



This is a place where the river meets the sea  
Where the past meets the present  
And amber waters from ancient forests come up against the flood of the tide  
This is a place where The Heads stand guard above surging swells  
And silver shoals fold and unfold aquatic secrets to interested anglers  
Where the shrill call of a whimbrel echoes across the mudflats  
And the crack of pistol shrimps herald low tide  
Where a fish eagle soars high above the languid lagoon  
And sends out a message that is transmitted unchanged across Africa  
For evening has arrived as the sun plunges towards the silver sea  
And if you remain absolutely still and listen to your past  
You may even hear an old elephant bull splashing through the shallows  
And our hominin ancestors laughing as they collect intertidal seafood from Coney Glen  
This is a paradise of forests, ferns and the tides of life—a place called Knysna

Alan Whitfield—2020  
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