KALABANCORO DAWN



The softest sluicing of the bucket as the water well is drawn
betrays the haunting sense of stillness that precludes the break of dawn.
Languid wailing calls the faith to prayer, cock crows slowly drift away,
spice from cooking fires wafts upwards and the donkeys' in it's dray.

Dust from countless sweeping brushes rising proud their patch of ground
coats the giant red disk of the run 'till it breaks free, full and round.
A lilting bowl of dishes floats high along the mud brick wall,
an open door reveals the woman below, smiling, colourful and tall.