

PAN 1

Anansi the wise spider-man
watched over us as we rode the inferno
below the limbo depths
of the middle passage
First. he spun a thin thread
straddling the Equator
umbilical chord linking us to Africa;
then wove a web of epic tales
of trickery and survival
tales of home, of ancestors
of Ogun, god of war and iron;
how one day his voice will resonate
through his son. Pan.
spiralling outwards,
spanning the globe
a ring of steel
a healing web of sound.
These things he foretold. lest we forget:
tales woven in his own image
spherical spider web pan
linking both hemispheres.
Like a pebble
dropped into the great void
the sound of pan
ripples outwards
surfing the cosmic net

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