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Poetry

Salwa Baarma

I

The day's deed is done
the routes to home all merge
and it is one
of sticks and grass
and a tobacco pipe.
Thrones in skin
of a leopard's skin.

II

Night come to cover all my wounds
night come and have a share of my tears
and my soul

Let me drift into the seven circles
and hear what the wolves howl
into the reddened earth.
May I see what the dogs see
under the curtains of the
NIGHT.

III

Within the fold of her skirt
she carried
the healing spirits
and the spells
of the rain.