

Africa

Claude McKay

The sun sought thy dim bed and brought forth light,
 The sciences were sucklings at thy breast;
 When all the world was young in pregnant night
 Thy slaves toiled at thy monumental best.
 5 Thou ancient treasure-land, thou modern prize,
 New peoples marvel at thy pyramids!
 The years roll on, thy sphinx of riddle eyes
 Watches the mad world with immobile lids.
 The Hebrews humbled them at Pharaoh's name.
 10 Cradle of Power! Yet all things were in vain!
 Honor and Glory, Arrogance and Fame!
 They went. The darkness swallowed thee again.
 Thou art the harlot, now thy time is done,
 Of all the mighty nations of the sun.

Textual Note

This poem also appeared in *The Liberator* (August, 1922), where even numbered lines were indented.

4 .] ; *Lib.*

6 !] ; *Lib.*

8 .] ; *Lib.*

9 .] ; *Lib.*

11 Honor] Honour *Lib.*