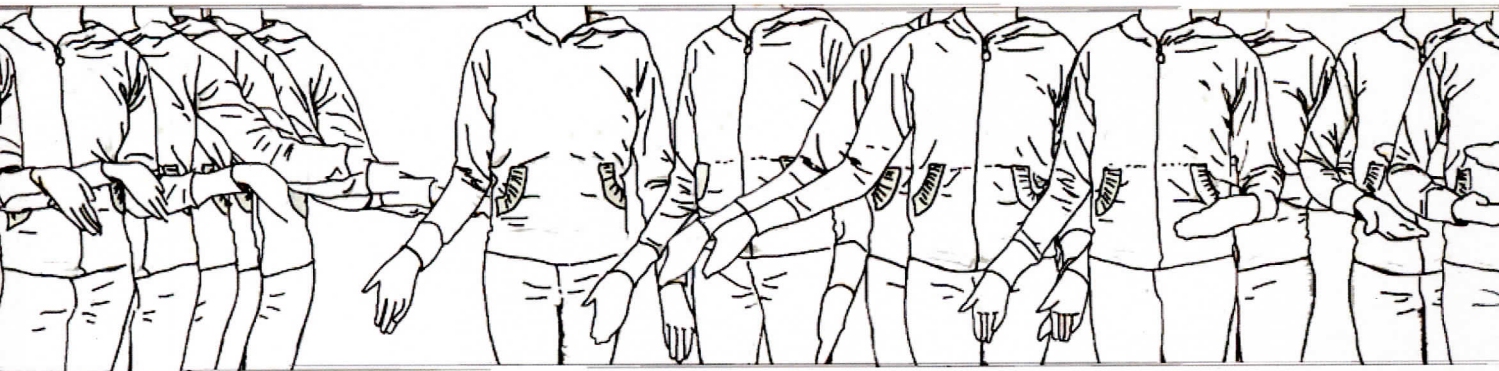


I MAKE ART



Sharlene Khan

Betty Govinden

FOR SHARLENE KHAN CONTEMPLATION

From the seashores
incarnadine
yesterday
and
yesterday
and yesterday
you are cassandra
washed in by the endless tide,
seaweed sand and matted hair
clogging your mouth
flotsam and jetsam of history

captive only of your
liberty
you are nongquase
your mouth filled with wind
rising to walk amidst the
embattled shores
deformed and mangled
your ochre breasts
heaving with terror
with desire

to mingle
on the streets
museum without walls
outstretched
bare life

bereft
luminous masks walking the streets
metamorphosis of the gods
amidst the squalor and barbarism of
poverty

tearing off the bit from your mouth
tongues of fire
playing in the half light
drawing the black blood
of black souls
fingering on the sand
plantation stories
scattered cries
insurgent
under the pitiless noonday sun

yesterday
and
yesterday
and
yesterday
today
and
today
and
today
to the last syllable of recorded time

warrior princess
unacknowledged legislator of the world
oracle of our time
prophetess
seer
searing with rage
for the hungry
walking the pavements
for truths
mirrored
and etched
in lines of agony
agonistic

over arctic icescapes
primordial forests
you are
ariadne's thread
intertwining the ancient atlantic
and
the streets of egoli
where the moon waxes red
and you refuse the totems of sacrifice
silence
fluttering in the breeze

yesterday
and
yesterday
and
yesterday
today
and
today
and
today
to the last syllable of recorded time
lifting the orphans
from the shackles of identity
to the promise of transcendence
above the dusty streets of time
your eyes are watching god
goddesses
as you command the double sun
to stand still...