

The Kikuyu Boy

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There is a Kikuyu boy
rapping in the darkness
within my head
struggling to breathe out
the tusky moon
and the flika sun
he has seen
while tending goats

thoughts when he thinks them
are the long grey stalks
beyond the Delta
honey-colored sweet potatoes
as virile as the war mask
of the Ngong hawk

but they are lost
on an island
off the continent
in the head of the Kikuyu boy.