Race

The wheels turn like the earth
Children love to play with the wheels
They have black, pink
Every evening they gather at the Grand-Place
To play racing wheels
They line up and wait
The impact of the whistle
Whenever the start is given
They turn all their strength
The wheels turn as the earth
They probably crush anything they find on their way
Even old man but children believe much stronger than the wheels
In that they manipulate their way
While they are certainly subject by them
The wheels turn as the earth
Sometimes the first is the one with the black wheel
Sometimes it is the one with the pink wheel
Whenever it is the black wheel
All children laugh at the first, grumble, heckle
If it is the pink wheel all the children dance, clap
With strength and waving handkerchiefs and gifts for the child
But the children know why they love pink wheel.

Aly from Mauritania