

SIYANDA QOTO

*For Noni: An Ecclesiastic Meditation*

What keeps you up at night,  
I wonder.

The yellow sun  
has orbited half-way around the earth  
since I last felt  
your warm embrace.

And I have laid awake  
for many nights now  
my feet cold  
from winter's blues.

When our leaves fell  
I promised you Jacaranda trees.  
But, Noni...  
I am afraid.

I will be timber  
before spring.

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