

The Artist

Written by Joana

Mtumlane - May 1995

The Artist

Her
circle of friends,

Traveled a
road of many bends;

To a cabin
by the sea,

A foursome
comprising the you and me.

Her guitar - a lonesome tune,

Penetrating ears so immune

To the artist's inner soul,

A pearl in the mother's bowl...

Shaped by the power of the
ocean,

Dynamics of may a
motion.

Her voice an inner song

Reflecting her quest between right and
wrong.

Her body, tense but
free

Rhetorical questions of
the "we".

Shall he see her quest shall he
know?

I have written too much
.....I now do go.