

## THE GHOST SONG

by

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Child, go home before  
the night comes,  
The man who is so tall  
His head cannot be seen  
Bend low like a bow  
and look through your  
legs,  
his feet borne aloft  
on a cushion of wind,  
sailing like a feather  
in a village harmattan  
is not one of your  
kin.

Child, go home  
The moon is down  
and the night is sold  
to voices of maidens  
caging the night  
with dirges of moon songs  
Their triumphs the owl  
hoots;  
The night is still  
like a man on the  
crucifix  
where men without bodies  
hold meetings for their  
next victim.

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