

“the treasure I came to seek”

The Bethlehem Gadfly Arts, the November 8, 2020

 *Latest in a series of posts on the Arts in Bethlehem* 

The Market Place

I stand at the gate of the ancient wall
which surrounds the heart of Kaduna,
My senses reel from the force of
euphoria that overwhelms my soul
as I gaze at the wondrous sight before me;
The market place, placed like an endless mosaic over the
rich, red, dry earth, fills every nook and cranny
with secrets from time so long ago.

Gray weathered stalls groan silently from
the weighty stock of apparel and dry goods.
Strings of fragrant herbs with their tantalizing scents
swing gently from the open rafters of the
time-worn ceiling while farm-fresh produce
show their glory under a dazzling hot sun.
The aisles, a few too small, many too wide, become a maze to
the new who often met themselves in any direction.

A river of glistening black bodies covered
with traditional cloths of colors which fill the air,
weaves its way through the arteries of the
thriving market, flowing out into the streets of its
boundaries, straining the limits of the walls
with their gathering.

I am captured by the spirit of the multitude
and surrender myself without hesitation when they beckon.

Stripped bare of my made-in-America shell,
I wade into the river unafraid,
arms out stretched and heart opened.
As the strong current carries me swiftly to the
bottom of the stream, I feel cleansed from the burdens
of the life I brought with me, for I have found
the treasure I came to seek . . .
my heritage

*Louise Holmes-Johnson
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second in a series-----**SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL ARTISTS AND
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