As if in cottonwool the specks of farm,  
no, landscape, gleam below; the Boeing lands  
at Orly airport, and a lusty balm  
embraces us like surly women's hands,  
but naked Moulin Rouge's jinking pranks,  
the blackened Notre Dame's relentless host  
of candles and the Seine's enlightened banks  
afford no niche for a tired Holy Ghost.  
My heart begins to yearn for avenues  
of jacaranda trees in old Transvaal  
where every bit of patriotic news  
ripples through every heart that loves ons taal,  
young confirmaands disclose their secret sins  
and Tukkie maidens stroke their violins.

("A Visit to Paris, France" in Belcher R.K., Rings of a Thundering Tree.  
Southern College Publishers, Stellenbosch2000:8)

Under a canopy of oaks your green  
and weathered statue stands with slitted eyes  
formed by the tropic wind and sun, your sheen  
not polished by a hand, but lightning skies,  
body aslant towards the sea: bold figurehead  
thrust forward through the cleft of a bow wave  
as through an ancient parchment yet unread  
from which dead seamen leave their opened grave.  
You placed your off-spring here who'd never heard  
your voice: fierce paters burning on the strand  
for God, Ferreiras preaching the enlightened word  
from Cape l’Agulhas into Gazaland,  
and vis à vis a porra selling fish  
lying on seaweed in a plastic dish.

("Statue of Bartholomew Diaz", in Belcher, 2000:27)
As individuals and as a race
we feared the total onslaught on our land:
all we desired was our little place
where we could till the soil with loving hand
when suddenly our ways were shoved aside
by alien powers: roads and railway lines
linking to structures ripping deep and wide
and augers turning maizelands into mines.
The pugmill and the wooden butter churn
were spurned by engineers from overseas,
but now we hear atomic rotors turn
where treetops used to rustle in the breeze
and pylons on our new horizons warn:
tread lightly in the ways you used to scorn.

("Onslaught", in Belcher, 2000:2)