Transvaal ◆◆◆November 1988 ◆ South African Politics in the Light of Nature ◆ The silken threads of sunlight Fall gently on the crystal water The breeze weaves through the threads Combing the long grass westwards. ◆ Suddenly a form of a hand Cuts the silken threads And lets them fall Like lightning Groaning and striking towards the earth. ◆ The breeze transformed to a vicious wind Ripping the roots of the grass. The water grows black Tearing its banks And roaring aloud. ◆ A turmoil of elements Flashes and fights Until a rainbow Shines abright Leaving the raindrops Shine And sparkle With the warmth of the threads.◆◆◆