

Running out of petrol en route from Timbuktu

Piled out of the crumbling Landcruiser -
Like the walking dead;
Curled up on the floor of miserable dust and
Slept in despondent disbelief.

The 12-year-old tracksuited lad
Descended from his perch on high and
Jogged along to Mopti,
Eight miles yonder.

Awoke and drunk Coke.
God knows how long we'd slept for.

Yet though we moaned and muttered,
Inhaled sand and spluttered,
No one was surprised that
We'd used up all the petrol
En route from Timbuktu.