

BROKEN DRUMS

By

Data Fiberesima

OUR crimes have blossomed,
FROM here to there,
It's harvest time now.

The stripes of the sides-
Zebra-crossings of hunger,
Reapers of a mouldy morality,
The tenth of joint-robbery,
Lining private folios-
 Remarkably coded accounts
In foreign regions.

Hearts pulse with conscience
AS a ray of sunshine
Forces deep into darkness.
We begin talks of charity-
Alms-giving which cleanses
Body and soul's corruption.
We shall look on the ridges
Knowing a soaring joy
Found only in giving,
Amassing also untold riches.