A friend could hurt and betray you
I want to be your love.

peter rodenby

Wedgwood

Blue sky, blue clouds, blue morning
The sun and snow
Silent slipping sleet
Foot prints dissolve
Through pathways gone
Seldom seen
Rabbits run
A stunted tree
All about quietness
Silent scene.

A white hill top, a house rebuilt
A home reborn to incomers
No dale folk will return.

Tracks in snow
Foot prints of life
Tide of time turns twofold

A dark ribbon of river
Running through white obscurity.

Legacy of Land lords
Lords of all
Managers of execution
Betray the natural way.

Where has the deer gone?
Where are badger, otter, and fox?

Across the field, track in snow
Prints of frozen feet
Wandering where?
A leap over shrouded stone wall
Then gone, ghosts gone
Only sounds of guns
Howling hounds, hunters

Hate and haste.
Worst winter since when?

peter rodenby

Woodpeckers

Flash of flight
Woodpeckers have returned
I have seen them!
Last year a garden was favoured
Pecking nuts from a bird feeder
Fixed to bark
Enticing with home made fat packs
Suspended from strategic sites
Rustic arches
Bird tables
Washing lines
Eventually they came to our land
Winging over lawn.
Perched on a fledgling apple tree
Nibbling at the bounty
Away again
Flighty
A glimpse of identity
Red, black, white wing
Distinguished bird.
They are back
Preferring wind blown sycamores
Bare neglected trees by winter river
Shy, independent, accepting remoteness
No human contact or reliance
The independent woodpeckers.

peter rodenby

Yesterday I Think I Saw The Last Butterfly Of Summer

Yesterday I think I saw the last butterfly of summer
Exposing her wings on a late blossoming flower.
Autumn just a chilly breathe away
Winter an extended harsh memory.

Unexpected beauty of the red admiral
Resting in the warmth of October sun
Restored my faith
Made me believe.

I can endure approaching winter
I will survive against the snow
The icy death and the numbness of despair.
Yesterday I saw a butterfly of summer

peter rodenby

You Tell Me Truly Of Your Dream

Tender arms, yesterday
reach out, beyond my prison
they long to embrace me
resurrect the past
passion of dreaming desire.
Secret encounter
I dare not disclose
something fine, beautiful,
something only I know the name.

You tell me truly of your dream
but I long to be
with you in life.
Am illegal rendezvous
concealed in deep
dark African night.
Where talking insects
are only witness
to the passionate
but immoral act.
Black is only
colour of my secret sorrow
my sun tanned skin
is still white,
my eyes are blue.
I'm not like my beloved.
Better to live with my regrets
a self made prison,
than behind someone else's metal bars.

Written in South Africa 1978

peter rodenby

Zimbabwe

In the dry stone of Zimbabwe
I wanted to walk look down
from the hill they call "The Acropolis"
where the most interesting
Archaeological finds were made,
to valley of ruins.

High walls that cast
longer shadows back into a remote past,
wander through intriguing passageways
attracted by brooding compelling atmosphere
enigma of a vanished society.

But I never made
that short trip from Johannesburg.
Our plans were cut short before they materialised.
All I have is a holiday brochure.
Rhodesia was in the turmoil of war
guerrilla armies, nagging, engaging, persistent
were destroying safety and internal security
of white racially dominated society.

They brought down a passenger plane
With a ground to air missile,
Murdered survivors in the bush,
all who could not escape
the wreckage of the crash.
Incident extensively report
in South African papers,
but hardly mentioned in England.

System disintegrating
We whites ghostly spirits
African legends linger on.
Wonder will we leave behind
Artefacts and articles
Ruins and mystery
People of Zimbabwe,
Have bequeathed to us.

White living flesh to bones
Our many achievements all to dust,
as theirs have gone before
in the place of the High One's.
In the ruins of Zimbabwe.

Written in South Africa 1979

peter rodenby