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## Drums of the Congo

## By KATHERINE VAN DER VEER

A freighter'll soon be sailing to the shores of Zanzibar,
To isles of pungent spices where pearls and sapphires are.
Beyond the seas are coco-palms and frangipani flowers,
Red temples swing their golden bells to measure out the hours—
But breaking through these reveries an ancient rhythm comes,
I can hear the urgent throbbing of the Congo drums.

BOM-M-M, bom-m-m, while the jungle holds its breath, BOM-M-M, bom-m-m, they call to war or death, Beating, beating, on the hollowed wood, Ghost-drums summon a ritual of blood.

The fishing-schooner Abigail goes out of port today,
To plow her long green furrow in a lonely arctic bay,
Where seals can bask on icebergs, and wind blows through the spars
On men in shining oil-skins beneath the frosty stars.
But louder than the gull's cry, overhead and under,
Piercing through the shaking sky with a voice of thunder:

BOM-M-M, bom-m-m, calling war or death, BOM-M-M, bom-m-m, till the jungle holds its breath, From the sounding-board of Africa insistent rhythm comes, The unforgotten throbbing of the Congo drums.