

## THE VIRGIN AT FRIAR'S - BAY

By: Camille Baly

I fell into a chance situation in which I am sure to have seen the creation of an ebony nymph. She slipped away from my fixed attention like quicksilver through a fist. And I cannot erase her branded impression from my mind. She excitingly haunts my memory:

Your smile, your mouth is wide with laughter and like the rising sun you shower the dark face of the earth with the brilliant question mark of life. Black nymph, your smile plays a mambo round the **soft corners of your blushing lips. The milk of your innocence is crystallized in the dark brown of your eyes; and the passion, that lies latent is pure humanity.**

Your veiled voice evokes again and again the copper colour of a divine contra-alt. Your kindness, your tenderness are marked in the smooth fragile form of your tiny hands. So frail is your waist, that swells and ends in two beautiful legs, Black Aphrodite!

By Jove! It was the hands of Art itself that moulded these legs from the purest ebony; the shuffling of your feet caressed my ears with their melodious rhythm.

Your subtle walk is reminiscent of the beautiful striding of a Watusi empress of the ancient negro's empire; Bronze Beauty, you are the symbol of my metaphysical longing....

Where I have been lacking in words; where I have sometimes been rough and crude with my few words, forgive me, for I know, I know I have been too, too confident to believe that I could end that which I began. Like a sifter my words are; they are not capable of giving image to your purity. My words are full of holes, they are transparent and your light shines through them.

My words are too shallow to accommodate your riches, virtues. So much is lost of your divinity.

Excuse my effort; I have derived ecstasy from our encounter, but a child alike I have played with it and lost it along the way. I beg pardon for offering you so little of so much, so terrible much.....

my way through the winding selfgratifying mass unto the cobble-stones of Delft. One block further I hear, like the faint thump of the bongo, throb of my heart in my index finger, as a herald to the misty morning. I yawn deeply into the broadening dawn and a cluster of

vapour is evoked. And as I wander through the musky Delft alleys over rickety little bridges, I try to find evidence of a creative sensibility within me. I crave to unravel the question which continually keeps buzzing like a tedious mosquito through my head. What sense of purpose or urgency does any of us have?

It is chilly, cold out here. The sky is Dutch-morning-grey - I am a stranger to them inside there, in that building in Delft.

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## THE CHILDREN OF SLAVES

(Part I)

Yes, that is what we are; we are the descendants of slaves.

Some four hundred years ago our forefathers were bought or captured on many parts of the African continent and packed like sardines into the foul-smelling holes of sailing ships, to be transported to the "New World".

The perpetrators of this most heinous deed in the history of mankind were White and Christian, and came mainly from France, England, Holland, Portugal and Spain.

Western Europe was at the time, materially the most advanced part of the earth. Its lust for wealth and power led it to "discovery" and conquest of distant "undiscovered" lands, people and wealth. Their mighty ships transported their invincible armies, merchants and missionaries to the Orient, Africa and finally to the Americas. With sword and cannon Emperors and Kings were made to bow down, pay homage to and just plain pay the sovereigns of Western Europe.