

“Which Part of this World?”

Which part of this world is mine?
Which part of this political mosaic
Splintered into colour creed and clan
Belongs to me?
No I have no kingdom no empire no country
Just the bit of ground
I can occupy at a time
The air I breath and share
A bed when I have one
Or a prison cell floor
A life before it is snatched

INNOCENT BANDA