

Mountain Rain

Woke this morning with
an urge to leave the house
and just see faces. The thought
of barricades and queues
put a hurried stop to that.

They're promising rain -
the kind that sweeps down
from Table Mountain, to
wash my outside garden away.

Lockdown has been extended.
Just like a prisoner who
sits in front of a parole board,
to find out there's more to serve.

I think about the life I've led.
Those unforgettable moments,
laced with irreparable mistakes.
Would I do it again - given the chance?

I wouldn't change it for anything.
I wouldn't be becoming me, that's
all I need to be moving towards.
Being only, who no one else can be.