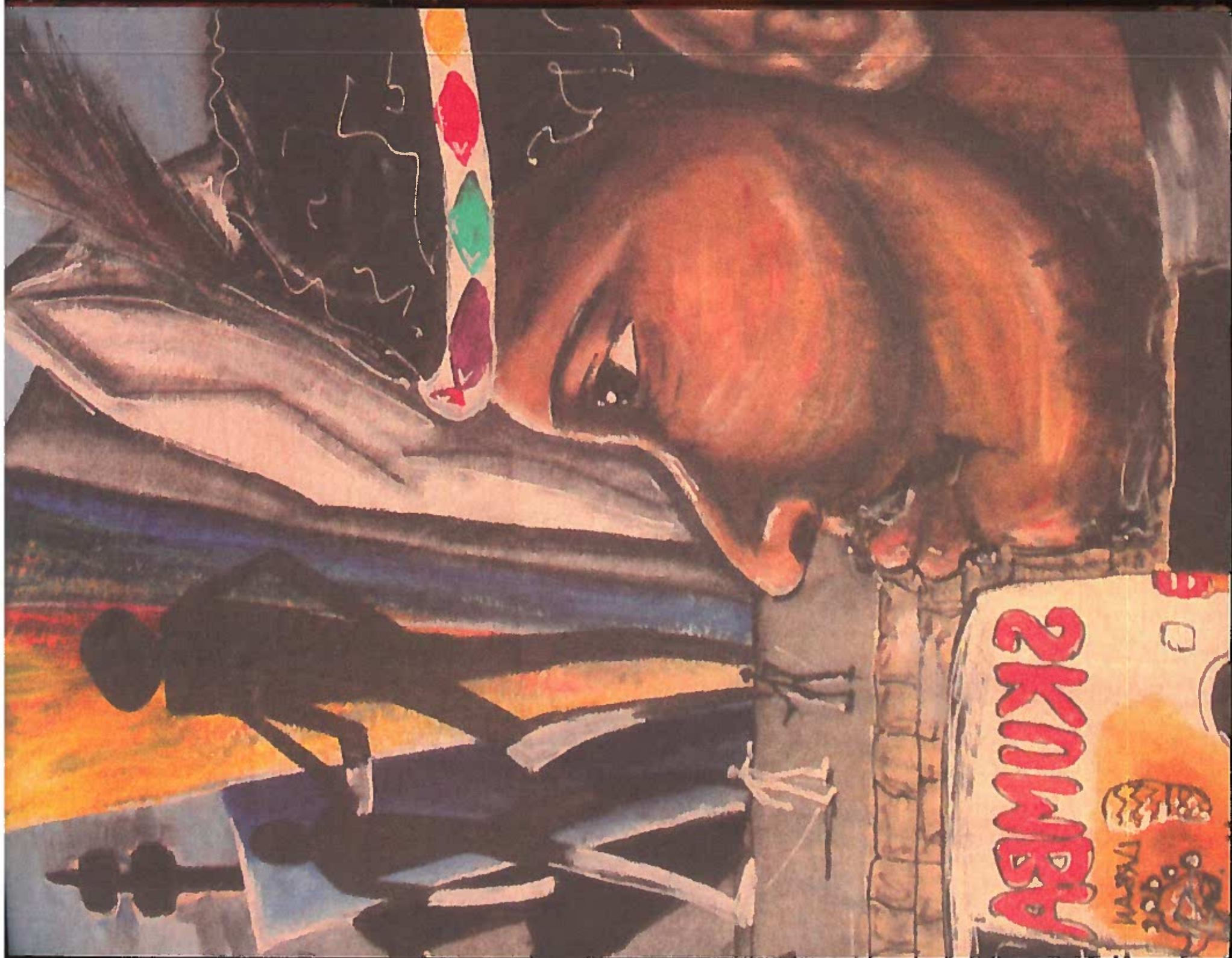


CULTURAL EDITION II VOLUME 5 II NO.4

# Kotaz



LIBERATING THE ARTS

POEMS II PROSE II REVIEWS II ARTWORK

## LOUISE AND HER LUX BUG

(Anton Kruger)

she lionises that lux bug  
that big old solid brown volkswagon  
that rattles & roars every dawn

she primes it, and polishes it  
and paints out every scratch  
she wraps it up in nylon every night

she covers it with care  
and is aware of every sound  
(she'd never leave it  
standing in the sun)

and though it's getting old  
she'll never let it go, although  
it's battery's bound to bomb  
three times each winter season

i've tried to lead her to reason  
to explain that she can't hold on  
forever to this aging machine

but no - louise loves that lux bug

although her stubbornness is arduous  
and although it's inconvenient,  
at least one day when my wheels  
are worn and my seat is torn i know  
she won't be trading me in either

## MY SISTER SONIA

(Anton Kruger)

I felt bad about my sister.  
Sure, one might have a myriad emotions,  
but when it comes to how we feel,  
we're really down to three options - good, bad, neutral.

I suggested to my wife that instead of complicating our mornings with attempts at describing vast internal landscapes, we rather settle for one of these three - good, bad, neutral.

Okay, she says.  
Okay, you start, I say -  
Good, she says, I feel good.  
No, you ask me first. How do I feel?  
(She rolls her eyes.)  
How do you feel?  
Bad, I say - I feel bad about my sister.  
Okay, she says...

When we were kids, my older sister Sonia used to sing. Constantly. All the time. In the Car. Driving off on holidays, or just down to the library, or out for bread and milk. Abba, mostly. Or the children's gospel pop we'd learnt at church. Just singing away. Sometimes quite loudly. Man, it got to me. What a showoff. I'd tell her to stop. Or ask my mom to tell her. She can't even sing anyway. She sounds so stupid. Just shut up already.  
Sonia would laugh at me, or tease me, or sulk... But then one day - she stopped singing. And she just sat silently staring out at the mute world going by. And when we drove off on family holidays she wouldn't sing along anymore, even if my dad played the Greatest Hits cassette.

And I felt bad about that.  
I've got to fix this, I tell my wife.

My sister Sonia picks up the phone  
in Port Elizabeth 30 years later.  
She's surprised to hear from me.  
I say, I've been thinking...  
Yes?

I need to tell you -  
What?

It's been weighing on me and I know it might seem silly now but I need to say  
I'm sorry...  
There's a pause.  
The line goes quiet.

And then she says - this isn't about the singing again, is it?  
You keep apologising to me, every few years. Forget it, I love you,  
and anyway, I never stopped. And my sister Sonia hums a few bars  
from Dancing Queen before putting the receiver down.

And then I don't feel so bad anymore.  
I feel pretty neutral.