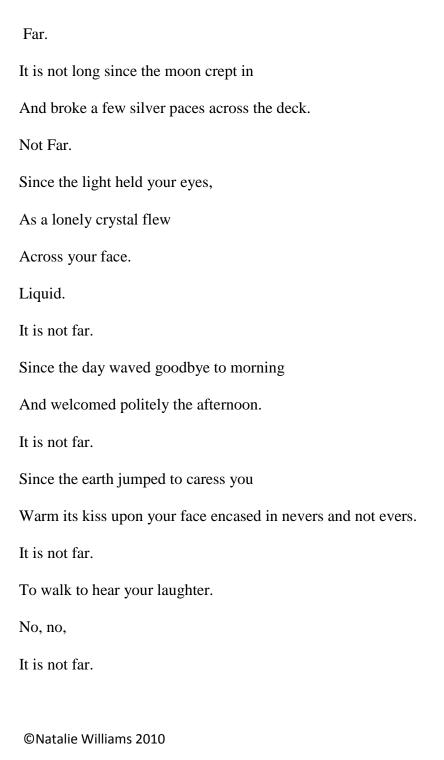
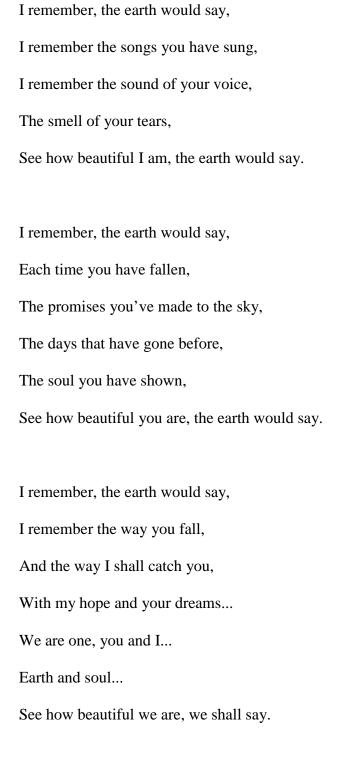
Homesick



The Earth Will Catch You



Dying Eyes

Little boy with your shiny white teeth

You are smiling

In the heat of the afternoon

Arms outstretched

But you have nothing

But your dying eyes

Your eyes say to me

"Have you seen my dying eyes?

My crying eyes,

When none shall see

They are brown and yours are blue

I speak so different to you

But you understand this thing you see

My dying eyes are your lying eyes.

Catch a Broomstick to Heaven

It's the little things, so my momma would say. Her face coloured with red African soil. In a world of lions and antelope, The grass was our game. Growing up is unfortunate, but cannot be delayed In a world where we had nothing, We had everything made. We played with our imaginations, And rode broomsticks to heaven. In my old world of youth, My cooking pot was full. But in this brave, new world, The fires are out now, the food is cold. The pots are empty, the broomsticks are broken.

Bread and Jam

The sun has cracked a golden egg across the sky.

Full and round it beats larger and larger;

Like a giant gooseberry pie.

We are picking in the garden,

Eating white bread and jam.

Our feet are dusty as we return.

Our pockets filled, our stomachs swollen,

We cannot be happier with our bread and jam.

Past Years

There was a year we had no water

No running fresh or biting cold

We bathed in tin pots

In the vanishing daylight

We watched the sun go down

There was a year we had no food

No pepper or grated cheese

We ate what we grew

With our earth coloured hands

We saw the days pass by

There was a year

We did our homework by candlelight

We cooked on a fire outdoors

Oh what a life we had

Oh what a life

Coming Home

Hear the west wind fall,

Hear how the mighty call,

As the green leaves hush me coming home.

Their embrace is wet and sweet,

In their dark shadows our eyes meet,

I am welcome here,

Where those have past,

Through melodies and lightning fast,

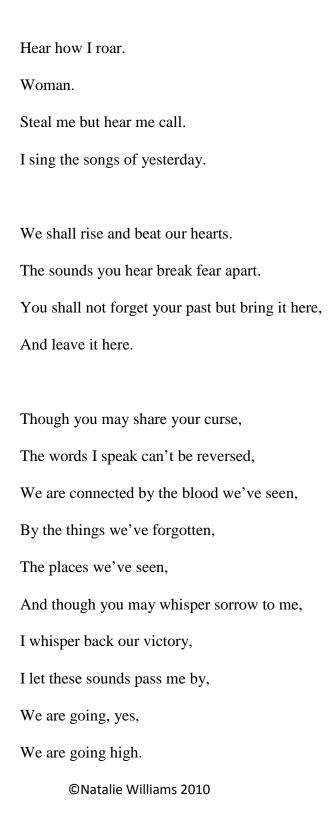
Sighing in the waters pool,

This is home and not forgotten,

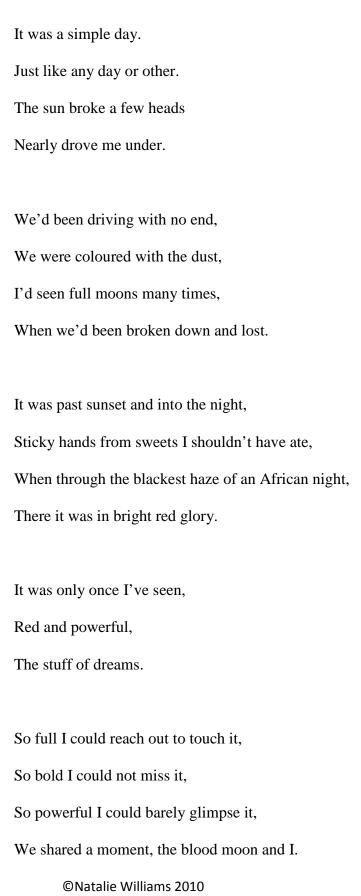
Memories brought like seeds of night.

We Are Going Higher and Higher

Dedicated to the women of W.O.Z.A Zimbabwe



Blood Moon



If I Were Home Again

If I saw you again, I'd be less afraid,

More grown-up

And less prone to whimper.

If I saw you again,
I'd let my heart rule my motions.
I'd take more breaths

And yet more sunshine.

If I saw you again,
I'd be buried in the African beat,
I'd be its quavers,
I'd be its meat.

If I were home again,
I'd be hiding in the grassy plains,
I'd enjoy the thunder rains,
I'd be living in the herd,
I'd be its spoken word.

If I were home,
I'd not run from the masks
Or the black faces I did not understand
I'd reach out my hand
To the lion's roar.

By The Waterfall

By the waterfall

Where the scent of the earth We awoke and sure we had not dreamt

Meets the sweet water The watery image was heaven sent

Hot skin in the cold We dove in and not one care or two

We swam so deep in those waters blue

It was just one afternoon

Trekking through the red clay We climbed upon the rocks so high

We suddenly stumbled upon We sneaked behind the waters lie

As if we'd climbed a stair too high

Creating shapes with our hands and feet

Through the cold shaft gushing beat by

bea

We'd reached the heavens beyond the sky

With nothing but time to pass us by

The mossy rocks kissed our feet

The water rushed as we made our laughing

retreat

There could be nothing more sweet

Than sleeping by the waterfall

And yet can it be true

I ask myself, who are you,

To have kissed the waters

Slept in the waters

Dreamt of the waters

That sunny day by the waterfall

The Scent Of Rain

You can feel the earth begin to quiver

The heavy clouds stumble and shiver

As if time falls asleep and stops

And falls to the ground in tiny drops

The smell, so fresh with promise

Here I am, says the rain,

Stop what you're doing and wait until I'm done again

Children laughing, you can't help but smile

Worries and woes are gone a while

One by one the rain hits the ground

Filling the air with a thunderous sound

You can start again it says

The rain has no pain or cares

Hope catches you unawares

Things

It's the things we don't say. The things we try to find the words for.

The things we find in each other's eyes,
The things we create for ourselves, in each other's disguise.

The things that cause us pain we cannot share, the things we seek and never find The things that take us there.

The things we never speak of, That we never dare to break, It's the things that make us, The things that take us, The things that shake us, The things we cannot name, The things that give us shame.

It's the things we never speak of,
That we know and whisper to the night
When no-ones looking
When there's no light
The things that take us by the hand
And make us understand
How far we are from letting go.

It's the things we sometimes share between,
The things we speak of once
When we look into each other's eyes
And for a moment,
Just one moment
We lose the things that hold us still
The things in our disguise.

Death In The Water

They say, you know, that you can smell it.

They say, that there is a sense of something;

The fears of those who have passed:

A warning.

They say, that you can feel they are near.

Under the murky waters

Yellow eyes that pierce the soul

When they suddenly open.

They say, you know that there is no greater fear

When, by the waters they appear

Camouflaged by warmth and light

Quick and foreboding like the night

They snatch the souls of those who wander

Dragging them and all their life to the under.