

## The Dorpshuys

You too may have been here, fore,  
I am here still as  
the morning birds faintly sing;  
I've just passed Uncle Rod, thinking  
hell have eggs or something  
and Jane, who thought my thumbs  
up meant I wanted a lift too  
on a golf cab, when all I saying  
to everyone was this rocks  
I've been here before...

Emerging from some treachery  
like unto being at sea  
I came here safely, finding  
wooded stream and Aunt Janet  
and the glowing Dorpshuys amid  
a darkling forest of dreams.  
Here behind the manor house,  
where the labyrinth unfurls  
I found Jona at table with  
unfamiliar; he proffered I  
brandy, and I accepted tho  
I hardy drink - but this party!

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The Dorpshuys by Ev Barb  
I know everyone, I did think  
as the joy of being back here.  
to my stomache did sink while  
my head remained clear;  
"My friend", I ebulliated,  
"I've been here!"

The packed treasure house  
extended; the paintings  
of Valerie Vilavert and others  
complemented the awe of  
seeing more intricately  
what I've glimpsed before;  
a spooky old grand house,  
ensconced in the dark bush,  
steps, verandah, familiar,  
a doorway into a bustling  
paradise of revelry amid  
strange revelatory finery  
shining in an ecstasy of  
haunted familiarity  
my eyes open "Oh my God" -  
I'm here, there, everywhere.