

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