

FROM THE ASHES OF A PIGEON

By

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For we went, more often than our shoes changed countries;
Through the wars of the classes, despairing
When there was only injustice and no revolution.

Bertolt Brecht *"To Those Born After"*

Small hours of the night
fear
fear of brutes, thirsting
human blood
shrieking
howling
a strange scene
Africa
haunted by a spectre
Ghost, harrowing her
tears sliding down
her cheeks, blurring
vision, reeling
unease
terror
panic!!
shivering, tremors
in her spinal cord
upper lip twisting, eyes
shining--a dying star

Rejecting me, she begins
retrospection of unknown depth
years past haunt her
rainy and dry seasons
her eyes close
as internecine wars
by latter day Mutesas
ravage her soil

And I
thousands of miles
from the center of agony
nursing my sorrow
in many glasses of tequilla
keep chanting
A lotta continua!
Si continua....!

till death and sleep
become one
the deserted in the sea
awake to
smog of uncertainty, across
sky once azure
what's gone wrong?
who betrayed whom?
what midwife
can deliver
a sound Africa
a bush fire
eine Umwälzung?
is revolution made
by those far from
Expectant Africa?
from the ashes of a pigeon
a phoenix is never begotten.