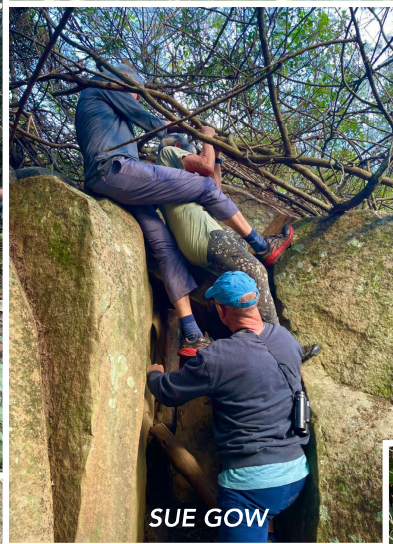




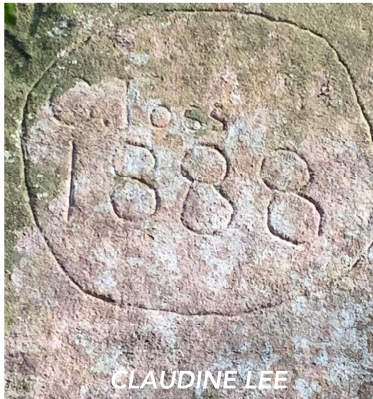
BETH BESTER



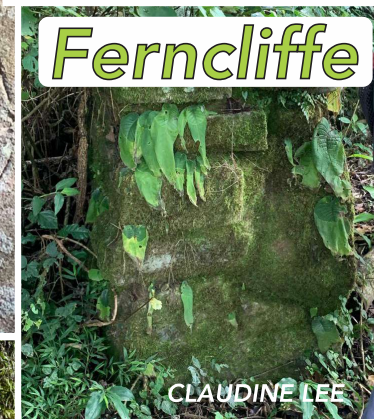
SUE GOW



SUE GOW



CLAUDINE LEE



CLAUDINE LEE



SUE GOW



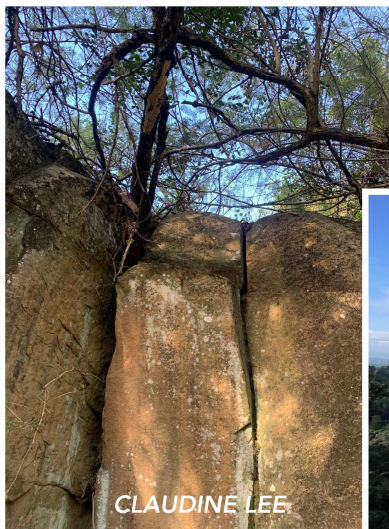
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SUE GOW



SUE GOW



CLAUDINE LEE



BETH BESTER



BETH BESTER

Report by Claudine Lee

A stroll into the sky,

This morning
we climbed into the hush above the city,
where Ferncliffe ascends and views appear

A vast view of both World's View as well as Pietermaritzburg
from Breakfast Rock once we had ascended.

We set out along the old Yellowwood Trail,
opened by Councillor Cornell
many moons ago,
a path worn not only by feet in recent years
but stone cutters 100's of years previously
and now currently and very dedicatedly being
rewilded by Connor Cullingham and Janine Stephens

We climbed beneath yellowwoods,
those old sentinels of patience,
past cabbage trees lifting their strange crowns
toward the brilliant blue sky,
and even among the invasive intruders
the forest held its quiet grace,
as though it knows
that time restores what matters.

The stones beneath us
once left this mountain in rough-hewn blocks,
cut from this earth,

carried by oxen
to raise the old historical bones
of Pietermaritzburg's glorious buildings



Every step felt layered
with the labour of hands long gone,
the chiselled memory
of a place becoming

This was once the farm of Jessie Smith
(and his house stands lonely in cold stone)

a name the hillside still remembers,
And on the side of Breakfast Rock the name G Foss
engraved 1888

And standing there,
high above the waking city,
breathing in the clean green silence,
it felt as though the mountain was offering something rare:

the reminder
that wonder still lives close by,

that sometimes paradise
lies just beyond the road we drive
drive every day,
waiting only
for us to walk toward it.

***So take a drive up Townbush Road
and keep going
there you will find the Yellowwood trail
as well as much more ...***



BETH BESTER



SUE GOW