

## Karamoja.

June 1986



Karamoja is an elemental place  
Where sun and wind have whittled away all  
superfluties  
No veneer, no polish,  
The sun glares mercilessly out of a too-blue  
sky.  
Hot sandy river beds with water deep  
below... to be scratched for...  
Heaven and earth stand naked; man stands  
proud and free  
There is a stark assertion of BEING

In Karamoja there is nowhere to hide, nothing to hide behind...

No foliage ... thorn bushes spring out of the sand

A skeletal tree arched against of the skyline

A tiny tender flower exquisite in the barren soil

In Karamoja what IS IS

And the Word was made flesh

Et incarnatus est.

The warm evening breeze comforts, refreshes and wafts away the memories of searing sun

Warriors stroll by erect and proud, feathers adorning the plaited hair.

Men reflect the place... defiant, daring, scorning other ways.

Let me too know what I am, be what I am

And I think God will laugh with delight as He does when he peeps at Karamoja... through a  
squint in the sky.

Helen Lane

(Written before we were sensitized to  
politically correct and gender-sensitive  
language.)

