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The Urban Vultures

Mother Africa, I saw them, the vultures, dancing in the air looking for prey, trapping your children in your amply lit fecund capitals, with Atlantic currency and tourist smells, besmeared with cigar and benighted by beer.

Mother Africa, I heard the sirens of antipodal foreign music, the din of profanity laced with dirges of strange landscapes, overshadow your music your nightly music that soothes the moon, lull your infants, caress their eyes, massage their navels.

Mother Africa, vultures are in the air, dancing to the movement of their targeted prey in the discos of dirge in discos of dizziness, the vultures move saintly, soaring with tourist grace, but their clawing fingers are poised, they scout

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discos of dance and dirge discos of din and death.

Mother Africa, the divined vultures are looking down from the pinnacles of shame, clawing at your infants' breasts, their navels, I saw the vultures wave their inner wings, wells of foreign wealth clawing fingers, equipped with dollars and pounds, in the smoky den of dance.

Mother Africa, their claws are poised in discos of dizziness, the roaming vultures in the discos of dance, din, dance and dizziness, civilized in the cocoon of preying arrogance, pry open the virgin rivers of the Volta, Niger, Congo, flooding innocent plains with preying blood.

Mother Africa, I saw the clawing fingers of the hunting vultures in the discos of dizziness flapping dollar pockets dropping on their prey hauling, clawing, mauling the breasts of Abidjan, the buttocks of Lagos, UFAHAMU

the legs of Accra, the lips of Nairobi, the cheeks of Dakar, the chests of Banjul.

Kwabena Opare Akurang-Parry

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