

New editorial associate, Dr. Panos D. Bardis of Toledo University, contributed this poem after a visit to South Africa.

THE PROTEA PEACE PARADE  
(For J. Harrison)

"You cannot step twice into the same river."

Heraclitus, *On Nature*, 500 B.C.

"Time, in the passing of days, works change  
for better or worse."

Pinda, *Odes*, Fifth Century B.C.

"There is in the pang of change  
something more than the heart can  
bear - - unhappiness remembering  
happiness."

Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 413 B.C.

"Change is the death of that which was  
before."

Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, First  
Century B.C.

I. The Sea-God's Flower

Brilliant bracts adorn your flaming,  
Sparkling, dazzling diadem --  
Startling, silken bracts with hairlets  
Like a golden maiden's down.  
Fairest Queen of countless colours,  
Sizes, shapes, and wondrous forms,  
You have taken your sweet nectar  
From a high Olympian peak.  
Honeyflower, Honeysuckle,  
Aphrodite's Hydromel,  
So prolific and melliferous,  
Listen to the passing bell,  
Listen to the pagan paeans  
And the happy hymns and songs

Round your floral horn of plenty.

Listen, listen: tragic dirges,  
Threnodies, death bells, laments!  
Listen, listen: happy lieder,  
Anthems, ballads, barcaroles!  
Give your gifts to every being --  
Every soul is nature's child.  
Give your nectar to all creatures --  
Small and large and dark and white.  
Sin disturbs the cosmic order  
And sends down blight to your fair cheeks.  
Make your protean forms phases  
Toward a glorious full moon.

Listen, listen: dark leaf-cutters,  
Honeybees and bumblebees,  
Long-horned bees and slaving workers,  
Carpenters and mining bees,  
Pindar's feeders, moonlight creatures,  
And a swarm of dreary drones.

Listen, listen; look around you:  
Galaxies of butterflies --  
Monarchs, orange tips and skippers,  
Fritillaries, tortoiseshells,  
Painted ladies, peacocks, graylings,  
Marbled whites and chalk hill blues,  
Morphos, emperors and sulphurs,  
Admirals and swallowtails.

Give your nectar to all creatures,  
Give your gifts to every tribe!

CHORUS

Listen, listen, Golden City:  
    What a pity,  
    If my witty  
And wise words are soon forgotten!  
    Misbegotten  
    Mooncalfs howling,  
    Nightly prowling  
On the Vaal and Drakensberg.

Listen, listen, Treeless Kingdom --  
Undulating veld and hills:  
Love begets the noblest freedom  
And the nearing tempest stills.

Listen, listen, Table Mountain:  
Your southeasters -- wailing beasts --  
Are about to raze the fountain  
Of abundance, bliss, and feasts.  
Give your gifts and they'll return,  
For to share is but to earn!

Listen, listen, Sugar Queen:  
Let the rickshaw pullers prance --  
In bright raiment, tall and lean --  
Let ngoma youngsters dance  
By your sea, your sapphire sea.  
    Let them see  
    That you treasure  
    Knows no measure --  
Treasure hidden in your heart.

Listen, listen, Garden City.  
Listen, listen, Serpent City.  
Listen, listen, Diamond City.  
Listen, Magic Land of dreams,  
    Stellar dreams!  
Torches burn you, fireflies blind you.  
So, with candles, leave behind you

Gloom and darkness,  
Deadly darkness!

## II. The Maker of Helen's Phantom

Brilliant bracts and dazzling petals,  
Thrilling phases, priceless gifts  
From the Floater, Sailor, Swimmer,  
From the Old Man of the Sea.  
Like the pliant Taliessin --  
Fairest-horned with Moses rays --  
Neptune's son enjoys the ocean's  
Changing moods and shifting winds.  
King of Pharos and First Prophet,  
Sleeping with a flock of seals,  
Tending herds of grim sea-monsters,  
He can see the distant past  
And foretell the misty future.  
By the mouth of Egypt's Nile,  
Rising from the tears of Isis,  
He assumes a thousand forms:  
Lion, leopard, tiger, dragon,  
Boar and water, fire and tree.  
But if mortal holds the ancient  
Sea-god fast, he'll soon possess  
Boundless knowledge, lore, and wisdom --  
Toil and labour lead to light.  
And when knowledge of the present,  
Of the future and the past  
Reigns supreme, then man's endeavours,  
Stage by stage, will bring a world  
Radiating Love and Justice,  
Truth and Beauty, Joy and Peace!

CHORUS

Fairest Queen,  
Evergreen  
And serene,  
Every bract,  
Now attacked  
By the drones,  
Will attract

Liberated mining bees  
And free-flying long-horned bees  
That will sit on gleaming thrones.  
And the song of the drone --  
The bagpipe's monotone  
And the buzzing of yore --  
Will be heard nevermore.

Every bright  
Butterfly  
Will soon fly,  
In your fretful foes' twilight --  
Every morarch, marbled white,  
Skipper, sulphur, swallowtail,  
Dark and white, female and male --  
Here to dance and sip your ale.

Listen, listen, Sugar Bush:  
Never let your old flaws push  
Your kind heart to black despair.  
Once you dare  
Gifts to share,  
You become a cornucopia  
And vreate a new utopia.

Listen, Cities, famed, renowned:  
Stride through stages  
Taught by sages,  
And you'll be with glory crowned.

King of Pharos, wisely fickle,

Never touched by Cronus' sickle,  
Change the trickle  
To a river. Ocean towers,  
Snow-white flowers,  
Rainbow-showers,  
Neptune's horses,  
Change to forces  
That will slowly build a bridge,  
Bond of Love from ridge to ridge.  
Helen's phantom, who had been  
Wafted to the Nile unseen,  
Once again became a fair  
Reigning queen with golden hair,  
Flaming like galactic fire.  
So will soon a ghost expire,  
And a happy, joyful throng  
Will be singing a new song:  
"White is Black and Black is White,  
And your burden is my plight.  
When true Love becomes life's leaven,  
Life on earth is life in heaven!"