



AFRICA UNTAMED

By Wayne Visser

Africa is wild:
A land untamed
A people unshamed
A life unrestrained
Yet there are those who would tame Africa
Who would break her unbridled spirit
Who would cage her soaring mind
Who would chain her flexing body

Rest assured:
They will fail
Like so many before them
And so many yet to come
For Africa is a savage hunter
Forever hungry for the next kill
Always preying on her weakest
Stained red in tooth and claw

Africa is free:
A land unyoked
A people uncloaked
A life unrevoked
Yet there are those who would prune Africa
Who would neaten her untidy people
Who would lop off her thorny tribes
Who would fortify her porous borders

Be assured:
They will fail
Like countless before them
And countless yet to come
For Africa is a sprawling jungle
Entangled with human tendrils
Locked in a deadly struggle for life
All competing for a place in the sun





Africa is changing:

A land evolving

A people resolving

A life revolving

Yet there are those who would calm Africa
Who would tranquillise her young agitators
Who would defuse her creative tensions
Who would dampen down her wild passions

Remain assured:

They will fail

Like generations before them

And generations yet to come

For Africa is a raging tempest

Howling with dreams and desires

Thundering with anger and pain

Flashing with imagination and inspiration

Africa may be many things –

Wild and free and changing –

But there is one thing Africa is not:

Africa is not for taming

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