

Botso is a grouping of poets, writers and artists who wish to both create art as well as to generate the means for its public exposure and appreciation.

We speak particularly of art that is of and about the varied cultures and life experiences of people in South Africa as expressed in the many languages spoken and written in our country.

Botso is committed to a proliferation of styles and a multiplicity of themes and characters. Multidisciplinary art forms and performances are similarly embraced. The transition from a closed, authoritarian society to a pluralistic and democratic one offers artists an opportunity to explore the truths of our inner and social lives with a freedom that has not existed before. Flowing from this, the consequences and lessons of Apartheid must still be examined while the challenges of the current period throw up their difficulties, their complexities.

Botso works with interaction: the different elements of the South African mosaic colliding, synthesizing - affected both by social forces and the individual's uniqueness.



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Botso

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poetry • essays • photographs • fiction • reviews

The leaves are waxy in the sun

CAMILLA HERSALEK

The leaves are waxy in the sun.
 The tree is camo-printed with shadows
 of light and dark and light and
 a single dove is perched
 with one eye on me
 and the other on a dish
 the size of my car tyre,
 which probably needs a change
 (just like me)
 because it's wearing really thin
 (just like me).

The leaves are waxy in the sun.
 My skin is tinted green from
 the electricity-saving fluorescent light
 above my head and his head and hers and
 a computer screen sits
 flatly in front of me,
 spitting my work back
 at me, in a Mat-finish -
 I wish I was too for today,
 so I could feel those
 leaves - just like you
 waxy in the sun.

ANTON KRUEGER

FOUND POEM

Publishing a volume of poetry,
 said Don Marquis,
 is like dropping a handful of rose-petals
 into the Grand Canyon
 and
 waiting for the echo.

my feelings about you

my feelings about you remain uncharted,
 though i really did try to explore them...
 like scott of the antarctic, i started
 tramping through texts, and i
 tried to fight the snow, but then
 the horizon disappeared, and now
 both my map and left leg have gone...
 so if i haven't quite been able to tell you what i'm feeling,
 believe me, it's not from lack of trying.
 but i'm running out of biscuits here,
 and now the huskies are dying...