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## Bodies without Borders

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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.