

*Temperature Normal:  
West African  
Structural Adjustment*

In his black robe the man  
comes stalking from the bush  
suddenly noticed he carries  
a ghost child on his wrist  
falcon hooded alert to be turned  
to plunge on death hollow beak  
aids profile unasleep.

Around his feet trots gambols  
a midget fool mocking order  
disorder approaching the main road  
out of dense undergrowth of tradition  
insane ribald malicious gnostic.

Leafless bare branches of baobabs  
writhe to heaven still still  
motionless dance grotesque mirth  
of agony caricaturing beauty.

An hour and three quarters  
by bus from Koudougou to  
Ouagadougou. One thousand  
local francs. Afro pop on the radio.  
Around the churches and mosques  
animist ancestors destiffen  
bones muscles skins of drum  
whirling with closed faces with  
burning eyes counterpointing  
multi-rhythms of djinni of angels.