# Ode to the Harmattan

O, northeasterly dust-laden cold wind
daughter of the Great Sahara Desert
they call you the good, the bad, and the ugly
while I call you 'Mystery', hidden in haze and fog
O Destroyer and Preserver, blow gently
you give relief from the oppressive heat
and yet we humans are ungrateful
but some call you 'Doctor'
as you touch their skin tenderly
O Destroyer and Preserver, blow gently
you blow away the dead leaves
turn untended embers into fire
usher in invigorating dryness
and drive away your humid tropical sister
O Destroyer and Preserver, blow gently
you are tameless, swift, and proud
as your mighty breath announces
the coming of rich farming season
Africans rejoice and dance in festivity
O daughter of the Great Sahara, hear me!
blow gently, blow gently, blow gently.

**– Zafar Khan***

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