

Sudanese Lips

The Taxpayers

My daughter, my son, with your HIV blood, and your tar-
blackened lungs inside
Send up a prayer from your thick, fleshy tongues to above
Heaven be willing, and devils be slow, either take both my chil-
dren away from me or
Fatten my stomach off the blood of the working, and the blood of
the hopelessly poor

Away from me, always go far from me
Away from me, quickly go far from me

Fictional flies upon Sudanese lips: Subterfuge
Separate marrow that spins round within centrifuges

My son and my daughter, you are cannon fodder for the instituti-
on stronger than you
Send out a warcry, be brave before you die, and sink when the wa-
ter drowns you
My daughter, my son, with your HIV blood, and your eyesight and
hearing abused
Fatten my pockets, I will make you iconic, and once you're fine
, always confused

Away from me, always go far from me
Away from me, quickly go far from me

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Separate marrow that spins round within centrifuges