

To Inspiration

You must, against thunderstorm,
Run through the bushes of anxiety and quarrel;
With white wings,
Cross the aging knees of lying beggars;
Above flaming multitude,
Pull apart the loincloths of fig leaves;
By the steadfast look at first sight,
Come alone,
Cry a Name,
Stay under my waiting umbrella,
As patient as pendulum,
As elated as a newborn.

Spider

--- Soul, stay alert and respect life

Despair is a spider, hoar,
Lurking in the soul, and
Weaving a palm-size net.
Simply, take its time.

The dexterous long legs,
The fast spinning mouth,
What a pair, for
A project of silence and perseverance.

The creature reckons,
When the gravest moment strikes,
The soul will huddle up and bend low,
“Ask protection of me,
Implore for a crumb.
For time has tiptoed,
And shrouded the soul.”