

for Phyllis

tears together

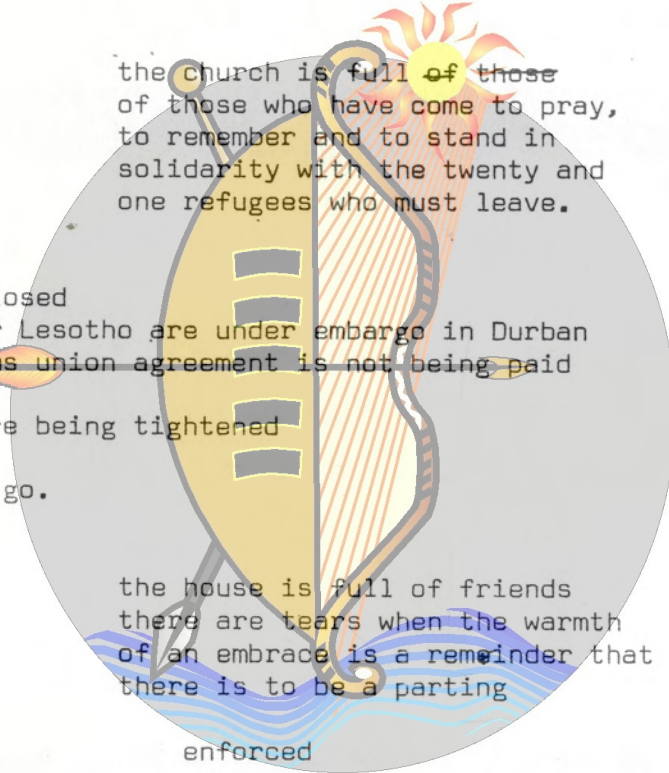
knowing that soon there would be parting
an embrace, a kiss, a wink across the room
soon to end except in memory and in anticipation

of a time when the powers that separate us are no more.

a client enters the office

"Look after your sister for me, Ntate. I must leave Lesotho on Saturday.
The Boers say that I must go."

"No ! 'Me, but this is Lesotho not the country of the Boers.
We want you to stay. You have helped us too much."



the church is full of those
of those who have come to pray,
to remember and to stand in
solidarity with the twenty and
one refugees who must leave.

the borders are closed
goods intended for Lesotho are under embargo in Durban
income from customs union agreement is not being paid

the thumbscrews are being tightened

the refugees must go.

the house is full of friends
there are tears when the warmth
of an embrace is a reminder that
there is to be a parting

enforced

the house is full

a young Scot, Canadian and American who have shared home and life

a law clerk recently fled into exile like the woman who gives him comfort

brothers and sisters from Durban come to say that the family cares

a wealthy lawyer

a priest

a nightwatchman fed nightly by the only one who remembers his nightly vigil

a client who has found tenderness in the midst of legal aid

all come to say

we care

we will miss you

terribly.

the house is empty
except for boxes and
those who clean.
the spirit of the home
is gone. It is only a
house and a memory

of warmth and love

for all

so threatening to those who cannot care and share
the land, the wealth, the citizenship and the love of South Africa.

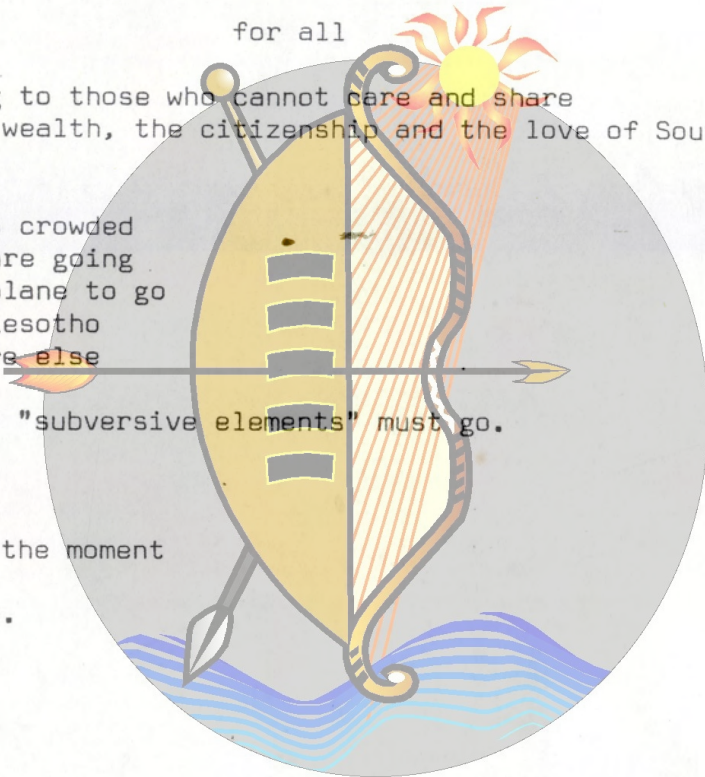
the airport is crowded
our comrades are going
boarding the plane to go
away from Lesotho
to somewhere else

the refugees - "subversive elements" must go.

AMANDLA

is the cry of the moment
and the future.

tears apart.



with love

from Robin.

Robin

Sept. 11th 1985