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Zambia

Paul Rawlins

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ZAMBIA

by Paul Rawlins



When Mason was a boy, he says,
A boy and an old black man
Could walk savannah pastures
With the wildebeest and zebra
Days and days on end.
They walked without a pace,
Ate to fill their bellies,
Slept when they grew tired,
Nights in long-stemmed yellow grass,
Or under baobab shade in afternoons;
Closed their eyes
Without the need to dream
In Zambia.

God was in the bush
The sky was never ending
The land was never ending

I N S C A P E

They listened to the lion speak,
Squatting at the fire
With darkness at their backs,
Traveled with the herd and learned
The ways of zebra play,
And a kudu
Silhouetted in the dusk
Or a mamba in the grass
In Zambia.