

Tonya Lewis

OUT OF AFRICA

I voyaged to her farm
that lay long ago
at the foot of the Ngong Hills.

The homestead remained
a red-roped carcass.
In the garden, Kikuyu
re-claimed all the red corners.

On the drive to the Nakuru
the Range Rover bogged.
Drenched pink flamingos
brooded forlorn
like damp fluffy slippers.

Just another goggle-eyed vulture
descended in silent surveillance
over the Great Rift.

