

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,

