

Under an African Sky

By Vic Baxter

When you've ...

Watched African suns sink into the sea ...

- caressed by an Indian Ocean breeze ...

Seen Wahoo jump free from a thousand pound line ...

- while water zinged out of that hot screaming twine ...

Spilt high octane petrol all over your knackers ...

- jumped over the side to cool those maracas ...

Leapt back in the boat on seeing some sharks ...

- only to peel in most intimate parts!

Shot crocs with old Bunyo up north on his farm ...

- thro' the white flashes just under their arm ...

Lost your kikois to a Giri-ama Dancer ...

- revealing the fact you're not much of a Lancer ...

Cheza'd with women ...

- on a slow moving train ...

Having chased them at ninety ...

- through tropical rain ...

Hit a palm tree at sixty ...

- 'cos some sand in your chain ...

Took your mind off the tarmac ...

- made you slide in the rain ...

When you've ...

Looked an old Leopard right in the eye ...

- as your buddies on Hondas shot right by ...

Eaten ma-hogo on Li-koni ferry ...

- sprinkled with chumvi and red pili-pili ...

Thrown up at Khayam's on old Salim Road ...

- after watching Zibaras also unload ...

Done wheelies on Nyali Bridge in a downpour ...

- to outrun some Feds. who'd have given you what for ...

Been woken by dew on a co-lonial verandah ...

- with Otis still playing across in the Banda ...

Oh my my rafiki ...

- let's not speak of ravages ...

Let's flip up and flick back ...

- not turn into cabbages ...

Remember the times we played out in the sun ...

- did all the things that were just oh so much fun ...

Honour Baz Searle, titch Isherwood too ...

- and Daryl Hecht ... the next could be you ...

We do know their time with us may be past

- but while they were here, those guys - they were fast...

Don't let's talk of Shimo-la-Tewa ...

- just not the thinking that those guys were made for ...

Think of a soft top, a Yamaha Hog roar ...

- musiki with beat, of spirits that soar ...

Think of the times that we barked at the world ...

- breathed the air around Kili as it twisted and swirled ...

Rode bikes up Mount Kenya, never mind the Ngong ...

- lived in a world, where little was wrong

I tell you my buddy ...

Get your bum on the beach sah ...

- we'll give that man Wallace a night to remembah ...

We'll line up some pombo, some local wa' nchi ...

- we'll even sort out a half decent pishi ...

We'll dig out a Ground Hog, a Zephyr, a "Zee 3" ...

- something to cause that Kiwi ta wee - wee ...

We'll break out the Tusker, the White Cap, the Pilsner

- so make sure you're there for a night to remember



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Nyali Bridge - The Bridge in the Poem ...