



Addendum A_visual exploration of poem.

With her mighty breath she breaths you in,
into her daily rhythms and rituals



Look, look beyond the surface, the multiple facades of her skin:



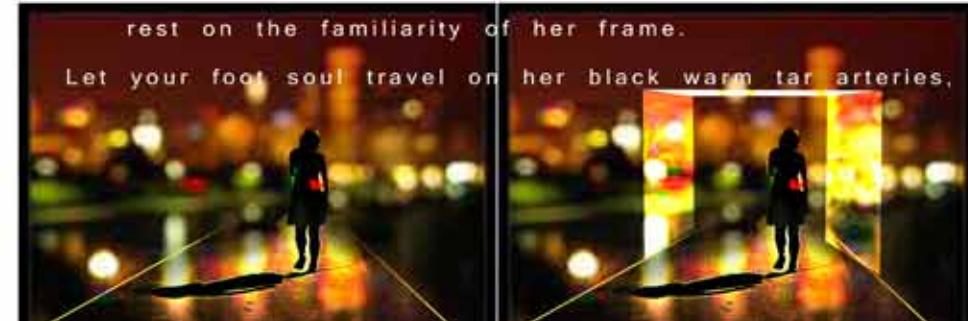
Stretch out your hand:
caress her hidden
sensuous curves



Let your eyes touch
her tactile surface,
stroke the patina of
wear,
blink at her bright
new layers and

rest on the familiarity of her frame.

Let your foot soul travel on her black warm tar arteries,







Addendum B_poetry

A collection of poems capturing architectural elements.

San Paolo Fuori le Mura, Rome

Elizabeth Jennings

It is the stone makes stillness here. I think
 There could not be so much of silence if
 The columns were not set there rank on rank,
 For silence needs a shape in which to sink
 And stillness needs these shadows for its life.

My darkness throws so little space before
 My body where it stands, and yet my mind
 Needs the large echoing churches and the roar
 of streets outside its own calm place to find
 Where the soft doves of peace withdraw, withdraw.

The alabaster windows here permit
 Only suggestions of the sun to slide
 Into the church and make a glow in it;
 The battering daylight leaps at large outside
 Though what slips here through jewels seems most fit.

And here one might in his discovered calm
 Feel the great building draw away from him,
 His head bent closely down upon his arm,
 With all the sun subsiding to a dim
 Past-dreamt-of peace, a kind of coming home.

For me the senses still have their full sway
 Even where prayer comes quicker than an act.
 I cannot quite forget the blazing day,
 The alabaster windows or the way
 The light refuses to be called abstract.

My witgepleisterde graf.
 Pauline Theart (unpublished)

uit duister ontvlug die gebou.
 die skadu 'n afgekapte engelbeeld wat lafhartige sonvlerke vou.
 in hierdie holte van die papierset, vou die kurwes van die uitgevlekte
 muurpapier origami patronne in my hand
 ek wil vashou aan die oombliklike flitse,jou wang teen myne,die tee voor
 jou groot eksamen,jou oë na kil woorde.
 die vastrap siloette in die holte van die stilte.
 teen die wange van jou mure..loop my origami tree uit jou uit....

Restourasie

P.W Buys

Vir M

Jy het die klein geboutjie deernisvol beskou
 en fyn geluister na die taal van ou vermolmde hout,
 verweerde steen en pleisterklei.
 Voel-voel moes jy besin
 waar die vervloë lyne
 van die eerste grondplan loop.
 Toe het jy intuïtief begin:
 aanbousels van 'n eeu gesloop;
 aan die vervalle rammelkas
 van roussteen, sink en glas
 met hamer, troffel, waterpas
 gemeet, gekap, gevoeg, gelas,
 gemessel en getimmer...
 tot uit die amorfie van steierwerk
 en rommel vonkelnuut herrys
 die sober lyne van die Neo-Gotiek,
 net soos honderd jaar gelede,
 kompleet met gewels, misvloer, rietplafon,
 spits venstertjies en dak van gras,
 tot waar die aandag saamtrek by
 die Boek
 wat oop lê op die geelhoutkanseltjie,
 beskeie klein en sedig in die hoek.

The Prophet Kahlil Gibran

Then a mason came forth and said, Speak to us of Houses.

And he answered and said:

Build of your imaginings a bower in the wilderness ere you build a house within the city walls.

For even as you have home-comings in your twilight, so has the wanderer in you, the ever-distant and alone.

Your house is your larger body.

It grows in the sun and sleeps in the stillness of the night; and it is not dreamless. Does not your house dream? and dreaming, leave the city for grove or hilltop?

Would that I could gather your houses into my hand, and like a sower scatter them in forest and meadow.

Would the valleys were your streets, and the green paths your alleys, that you might seek one another through vineyards, and come with the fragrance of the earth in your garments.

But these thing are not yet to be.

In their fear your forefathers gathered you too near together. And that fear shall endure a little longer. A little longer shall your city walls separate your hearths from your fields.

And tell me, people of Orphalese, what have you in these houses? And what is it you guard with fastened doors?

Have you peace, the quiet urge that reveals your power?

Have you remembrances, the glimmering arches that span the summits of the mind?

Have you beauty, that leads the heart from things fashioned of wood and stone to the holy mountain?

Tell me have you these in your houses?
Or have you only comfort, and the lust for comfort, that stealthy thing that enters the house a quest, and then become a host, and then a master?

Ay, and it becomes a tamer, and with hook and scourge makes puppets of your larger desires. Though its hands are silken, its heart is of iron. It lulls you to sleep only to stand by your bed and jeer at the dignity of the flesh.

It makes mock of your sound senses, and lays them in thistledown like fragile vessels.

Verily the lust for comfort murders the passion of the soul, and then walks grinning in the funeral.

But you, children of space, you restless in rest, you shall not be trapped nor tamed.

Your house shall be not an anchor but a mast. It shall not be a glistening film that covers a wound, but an eyelid that guards the eye. You shall not fold your wings that you may pass through doors, nor bend your heads that they strike not against a ceiling, nor fear to breathe lest Walls should crack and fall down.

You shall not dwell in tombs made by the dead for the living.

And though of magnificence and splendour, your house shall not hold your secret nor shelter your longing.

For that which is boundless in you abides in the mansion of the sky, whose door is the morning mist, and whose windows are the songs and the silences of night.

Mikrokosmos
P.W Buys

Lig van buite splinter teen die luik,
die tralieruite,
filtreer deur kantgordyne
yl en tentatief,
skemer raaklings oor die plint,
die snyl,
die sponning in die muur,
die swarthout balk,
die wit korbeel,
die nis,
die uitstalrak.
Klein pottebakkerskruik van Traute Brück,
die rakuoppervlak,
skaars waterdig en windgebars,
'n dofwit mosaïek
in delicate,fynegetakte swart.
Konvekse buik
pregnant en vol en vroulik sag
die slank boog van die elegante nek.
In hierdie klein stillewe
is stof en vog en wind en vuur,
boustowwe van die groot heelal,
deur baie pyn herskep
en saamgebind
tot vreugde van die skoon en brose onverganklikeheid
van keramiek.

The Lost Symbols
Elizabeth Jennings

Missing the symbol they restore the fact:
How seven years back this city was burned down
And minds were gutted too. Men learnt to act
As though there were no meaning in the town,
And chose at last to make as derelict
All dreams they fostered. Dreams are also one
With walls and roofs and they like ashes lie
When a fired city cries for elegy.

Soon stone was piled on stone, another city
Replaced the ruin with its shadow and
Men walked in it but knew it had a beauty
Not like the one that burnt beneath their hand.
The dreams would not return. Men's minds were weighty
With all the sense of searching for land
Revealing symbols that a man might hold
Within the heart and form those symbols build.

It is the fine tradition they have lost
That spoke in architectural styles, that rand
Out with the bells when all the bells were tossed
And voice spoke up in the sounds and sand,
And men put feet down firmly in the dust
That flowered a legend and the legend was
Their way of life and a man's peaceful cause

Now they assemble all the facts to learn
New symbols. For their minds are so constructed
That every fact they must to image turn
And dream new dreams when towns are resurrected.
The meaning is not clear- the burning down
And the charred minds they would have all collected
In vision to be lived. The only style,

The Planners
Elizabeth Jennings

Some who fell in love with lack of order
And liked the random weather, were made angry
Accused the planners thus "It is not brick
Only you set upright and scaffolding
And the roof bending at perfect angle,
But all our love you end in measurements,
Construct a mood for any moment, teach
Passion to move in inch not by chance'.

And swarming from the forest to new houses
They chipped the walls a little, left footmarks
Across the threshold, would not scan each other
By clock or compass, terrified the silence
With rough words that had never been thought out.

And builders, poets fell upon them, saw
A just disorder for their alteration,
Would turn the conversation into music,
Tidy the house and form the lovers' quarrel
Shape a whole scene with middle, end, beginning,
Never be wearied of the straightening out
Though would not recognize they fell in love
Most deeply at the centre of disaster

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