

MEDITATIONS FOR THE NIGHT

By

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Shrill voices of beetles
Reaching ears of sky
The night blooms!

But attention:
The night,
Moonlight and stars,
Has a purpose.

Do not spend it
On desire-ceremonies.

Look for red clay
And well water.
Mold them
To the dictates
Of your god-like psyche.

An African god is in you
Once you create;
So plant walls of thought
Around your skin.

Self-fish eros
Kills the African mystery
In you.

Do not succumb,
No matter for the current.

Arrive at your self;
Never return.