

Indoda ey Impesi (Hyena-man)

In Delamosa.....in Mabandla.....in tribal lands.....in Zululand.....in Africa....the heart....in a part of the heart that is a big big heart...the heart of the surface of the earth....it permeates deep into the earth....it permeates deep into my heart....my heart, where my spirit lives.....my spirit....my spirit lives, my spirit awakes.....my spirit....my spirit sings.....my spirit sighs a deep sigh.....a clear sigh of a clear spirit....a spirit clear and singing.....singing to the strong clear beat.....strong clear courageous beat of the heart....the heart of Africa.....and suddenly I am aware of my heart floating....floating supported by its own love....its own song....and the beginning of memory at lastsadly too late for the past....the beginning of memory.....of connection.....connection, connection to the past....the beginning of connectionthe beginning of the beginning.

In the beginning there was the beginning or maybe it was the spirit of the beginning or maybe the beginning of spirit....of love....of life....love of life or the life of love.

Living in Africa in Zululand.....in the rural Tribal Lands in Mabandla living in Delamosa....seeingseeing how people here live.....feeling how people here live....wonderfully spontaneous.....humour is natural.....children part of the community, part of everything.....looked on by everyone.....belonging to everyone.....asked to participate.

(To be continued)

Alim Ward, August 2007