

THE STREAM

A wide dirt road
Lay before us one late afternoon.
Lowering sun cast orange red light,
Transforming the road from yellow day.

One woman was driving her mule.
Others balanced pots on their heads.
Some were bent over with wood on their backs.
A young girl carried a baby on her back.
Two boys herded their goats.

We stood by the side of the road,
Spectators of this stream of life,
Listening to the bleating of goats
And the clanking of their bells.

Then, tired of our sport, we turned
And walked down the wide dirt road.
No longer spectators but part of the stream,
With baskets from Lodwar
And packs on our backs,
We talked with the people,
As we walked back toward camp.

(Written by Jean L. Easterly on January 15, 1990
to describe our walk on the way back to our campsite
at Marsabit in the northern part of Kenya.
We had just returned from Lodwar.)