

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.

