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Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies

Title

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Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/62x0690h>

Journal

Ufahamu: A Journal of African Studies, 17(3)

ISSN

0041-5715

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Publication Date

1989

Peer reviewed

I Smell Earth

by Francis Komla Aggor

I smell earth, raw earth
Fertile soil of the savannah
Burnt land, black and gray
Fresh air, clean air my companion.
It is Saturday.

Hot and humid, I am drained
Yet I smell raw earth.

It is Saturday.
Everywhere I see men armed
Everywhere women carrying loads
A dog trails behind, a loyal hunter.
In the heart of the rainy forest
I hear the melodic voice
Of the snaky waters.
The heat salutes the shades and gives way
To refuge for the tired;
Their backs hurt,
Pain conquers energies
But the hoe betrays
Not the steady rhythm.

The moon-lit night
Echoes of the night: songs of joy.
From the distant mountains, behold the Cross!
Sacrifice!
Full glow of the golden circle
Roof-tops a perfect mirror
Deer skin drums exalt the labours
Of the humid day.
And I walk free.
Moon, my torchlight for the Night.

Peace. I walk free in the jungle.
Solidarity: my protection.
I shall enjoy the silence of the forest
For I smell earth, raw earth
My fortress for a sunshine day.