

THE SUMMIT

Peter Wasamba

Prowling
Back bruised bare
Rejected, dejected determined
To the summit I look longingly

Pleading
Thirsty for a tableland
A peace nomad heart bleeding
To the summit I climb longingly

Confused
Veils and revelations
Liberations and deliberations
To the summit I knock longingly

No!
I'm not here for war
Happiness my life's mission
To the summit I crawl longingly

Celebratory
At sunset I arrive
Ululations, hymns, drums, trumpets
At the summit my sunset is my golden sunrise.