

**WIND BENEATH MY WINGS**  
**(In memory of my Teacher – Mr C.R.Pillay)**  
**By Ravi Naicker**

Sometimes a teardrop  
Catches the golden rays of the sun  
And conveys wonderful memories  
Of a time in my life.

December 7, 2003 I played chauffeur  
To my old English Master.  
A business to transact at Durban Westville.  
The backdrop of instrumental music  
Was interspersed by anecdotal accounts  
Of our lives.

At Sherwood Gardens  
We walked through isles of flora  
A truly divine splendour.  
He admired their colours and textures  
In all their nuances.  
The shower from above did not deter him  
But spurred him on, in his quest.  
Yes – he was one with Nature.  
Too happy, too, was his countenance.

Lunch at the tea garden.  
And back to Umzinto.  
Nestled among the wide plains beneath the rolling hills.

Producer par excellence of many a Drama,  
From Shakespeare to R.K. Narayan.  
“The Guide” adapted for the stage holds personal memories for me.  
The arduous talk of rehearsals.  
The comradierie between Dramatis personae and Teachers was nonpareil.  
His patience, wise counsel, love and sincerity  
Was sine qua non to the Drama’s runaway success.

He did not look for celebrity status  
But quietly exuded his positive influence.  
To know that he had helped someone  
Through hard times – was food for his soul.

He realized that humility

Was the proper attire for an audience with God.

In his twilight years  
He enjoyed his grandchildren, family and friends.  
Opened the door of his heart to religion.  
Dedicated a shrine to Lord Shiva  
Where he spent quiet moments in meditation.

To me, he was Teacher, Counsellor and Mentor.

Needless to say, “The Wind Beneath My Wings”.

### **WINDOW ON THE WORLD**

The rays of the African sun  
Penetrate the boughs of withering branches.  
Sheep mow the golden, crunchy grass  
While crows salvage morsels  
From earth's marooned ship.

The stately home to a pioneer family  
Perched on the hill,  
Nestled amongst blue cliffs  
Overlooking green sugar fields  
And countless rows of gum trees.

"Bavie, Kalay,  
This was our ancestral home", says Kovie...  
A melting pot of architecture,  
Home to the affluent and the mendicant.

Adorned with artefacts from East and West.  
Noted for comfort, peace and tranquility.  
Exquisite wall murals, antiques and the mantelpiece.  
The chandeliers, aquarium and green house.

Cascades meandering through green landscapes.  
The designer/farmer multi-talented.  
And lo; behold darkness envelopes Glen Albyn Farm.  
The divine lamp of heaven emerges graciously.

Memories, memories to savour of a family that once lived here.

In a cloud of dust the German sedan (Kovs -1ZN) takes to the road.

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#### Biography

Ravi Naicker is Senior Educator at a High School in KwaZulu-Natal. He likes reading, watching good movies and writing poetry.