

Juba. Sudan 17 April 2010

Not much to say this week. It's been a contemplative one. Rain each day. Humidity.
This is my poem on being a traveller of both mind and body.

Night Journey

My mother thought for light, I sighed.
 In my darkness
 moon knew my first cries

Wrapped in night's blankets
 on your golden road
 we planned a future, feats and work

In aging days I know that dark is right.
 Amid ancient sounds
 of Africa's night.
 Amid the animals roar
 men go wild unsure of their time
 women wait with tears.

This darkness now is mine, so old and caring.
I wait for boats with waves of wind,
 with tides, with clouds
 to know my time.

I will travel by night.
 to walk again the gold blue path,
 amid the fires of stars
 before the sun at dawn.
 In a night shorn of sunlight sight.