

SERENGETI SYMPHONY

Africa, you called to me.
Your primitive wildness
heralded this weary journeyer.
Tired of technology
with all its many impersonal
buttons, passwords and ring tones.

Having traversed world's
of inner and outer realities
and spheres of perceptions,
vision quests and dreams,
I wearied.

Africa, you called to me.
Your essential naturalness
invited me home.
The essential self longing
for "the real, the meaningful,
the true".

Life rhythms, slow and sensual.
Sound symphonies, melodic and harsh.
Nature's life-death cycle most visible
on Serengeti soil.

The simplicity of balance,
married to purpose and passion,
reflected in each sacred animal specie
in residence, visible here.

Survival of the fittest,
the fundamental foundation
in this land of primitive hierarchy.
The prowl for the kill;
the hunt for the weaker ones,
add natural dystonic chords
to the Serengeti symphony.

Animal sounds pervade
all hours of lightness and darkness.
From dawn to dusk,
the Serengeti symphony resonates.
Even the blades of grass join in the chorus.

The land, going from
vast expanse, unlimited horizons,
to dense, deep foliage,
dotted by Masai Kopes (Rock Formations)
and camouflaged animals,
pervade the senses.

Seeing into the invisible world,
one of Serengeti's gifts
in its plethora of many,
as orientation and accommodation
naturally occur.

Infusion of eros,
magnificent in all her many forms,
the truest monarch
reigning the Serengeti.

Africa, you called to me.
Your primitive wildness
kisses and awakens the
restless spirit deep within...
and...surely...
I welcome...HER!