

FIVE LETTERS TO M. M. M.

I

Maye! I am dancing,
I am dancing, my love,
I am dancing to the rhythm of blackness
in your eyes.

Yea! I am sweeping,
I am sweeping, my love,
I am sweeping the firmament with the mop
of your kinky hair,
And I shall gather the dirt of stars
Into my cup of woes,
And fling them into the sea
Where they shall become the
Eyes of fish - your eyes, love -
And ascend into the firmament
As new stars; eyes that will see,
Be seen and see themselves
In a cyclic unity that binds
Soil and blood; that concentrates
The universe into the Bark,
And into the Bark.

Black eyes
Black eyes
Ah! Black eyes ...

Aie-e! I shall gather you
Into my arms, my love,
and oil myself,
Yea, anoint myself with the
Night of your skin,
That the dust of the soil may stick on me;
That the birds of the sky may stick on me;
And sing; and when they have sung,
May they feed on the tiny food on my skin.
My love! My love!

Black eyes! O!
Let me run into the firmament,
Let me run into the Great freshness
and melt let me melt
In the burning fires of sweet revelation;
You have been revealed unto me!

My love, carpet my way
With your hair, will you?

O girl, when love comes out
Of the womb of my heart,
And is landed softly
On the cloth of your soul, girl,
Wrap it up

and keep it warm.

Then smile upon your child, O black woman,
That the softness of the night
May bless you with the union
Of night and day; night, day
And the sky with the earth
In one universal unity.
Call not on the midwife, will you?
Your hands are soft enough;
Or an image of my grand-mother will suffice.

Then, and only then,
O woman,
Shall I lie on the breath of your smile,
Hide in its dimples,
And be as warm as warmth is warm.

Then, and only then,
O woman,
Shall I sigh with contentment,
For towards me you
Shall bear a great love,
And I shall be glad, glad
For my love will have sat on me
And ecstasy hatched in the shadows
Of her darkness:

Let me play, let me play hide-and-peek
With an image of you in the
Dark, plum-dark forests of
 your kinky hair,
And I shall not want.

Aie-e! I shall be gay
And be the envy of men,
For I shall seek to roam with
Your blood, inside you, my love,
All over you, love,
Till death do us join.

Like the shrill of a violin;
 Like a wind against a blade of grass;
 The puris of blood through the veins;
 into the heart,
 The white dream of your brown face, my love,
 Motions into a calm ecstasy
 The black veins of the dying
 Leaves of the tree that is my heart;
 And a wind of faces - your faces
 Blows always and softly
 Against the hut of my memories
 Like a soft motion of the clouds
 In the night of your eyes.

By the passing day
 The leaves grow greener;
 By the passing day
 I blush with reverence
 At the white silence
 Of your dignity,
 And by the passing day, my love,
 Fearing ...
 Fearing, my plum,
 Fearing to uncleave the tongues of my heart,
 A pride in your self;
 A pride in your laughter,
 In which the gaities of my hopes
 Are gathered like milk-drops in a breast;
 A pride in a vision of your wedding day,
 And the softness of its night,
 Armed with the power of legitimacy,
 Makes me one with you
 In an unspoken love that binds
 The soils; that binds the winds;
 That binds the soil and the wind
 With the flesh and the music of the dead.

Now, on a bed of grass,
 I shall lie,
 And in your absence,
 Listen to the nearness of you,
 In the sounds of the leaves, the grass,
 The dust rising in the wind, the birds,
 And in the calm flow of my blood,
 Till I am whole in my self
 in yourself,

And in the wholeness of myself,
 in yourself.

IV

During the warm hours of births and ecstasies,
 In the cage of visions and dreams,
 With the woman of my dreams,
 We sat on a tombstone
 And watched the engraved words
 change places;
 And each permutation
 Was a story in our experiences.

M, we shall be our own monument of love,
 And together we shall crawl back
 To tell the world Love is perpetual.

V

Oh! look at her!
 Look at her!
 Look at my Lady
 Sitting on the top
 Of the mountain
 Where sun and wind
 Seem to battle over her ...
 Oh! Where is she now?
 Where is she?
 I can no longer see her:
 She is green!

Somewhere in a dull room,
 in a dull den
 Where dejected souls dance
 without joy;
 Where love is sprawled and scattered
 on the floor
 Like dead rats; (where
 Love costs a fly's life)
 And bodies moan naked
 Before my open eyes,
 My Lady sits on a crucifix on the wall,
 And beckons to me.

Oh! Look at her;
My Lady shines!

I follow my Lady
Through the streets.
These streets whimper,
And the houses blush
For nothingness is horded in them:
Aloneness jumps
On the frying pan.
I follow my Lady.
I follow my Lady,
My lady is a moon
Over the pains
And all the bleats
And the moos and the neighs
Are gathered in her light.

Oh! look at her,
The universe walks!
My Lady, she is beautiful,
In her, I am, here, there,
And everywhere:
She is beautiful!

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