

When will it come to an end?

Infectious society,
Polluted culture,
Inexorably pervades the air.
Alas! No-one is spared.

I am an addict,
I can't quit the habit.
Competitive that I have become,
I have fans to please,
Quid pro quo!
In return for theirs.

For most of the days,
All I do is practice.
In the hope of winning a race,
Grab the headline, get noticed.

Amazing things I have done,
I have no limbs and yet I run.

I engage in a close combat,
Display dazzling acrobat,
Without the aid of hands.
Serving my demands,
I no longer command.

I soar high up the sky,
Gliding like a falcon: I fly,
Simply nature to defy.
Explosives have claimed the eyes,
The sight has gone dry,

But I know, to you I won't lie.
All these that I try is a far cry,
To stave off the silent pain,
That racks my brain.

I too am an addict,
I have an insatiable habit,
All I do is write,
Day and night,
Keep the status quo!
Rather than fight,
Put matters right,
And end the plight.

Oh, help us God,
When will this added burden
Come to an end.

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23/03/2007

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The views reflected in the above poem are solely of the author and are not necessarily shared by Meskot. This poem has previously appeared on Poems on Walk. You may contact Haileselassie Girmay for comments at haileselassie@blueyonder.co.uk.