

SHITSUGANE OLEMO

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## The Courtyard

The courtyard is alive,  
With the spit of angry, bullets,  
And baked hard,  
By the scorching sun.  
Clouds of smoke drift in,  
In patches and,  
Are collected by moans,  
That become tiny whirlwinds,  
Which tug at the dog tags,  
On dead men's chests.

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**SHITSUGANE OLEMBO** is part of the New Poetry coming from the Literary Collective, *Kwani* <<http://kwani.org>> in Kenya. Shitsugane holds a B.Sc. Pharm/MFA Film, and can be found at <<http://kolembo.wordpress.com>>