

MAKING NOISE, 2013

- *Vilma Ginzberg*

RIFT VALLEY, KENYA, AUGUST 1989

as the last purple light of western dusk fades to black
here on the south rim of this vast African valley
I sit on the edge of the wide night
watching it spread slowly and endlessly before me

no light but numberless stars
sprinkled randomly above
defying gravity
teasing the great dark with silver sparkle
as if to deny its dominion

silence as large as the onyx sky
settles its blanket gently
on the drowsy earth
and peace lulls the beast in me
as well as in the lioness
opens its arms to the listening soul

I feel the valley in my bones
I am in its skin
in its pristine wilderness
its rough unhurried tests of life
its primaeval unsentimental innocence

from this unspoiled valley of original birth
this vast enveloping ebony womb
this sweeping swath of possibility
I hear maternal grunts of my mother Lucy
primal mother of us all
echo through the eons

past parades of civilizations
giving birth to us all
giving me life

reunited with my mother
I hear her soft primate lullaby
waft on the low valley breezes
I am in the original cradle
I know all who ever lived and ever will
as kin as family