

## On the life of rhinos: Written into the simple stars



Leave them quiet repose beside their place of thorn dung and dragon fly allow them still shade beneath the flame-blown trees whilst spiders, beetles, worms and tortoises spin, bore, creep, explore...

let their rock-ribbed outlines old as the world be one with its rugged rim and wide ridged ranges allow them to forklift a wall of turf tread apart the clods plough beyond the frontiers to wade in waters where coronets of lily weed cap the brows of drowsing hippos let their eyes gleam yellow as they dream over pools reflecting fever trees, algae and mimosa permit! for rhino eyes have over the aeons mirrored trellis works of track-forged trails where migratory hordes encoded to creep the earth's seams find their way to warmth

midst thorn, hook and barb grant that their ductile hides and vulnerable horns remain whole and unhurt let the descending star-shoots fill the streams where the herds gather and phosphorescent waters dribble from their muzzles as they slurp

enable a night pricked to life by African ardour its innominate stars like beams glanced off knife tips to describe a trapezium over the huddle of heads, backs and hinds of a hundred rhinos.



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How to cite this article: Maritz, P.G., 2017, 'On the life of rhinos: Written into the simple stars', Literator 38(1), a1336. https://

doi.org/10.4102/lit.v38i1.1336

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