



PACIFIC INVESTMENT  
MANAGEMENT COMPANY

INVESTMENT

OUTLOOK

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Echoes From Africa

*If I sang a song about Africa  
of the spotted giraffe, the hyena's laugh  
of the fiery sun rising to meet the day  
with a stillness belying the lion's evening meal;  
would Africa sing a song about me?*

*If I remembered a time once in Africa,  
bride at my shoulder, chasing a leopard's shadow  
with human eyes and Nikon shutters wide apart  
Invading the solitude of blackened ancestors;  
would Africa remember a time once with me?*

*If I knew a story of Africa  
capturing a disappearing continent for a moment in time  
Fleeting--far briefer than the earth's reign;  
At least until its dusty death,  
would Africa know a story of me?*

With appreciation for Isak Dinesen

I traveled once to Africa, as you might have guessed by now, and it's been a part of me ever since. Being perhaps the cradle of civilization, if not life itself, Africa casts an eerie glow over the entire history and, indeed, meaning of existence. There's a strange beauty to it--this eat and be eaten land--brutal, yet fair and loving underneath its violent surface. I think it's how I view my own life. I saw myself in Africa and, of course, through my own eyes I saw you

there, too. The question, however, that ends every stanza of my poem is whether Africa saw and will remember me. Are we just passing through without a trace following our dusty deaths? Will anyone, or anything, at the end of the line be the better for our time on earth? I, myself, know nothing of a grand scheme of existence, but I wish there to be one--if only to give meaning to our precious moments of happiness and frequent hours of despair.

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