

THE LAND OF CAPRICE

By

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I met a pendulum one day;
It offered me a free ride,
And, with dirty haste, I decided
To be the first, not the second or third,
For I was afraid of others' rush;
I won and unleashed the whim.
After the joy of a swing or two,
I heard a knock, from inside, and knots of pain;
And soon I felt
The weight of my presence
And the burden of thought;
And, for the first time, I questioned
The destiny of my sail.
"To the Island of Caprice,
Between East and West,
I hope you will enjoy
The wings of exile," was the answer.
There I met a mighty nation of Blacks
A nation of adopted wisdom and indigenous corps;
Lassoed, from afar, by a foreign lullaby.
I joined the slumberers and sang the song,
And swore an oath never to fathom
The mystery of the blue eyes.