



4-2008

Bodies without Borders

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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.13023/disclosure.17.05>

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Recommended Citation

Broe, Mary Lynn (2008) "Bodies without Borders," *disClosure: A Journal of Social Theory*. Vol. 17 , Article 5.

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.13023/disclosure.17.05>

Available at: <https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure/vol17/iss1/5>

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Miranda Rira

Spring of Kosovo

The almond tree has blossomed again
the perennial grass once burned, has turned fully green
smells so good the taste of freedom.

It is spring time, and the Spring hasn't come yet
What sparkles in your face more and more,
Is that you are full of doves and glory.

Be still my land, be still
I know you are strong
Suffering and grief has made you stronger
I know history has mistreated you
your cradle and home were burned
nothing was left but smoke and tears

you were displaced from your home
and guns and roses was the song of
the owls day and night.

The Spring is close,
you can see and even touch it
it smells so good the taste of freedom.

The almond tree has blossomed
Be still my soul, be still
the Spring is at the door.

Mary Lynn Broe

Bodies without Borders

The politics of naming
bodies without borders
victim and victor
trade places
where yesterday's casualties
become today's perpetrators

Arsenals of rhetoric
a morality tale of
Arab and African
blacks in the Zaghawa,
Messaliet, Fur tribes,
Janjawiid, nomadic Beja,
unraveling
pornographies of violence

Footprints of poverty
scrub-arid land
and the never diminishing
resource
of hatred.
Stares become flesh,
Words become wounds

Deafening silence.