



AFRICA CALLS TO ME

Version 2

By Wayne Visser

Africa calls to me
And I hear her voice

In the beat of drums that echo the rhythm of my days
And the lilt of songs that rock the lullaby of my nights
In the twist of tales that guide the journey of my ways
And the sigh of breath that swirls the dance of my flights

Africa speaks to me
And I listen to her words

In the surging roar of the lion that awakens my belief
And the silly laugh of the hyena that helps me to cope
In the soft rumble of the elephant that fills me with relief
And the gentle stir of the gorilla that revives my hope

The sounds of Africa
Are the cries of the world's first born and forgotten child
Taking us back into the womb of creation
The sounds of Africa
Are the songs of the world's sacred and untamed wild
Placing our hearts on the altar of oblation

When I am close by
Africa's sounds reach into me
With the crackle of village campfires that light my skies
And the rattle of machine gunfire that shatters my calm
With the rustle of timid wildlife that answers my sighs
And the bustle of busy town life that sings my psalm

Africa calls to me
And I hear her drum
In the canyon cry of the fish eagle that frees my soul
And the desert hush of the sand dune that soothes my mind
In the forest call of the loerie that makes me whole
And the bushveld drone of the cicada that blots out time





When I am far away
Africa's voice cries out to me
With the crashing of ocean waves that hug her shores
And the lashing of phantom slaves that haunt her past
With the rumbling of thunder clouds that drench her pores
And the crumbling of plunder plots that cannot last

The sounds of Africa
Are the screams of the world's deepest and darkest fears
Yearning for the light of emancipation
The sounds of Africa
Are the words of the world's most wise and neglected seers
Pointing towards the star of salvation

Africa sings to me
And I listen to her song
In the babbling of bright markets that buffet my senses
And the lament of lone hawkers that pervade my dreams
In the buzz of packed stadiums that lower my defences
And the hoot of crammed taxis that mimic my screams

Africa calls to me
And I answer her call
Though my whisper is drowned in the cacophony of despair
And my tune wanders in the maze of melodies lost and found
Yet I remain captivated by the symphony we share:
A perfect score of light and a pure celebration of sound

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