

# “In the land of my ancestors”

The Bethlehem Gadfly Arts, the November 8, 2020

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

## **Nighttime in Kaduna**

In the land of my ancestors,  
as sunset signals the end of a day  
and twinkling stars hide behind  
a curtain of settling dusk,  
wheels of steel beasts of burden  
mold grooves in the hard red clay  
and the untiring racket is  
magically transformed into  
a haunting melody.  
Roadside merchants cajole  
buyers to lantern-lit stands

as their haggling reechoes

in the dying light.

A swarm of crickets tune

their strings for their

nocturnal exhibition,

calming my fears like

a tranquilizing symphony.

Soon, a resonant call

for the day's final prayer

is reverently answered by

followers of Islam.

And the fast pace of the

exotic language turns to

soft whispers tossed

wildly in the wind . . .

*Louise Holmes-Johnson*

*Bethlehem, Pa.*



*third in a series*

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