

BLACK SHEPHERDS

YELLOW FIELDS

by

Gary Bowne

*Up before light shows
the line of hills. A
sparse meal of bread
and tea with porridge,
get the cows from the
kraal, leave for the veld.
Watch and talk with the
cattle, stone mice or
birds to roast at mid-day,
play herdboyc games, maybe
fight or cry inside. Sit
and rest by a tree to
escape the sun, and dream.*

*Think of this as freedom
if you can. For soon you
will go to the gold fields
where a man keeps his soul
inside and his body out for
the others to use. There
you belong to a larger herd
whose muscle builds a nation
but whose soul is always
buried in slag.*

*Go home at sunset when the
shadows are long again, home
to family, the music of
friends, home to nothing.*

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