(in dedication) A Birthdate: in the Magaliesberg
 The whispering Magalies breeze
Placed a melody on my lips Echoing in the rustling trees Your first song on the guitar.
 The majestical Magalies mountains
Reflected the sparkling blue of my eyes soul As glossy jewels Shone in the paleness of winter skies.
 The dry and coarse Magalies veld
Rendered comfort to my fatigued physique Vacating its faithful seasoning scent Slumbering memories of your unique self. The crusted stony Magalies sand Yielded to the thought at hand
Engraving a birthday wish Which the crisp Magalies breeze ...
Swept up And placed on your lips.