



AFRICAN DREAM

By Wayne Visser

My Africa!

As white-hot skies give way to bloodshot red
I breathe a sigh and rest my laden head
As dark descends and blinking stars pierce through
I close my weary eyes and dream of you

I dream a dream of genesis
Of teeming wildlife on the plains
I hear a tale of Eden's bliss
Of sparks of knowledge fanned to flames

I dream a dream of beating drums
Of painted caves and hunters' bow
I hear the voice of ancient ones
Who weave the web of what we know

I dream a dream of exodus
Of journeys over land and sea
I hear the song of restlessness
That swells with longing to be free

I run with cheetahs, graze with deer
I hunt with lions, know no fear
I soar with eagles, hide in dales
I swim with dolphins, sing with whales

I throb with music in the air
I see the swirl of rainbow flair
I feel the stomp of dancing feet
I sweat with fever's tropic heat

I gaze into the firelight
I sit in silence, pure delight
I listen to the elders' words
I rise upon the wings of birds





The rivers are flowing
The brown dust turned to green
The harvests are growing
In my African dream

The fathers are yearning
The mothers' love redeems
The children are learning
In my African dream

The peace-buds are blooming
The hope-streets freshly clean
The love-stalls are booming
In my African dream

As visions fade, all blurred and bled
My world unwinds like loosened thread
As daylight breaks and jet sky turns to blue
I wake refreshed with glorious dreams of you

My Africa!

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