The isolation of exile is a gutted warehouse at the back of pleasure streets: the waterfront of limbo stretches panoramically – metaphor of his mind (waterfront)

Night the beautifier lets the lights dance across the wharf.

I peer through the skull’s black windows wondering what credibly can save me.

The poem trails across the ruined wall

A solitary snail, or phosphorescently swims into vision like a fish

through a hole in the mind’s foundation, acute as a glittering nerve.

Origins trouble the voyager much, those roots that have sipped the waters of another continent.

Africa is gigantic, one cannot begin to know even the strange behaviour furthest south in my xenophobic department.

Come back, come back mayibuye cried the breakers of stone and cried the crowds cried Mr Kumalo before the withering fire

mayibuye Afrika

Now there is the loneliness of lost beauties at Cabo de Esperancia, Table Mountain: alliteration

all the dead poets who sang of spring’s miraculous recrudescence in the sandscapes of Karoo sang of thoughts that pierced like arrows, spoke through the strangled throat of multi-humanity bruised like a python in the maggot-fattening sun.

You with your face of pain, your touch of gaiety, with eyes that could distil me any instant have passed into some diary, some dead journal now that the computer, the mechanical notion obliterates sincerities.

The amplitude of sentiment has brought me no nearer to anything affectionate,

new magnitude of thought has but betrayed the lustre of your eyes.

You yourself have vacated the violent arena for a northern life of semi-snow under the Distant Early Warning System: I suffer the radiation burns of silence. It is not cosmic immensity or catastrophe that terrifies me:

it is solitude that mutilates,

the night bulb that reveals ash on my sleeve.
**Subject:**
- experiences in exile, and reference to Table Mountain, Cabo de Esperancia (Cape of Good Hope), Karoo would suggest the speaker is referring to the apartheid struggle where many were forced into exile for their stand against apartheid.

**Theme of**
uncertainty, loneliness, isolation bitterness

**Structure:**
5 stanzas
Free verse
- express loss of solid structure in life
- lack of punctuation sense of being adrift – uncertainty “in limbo” (l.3)
- Enjambment - affects rhythm – slow and heavy = mournful tone ??

**Title:** Waiting
- postponed action?
- Expectation – hope?... for change
- hesitation ?
- holding back ?
- In a state of limbo- uncertainty

**Theme of uncertainty, loneliness, isolation bitterness**

- **Metaphor** (l. 1-3) – “The isolation of exile is a gutted warehouse at the back of pleasure streets:” feelings toward exile are compared to a gutted warehouse. Gutted = image of emptiness, destruction (destroyed by fire), decay.
- Warehouse = metaphor of his mind, inner-being
- **Image** of “pleasure streets” - considered unsavoury parts of town – prostitution, drugs---connotation of corrupt morals, promiscuity. Extent of his mind= corrupt, low, isolated he’s feeling
- **Colon:** expands on purpose
- “waterfront of limbo stretches panoramically” - suggests that the uncertainty “limbo” in his mind or inner-conciousness is vast and never ending.