Reply without Gazelles

Sandra Meek
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A month for funerals. Lightning strokes striking tenanted fields. Each Saturday we passed printed pamphlets, faces coming off on our hands:

Re Modise, seventy years a dark unpeeling. The sound of spoons.

Morning, one distant shot pierced the heart of—No. Morning, we killed a bull for the funeral feast. Such a wide circle to feed. Relatives mud-streaking the windows to sign grief. Inside, the old story. The black-wrapped widow shaving children’s heads. Scalps flickering, smooth bones turning a loose socket, blank new world, the too familiar room. What it’s like without. Women wake in the borrowed soldiers’ tent nursing candles. Men by the fire. Separation. Small lights in the night. Cries of crowned plovers, this
old habit of naming. *What's it like
to wake to gazelles every morning* tell

*me about Africa.* There
was this funeral. A lightning storm. An old man

ploughing his field. First rains. Dry ground. Fallow
rivers of termites.

I heard them digging
the grave, the laughing pitched

against stones. A pearl-spotted owl
stuttering against thorns. A sound unidentified moving

through the unelectrified night.

*Morning turns with the shovel. Din of roosters. The sun*
in a tin basin, we washed

off death at the gate each Saturday, how we ate
and ate.