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Manong, Angola

Michael S. Harper

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Michael S. Harper

Manong, Angola

"This is not the way I was supposed to live."

Oil and diamonds
afloat in black markets,
Unita, the govt,
in the heart of madness,
Luanda Central Hospital,
"Domingo," I whisper.
Who has eaten dogs,
cats, rats,
grasshoppers,
is blind from hunger,
and as he rocks
in the darkness
he swats flies.

All are conscripting
fifteen year olds,
and one without anesthetic,
screams in groin shrapnel,
screams in black market places,

which is South Africa,
which is the patois
of money, for power,
our poetry of exchange
in life and death.

All is paid in dollars.

for Anani Dzidzienyo