

The View from Cameroon

Tali, 2008, evokes Vermont, 1965.
Spare farm homes
Surround faintly scented
Wood stoves.
Moist evenings luff
Panelessly through windows.
Goats, ducks and roosters
Rediscover their new-dawning yard.
These multiplying images
Irridesce in the shimmering foam
Of my lather
As I shave from a bucket.

Beyond,
Hazing a forest
Of coconuts, bamboo and palm,
Russet glints from your curls
As they were then
Damp above your face
Mist the years
Behind my gaze.

What became of the
Glistening bubble
Of our enchantment?

Why did we blow it?

West African views
Retouch the film
Once enveloping
Us.
In our remote galaxy
Swirling light years
From here
Sparkling
Still time flashing
Luminous
As then.

So we are reviewed,
Absorbed into novas
Ever expanding and refused.

So we incarnate
Every day we die.

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West Africa
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