

Morning Star

Peter Wasamba

Harbinger

Daughter of dawn

Tender rays of humanism

A balm to sin-soared souls

Changeless

Hallowed citadel

Empty rhetoric venomously puked you scorn

Bunker of truth we brood-like under your cover

Pacifier

The desire of ages

Tribulations, lacerating vicissitudes

At your visitation take wings.

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