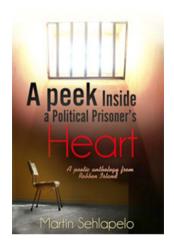
SEPARATION BY MARTIN SEHLAPELO



A terrible separation, in distance. In proximity, a separation too. Prison's most wicked ways are the horrible denials to touch and express love to those loved. Another prey of the notch system



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I became: all prisoners are, though, in different ways. For one day I was lucky but remained unhappy. A fault of fate gave the moment. And for the moment we were free, to kiss. and our hands. could touch. Yet in our freedom we were not free, disbelieving the senses and fearing the unknown swallowed the moment. Dirty partitioning glass between us again. From my lips I sucked dreams her eyes conveyed wishes that never become, in separation. 'though separated love's wonderful days never end in our thoughts

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE



MARTIN SEHLAPELO spent five years on Robben Island Prison after being found guilty of terrorism. Currently he is the Group Chief Information Officer at Transnet. He is also reading for a doctorate in Information Science at the University of South Africa.