

Hands

Black hands
Brown hands
Yellow hands
White hands
Shadows of hands
Colors of women's hands
Speak of tales
That words can't tell.

Red loving hands
Orange peaceful hands
Green nurturing hands
Blue serene hands
Indigo dignified hands
Violet reflective hands
Colors of the rainbow
Promise a bright tomorrow.

War is Over

Tell me, Uncle Sam
Why do you create wars
Which cut bodies in Kosovo
And make people kill each other
Justified war for bread
While your women and children
Embraced by their fathers and brothers
Scream their hearts and lungs out
In roller coaster rides in Disneyland?

I just found out, here in America
War is on the table
Ultimate goal is to finish them all:
Burgers, bacon, fries, chocolates,
Shakes, pies, floats, freezies
If one can't beat them, just throw them
Garbage bins always full
Cues in public comfort rooms
Fat American rats clear the war.

Back in my village, Women and children Starve in their sleep War is on the table Cold hands, warm hands
Trembling hands, fists clenched
Tired hands, playful hands
Hurting hands, wounds healed
Caloused hands, caring hands
Life-enhancing hands
Women's common language
Hearts alone can tell.

Holding hands, nourishing hands Sorting hands, discreet hands Generous hands, enabling hands Lazy hands, relaxing hands Creative hands, dreaming hands Praying hands, soulful hands Weavers of human tapestry All women's hands.

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There's no food to eat People share their food No matter how small Women sacrifice So children won't die.

Kosovo in my mind
Men's war is over
Burgers, bacon, shakes...
Peace reigns in the air
Human bodies no longer starve
There are no more cries
Tell me, Uncle Sam
Where're your guests?
Ravens feast on human corpses
Food has ceased to be the problem.

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