

## **My seed**

On a rainy African day  
The fresh smell of grass and cow dung blesses my way  
Whistling a familiar tune to my herd  
I drive them home  
Safely in their kraal I move on  
The shadows of the trees  
Remind me of my origin and family tree  
Those who have departed and those alive  
In their darkness their legacy is my light  
The ant-hills point to the sacredness of the soil  
I mingle with the dust in my everyday toil  
The rain mixes with my blood and sweat  
Re-enacting my creation from the earth whence I emerged  
Waiting for me at home is my woman's gentle embrace  
Her warm emotion and caress  
Are the midday sun's rays  
My body melts in her warmth and I lose sight of all my cares  
Her food and recipes  
Are my soul food and therapy  
I find my peace in the stars of her smile  
And I flow in her Nile  
Body and soul  
I journey towards the universe's core  
Where stories of creation are told  
I'm secure in her flood and hold  
In the depth of her earth  
My footsteps follow the ancient songs of life and breath  
I hear the earth's melodies in my ears  
I travel across the different dimensions and spheres  
On her sacred hills and mountains  
My manhood precipitates with the rain and opens up my springs and fountains  
Heaven cultivates my immortality  
And adds a fresh branch to my family tree  
Nine months later the seed begins to sprout  
And the earth nurtures it in her ground  
My seed will resound

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