ANDRIES WALTER OLIPHANT

Two Love Poems
and
A Self Portrait

This Life

Our bodies are tables of kisses, wine
and food. I foresee
our lives above the tides
of a forgotten sea where we sleep
in the scent of plum trees
on the spoors of ancient beasts.
The blinkblaar
on old graves pointing forward,
pointing back
like the desires
and memories we live out and keep.

Your fragrant mouth
in the afternoon of dreams.
Our naked bodies
in sheets of wind and heat.
The secret hour
when we grapple
with the meaning of our dreams.
Autumn is the season
in which all things go to seed.
A night of stars and warthogs
on our journey
across the dusty earth.
Your face constantly above me
in the dark.
We find what we need, a table,
chairs, a bed with clean sheets.
We eat nuts
and an assortment of delicious leaves.

The afternoon of trees
where our strange
tongues meet and I
find your face between the grass.
Above and below us
the rocks breathe.