

EVENING TEA

While we're drinking tea on the verandah
watching our children
as they swing joyfully
we ought to know our rope
has frayed and worn thin:
a few more strands and we will fall.

Once, you used to push me
up higher than half a circle;
once, I used to catch you
as you almost fell.

Once, we used to take it in turns:
one of us standing to push the other on the swing.
Even though we swooped up high both forwards and backwards,
we too laughed at our high hopes –
and then we went in to make dinner.
It was our early afternoon.

Now we wait for dreams that can no longer be realised.
Let's drink our evening tea down to the dregs –
not spitting them out, but smiling.
Let us lick the lick the sweetness from our lips
as we remember that very first day
when we met one evening under the mango tree
looking for a good stout branch
to bear our swing
while Simba the dog waited for you.

But before we leave so silently
to complete the half circle that remains,
let us make sure our cups are clean.

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