

There's one more space left in my head for one more secret. Tell me O, for a moment I thought your beard was on fire, but it was only the sun catching and colouring it. I could be your uncle you know, and I'm one of the few masters of donkeys in Accra . . . as soon as you take your eyes off me, then you know I deserve respect. And it has been said that my voice is like that of an ambitious frog croaking high and coming out drunk from Star Hotel . . . Baidoo tried to share the smirk on his face but Loww took none of it. 'Ask my father if you don't believe me,' Loww said with an absentminded frown, and then walked off with determined steps, for his mother's visit had cut angles from his wandering. Baidoo's knees knocked. 'But what about my donkey, can't you solve its legs for me? When you were small, you were my little pet; now look at what you are doing to me! Okay, if you can't give me a god, then pass me a jot . . .' Baidoo shouted to the disappearing Loww. Gods and jots, now. 'You know I don't smoke,' Loww replied taking his voice into the corner and out of earshot.

The Beni stood with hands on his outer pelvis bones—no hips were visible—and stared into the absence before him. The stairs of the bank guarded nothing, and they were tired throwing feet up and down in daylight, and had to rest in the evening, crawling up and down each other with slow luxurious movement . . . fast day, slow night. Beni Baidoo's words were still stuck like rubber round the ears of Kofi Loww, who had to go a few more yards before they snapped out of his head . . . to be replaced by his decision to visit Ebo the Food, and thus to see how mad or how wise wisdom itself had become. The number of streets that tripped and got in each other's way was amazing, so that the best way to Kanda was through confusion, or through kelewele, cars and what he thought was uninventive architecture.

The dusk was both a cheat and a truth, for it framed the beauty of a people faithfully, yet stylised it as if this beauty should only have belonged to places more rural than this city. Each time Loww took a step, he lifted a whole country. It looked as if each space given to each person to walk in was a source of art: the movement of people was nothing less than a series of abandoned dances controlled marvellously in the most ordinary, in the most triumphant ways. Kofi Loww saw this highly expectant space waiting for, and getting, the slightest touch of bodies that were in turn touched back by this same space. Thus the universe was danced in all the walking of Ghana. A sudden call to Kofi Loww broke his small world: 'Ei, wofa!' a strange female voice called him, 'Won't you come and buy some of my kaklo? For you, you look as if no woman would want you at aaaaall, unless she wanted to marry you first! How about me? The more of my kaklo you buy, the better chance you will have of getting me to love you!' Then she ran away, holding her breasts and spreading her laughter as if it were corn for

Search Sweet Country (from Chapter 2)