



ISLAND OF AFRICA

By Wayne Visser

Memories of Gondwana fade
The ancient world torn apart:
As rock plates and craters
Start shifting; slow-drifting –
And outcasts and misfits
Roll Darwin's loaded dice

Mysteries wait in forest mazes
Riddles lurk in muddled minds:
As creatures and questions
Hang suspended; half-blended –
And sky-roots and theories
Sprout upended; distended

Morning wails with jungle mails
Passed along with echoed songs:
As lemurs and pilgrims
Pay homage; seek forage –
And creepies and crawlies
Wait under wraps; bait traps

Feathered skies grace weathered eyes
Ragged roads bear jagged loads:
As farmers and traders
Nurture shoots; count loots –
And children and chickens
Peck, strut and stray; role-play

Islands calm with ylang-ylang balm
Beaches lure with palm-tree cure:
As vampires and tourists
Suck sleepers; play peepers –
And fishers and wishers
Net dinner; get thinner





Insects tease upon amber seas
Rivers snake into muddy lakes:
As cloud-dew and prayers
Flood green fields; bear yields –
And erosion and corruption
Bleed red sands; stain hands

visions of Madagascar shine
The light of hopes refracted:
As habits and habitats
Start changing; rearranging –
And guardians and dreamers
Gaze into Attenborough's crystal ball

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