South African Poetry

A new anthology compiled by Roy Macaulay with Charlie Galton. With a Foreword by Ry Campbell.

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Mondlane

Valley of a Thousand Hills
(Schneels)

Ah! Purity! Sweet purity! I thirst!
The beauty, clear, I have ever sought!

The shades and queers, would slip out and melt away
On laugh at, mock and humble me. Hold still
You gaping craggy heights, you, so valleys deep!

Song not for happy rugged hills! Dance not
For hail at me with happy drunken sounds!
Wild visions crowd and tear and wreak my soul!
My seeing eyes see not! Heavy my ear,
With long appalled! Thought, claw their way to

rith!

Ancient spirits bright enchease me power
This beauty place to reign and sage and make
My own... to express! The poet does not gild.
Give me the word, the depth, the holiness
This magic sight, to hold, impress, sing!
This myriad beauty of the Thames bank,
The skipping playing ground of tribal gods.
Who earth remembering, settled on those hills
But sail, and thought and wrought this flowering:

Shape:
Earth: heaven; and, spirits, still, to heavenly
Spheres.

Returned, leaving them behind still unchanged
This miracle they breath'd for god-like sport.

On this best spot where grim the men alas!
Long after to a foreign devil beast
In female form myself had tied, I saw
The aurum lily of my native streams.