

Dusk Hangs Near Lavender Hill

The helicopter drowns Elvis'
'So Lonely Baby', over the *shhh*
of the soup pot.

Police lights up navy blue
in the grey dusk.

I count the sequence over
random gun shots.

Surely, there it is, circling
routinely overhead.

It is not a hippo escaped this time.
A car speeds by, dragging its gears.
People are getting home
amidst siege, routinely.
How we live. Here it comes again,
to chase stars from the night sky.
Directly overhead, veer south
Lavender Hill bleeds yet another day.

And again, blue light, red signals
parade between *Ou Kaapseweg*
and my window.
For a moment, I am distracted
from the serenity of the mountain
by Morse traffic.

My teeth clench cheddar
from tranquil *Oude Libertas*,
where shoppers
removed from Lavender Hill
and the crescendo of Miles Davis
cling to hope.

I turn to Madiba's smiling face
surrounded by gold leaf.
If only all would anchor their minds
in peace, end suffering,
if only.

- Hilda Wilson