



## ***Spoiled Children***

by Kaleo Sansaa



I have no intend in letting you go  
I have your spirit, I love your spirit  
Time has come and gone  
Your essence has come to dawn upon me  
And I love the conspiracy  
When we rejoice together  
Because we have gained some strength  
Because we have rejuvenated our spirits  
Because we have calmed down our ancestors  
Because we have memories of our first rainy seasons  
Memories of when we had all the reasons to be joyous  
When we lived just across the graveyard  
Not because we were cynical  
But because we were brave enough to challenge the silence of the bushes  
Behind which each ancestor hid from us  
Because we were brave enough to keep our composure  
When love abundantly spread in secret forests of trust  
Because we were brave enough to be children

We traded our white Barbie dolls  
For handmade babies  
Made of precious soil, mud  
Precious earth helped us mould abstract versions of our past bodies  
Our imagined bodies  
Our imagined boundaries  
It's the rain that softened our material – brown soil  
It's the rain that showed us how to perfectly mimic our skins, our textures,  
Our madness and our love for each other

Today in this 21<sup>st</sup>-century drought  
You do not respond anymore when I ask you  
To make me a baby made  
Out of mud  
I can't resist asking:

“Is it because your body is abstract again –  
And you no longer need moulded sculptures to remind you of your past?  
Is it because just like abandoned ancestor hiding behind the bush  
You too feel like an outcast?  
Like a contrast to the living world?  
Is it because when I look at you-  
You are steady and no longer flexible,  
No longer enchanted are your eyes  
No longer in expectation of our season-  
The rainy season?”

What if I told you that yes we have transformed  
Yes it has been a century  
And yes it took a drought to refresh our memories  
And it's no surprise we can't handle the melancholy  
In our hearts

In this diasporic dystopia  
Who is to say? Who is to blame?  
Who is to mould even one single body –  
Abstract or factual?

Divinity has left us  
Even though water is abundant now in every season  
Why is that we lecture and never leave our houses blind?

Where's the future hidden if not in the raindrops?  
Tell me honestly  
When was the last time you witnessed rain  
Not as a weather, not as a mood of the sky  
But as a season?  
As a statement of the gods  
As long period of ancestral whispers  
As a congregation, a gathering of the elders  
Spreading and speaking their knowledge all at the same time  
Just like the raindrops – making sounds like a symphony

Chaotic and full of wisdom and yet cold and silent in their being

When was the last time you lived across the graveyard  
Because you were brave enough to contrast death  
Brave enough to be a child  
Brave enough to be an artist  
Brave enough to be an ancient whisper  
Brave enough to be a raindrop  
Brave enough to compete with the rainbow  
Brave enough to borrow more time  
Time needed for the games you missed out on while you were moulding yourself  
Using tender soil, violent creativity, unforgettable toys  
Inexplicable void, holy noise

When did you expect to meet your maker  
When you are the same one creator that moulded herself –  
Abstract and factual

What to make if not love?  
What to trust if not sound?  
Who to blame if not mother?  
What to eat if not soil?  
What to know if not spoil from mother?

Spoiled by the gods with a never-ending story  
They call it a 'childhood in the rainy season'  
I call it the playground of married seasons  
The Playground on which galaxies propose to each other and love each other  
Where foreign galaxies trade eternity for a short season on earth  
To live as sculptures made of mud, soil, softened earth

My past? – It was once ground  
My past? – I was once ground  
The ground you stepped on to elevate yourself from your past  
Because you and your past? – You were once ground  
We were once ground-ed  
Until we were softened  
Softened by patient drops of rain, drops of pain  
Softened until soft enough to be moulded into babies – mud babies

Have you ever forgiven yourself for living – diasporic dystopia?  
For leaving – diasporic dystopia ?  
Have you ever let me live?  
Freely, free of your guilt – diasporic me?  
Have you ever trusted the German weather – diasporic mimicry?  
Have you ever worn your Sunday school dress again – diasporic dysmorphia?  
Have you ever trusted me again?  
Has it ever since stopped raining from your eyes?  
Such heavy rains, such tender flows as though to make up for your lost season

I'm here to tell you – diasporic future:

There's hope – even for your soul – lost and found in these words  
In these words you can be saved, you can be redeemed:  
Just put on your Sunday school dress and dance while you  
Make it rain from your eyes  
Don't call it crying though  
It's the whispers of the ancestors, remember them?  
The congregation and gathering of your elders?  
Transform your face into a village  
Your reflection in the mirror into the graveyard  
And be brave enough to live across your graveyard  
Be brave enough to contrast the death in your reflection

If your Sunday school dress doesn't fit any more  
Be bold enough to remould your body,  
Your imagined boundaries