

DAYLIGHT IN GUINEA-BISSAU

by

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daylight

daylight of dawning

dextrose of my dreams

goad the rapids of my soul.

daylight

daylight of my dawning

may i wrap my battered limbs,

    battle-weary-self

around your tepid,

    beginning rains ?-

another day of warrior's

sharp teeth

gnawing at the virgin breasts

of fair-skinned maidens

setting the guinea-bissau

in me

free.