

<p align="right">5th August 1997</p> <p align="right">Gauteng - Northcliff Hill</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">Confrontations</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">Depositing tiny pebbles of Dreams</p> <p align="right">The Sand-man slumbered an infant to sleep.</p> <p align="right">Her companion in moon-lit times</p> <p align="right">He would wait beneath her cot</p> <p align="right">After the Star-dust Fairy had swept weariness over her</p> <p align="right">He would sprinkle spirits of angels' dreams,</p> <p align="right">Then journey on to slumber another asleep.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">She lay on her bed, star-dusted and weary,</p> <p align="right">Yet her faithful friend no appearance made.</p> <p align="right">Tossing and turning, she was unable to venture to the other realm.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">Behind closed doors a conversation vibrated</p> <p align="right">Trickling between the hinges and collecting beneath her bed.</p> <p align="right">The vibrations lingered in the humm of her irregularated breath</p> <p align="right">Dancing on each wisp of inhalation.</p> <p align="right">The conversation vibrations grew heavy</p> <p align="right">Forming granules of coarseness.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">These granules wedged themselves under her door,</p> <p align="right">Collecting clouds of dusty haze.</p> <p align="right">A single granule fell to the corner of her eye</p> <p align="right">And swept her into nightmares of desert storms.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">Awakening, fatigued and troubled,</p> <p align="right">She knew not why.</p> <p align="right">Yet a granule lay on the desert's dune</p> <p align="right">In dreamland;</p> <p align="right">which she never revisited; as she knew</p> <p align="right">not of the engram existence -</p> <p align="right">of its engram on confrontation.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">She now lays her head on a puffy pillow</p> <p align="right">As trickling salty droplets moisten her ear-lobes,</p> <p align="right">The memory of the battlefield forms before her ...</p> <p align="right">Why had she not drawn her sword?</p> <p align="right">Her lids gave way to exhaustion</p> <p align="right">As star-dust cloaked her limbs.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">Beneath her princess-pillowed bed</p> <p align="right">A crippled Sand-man struggles to appear.</p> <p align="right">He holds in his satchel pebbles of dreams</p> <p align="right">Yet he too collected a granule of a night long past.</p> <p align="right">Gently, he places the granule, and a pebble</p> <p align="right">In the fragile corners of her eyes.</p> <p align="right"></p>

Confrontations

Written by Joana

align="right">Now, he too, may slumber.</p> <p align="right">◆</p> <p align="right">She awakens, with a swoop by her side</p> <p align="right">A golden glimmer of freedom.</p> <p align="right">Yet, in its handle</p> <p align="right">Is engraved, a tiny granule</p> <p align="right">Taken from desert dunes.</p>