**WHAT HE LEAVES BEHIND**

So he is gone

And we are left

Behind bereft

Numbed and lost.

A professor says

His passing marks

The end of the

Struggle era.

For sure he was

Among the last

Of the older

Wiser ones.

His successors

Younger but not

Conscious of their

Inheritance.

Rather rudely

Plundering his

Reconciliation call

Killing hope.

The wind gusts strong

Up in Deer Park

Where I record

His legacy.

The squalls of change

Bluntly calling

Wayward comrades

To order?

But what was he

To settler Pom

Post struggle boy

Little me?

It’s very clear:

Father-protector

Of equality

For SA.

Rights created fair

For this country

All who live here

Black, white, gay.

And for little me

Gay soutpiel boy

He made a law

Just for us.

And so it was

The Bill of Rights’

Equality Clause

Bright pioneer.

Constitution

Bright with our rights

Never forget

Its power.

Though still for some

Mere paper help

The rights remain

Equality.

And so for me

Parental silence

Scant approval

Was replaced.

Rainbow beacon

To all the world

Cemented for us

Section 9.

Glossy starlings/Fork-tailed drongos

Shrieks on pines

South-easter blown

Disbarked grey.

Butterflies flit

Brave brimstones bright

Between the trees:

Harbingers.

Life goes on blown

Along by nature

Clearing us out

Drying eyes.

He leaves us here

Restless alone

Needing groupness

To self share.

His legacy sure

His farewells turgid

Block the channels

All the same.

Some make a chink

In platitudes

But very few

Break babble.

Best then to wait

Soft times to come

Own space and words

To put down.

There will be time

Because he was

Of all time – not

Ours alone.

Not just a light

Gone out for us

But all the world

Now dimmed down.

The wind picks up

The rage of ages

Pushed back down

In respect.

What cauldron dire

Lies waiting now

Holding its breath

Beloved land?

Too soon to say

If things will change

Better or worse

Now he’s gone.

Time will speak out

History will tell

The full story in

Times to come.

For now we start

In numbness grey

Mourning barely

Starting out.