Almost arrive

Today:
monkeys
baboons
crows, three kinds
wandering stock
jackal buzzards
dead dogs in the road, squashed genets too
and a scattering of spoonbills

At the helm
of a plain-ordinary-small
rental car

I am a student of
the bone structure
of Mountains

as they hoist the horizon

And
hear in them the old-ancient-old-familiar songs
elegies of self
truncated
in syncopated contrition

their heads high-distant thoughts
in blue veld-fire haze
far above orange pinprick lines of flame

old grass the colour of wariness-weariness
burned-black-sprouting
new promises green

Mountains as bones
welcoming-not-welcoming
home

just ever there

watching instead
the aerial courtship displays
of the white-waist-coated crows
gender equity in loops

of love-and-lightness in the sky

welcoming-not-welcoming
just ever there

And, oh
almost forgot
ground hornbills too.

