



MESSAGE FROM THE GALLOWS


(By D.M. Moisi)

In the hoary a mystery doth lie
Mist-enveloped from the public eye
The muffled bell-bouys toll rolls unheard
Till death's noontide
Comes by the heroes' side

In the desolate death dungeon
Whose walls last for no aeon,
Oft by wholesale horror found,
Corridors echoe a plaintive sound
That meanders in murky maze

Hymns in ebbs and flows under the rooftrapped
STAAN OP daily bowled
To daunt the gaunt faces
From death only a few paces.

DON'T LET THEM HANG.



The dungeoned eye thirsts for horizons wide
To drink but a drop from the springs of nature,
On the loft of the cell
The glare of the glowing globe
throws its fierce gaze,
In the earshot of the globe
the teargas-hole lid
Its lonely look lowers,
High on the windows gauzes
Dusty gossamers hanging loose
Like a hangman's dangling noose

Let my heart soon cease its beat
Than die the inner death of waiting,
To behold the bloody blindfolds,
With neck abraisions daily washed,
To hearken the mind-preying cries
of women bidding their last valediction
Nor let my weary ear to the clattering clanks
of the keys and booming bangs of the gates,
That peter out in the distant maze,
Blood-stained hands melt in the weeds-wearing haze
Later parents should pay to save the corpse
a sordid pauper-grave.

Give them Freedom For Life!!

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