The Nineteen Eighties

Brian Walter brian@seaberg.co.za

I recall that I touched in kindness his shoulder: and he winced

... and then he lifted up his shirt to show *sjambok* cuts repeated

across his back, in red-blue welts that patterned his brown skin

—university was never like this, but then, I was classified as white.

My student was softly telling me why his work was late:

they all ran, he said, and security found him in the dark, and laid in.

"It happens," he shrugged, and flinched, "but it's been difficult to write."









