

A Miner's Love Affair with Kimberley

My wife is intensely jealous
Of my gumboots.
She calls them
Kimberley.
I haven't seen her
Or my children for months,
But every day
I walk
With Kimberley.
Her rubber surface,
Dusty like my skin.
Her heels,
Worn like my feet.
As I search for Kimberley's
Desire, diamonds.
I am a slave to her existence,
Manifold.
My marriage is estranged,
But I have Kimberley.
We're grounded,
In an underground existence.
Where the heat strangles,
Within our love triangle.
My helmet light,
Becomes our moonlight.
As we Gumboot dance
Each night.
Loving her makes me feel
So uptight.
I told my wife outright.
"Kimberley and I have a connection,
But it's based on abuse."

She said, "That's no excuse."
She doesn't understand
Our vibrations match,
Based on a shared
Inhumanity.
A Kimberley existence.

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