

HEART OF SOUTH AFRICA

by

Rand Bishop

In the bowels of South Africa
a mile from the sun,
black hands claw the rock
feeling for your nugget-heart
pulsing in the black nation.

Sent to the surface on the vertical
column of a thousand backs,
extracted, you leave behind
a human black hole,
are molded, bought and sold
to trap the evening light
at a lady's alabaster throat,
choker of gold and ruin.