

# My scars run too deep

My father is mad  
He hasn't been a good father  
No  
He wasn't a good father

He tied my hands  
behind my back  
And flogged me until  
the pain was unbearable

I screamed out in pain  
to his deaf ears  
Yes  
my father was a soldier  
from 32 Battalion

I come from Angola  
where blood flows  
like a river in flood  
Yes  
From Cuito Cuanavale

I love my father  
I hate him  
I adore my father  
I despise him

I'm scared  
Of everything  
Of love  
Of rejection  
and of life

I am not a heartbreaker  
I love God  
I love women  
I love men  
And I love you  
But my scars run too deep.

- Beata de Sales -

# Total Embrace

Smooth, soft dunes  
hugging each other

yellow-red fine fire  
spreading from the live  
vulcano of our beings

the green of the !nara  
blossoming under the soft,  
gentle demanding caress of  
the eternal winds

shaping, changing  
under the approving eye  
of the sun and the moon

a sea of moving bodies  
recognizing each other in a  
total embrace

- Elizabeth Khaxas -

