

## 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 berry-stained hands

In the lushness of Vastra 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 fantasy's stench

Was cooked-up and slowly simmered

In some mad magician's 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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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 Hunts the sharp angles

In these passionate designs

Produced in anti-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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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 1 imp

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 desert life green shading blades of leaves of palms

Lindiwe Mabuza

March 1986

#### IV

#### OLOF 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 Sweden's 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 couldn't

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

Sometimes when one man is killed a whole

World of being and becoming is seen to be aborted

LINDIWE MABUZA

March 1986

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V

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 blood-shot 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 world's growing dream, seeing

Such a man die.

Lindiwe Mabuza

March 1986



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

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