

BLACK SHEPHERDS

YELLOW FIELDS

by

Gary Bowne

*Up before light shows  
the line of hills. A  
sparse meal of porridge,  
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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