

these crumbs of dustiness

yes, the old ones are gone  
lost and dead  
on these crumbs of dustiness  
we had them and we lost them  
our country  
a poor metaphor of vacant happiness

like sky-bolted souls, removed  
all at a glance, so hurried  
murmuring funny dialects  
taken beyond  
these dim enclosures

the old country sleeps  
telling us of our loss, our  
valueless profit  
yesterday we were ten, now  
we are two  
on these crumbs of dustiness.

#### POEMS BY M.M. NYEZWA



As we review our lives

here's why  
what remains of us  
but nothing  
nothing in the space that represented  
our lives  
and we mourn silently  
like pigs and donkeys sometimes  
do  
we mourn  
feeling the hate against us

here's why  
and we say 'to hell with them'  
this regime we wouldn't worship  
we would rather die.