

how was your day  
**day before yesterday**

We would  
celebrate  
to relate

**We were nature**

ndoreva here

now  
the conflict  
is to see  
the scribe  
describe  
the tribe

**i don't have a tribe**

i don't have pride

those who know me better call me ganyamatope

**in the language of birds  
words just sound  
should i speak**

some things done from memory  
some things done by heart  
the tortoise is airborne  
eyes don't know what they see  
i am just not myself

**Possessed with natural powers**

how on earth do they play  
this music that  
makes ancients stampede  
as hunters do

**hunters don't hunt the same**

on this hunter's bow the young string needs to be taut  
despite who in spite do on these footprints we withstand

**so who scares**

only shake when shaking to the beat  
as warriors do  
warriors don't fight the same

in this warrior's cry

**fears drop in place of  
teardrops**

the  
aural  
tradition

**burning  
bright  
with life**

**simmering esteem**

what is prepared here  
is not for the tender-hearted

sun  
setting  
the  
scene

