



AFRICAN PACE

By Wayne Visser

Far from the cities
And far from the streets
Far from the people
Is where my heart beats
It beats in slow time
In the vast open space
It beats out the rhyme
Of an African pace

With the sun baking down
And the buzz of blue flies
With chirping cicadas
And gentle breeze sighs
There's no need to rush
No deadlines to chase
Just the slow steady pulse
Of an African pace

The cool of the morning
The heat of high noon
The balm of the sunset
The silk of the moon
The stars' steady march
The rivers' etched face
The life loving rhythm
Of an African pace

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