

AFRICAN PLAINS

Moving in the dusk hours
after our first day of safari,
like an oasis in the arid desert,
our tent camp and staff
welcomed our arrival.

Orientation, dinner,
a beautiful bed
with mosquito netting
and a hot water bottle
heralded day's end.

Exhausted and happy,
sleep came only fitfully
accompanied by a cacophony
of animal sounds serenading
and surrounding.

Awoke to a deep,
melodic, baritone voice.
D.C. (Ditmus) signaling
our pre-dawn awakening
to eat a delicious breakfast
and depart camp.

As the sun rose in beautiful splendor,
the stirring of animals
in their own form of
morning prayer commenced.

Orange, blue, purple splendor
radiate and illuminate the horizon
as dawn breaks the black,
deep darkness of the African night.
Sound permeates the
dark veil of evening here.

The low guttural warning of
"I am here! I am Monarch!
This is my territory...my pride"
from the lions in their lairs surrounding us
resonate and vibrate the cool, morning air.

The hyenas,
distinct in their own chorus,
are distinguishable now
that my ears and eyes
have been guided and trained
to listen and see with
conscious discernment.

Days filled with Serengeti splendor.
Lions, cheetahs, elephants, giraffes
dance for our cameras.
Hyenas, zebras, and wildebeasts prance.
Monkeys, baboons and even wart hogs
play havoc with our perceptions
in the tall grasses of the African plains.

Here...all is primitive!
Here...all is natural!
Here...the eternal life cycle is
realistically visible...
not by what the mind can perceive,
but by the survival of the fittest!

The "what's so" simple wildness
of the natural world
has much to explore,
much to teach
the blessed journeyers
who traverse her plains.

March 2015