

## The Song of Ngong by Emily Walls

Amid the steep slopes of the Ngong Hills  
The Native sings

The song  
Sufficient and sound  
Lilts upon the starlit savannah  
Lacking little, always in tune

Wry laughter rides on the tails of arid winds  
Rooted in Msabo's ignorance  
During times of turmoil  
Never faltering in its tone  
Contempt always brimming the edge  
Spilling over in low chuckles

The aged women carved by time  
Peering through masks of shriveled leather  
Dance to their own beat  
Defined by Earth's tragedies

Resase Madja  
A title of Titans  
Myths still marveled over in modern times  
Seep into Natives' names and ways

Injustice  
A herd of burly power  
The witch's fingers work  
An ox lay in its own decay

A calendar in unison  
With the moon's expectant rise  
Resplendent rays dancing between  
The strange eerie light of fireflies

Children crowding around the chirping cuckoo  
Fascinated  
Transfixed by the hourly magic

Veiled black eyes  
Fathomless pits  
Searching the soul  
Extracting secrets  
Summing up entities

A passion for poetry  
Ears intent on understanding  
Recognize the beauty  
Reveling purely in the lyrical prose

A celebrated union  
Basking in unyielding devotion  
Purity  
A priceless possession  
Modesty untouched by modern ways

The number nine  
Nonexistent  
The system still stands

Defying years of worldly logic

The Hills echo indefinitely  
Twining chords and cultures  
Ever reverberating  
The steady beat