



## SAN BUSHMEN

### First People

By Wayne Visser

First people of this ancient land  
Last exiles in the desert sand  
To you we owe our destiny  
Our struggle to be wild and free

We call you Hunter, Bushmen, San  
You sowed the seeds of primal Man  
A gentler race we have not known  
See how your legacy has grown

For millennia you lived in peace  
In harmony with nature's beasts  
With tools of sinew, wood and stone  
And crafts of egg-shell, quill and bone

Hunting game and digging roots  
Tapping trees and plucking fruits  
Night theatre around dancing fires  
Click singing under starry skies

You chose the way of archers' bow  
Of hunters' grace - the art of flow:  
To give and take and see the whole  
To honour life and feed the soul

You felt the weather in your bones  
And sensed earth's subtle undertones  
You heard the stars whisper 'tsau! tsau!'  
And rode the wind, we know not how

The landscape generations trod  
Recalls to us your Mantis god  
Windswept by myths and scattered tales  
Told and retold on dusty trails





Then came the time of racial blight  
A target for both black and white  
The hunter became hunted prey  
Pre-dawning your extinction day

You were the masters of the hunt  
But progress left your arrows blunt  
And tracking skills that reigned supreme  
Are all but lost in history's stream

Yet even now your soul still breathes  
On cave walls and in rocky cleaves  
In ochre, charcoal, mud and lime  
Your gallery now transcends time

We see you smile in every face  
Whose eyes reflect that ancient place  
In wrinkled elders old as earth  
Whose wisdom joins us with our birth

First people of this ancient land  
If we could only understand  
Your ancient ways still hold the key  
To setting ourselves truly free

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