

1984: The starving Artist - Violet Makomborero

there is a fasting of truth, a starving of words
a parched parchment in the throat of the pages
there is a grumbling of hunger in
boney writers
refusing to fatten on fable, gossip or false promises
they no longer lick their fingers with the thoughts of delusions

but
sleep evaded, always wake at exactly 3 a.m.
bothered, disturbingly bothered
by their dreams that cannot be explained
scorers and magicians cannot grasp, the
depth
of their longing, the urgency to speak
of things even the wise cannot comprehend.

there is a beckoning, an unction
bushes of fire burns earnestly within the heart
something...
something-
something will not let go.
this anger is insatiable
wrath cannot be expressed through simple actions or words,
but fervently, furiously, violently
in other tongues

ink abounds, but who will go for us?

are You hungry? Then write.