Tell me my father
The son pondered:
Must it be us that must die every day
Like house rats poisoned at will to die
Yesterday the youngest brother joined
Today my last has been rooted
Not too long
My mother went the same way
Must there be no peace in Namibia
The land of my blood
Must there be no peace
When you do not want war
War wants you
When you want peace
Peace rejects you
When you want war
Your wings are punctured.

As the cold wind drives through boisterously
Through the still night in Namibia
The pregnant wind
Comes in quick succession
Delivering her hot child of terror at our homestead
At dawn
The sun refusing to come from its sheath
As darkness swallows light at dawn.

The wind comes through
Tearing the leaves on trees
Yet the tree
Upon which hang bones of animals
And Reagan folk towers unbending
As many lying underneath in heaps
Awaiting happily to join ancestors
Through mass graves.

We do not know when the sleep is safest
Whether when the sun shines most
Or when the wind stands still
Or when darkness has overcome us
Or when we lie spirited to join our ancestors.
The calm harmattan wind at dawn
A pleasure to others, pesters our generation
As it blows it cannot blow all of us
If it persists
It must be made to change its course
Today the wind preys on us at will
In our intricate problems at dawn
But the very near tomorrow
The story would be different
The trees would have grown to curb the wind.