



OKAVANGO

Place Of The Skull

By Wayne Visser

In this great place
Where the elephant roam
Where the rivers embrace
Your ancestral home
Once you were king
Over all that you saw
From the dry dusty plains
To the wet muddy shore

Now you are silent
Your head on the sand
The guardian of pilgrims
Who visit your land
Sometimes you awake
'Round the campfire at night
When the flames kiss your face
And your eyes dance with light

Then you speak to the shadows
Of the wisdom of ages
Of the secrets of wildness
And the passion that rages
In this place of the spirit
In this circle of stones
That are blessed by the gift
Of your skull and crossbones

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