

HEAVENLY ANSWERS

I sit alone in the park
just as I've been doing always,
not knowing what will befall my little stay,
my hope, aspirations and dreams
almost lost because of the rain.
"Why are you staring at my first" asked the beggar,
"Do you even have a face" replied the woman,
I move into myself trying to understand what
we are turning into.
the shining darkness, the faceless beggar and the rain
rings at my feet, warning me of their presence.
how could I stop this ran from falling?
nobody looking at me could see it.
To understand,
I stood up to admire the flying butterfly,
the whispering voice of the cricket
and the unchanging atmosphere surrounding me.

Still ringing, my mind begs for heavenly answers,
too many, yet too few,
always smiling, yet sorrowful,
wanting to live yet dying,
then I ask,
what is the secret of living?

Held in the grips of the magic,
passion flows out of my heart
like the cock dancing for the hen,
from slow motion to random motion,
from down to the top,
like a plane heading no where,
Then I ask,
what is the secret of living?

Stopping now is a sign of weakness,
then I heard a fainting sound
"What do you want?" echoed the woman,
"Food, don't you understand" replied the beggar,
a little while they both smile,
then he march to the next victim,
which was me

Udoekene Abel