

# NEW COIN

south african POETRY

Oh

Oh

Oh

How

How

questions

questions

volcano from

volcano from

within my mind,

within my mind,

like lava erupting from

like lava erupting from

the deepest veins of my being.

the deepest veins of my being.

Melting me with liquid stone, alone

Melting me with liquid stone, alone

freeze, petrified, fossilised, yet alive with flame.

freeze, petrified, fossilised, yet alive with flame.

ANTON KRUEGER

*consumed society*

how long before  
all we have left  
to consume  
is ourselves?

*in a park in Europe*

a kid is stomping in the dirt  
his father shouts at him  
something, i think, about not  
making a mess...

so the kid sits down with a sigh.

just then a mighty wind  
whirls through the park,  
scattering leaves & dirt  
high into the air.

→ what have we  
done? God  
Karl (smiles) how  
? we go to hell  
with  
me

*in the council chambers*

in the council chambers of the university  
i'm sitting listless in another committee  
& i'm staring at wall-to-wall portraits  
of eminent academics from days of yore in  
their robes & their cloaks & their other regalia  
& i smile to see a small slice of pain having <sup>fish</sup>  
carved a smudgy snail-trail through the  
propriety & prestige of one's phd paraphernalia.