

## Wilkeville 1979

**Lorraine Stander**

*Wilkeville 1979*

*“Wat is dit?” vra ek een middag,  
as ons met die buurseun druiwe eet  
onder die preeel. Julle oë vonkel  
net. Jy sê: “Ek sal jou wys”*

*Vrydagmiddag wag jy dat Agnes loop,  
roep my kamer toe.*

*Op jou blou, klapperhaar opvoubed  
wys jy my.*

‘What’s that?’ I asked you and that boy  
from across the road one afternoon  
we were eating grapes off the pergola  
your eyes glimmered  
you promised to show me later

you called me to your room  
the one next to mine as soon  
as Agnes left on Friday  
you showed me  
on the blue collapsible coir bed

afterwards I bicycled until I recognised  
the Alfa Guilletta turning the Doris street corner  
my legs tired I was unable to sit  
at six-o-clock  
in the avocado-green bath

I washed I dug to get myself  
clean again – it burned –  
my eyes inside she came in  
annoyed:

'Finish up, the food's getting cold.'

a few weeks later I tried to show  
her my sprained ankle from when  
I landed on the concrete-floor  
after the rope  
around the branch broke  
with force

(translated from Afrikaans)