

# And We Shall be Steeped

by Leopold S. Senghor

And we shall be steeped my dear in the presence of Africa.

Furniture from Guinea and Congo, heavy and polished, somber and serene.

On the walls, pure primordial masks distant and yet present.

Stools of honor for hereditary guests, for the Princes of the High Lands.

Wild perfumes, thick mats of silence

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Cushions of shade and leisure, the noise of a wellspring of peace.

Classic Words. In a distance, antiphonal singing like Sudanese cloths

And then, friendly lamp, your kindness to soothe this obsessive presence

White black and red, oh red as the African soil.

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