



African Literature 4 Africa

A young man's thoughts

a young man's thought before june the 16th

tomorrow i travel on a road
that winds to the top of the hill
i take with me only the sweet
memories of my youth
my heart aches for my mother 5
for Friday nights with friends
around a table with the broad belch of beer
i ask only for a sad song
sung by a woman with downturned eyes
and strummed by an old man with 10
a broken brow
o sing my sad song sing for me
for my sunset is drenched with red

by Fhazel Johennesse

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