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North African Spring

O suddenly like magic fires aglow
Upon the desolate plain along the sea,
The yellow daisies burst forth everywhere
With flaming gaiety over the land.

And all the wistful countryside is changed
From grey into a golden singing choral
And fresh sensations rest in the blood
Stirring to action every living thing.

A ripening passion tints the women's keening
And of the barren olive trees the birds
Have made a sanctuary and in the creek
The fishes leap into the air for joy.

The donkeys lift their tails with blatant braying,
The dogs abuse the freedom of the roads,
Amusing children innocent of shame,
While decent persons pass with eyes averted.

0 daisies singing golden in the wind,
0 fishes, birds and hearts whose work is life.
SONGS OF MOROCCO

Oh suddenly like prairie fires aglow,
Upon the desolate plain along the sea,
The yellow daisies burst forth everywhere,
With flaming gaiety across the land.

And all the wistful countryside is changed
From gray into a golden singing choir
And fresh sensations riot in the blood
Stirring to action every living thing.

A ripening passion tints the women's keening
And of the barren olive trees the birds
Have made a sanctuary and from the creek
The fishes leap into the air for joy.

The donkeys lift their tails with blatant braying,
The dogs abuse the freedom of the road
Amusing children innocent of shame,
While decent persons pass with eyes averted.

Oh glowing daisies singing with the wind,
Oh fishes, birds and beasts whose flashing life
Attune with the rejuvenated land,
Has bent my mind like a bow of melody.
SONGS OF MOROCCO

Oh suddenly like prairie fires aglow,
Upon the desolate plain along the sea,
The yellow daisies burst forth everywhere,
With flaming gaiety across the land.

And all the wistful countryside is changed
From gray into a golden singing choir,
And fresh sensations riot in the blood,
Stirring to action every living thing.

A ripening passion tints the women's keening,
And of the barren olive trees the birds
Have made a sanctuary and from the creek
The fishes leap into the air for joy.

The donkeys lift their tails with blatant braying,
The dogs abuse the freedom of the road,
Amusing children innocent of shame,
While decent persons pass with eyes averted.

Oh glowing daisies singing with the wind,
Oh fishes, birds and beasts whose flashing life
Attune with the rejuvenated land,
Has bent my mind like a bow of melody.

Oh donkey mally with the sea-watchers bare
Ingroups of gold between a flood of rap
Attune to the rejuvenated land
Perfect my mind like a bow of melody.
TWO

SONGS OF MOROCCO

I

Startling like sudden fires sapping sedges,
Upon the desolate plain along the sea,
The yellow daisies strike out everywhere,
With flaming gaiety across the land.

And all the wistful countryside is changed
From gray into a golden singing choir,
And fresh sensations riot in the blood of life,
Stirring to action every living thing.

A ripened passion tints the women’s keening,
And of the barren olive trees the birds
Have made a sanctuary and from the creek,
The fishes leap up like tumblers in the air.

The burros lift their tails with blatant braying,
And dogs abuse the freedom of the road,
Amusing children innocent of shame,
While decent people pass with eyes averted.

Oh daisies making with the sea-washed breeze,
Brief songs of gold between a flash of life,
Attune to the rejuvenated land,
Bending my mind like a bow of melody.

CLAUDE McKay
Open your eyes and let me find again
Their light like a wet dawn by the sun surprised,
Gleaming desire for one rare moment's joy.

Open your mouth and drink the eager wine,
Fermented strongly in its native cup,
And let it darkly flow along your veins,

And fill their cells intoxicating you,
Until your body becoming an instrument melody
Of within the womb of Time,

Is like a fever hot with ecstasy,
Or like a brown bird beautiful to feel,
Or like wild honey come from wandering bees.

Oh open wide the portals of your house,
And reverently your humble guest will enter,
To worship in your inner sacred shrine,

Kneeling upon the cushion of Venus fashioned.
Accept my prayer like music from a flute,
Possessed with the magic of your native movement.

CLAUDE McKay