

OLOF PALME

We all need heart-sugery today

The same fluid-acrid sensation
Burns even the slabs with anguish

Even those soles tried in other climes weep

Old men let tears stream unabashedly

The underground is gripped sullen

Where winged death scouts unmuted souls

To gag

Mapping its grim geography

Over each face each heart scratChed raw ,

All these eyes blue green brown hazel

All dressed in this bloodâ\200\224shot uniform

The underground of commerce can cry

The industrial traffic of humans will cry

Unashamedly

As it does in this city,

As it may in the place of blood

Which is our old well worn world with its streets of pity

.Seeing one man who held in the palms of his hands the palm of peace

And the round worldâ\200\231s growing dream, seeing

Such a man die.

Lindiwe Mabuza

March 1986

{Tags i-\202aw Â§ PM}

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OLOF PALME

When mind and heart
Threaten to split
From invasions of new sensations
And you hunger for simple air
Then some foreign body
Forges its way up the narrow pipe, forces itself
In search of instant exits
Almost breaking the nerve

-

I see how solid stone rockets from bases of houses
Whirrs through the air, bullets, whizzes,
Shatters the skull or enters the heart - and the sky is empty
Which we know to be somehow as instinct to our blood
And the social body like phlegm, like bile

When awake we all dream waking up new
The mind a black page
Or at least with visions
Of bicycle rides in Gotland
Or simple delights
Like berryâ\200\224stained hands
In the lushness of VÃ©stra Skogen
Where the azure sky peeps hypnotically
Through the freshness of evergreens
But you wake up
Pinch your skin for contact
Begging for a pronouncement
Saying this fantasyâ\200\231s stench
Was cooked-up and slowly simmered
In some mad magicianâ\200\231s trick-chamber

Even then yet we wake up to the jarring sounds
Where the ordinary and familiar
Sneer and jeer from the house of pain
And the hell of wicked silence
But the tape squeaks madly
Battling dreams to command tomorrow in
When this swelling will have mended a bit
If we can telescope beyond
This funereal smoke
That wants to devastate
That says
The forest of love is entirely wintered, forever... deserted

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VI

OLOF PALME

No one wants to be alone

Not from fear of the murderer still at large

Neither that of cowards

Nor death's roving massiveness

But from emptying pain so Sharp

Yet simultaneously numb

So faceless though it stares all squarely

Behind that silent veil

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Thus we hanker for friends or

Heart surgeons to hack Out the troubled spot

If there's still some unscathed centimeter

Lindiwe Mabuza

March 1986

IV

AOLOF PALME

When one ugly pawn reached high

The other opening wide its hidden breast'

Housing utter pitch

It drew closer

.

Its fangs-spitting cruel laughter

Then crunched the bulb

But this song also says

An arm reaches out a hand holds steady

One end of the gun, its throat and its heart are one

A bullet of death that reaches out and

The report is heard in a dynamite sound in the

Breathless air

The light is out: the flower of futures

Slaughtered

,

As if hottest equator suddenly

_Envied Swedenâ\200\231s coming spring

Sped its fiercest arson-squad

Scorched earth olive and dove antediluvian

As if the Baltic sluiceways burst asunder

Annulling every blade

Silt saturating every patch

Swallowing up what a billion Battleship Vasas couldnâ\200\231t

As if the iceage stalked every street

Glaciers glut seas

And when the blue heavens

Kindly sped rescue shafts

Tar and soot settled over seagull egg and seed

The throats of the wind syncopated

One deafening dirge

That reverberated over petrified lakes rivers and fountains

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III

OLOF PALME

Mark this sore spot

Where humble spring poured out

A profusion of rare gems

Now red roses sprout everyday

And tongues of fire rebuke death

Across the world

Strangers and country folk alike

_Drink sustenance from this grail

For meandering routes across

Those fields to harvest enriched by life-giving gold-buds

In the brilliance of deeds

As all colours in all loving nations

Though limp

Tie interlaced concords

For John Brown's soul goes marching on

Hand in hand with Joe Hill

Who never died from any bullet:

No narrow hole can contain

Nor magnificent tombstone arrest

Just giants born February 28, 1986

Launched eternally

In one colourblind heart

As vast as motherworld

As they grow aloft

In the desertlife green shading blades of leaves of palms

Lindiwe Mabuza

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Yet there is deliverance
Redemption in our common endurance
We are all stripped naked
Like deadly innocence
Thus we are not afraid
To walk these streets
Because our nakedness is so lustless, familiar, a lustre
Almost completely altruistic~
Because especially during screaming silences
It bundles us tight this Strange blanket
So preciously vulnerable
As it protects

,
Our mean skin reaches out, protects our human
Being, pours out our passion, our pathos, our charity and
It contracts:

We are all smeared in the mud of his death
So we want to savour and save
The rich ingredients
That make martyrs everlasting
While time Hlumsthe sharp angles
In these passionate designs
Produced in antiâ\200\224 people board--rOoms

We have discovered those plans

We must recover the pines the-cones and the berries
In passionate peace.

Lindiwe Mabuza
March 1986

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Sometimes when one man iÃ© killed a whole

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â\200\230 World of being and becoming is seen to be aborted

LINDIWE MABUZA

March 1986

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