

Vlug

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Die sonnet vertel die storie van 'n lang vlug van Pretoria na Turkeie en Tunisië, en later terug huis-toe. Die uitsig deur die voorruit van 'n straler wat hoog vlieg is vir min beskore, en kan 'n mens nie koud laat nie.

Die Nylvallei in maanlig glorieryk

Gestrek van by my tot die horison

In donker sand-woestyn waarna ek kyk

Soos Alice in haar Wonderland ook kon.

Die Middellandse See in pikswart ink

Die Alpe aan my regterkant gesprei

Met kuslyn afgeëts in liggies blink

Die skoene en voetbal uitgestrek voor my.

In later daglig word die prentjie vaal

Sahara-sand wat warrel van die stof

Met karavane wat daar onder ons verdwaal

Oases hier en daar, net spikkels dof.

Die laaste skof--selfs eind'loos deur die nag

Word ons bederf met onbeskryflik' prag.

Flight

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This sonnet tells the story of a long flight from Pretoria to Turkey and Tunisia, and the return home. The view through the front windshield of a high-flying jet is a privilege that few enjoy. It cannot leave you untouched.

A dim Nile valley in a black coat wrapped
Sahara's vastness spread out to the sea
In darkest night I find my self as rapt
As Alice in her Wonderland would be.

The Med is drawn in blackest shades of ink
The Alps spread statuesquely to my right
The coastline etched in tinsel all a-blink
The shoe and football sprawl ahead at night.

In later daylight does the picture fade
Sahara sands that blow with clouds of dust
As caravans between them cavalcade
Oases here and there, just specks of rust.

The last stage—even through the endless night
We can't but marvel at the majesty's delight.