

The Sun on this Rubble
Dennis Birtus

The sun on this rubble after rain.

Bruised though we must be
some easement we require
unarguably, though we argue against desire.

Under jackboots our bones and spirits crunch
forced into sweat-tear-sodden slush
–now glow-lipped by this sudden touch:

–sun-stripped perhaps, our bones may later sing
or spell out some malignant nemesis
Sharpvilled* to spearpoints for revenging

but now our pride-dumbed mouths are wide
in wordless supplication
–are grateful for the least relief from pain

–like the sun of this debris after rain.

*Sharpville is the name of a township in South Africa in which the local citizens were massacred after speaking out against apartheid.