

AFTER THE STORM

After the storm, I can see
A drop of sunlight on every swaying leaf,
And a smile upon the pink petals
By my window, I once could not bless,
For no colours could my eyes find, then,
In a life that came in hues stifled and bleak.

After the storm, I can run
Barefoot on the sand, unchained,
And innocent - a newborn babe,
Collecting lost hopes in seashells,
So afraid to remember a time
When only illusions could make me smile.

After the storm, I can feel
Pink clouds upon an evening sky
Painted blue, that once way gray,
Enclosing us, in your kiss.
And, the waves, with the blue serenity
Of your eyes, whisper the words I fear to speak.

And, should my words ever make you cold,
Let me paint you laughters we have known;
Should my eyes ever conceal this bliss,
Let me tell you that I need you.
And, should you feel you wish to be free,
My tears will never bind you.

Idil Ozerdem
January 24, 1977

THE DAY YOU CAME

You moved in silence
almost too deep for sound
and stood among crowds
far too many to name
and shared with kindness
that was never found
Then you heard no words spoken
and you turned
and came.

Shawney

UNTITLED

Some Body yanked the piano stool
from our Board beam descending
pulled the Persian from under our Michelin feet
and towed the Steinway away Some Body
carved up our Caddy for bicycles
planted yak and rice in our kidney pools
damn vandals cooked our Congress Books
for sandals to hand to the footloose Poor
who are always

Some Body shot up the slot machine
grabbed the secret of Coca-Cola
Kentucky Fried Colonel and ran like the dickens
Brown Sugar was in all the tanks
and gaps in the memory banks
Some Body sleeps in our Bedding Department
pulled out the lights to eat
shut up our air conditioning TV
now we do mind
no way we can stand for this heat
in silence warming with drums and with more
drums drumming dancing they're
painting the Empire State flesh pink
- some boulder has watered my drink!

But the worst of it is the majority's right
as we peer round our club in consternation
everything ours is stolen

Simon Leigh

I ASK YOU

Will you wait?
Please don't
Say you will
If you won't.
You will
If you want.
You won't
If you don't.

If you will
I will
Wait.

- Tweed

VICTORY

And now we tread the moon
then rage a thousand years
and clutch a star
one hair
in the beard of God.

- Maurice Spiro

AWAKENING

I've been alone too long.
But please don't get me wrong.
Just 'cause I put my trust in you
Don't mean your private life is through.
On the contrary,
I want your thoughts to be set free
Like mine are now -
Safe -
Between us gradually.

B.A.

APARTHEID [1976]

Black soil,
White Fence,

Black sea of tears,
White waves,

Black night.
White night.

Black fear, black rage,
White fear, white hate,

Black sweat,
White profit,

Black land,
White rule,

Black heart,
White fist

Black tears, White fears,
Land of pain and fear.

I consider;

Which aches more,
To drink from a "non-whites only" fountain,
Or to suffer hate spoken behind closed doors?

To forage the garbage heaps of Soweto,
Or to be forgotten in Afro-Asia?

To die in Soweto is only to see death's hand,
Closer than in Dacca,
Racism's ugly face,
Closer than in Toronto.

"Separate Development" of hearts and minds,
Runs deeper than segregated benches.

The Bantustan is only the Third World,
Crying to be set free.

White fences surround Earth,
Jailers keep Conscience bound,
By keeping it starved and weak.

O, Christ! How long?

- Gerry Laskey

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It's times like this
I wonder why
I even try
To live and wish
A better way;
The brighter day
I seem to miss.

My friends are gone,
And all alone
I sit and moan;
The party's done,
And memories now
Show only how
I had no fun.

That inner voice
Still says to me -
You kindly be
One of the boys;
But here me crow -
I talk as though
I had a choice.

Derwin Gowan
January 22, 1977