

SERENGETI SPRING:

An African Voyage

High in the branches
of the Serengeti plain
where sun scorches earth
lizards rest on acacia bark
waiting for insects to pass

In a different world –
occupying the same space
giraffes nibble on baobab flowers
while moving across freshly verdant plains.

As their tails swish
i hear a faint hiss
and the savannah explodes
in my nostrils.

Noel: Has this author been to Africa?

Gwen: Who knows or cares? Let the poem speak for itself –
ta heck with the author.

Noel: I can't do that . . . each poem seems linked in countless
ways to its creator.

- T Newfields

Begun: 1994 in Shizuoka, Japan * Finished: 2018 in Yokohama, Japan

