

WINIFRED.

By the water well
I picture you,
the empty waterpot by your side,
old tears on your cheeks
full tears in your eyes
The birds up in the acacia trees yonder
once sang of your beauty, your strength:
Now they sing only of sorrow...
of death....

This whole big world
has sealed your fate.
It has sealed it
with a big black tape
so hard...
so hard
that you must suffer now
Having endured thru' yesterday
only emptiness
to see you through
the deeps of the night
to the light of the day.

Catherine Alum Odora, 4th December 1987, in Stockholm, Sweden