



# A Time of Heat

## *A Season Called October*

*When the seasons have reached a time when the heat controls the rhythm of life, and the earth sighs at the dawning of each day, there is a pleading for a release.*

*This is the time before the first rains fall, the peak of the dry season – and it is the hottest time of the year in many of the wild areas of southern Africa*

*A Time of Heat is a record in verse of an October in the Okavango Delta. It is a time when the floodplains are drying up and the heat is intense. It is also a time of anticipation*

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*Africa Inspired*

## **A time of beautiful anger**

### **October 1: Day of slow dying and life**

*The colours of dawn, softened by yesterdays' dust, are spattered by the black, white and pink of a gathering of birds - egrets, herons, ibis, geese and ducks – feverishly floating to ground to feed on the fish and frogs trapped in the ever shrinking pools on the floodplains.*

12.15 p.m.

The wind, bearing the heat, provides little relief, and vultures are beautiful against the burnt sky, images of life in a barren time, and death.

### **October 2: Beauty in anger**

Heat is audible  
In silence  
visible in its forms  
dulled shades of green  
and faded blue

heat is a season  
before and after  
heat is a calling  
a yearning  
for another time

### **October 3: The late dry season**

Morning: The wilderness is silent,  
caught in the beam of early morning  
and late dry season,  
where the shadows are tired  
and the earth speaks of strain

before the morning moved on  
into heat and silence

### **October 4: Solace of evening**

Evening: The heat succumbs to the soothing caress of evening,  
an evening scented in dust  
infused with the glorious splash of the setting sun

The sound of the heat muted  
and egrets were brushed by the evening light,  
gold upon white.

### **October 5: A day of silent intensity**

There was a lull in vocal activity towards dawn.

As the colours  
oozed from the horizon  
dawn played out its dramas  
in silent intensity

The sun added its voice  
to the silence  
mingling with the colours  
black and white  
and shades of green

### **October 6: A time of anger and beauty**

Dawn  
on a desolate waste  
in the mind  
the dust at the hooves  
of antelope  
imprinting the vision  
of barren thought  
but it is only the season  
the beautiful season of waiting

In the waste  
are stories  
written over time  
with the only certainty  
of conclusion  
that the season will be part of a cycle

### **October 7: Whispers of the wilderness**

Sounds  
and scents  
and delicate brushes of light

### **October 8: A day after**

The heat wanes, in a moment  
a shadow,  
brief, dramatic  
fights the sun, and gives way.

More clouds appear,  
momentarily,  
but give way to the heat.  
With the moment is a release,  
an emotion,  
pent up,  
rising with the seasons advance

The sky is still dusted,  
gentle in the evening light,  
thick with expectation  
at the subtle, dramatic change of season.

## **A Time of Innocent Flirtations**

### **October 9: Full moon rising**

There has been the heat

Itinerant solos herald the slow rising and deepening shadows. Beyond the sounds, in the distant night, the stillness is absolute.

With the rising light there is darkening, beyond our vision, controlled by the distant silence.

### **October 10: A sensual flirtation**

Mingled black and white  
brushed in pastel  
echoing in morning light

the intensity of the heat  
dulled by a subtle change  
the edge where two seasons meet

the breeze has lost its anger  
its piercing resistance  
now sending a message  
of want  
in a moist whisper  
a promise

anticipation

it finds its anger again  
but it has shown a wanting  
it is time to wait

### **October 11: Death of the wanting**

A teasing, a brief intoxicated flirtation, now the heat has taken back the wanting. The season has sobered and the frustration begins to rise again.

The breeze carries the scent of the flirtation, a brief, beautiful moment of madness

But the heat remains aloof, harsh.

**October 12: A day of nothing unusual**

*Did you see anything spectacular or unusual today?*

Dawn - the lighting and the chorus  
sunrise - a giant red-pink orb  
heat - rising to the cicadas song  
midday - the heat hits a crescendo  
birds - a mixture of shades  
afternoon - a subtle, beautiful calming  
evening - fades the heat and the light

Then the sounds of the night, nothing unusual

**October 13: A time of drying**

birds are an afterthought  
stragglers  
searching for what has been

the floodplains will be silent

**October 14: A time of first wanting**

only a silent dust-spraying  
of a drying time

a withering  
a dulling of shades

the glistening hue  
of mud  
saturated by a season

'and then you notice the wanting'

**October 15: A moment of shadow, a moment of promise**

Strays pass across the dulled sky,  
Unnoticed, almost,  
but for the strangeness,  
the out of time,  
the out of place,  
for there is the heat

There is the heat  
enhancing the season

plying its trade  
on the browning green

a splash of white  
an innocence of the time  
disintegrates in the dulled blue

there is a moment  
when a shadow passes over  
a beautiful soaring moment  
A moment of shadow

## **A Time of Anticipation**

A dust harvest teases across the earth, an earth scarred by a savage season, tired and unresisting.

### **October 16: Dust of Summer**

dust filters,  
reflects sunrise  
dust is a story  
of a passing  
a moment of savagery  
or a telling of a season

dust pours from the earth, a  
harvest of wind or hooves,  
a weariness of the moment and  
a reminder of time

### **October 17: A storm on the horizon**

A moist awakening, anticipation of a change,  
the season is wanting, yearning for a release,  
the air is still, senses heightened,  
soaring in the expectant silence,  
but soon the heat will reclaim her aloofness  
and the frustration will grow.

Low on the horizon  
a season flirting  
lightning  
spilling  
speaks of a relenting

still at a distance  
but a sign  
a moment of understanding  
there is a want  
a yearning  
the season will be

### **October 18: The browning of the greens**

progressing  
beyond the season  
of before

too soon  
but  
the season dictates

the waters gone  
leaving a greening  
an oasis of what was

there is the heat  
and soon you notice a browning

### **October 19: Moist awakening**

The dawn is damp, a light drizzle  
intermittently playing across my thoughts

the greens deepened  
in the damp  
and the shadowed sky

The sun rose out of sight, the lightening giving  
it away

there was no outrageous flirting  
of colours  
and sound  
only a slow softening  
of the dark  
until it was day

### **October 20: Colours of brown**

Impala  
warthog  
lechwe  
baboon  
and kudu

a congregation  
on the turning floodplain

colours of brown

### **October 21: A time of confusion**

The day dawned overcast and damp, a day out of season.

There was the heat  
and the beautiful moment  
a look  
a feel

an expectation  
a season was relenting

a new love  
insecure  
a state of confusion  
illogical  
the cold and drizzle is out of time

the heat will return  
but has shown a wanting

### **October 22: Rain Tree Colours of a season**

reds  
and browns  
of a passing time  
greens of a coming season  
mingled with pinks  
purples  
and whites  
of the moment

an orchestra  
of colour  
sound  
and scents

splashed on the senses

a moment of the seasons

### **October 23: Only of the peripheral players**

the plain lay silent  
green touched by black  
mud  
turned by a thousand hooves  
and grazers

its season of plenty  
played out  
into a season of silence  
broken by peripheral players

now only in the mind's eye  
was there a time  
before the silence

## **A Time of Fulfilment**

### **October 24: Storm morning**

Sunrise from a horizon clouded in expectation, breaking golden light across the morning, then glooming and lighting as it cavorts with the clouds. A rumble closer than before, yet still further than a baboon's bark challenging the moment.

### **October 25: Light in the storm**

The sun breaks into the day casting an eerie light on trees silhouetted on a deep grey-blue sky. There may be rain or may have been, infusing the air in the sensual scent of the first time.

### **October 26: The return of the teasing**

Shadows stretch toward evening pulling the sounds of the day toward silence and the voice of the heat has lost its anger, soothing into a beautiful lasting space. There are solos, once part of a chorus, now clashing with the moment, but adding to the piece. There is a calm, a healing, with an underlying agony of time without fulfilment.

### **October 27: Romance and the seasons**

The days reflect the confusion of the growing romance of the changing seasons. The lovers that are the seasons have shown a wanting for each other, flirting teasing and waiting for the time.

**October 28: A time of summer and a rumour of rain**

Greens have dulled into shades  
of always was and the browns,  
having responded to the first caress,  
even the shades towards one.  
Beyond the greens the plains  
remain quiet, white in their  
waiting silence.

**October 29: From plenty to silence**

a visual cacophony  
plays out its time  
until you begin to sense  
a quietening  
a subtle change  
and the silence  
was always there

**October 30: The yesterday story**

The vast plain in its silence  
tells of yesterday, the shadows  
of the silence, audible as echoes  
stretch into the stories of today.  
Green tinted drying black, painted  
by the yesterdays of hooves  
and mudbaths will embrace  
the colours of brown.  
On the horizon clouds build.

**October 31: The awakening**

A scented evening split  
on the horizon, an early call  
to a season, a season  
of awakening the silent plain.  
The light splitting the sky,  
too distant to be audible,  
is a telling of tomorrows, a message  
carried on the wind, a message  
scented from memory.  
Lightning splits the night horizon,  
inaudible, but a sound, a howl  
from across the plain  
splits the night and tears  
the beautiful emotion of a new

season.

A shiver at a distant memory  
when we were part of the 'out there'  
and not professing to be at one  
with it all.

The emotions of beauty  
and fear are ancient, far from our  
souls, souls that have pulled away  
and in our naivety claim to have  
returned.

Distressed bellows reverberate, echoing  
off growls and high pitched howls,  
a squabble from time, and a squabble  
from death.

And then the season breaks into the moment of now