



Submissive

I would not call my love submissive
more a reflection of the joys I felt
at the touch of a hand
an unprompted smile
an innocent glance
a shared confidence
a bad joke
Submission is a bad word
but if it be so
then I am a slave
to these joys.

Alistair Croll



ERIKAFARÉ

Dusk

Khartoum at night
Streets elusively quiet
Everyone keeping out of sight
Wind, dust, Khamasin (sand-storm)
Thunder lightening descending
Streetboy looking for a shelter and kin
Avoiding seniors who wish to sin
Sin they call raping
Children without home or loving
They sleep cheek to cheek
Lest the seniors hear
Meekly, they dare speak
Thunder, lightning, rain
Mud, thorns more pain
Streetboy walks away
With swift jumpy sway
To contemplate suffering and pain
Mud, mud, everywhere
Jumping shaky stones based on sand
Dirty wetness leading to nowhere
Some believe it is God's judgement
Executed from the skies
Merciless God filled with excitement
Displaying wrath of despise
Godless people try to justify
To reason and rectify
Why children suffer and die.

Abdullahi Berih

