

In The Camp

Roosters noisily greet the coming of another uncertain dawn
People wake and begin their tasks as if in a medieval town
Smell of smoke fills the sultry oppressive air
Mingling with the aromas of home-cooking everywhere
All around the subtle spray of yellow brown dust
Covering clothes and baggage like an inevitable rust

In the classroom students sit in perfect rapt attention
Like soldiers on parade fighting for the right to education
Children gather by the river as they might do anywhere
Laughing and playing as if without a care
As the sun sits like a king in the mid-afternoon sky
The football game kicks off as if all were normal and fine

When the darkness shrinks the heart in the fearful night
The hourly rhythmic call announces that everything is alright
In the darkness the hill fires crackle like convectional rain
The rude swearing lizard expresses a displaced people's pain
Insects and birds begin their nightly cacophony
Disorganised and dreadful an anarchic cacophony

On Sunday the classroom is decked out with bright flowers
Clock deliberately slow by a significant half hour
Church filled with people packing every dusty pew
Coming to worship for something to hold onto
With hearts and minds which still seem so tender and pure
Praying for the darkness to end and for a bright future.

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