Salt: A tribute to Ghana's fishers

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Chains on a vessel

He skips a beat

It’s just… you know… back in the day…

Now it’s fish they ship away

A pool of blood

A moonless night

Such tenderness

Your light shines bright

The open sewer

The tuna stench

Their graceful posture

My back on that bench!

Crabs, coral and canoes

None spared by the gigantic net

A threat, a kick, a bowl thrown at you

Rusty water still tastes wet

Mornings at the navy base

The fiery star’s hot kisses

Lucky me, I said – who said?

Their is work no one misses
Traffic, more traffic
The road never ends
Under the madman’s strict orders
The black man’s back bends

Fieldwork is sweating
The big stuff, the small
It’s learning to sit with
The ache of it all

Fieldwork is heart work
Sometimes it’s fun
And always in Ghana
The sun. The sun.