

## A Collection of Poems by Fonda Dubb

### THE MUSIC AND THE DANCE

We often feel down and lonely  
Turn on the music  
And suddenly  
All despair is gone  
There's magic in the air  
As if nothing bothered us at all  
The music and lyrics speak to us  
There's something in the air  
That makes you enjoy your leisure  
Which makes you sway, clap your hands,  
click your fingers, tap your feet  
And get up to dance  
There's no partner  
The music is yours alone  
And holds you tightly like a partner would  
As we get up to dance with the music  
loud and clear  
As if spring is in the air  
No one to watch us  
As we move and dance  
But we feel as if we're in heaven as we  
are pivoted into the world of dance  
As we sway and feel the music beat  
To the music of the dance.  
Our hearts beat a little louder  
And suddenly  
Your anxiety and fears disappear amongst  
the shimmering clouds.  
As does the pain which is elevated to  
another plane of joy and wonderment  
which helps forget your pain  
As I fall in love with music  
Which fills your heart like a red balloon  
dangling, dancing in the sky.  
Any age can do it  
Why are we so reluctant to dance  
alone?  
We did it as a child  
with spontaneity and love  
Turn on the music and dance  
You're not too old to dance!!  
Your music is your partner  
You are not alone  
The music lifts your spirit  
As you dance as I so often do  
And rejuvenates both soul and spirit  
The music belongs to you.  
It's always in your soul  
The beat is always there

To help you smile and laugh with merriment  
and lift the dark clouds from our thoughts  
What a simple cure for happiness  
To feel the beauty of the music and dance  
with movement and expression  
And feel an abundance of love for our  
fellow human beings  
That they too  
Should feel free  
To enjoy the Music of the Dance

## I HEAR THE DRUMS OF AFRICA

I hear the Drums of Africa  
In a far-off land  
With its parched dry earth  
I listen to the beats of the drum  
Faintly beating  
Getting stronger  
Getting louder  
Getting closer  
The beats stir my heart  
They are speaking with a powerful beat  
and sound  
It's a calling  
An awaking of my soul  
It breaks the silence  
And calls me  
Though so long ago  
The drums create a feeling  
A remembrance of  
who I am  
And stir the emptiness of my heart  
I run and skip towards the sound  
To catch and hold with love  
What I cannot find  
But long to hear  
In a tribal land of Chiefs and Kings with  
colourful beads  
And ankles round their feet,  
Holding whips of horse hair  
Which beat the drums  
How can I describe the happiness I find  
As I listen  
And hear  
The beating of the drums  
A silent memory  
So deep inside  
Filled with colour  
And sound  
It will never leave me  
A memory that comes awake  
As I dance  
And listen to  
The beating of the drums

## AN AFRICAN MEMORY

6/12/22

It's just a memory  
 That keeps stirring in my mind  
 Of a childhood free of hate  
 Playing with piccaninis in the dried-out  
 rivers  
 In drought stricken dried up rivers  
 Walking along the sand which fell  
 each step we took  
 Along the Olifants river  
 The laughter always there  
 Sometimes digging in the sand with sticks  
 along the way  
 Trickles of water would appear  
 And wet our feet both black and white  
 With shouts of joy  
 The water with the dried-up sand  
 Sometimes made a sudden change  
 And loved to feel the sun kissed sand  
 separating my toes as we walked along  
 the stream  
 Playing as we did with sticks and stones  
 A simple pleasure  
 To remember  
 As we walked the Olifants river  
 Drawing circles with sticks into the moist  
 and dampened ground  
 Later to have fun when we found a  
 mound to sit  
 And draw figures with our sticks  
 Along the sand and tread carefully on the  
 river bank  
 We knew it was time to go  
 When the sun setting with a glow  
 Reminded us to  
 leave for home  
 To return another day  
 With sticks and stones to build  
 and penetrate into the earth  
 our special drawings  
 And often saw a bird along the bank  
 Fly away  
 As we broke down *donges* along the way  
 The love of the sun scorched land is  
 always there  
 It never leaves me  
 As I remember when  
 Without a warning  
 The river starts to fill and swell  
 Like dancing on a summer's day

Where danger lurks  
 without a warning  
 And suddenly a blast of thunder hits the  
 sky and lightning strikes  
 Time to go home  
 To say goodbye to a long and winding  
 river  
 Good bye my friend.  
 We wake tomorrow to spend another day  
 along the river  
 With pails and sticks and stones  
 We go with barefoot feet  
 To feel the mud between our toes  
 Which feel like slushy ice-cream.  
 What beauty I hold in my mind  
 It cannot be replaced  
 Its many years ago  
 And yet could it be yesterday I ask?  
 The gifts of years ago can be stored so  
 deeply in one's mind.  
 Like a match striking up a light  
 It's a wondrous sight  
 To paddle in the river  
 For which I so revere  
 When clocks turn back  
 And I remember the sun scorched earth  
 and fun we had with hats on heads,  
 playing at the Olifants river

## THE GRAND HOTEL

7/12/22

Strong images are in my mind  
 A little girl with ringlets  
 Sleeping with each thread of hair curled  
 and twisted into a coil  
 Held together by strips of white linen  
 An image of my mother holding tightly  
 onto them  
 So they wouldn't sway  
 In the morning  
 All the work and trouble  
 To reveal a ringlet  
 Not one not two but a whole head of hair  
 with ringlets round my face and a fringe  
 and ribbon to keep them framed around  
 my face  
 I suppose it was a fashion round that time  
 When I was only 6 or 9 staying at the  
 Grand Hotel  
 Another image fills my mind in the Grand  
 Hotel  
 A beautiful winding stair case that went  
 very high as I walked the steps each day  
 up and down  
 To reach the bedroom  
 Or the entrance  
 depending where I was going  
 To school  
 To bed  
 It didn't really worry me  
 As long as the ringlets stayed in place.  
 Such a change from life on a farm  
 And I nearly forgot Jimmy the Head  
 Waiter who greeted me with his shiny  
 white teeth, to show me the way into the  
 huge dining Room of the Grand Hotel and  
 took me to my seat.  
 I loved the white starched serviettes  
 which stood up straight and must have  
 been folded with great care.  
 My favourite was the soft-boiled eggs  
 Which I cracked with a knife to get a  
 straight edge  
 And sprinkled from the silver salt cellar  
 fine grains of salt onto the egg before I  
 used the silver spoon to dig inside and  
 mop it up quickly into my mouth before it  
 drizzled just a little way onto the corner  
 of my mouth and caught it just in time!

Jimmy unfolded the serviette onto my lap  
 What a waste I thought

They looked much prettier standing up!!  
 The toast was brought and set upon the  
 table in a silver toast holder.  
 I always felt like I was a Queen  
 When I spread the curled butter to melt  
 onto the toast.  
 It made me feel so tall and strong  
 As if I could rule the world with all my  
 strength and power  
 after eating such a lavish meal served  
 with silver dishes and white starched  
 serviettes standing stiffly and so tall  
 What a treat it was to eat at the Grand Hotel.  
 I wiped my mouth full of eggy bits  
 Folded the serviette  
 And laid it down across my plate.  
 What a waste I thought to do that to a serviette!!  
 Yes, there was bright red jam too that I  
 sometimes ate.  
 And then I was off to school.  
 Feeling like a Regal Queen.  
 Image no 3 was nothing like 1 or 2  
 It was I thought  
 So very strange to sit on chamber pots which  
 were such pretty things  
 To sit on them and pee in them  
 While I slept on the high bed above them  
 To find the next morning they'd been  
 whisked away  
 To find a clean chamber pot under my  
 bed.  
 I never asked  
 I never knew where they were taken to.  
 My last image is of men's shoes that were  
 in pairs outside the bedroom doors.  
 Black and brown colours stacked pair by  
 pair outside the bedroom doors.  
 They were taken away before breakfast  
 And returned all shining bright.  
 I never asked who cleaned the shoes but  
 they were always bright.  
 It was a long time ago and yet  
 They remain intact inside my brain  
 And makes me think  
 There must be a big large box to keep  
 these memories so tidily intact thinking  
 back to images of when I lived  
 As a little girl  
 At a special time  
 At a special place  
 Called The Grand Hotel

## LOVE AND GRIEF UNITED

Grief is not sand to dust away and store  
 in a cupboard by your bed  
 It's part of life  
 It stirs our soul  
 It unites with love  
 It brings back happy memories  
 Grief is hard to bear  
 But love is the healer  
 I fill my heart with the memories  
 And plant a flower each and every day  
 To frame the grief  
 With love  
 Which restores my love  
 Which I keep deep down inside my heart  
 Within me  
 To give me light and Hope

Please don't discard  
 A loved one's soul  
 Remember them with love  
 Don't let those memories go to dust  
 Keep them forever in your soul  
 There is music in your soul  
 Where grief and love unite  
 Without a sound  
 It's like a bluebird in the sky that travels  
 on a blue blue sky or in a tumultuous  
 storm  
 And allows us to be strong and brave  
 When grief and love  
 Unite us all  
 The beauty of nature touches me  
 And uplifts me in both the beauty that I  
 feel  
 Deep inside my soul  
 I cry at weddings at the beauty of it all  
 And cry too at funerals  
 At the loss of a dear dear soul  
 Tears of happiness and grief  
 Which bring together those we love  
 Who haven't left us  
 After all  
 but remain embedded deep down  
 inside our soul  
 Like igniting a flame of light  
 Which dances to the miracle of life  
 Which like the Chanuka light  
 Instills within us  
 The beauty of a flame of light  
 deep inside our souls

As we dance to happy memories  
 lighting up our soul.  
 And strew precious roses to heal our grief  
 Which give us strength and courage  
 To unite in grief and love of years gone  
 by but locked so tight  
 impossible to break...  
 As we look within our hearts to find the  
 flowers that never wilt  
 But lay undisturbed and quiet  
 Protected by the love we feel  
 As we unite and bring together the  
 eternal light which glows " so deep inside  
 our soul".  
 As we breathe each breath we take  
 In the gratitude of life.

## The Kick of Life/ Acceptance

4/1/2023

A life well lived  
With treasured memories  
To hold and keep  
To accept that what you had is never  
gone  
But lies asleep  
Inside your treasure trove  
Of memories  
To have acceptance of it all  
To know whatever the tomorrow brings  
To make the best of it all  
To make today a better day  
Knowing you have accepted it all  
It's deep inside  
For you to love and hold  
Don't intrude with images of dark  
alleyways  
But better to accept it all  
So that your treasure trove will stay  
unscathed  
Untouched by human  
Tragedies  
That affect us all  
Better to accept it all  
And find a balance  
To end it all  
Like kicking a ball  
And never knowing where it's going to fall  
It's the " Kick of Life"  
That makes you expand  
That makes you smile  
As if you're in a wonderland  
Isn't that Acceptance after all  
Believing in it all.

## **Fonda Dubb – a word about me..**

### **Myself and writing:**

Having lost my mother when I was 9, I grew up with my father in Pietersburg. I was a weekly boarder at the Convent; the Sisters described me as a sweet and obedient child who 'dreamed a lot'. My favourite subject was English.

As a teenager, I wrote diaries, four of them, to boost my confidence which I lacked. Those dreams sustained me! I was brought up not to speak publicly in case I made a fool of myself.

Four months ago, I found my voice at the age of 84 when I discovered a new hobby –'writing'!

Gail Lustig called me and suggested I write an article about my years teaching ballet. I told her I found Peace in the gardens of my retirement home.

Gail said:' Sit under the tree where you feel protected and secure and write your story...'

What came out, was my first poem 'The Tree'. I have now written 23 poems. I am so grateful to her for giving me a 'voice' with her project and encouragement.

It's like a dam wall that's burst. I had never studied poetry nor written a poem and now I can't stop my new hobby. It truly releases my soul.

It's the poetry that helped my find my voice!! That is my therapy.

