

Blinded by the Light

Take a pencil with which you write on a blank sheet of paper

Take a human being born sometime and somewhere

Living is leaving behind a string of memories-- is to dare

To become text with meaning, turn our being into letter

Each one of us was born, to write, to scribble, to draw

To be held by the hand of time and leave behind

Squiggles which will be read by time and time alone

Which meanings will have us shavings before we understand

Take this worn out stub of a pencil with lead for soul

Made many mistakes and erased them till it became dull

Was sharpened so many times, till a new was bought

Replaced, it was left at the bottom of an old drawer

With the new one, new thoughts came forward, they were formed

A poem rose, a sonnet surged, a sea of words gushed forth

Some poet became wrecked in waves of pure thought

Before you know it, he took the page, and tore it.

He took the pencil, broke it, threw it on the floor

There was a long silence and after the long silence, his sobbing

The sun outside shone as it always shone

He looked at it intently a long, long time till all around everything

turned dark

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