

African Haiku – The Road to Timbuktu

In West Africa –
Teach English to small children
Then travel around.

Ghanaian Classroom
Me I don't have pen,
My father he will beat me
Madame, use the cane.

Basilique de Notre Dame de la Paix, Yamoussoukro, Côte d'Ivoire
Giant boiled egg
Proudly laid for one rich man.
Congregation - nil.

Journeying to Djenné
Standing with a man
Who does not communicate,
I pray for transport.

The sun sets and a
Truck appears and I climb in –
Unperturbed, we move.

A tyre comes loose:
Stop and dance to Bob Marley
While the Muslims pray.

Clamber in when fixed;
Continue through the desert.
Arrive before dawn.

The Road to Timbuktu
Crammed in Land Rover
With thirteen sweating others -
Carelessly we move.

After a month of travelling around West Africa
Three thousand miles –
Seen the sights and smelt the sweat.
Came back someone else.