
Dig a Wormhole



There is a Wormhole in Grooninger Street,
no one knows who put it there,
actually, no one noticed except for
this Somali taxi driver.

An outspoken immigrant wearing
thick jambottle glasses, driving an
old fashioned taximeter Nissan.

Born in Mogadishu where his father
worked for the Federal Ministry
until he fled with his family to
Cape Town when the extremists
were flooding the streets.

His daughter born downtown
in the Groote Schuur hospital,
his father buried at the cemetery
between the old Boer farmers
who explored the newfound land.

Have you ever dug a Wormhole, Son
Have you ever dug a Wormhole?

There is a Wormhole in Grooninger Street,
steer around it carefully,
when you fall inside you might
accelerate your personal space and time,
between the not well maintained
ruby red houses and halal shops.

Sooner or later people will start to
disappear and pop-up again
at Diggersclub Grove, near
a white office building, standing tall
with an Aboriginal painting in the hall,
the so-called Ministry of Truth,
Beauty and Affluency.

There is a Somali taxi driver
bringing you to Mushroom Reef,
with a kookaburra in the Moonah tree,
wallabies and wombats at the lagoon,
and a Woodie knocking at your door.

Have you ever dug a Wormhole, Son?
Have you ever dug a Wormhole?