

## **The Politicians' Stomachs**

by Scholastica Moraa

The politicians' stomachs are empty.

Not empty in the way mine and yours are.

But empty in an extra way.

The kind of emptiness that never gets full.

They eat five course meals

And down them with bottles of beer

But their stomachs are still empty.

They want more. More lands. More money. More favours.

The politicians in our land are hungry.

But not hungry in the way you and I are.

They come to our famine stricken land

With tokens of relief food. They say they understand.

But you know what? Maybe they do. They understand.

They understand hunger. The kind of emptiness that craves something

With the balls of fat jiggling on their necks and bellies,

They are still hungry.

So they feed on money meant for roads

They feed on money meant for our children's education

They feed on refugee funds

They feed on money meant for hospital drugs.

The politicians in our land are hungry

You can see it in their eyes

They sit in boardrooms and calculate

The price of their hunger versus the common man's hunger

The politicians in our land have been feeding

Five years now. Five years from now.

Their stomachs will grow bigger. The cellulite on their legs will keep bouncing.

But don't for a moment assume, that their stomachs will be full

## **The Men in Kalabaa**

by Scholastica Moraa

The men in Kalabaa have forgotten how to love their women

You can see it. You can see it in the women's eyes

Tired and haggard, they look

Their backs bent double

From carrying their husbands' weight

The men in Kalabaa wake up late

Long after the sun has risen and moved from the East

They yawn and stretch their lazy bones

Then they demand food.

They sit on their torn sofas and increase the volume on the radio.

The men in Kalabaa can be found by the roadside

Gossiping like old wives and chewing muguka

They go back home empty handed

And start shouting from the gate

They know shouting first will shut their women up.

The women in Kalabaa have crooked backs

That is what happens when you carry dead weight too long

For that is what their husbands have become.

They trudge along, drawing pitiful looks

Ooh... What happened to the men in Kalabaa?

Their children look at them with dead eyes

They are fathers. But just on paper.

They drink and they sleep. Oh, how they drink.

They cheat, and they beat.

The men in Kalabaa have forgotten how to love their women.