

Masai Mara 1990

The Mara River

The Mara flows brown
as old blood
over black shoals
of hippo and lava rock.

Jade crocodiles
sun on sandy banks
awaiting what the river provides

Wildebeest
in their thousands,
weaving sinuating lines,
march north along
the West Corridor from Serengeti
to dry season pastures
beyond the Mara.

We stand
on high sand banks.
Here martins nest
and forest trees,
greenheart and fig,
undercut by the river,
collapse into the flood.
Here generations of
hippos and elephants
have carved
gashing stairways
down the sand cliffs.

Here, right here,
the endless herds
will converge,
diving from high banks
or stampeding down
hippo paths
to storm the Mara ford.

Here the crocodiles wait.

