

Novembre "The White Eyed"

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Naÿfÿve blind eyes
Childish white eyes
The good
Child of the evil

The mother came to her daughter
Giving her a bit of herself
A bit of her madness
A bit of her blackness

How many were we in the beginning
And how many left
How many of us are still dying in you?

And now the sunÿÿagain. Oh Sun
Give us dust
Starvation
Give us sweat
Tears

But kneeling, genuflected
We silently pray to you
To free her from her black mother

Seagulls eat the eyes of the people
Seagulls eat the eyes of the dead sailors
You have taught us
You have eaten my eyes mum

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