



# Ladybird

*'n Herinnering aan my moeder*

Glans oker  
en 'n lig breek  
uit die see.

In die agterplaas  
êrens tussen die wasgoed  
en 'n boom vol granate  
jou lag en die oggend  
skielik en klein  
soos 'n liewenheersbesie  
geval op my hand

**Ingrid Jonker (1933 - 1965)**

*from "Black Butterflies" published by Human and Rousseau, 2000. Reprinted here by permission.*

# Ladybird

*a memory of my mother*

Gleaming ochre  
and a light breaks  
from the sea.

In the back yard  
somewhere between the washing  
and a pomegranate tree  
your laugh and the morning  
sudden and small  
like a ladybird  
fallen on my hand

*translated from the Afrikaans  
by André Brink and Antjie Krog*

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*John Lewis Partnership*

