



AFRICA:

The Vine Upon Which Humans Grow

By Wayne Visser

Oh, Tangawatu
The dream of the ancestral home
Oh, Tangawatu
The vine upon which humans grow

A young boy lay down in the African night
And gazed up above at the ancestral lights
And he wondered where he was going, and where he had been
Then he drifted to sleep and he had a strange dream

He dreamed there were beasts and birds all around
And amidst them the Creator, Mulungu, was found
Then a tall thin reed burst open one morn
And the first man and woman of the earth became born

But soon to the sky did Mulungu retire
As the humans began to destroy life with fire
The trees they were slashed and the land it was burned
And many a creature has never returned

Soon the destruction extended from the land to the sea
And to people and nations, and worlds yet unseen
So the green turned to grey and the blue turned to brown
And the sacred was lost, as Mammon was crowned

The boy, he awoke and could not understand
So he went to the wisest man throughout the land
And the sangoma said: "This is a warning to heed
Of the fate of the Earth if we continue our greed"

"But", said the sangoma, "if we realise
All life is connected, everything is divine
Then Mulungu may once again join us below
As the vine upon which we humans can grow"

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