

How now shall I love  
The land beyond  
This place  
Now that I have seen  
AFRICA?

Her color is richer,  
Her SUN  
is brighter,  
Her sky is as  
BLUE as  
The azure of the  
Sea.

Her fruits are  
Sweeter than the dew from  
The Honeysuckle blossom.  
Her warmth is like a mother's arms.

Tho I leave for now—  
My spirit lingers on,  
For this is the land  
of my fathers.<sup>2</sup>