

### The Urban Vultures

Mother Africa,  
I saw them,  
the vultures,  
dancing in the air  
looking for prey,  
trapping your children  
in your amply lit  
fecund capitals,  
with Atlantic currency  
and tourist smells,  
besmeared with cigar  
and benighted by beer.

Mother Africa,  
I heard the sirens of  
antipodal foreign music,  
the din of profanity  
laced with dirges  
of strange landscapes,  
overshadow your music  
your nightly music that  
soothes the moon,  
lull your infants,  
caress their eyes,  
massage their navels.

Mother Africa,  
vultures are in the air,  
dancing to the movement  
of their targeted prey  
in the discos of dirge  
in discos of dizziness,  
the vultures move saintly,  
soaring with tourist grace,  
but their clawing fingers  
are poised, they scout

discos of dance and dirge  
discos of din and death.

Mother Africa,  
the divined vultures  
are looking down from  
the pinnacles of shame,  
clawing at your infants'  
breasts, their navels,  
I saw the vultures  
wave their inner wings,  
wells of foreign wealth  
clawing fingers, equipped  
with dollars and pounds,  
in the smoky den of dance.

Mother Africa,  
their claws are poised  
in discos of dizziness,  
the roaming vultures  
in the discos of dance,  
din, dance and dizziness,  
civilized in the cocoon  
of preying arrogance,  
pry open the virgin rivers  
of the Volta, Niger, Congo,  
flooding innocent plains  
with preying blood.

Mother Africa,  
I saw the clawing fingers  
of the hunting vultures  
in the discos of dizziness  
flapping dollar pockets  
dropping on their prey  
hauling, clawing, mauling  
the breasts of Abidjan,  
the buttocks of Lagos,

