

**We were children...**

Your body broken  
under the railroad bridge  
on the main road to  
the Queen's Town -  
you held your young breath,  
dove determined into that void...

Your kind spirit rose like mist  
from our Atlantic ocean  
to meet my dad stirring  
unwillingly into eternity -  
standing silently with him  
waiting...

And in that slow moment,  
we were the children  
again  
of years ago:  
you and I  
cousins

You scattered your short life  
onto Africa's dry earth  
refusing to be a statistic  
of crime and poverty,  
and I collected  
our memories like white snow  
melting into my future.

We were children  
when you first leaped  
with me from a fig tree.  
A dare.

I never knew  
you would jump again  
one day -  
my childhood ending  
on a bridge  
made for crossing over.

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Ps: Konrad, I have a candle burning for you  
By Dorette Steenkamp, cousin - 25 December 2007