

THE SECOND SEASON OF RAPE

*I dated her again
Dined and wines her wits
And in the darkness of her mind
I moved her to dance.
And she danced and danced and danced
With a native flair for rhythm
Oblivious of her past and present
Till she cultivated a taste
For the second season of rape.*

*Then in her womb did I implant
A grand dark design: divided twins
Both against their mother
Each against the other
A family with no centre nor savior.*

*And today
From a distance I watch
Mighty fragments rise to evil celebrity
And take possession
Of accursed inheritances*

*And tomorrow
In the form of a miracle I will come
With very body waiting and singing for me
And with an invisible axe I will strike
A blow that does not kill
For the dead never die.*

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Mogadishu, Somalia 1981

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SWORD OF PAIN

*The day will come
When I will break
The monotony of being in the periphery
In the seasoned gaps of modernization
Widening gradually and gracefully
To welcome the fall posterity.*

*The day will come
When I will pierce the Order
With the sword of pain
And sever the link
That kept me bound
To the crown of misery
To the clubs of Paris, Rome, London and Bretton Woods
And to the corporate leviathan
That mortgages my soul
To finance the bondage of imported fallacies.*

*The day will come
When I will no longer ride
The blinkered swings of the East-West Express
To make the servile pilgrimage
And pay homage
To the Janus-faced overlords.*

*The day will come
when I will worship
Neither in the temple of wrongs and errors of ages bygone
Nor in the sanctuary of borrowed wings
And commissioned blessings.*

*The day will come
When I will undo the curse
And ceremoniously give up
The privilege of being a burden.*

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FATE

*Of all the strange multitudes of the mind
I have a special kinship with fate.
Fate is an oasis in my desert nation
A magic that fills the existential void
That regulates the rhythm of my life.*

*In fate I discover
The mystery in my being
The misery in living
And the tyranny of living without being.*

*Fate is a unique vehicle of flight
For the citizens of grief to ride
In their search for a dream
In a world robbed of dreams.*

*In fate I find a faithful companion
A companion that neither frails nor fails
In the face of evil power and arrogant technology.*

*Fate is a religion of peace and eternity
The architect of the real world order.*

*Fate is the ultimate meaning system
That structures, illuminates, and maintains
The labyrinth in which we inhabit.*

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NOTE: original version read on ABC Radio Australia live in 1992 in support of a fund raising effort to assist war-torn Somalia.

A beautiful tyranny misnamed partnership

*The relationship
To which we are wedded
Is a beautiful tyranny
Misnamed partnership.*

*Our partnership
Is a partnership of unequal partners
Of unequal powers and unequal opportunities
A partnership honeycombed
With labyrinths of genteel deception, division and exclusion.*

*In our partnership
One party represents
An imperial order of unprecedented sway and intrigue
Into whose hegemonic bosom
The other is conveniently entombed.*

*In our partnership
One party is the source, centre and symbol
Of all knowledge, civilization and salvation
The other a mere consumer
Of high culture and QUIPs.*

*We are stakeholders in a bizarre covenant
That folds enslavement
In intoxicating benevolence and grace
Our partnership is afflicted with saintly inhumanity.*

*In the cold mathematics of our partnership
Our partnership is our destiny.
Amen.*

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¹ Quips are quick impact projects.