11. Premonition Sharpeville

Well before the shooting in the Transvaal happened, You painted it – like the horror of Guernica – A picture of the future,

Lying in wait: Sharpeville.

The howl of mouths, the maimed limbs,
The horror of history's poor choice

Of repetition.

You saw it all before it happened,

The artist's sixth sense, third eye.

What Sharpeville would go through,

The bullets and shrapnel on the streets

And your whole country turned into

a vast and terrifying prison

That was your premonition,
 painted before the apocalypse
 Before apartheid's apotheosis.

Albert, with an artist's horrendous foresight,
 Adams with a poet's uncanny prognosis.
 A protest in oils
 Against pass laws on canvas.