

The Unwritten Poem

***I woke up this morning and
I had no faith in Language:***
*My voice yearned to say,
"I love you, Rebecca"
and my hands itched to carve out
a name for us on a tree. . .
but all I could hear were
sighs and sobs from my Soul.*

*The world longed to hear me sing of
the joys and blessings,
but all I could do was brood and
pine away unconsolated.*

***I woke up this morning and
I had no faith in Music:***
*The birds were fervent in
their operatic chirpings,
but all I could hear were
Angels crying and the skies howling.*

*Even the best of Don Williams
played like lyrics from the heart,
but all I could feel was
my heart's strings twanging in discord.*

***I woke up this morning and
I had no faith in Light:***
*The sun was beaming bright to
herald a golden day,
but all I could see was a void
and a blackness that overwhelms.*

*If I may live thirty and
a hundred years more on earth,
my first act of worship at dawn
every morn of those years would be
to behold that promising light in your eyes,
but now, even that promise is
being extinguished before sunrise.*

***I woke up this morning and
I had no faith in Faith:***
*For all I could do was
recoil in horror at the thought of
being faithful to anyone but you.*

*And what is faithful love, if all
they can do is stifle ours on the grounds of
cultus disparitas or "differences in faith"?
What and where is their faith,
if the only way they know how to
express it is through "us versus them"?*

***I woke up this morning and
I had no faith in Life:***
*For all I can feel is
eternity departing from me at dawn;*

*For all I can feel is
the dying pulse of our love being murdered;*

*For all I can feel is
the tragedy of love aborted and
left bleeding, unkilld, undead, unlived.*

No thanks to them overlords who won't let us be.

Then I try to sleep tonight but

I have no faith in Dreams:

*For like the Unwritten Poem,
all of what we shared can never be
whispered to you before I sleep;*

*nor can any of it be felt along the
corridors of the heart before I dream;
nor can any of it be lived in several lifetimes;
nor can any of it be recited by the
Angels when it is time to
mingle us with the gods. . .*

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