

## Senegal Shaman

There's laughter in pain.

There's laughter when  
nothing remains,  
and you bought it,  
the whole lie,  
bargaining for it  
with your last cowry shell.

He ran fast as a sandstorm,  
sifted himself among  
worthless sand-dunes,  
blew finally out to sea  
and vanished  
in the depths of  
green swells  
that rolled unchecked,  
carrying storm debris,  
to other lands.

And your dreams exploded,  
lion-fire, flashing eyes,  
until nothing remained,  
but memory of the flash  
and his lie.

And you healed your heart  
with storm-clouds,  
marveled at his  
lack of love, then...  
threw the cowries  
to divine the future.

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