
Postman Nobility

Painter of misty landscapes, self-portrait
with owl and a white dead bird, sneak,
legs and toes upright in the air,
staying in our Sanatorium at Doonstreet,
died of tuberculosis just three weeks
before my dear mother was born,
now sharing the same graveyard, three
meters apart, with a path in between.

And when I stand right there, I feel the
shivers running through my spine, this
continuity of life and death, life and death,
that takes your breath away.

Do shadows merge when they overlap,
time-rings of the same mulberry tree?
Turned into paper to write silent letters,
dreams of towering castles in the air,
boxless shoebox dioramas,
a true sense of Postman Nobility.