

Again the war

The war has showed up
on all corners
and spreads its disaster, its spoils
of old age, of an old war.
The war of those who want to live death
wound by wound
it has showed up without disguise
and nobody doubts its colour any longer
nobody doubts its stinking ribs:
The whore war has showed up
as always with its back towards love
and I don't know what I can do.

Ismael Samba