

OF MANY MANSIONS

If Mr. Strijdom chose to go
To Jericho
And on the way should chance to fall
(Injustice thrives as well we know)
'Mong thieves and, thus reduced, should call

On passing Jew and Priest and Red
(Who wished him dead).
And they passed by on their own side,
Would you not wonder if he said:
"Thus is Apartheid justified!"

Yet wonder grows, and still must grow
(So, la, ti, doh!)
To grasp the psalming explanation
(Fear's logic and fortissimo)
That sings Love's blessing to the nation:

"We'll cut new roads for every race
And shape of face,
And on my road shall only go
Those who'd like me in my place
And think what I already know."

Still, after Priest and Red and Jew
(The Liberal queue?)
Supposedly have passed him by
(Nor can their passports now renew),
Suppose a face of darker dye—

Suppose a man all nigger brown
Came sat him down
(Who would stretch parables? I could
Have said he came from Shanty Town)
And did a little useful good,

Repaired the damage, gave him drink
(And I'll not shrink . . .
Well, yes, perhaps I'll cut it short)
Called the ambulance in a wink
And cleared in case he might be caught

And made a party to the act
 Before the fact
 Of what he did should come in view.
 Say all this happened—where's your tact?
 Whose Ideal Form comes peeking through?

Though some declare if we select
 What His One Sect
 Affirms, which is: "There lies your neighbour!
 The other chap you can respect
 In heav'n, but here he (thanks!) is labour"

(And that's a pretty friendly word),
 That then you've heard
 The price of glory. If God loves
 The other skins, yet are we stirred
 To make Love easier (look at doves—

They don't love owls, or vultures either)
 And see that neither
 Black nor white should meet (or maul);
 Which keeps the scope of Love much blither
 And leaves God free to love us all.

And good may come of it, I'm sure,
 The plan is pure.
 Uncharity they think a crime
 And act it out—whate'er the lure
 Of greater good at later time.

And so

Apologies to Mr. Strijdom.
 Sure in the Kingdom
 Are many mansions. Pray that he
 May not be placed in one at random
 But in white Moses' bosom be.

Well, we shall see.