

SHADOW OF GUILT

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Awsh, I'm not bothering my little head about that business no more
In the past, I felt sorry for myself for being so far behind the times
Amy was full of risky ideas
Bobby always had news about some business venture
Caddy's business was an extraordinary one.

My heart was beating finely sore when we set forth in the chilly night upon a daring undertaking
Where people very far away, down in the west make preposterous sums of money
We bred darkness and reaped men of fine gold
We swallowed whitish rounded-oval dappings to raise dollars
We made twenty thousand dollars a year and barely had to work for it
Though I had never worked steadily at my other job
I saw in such a business something precarious, unusual, glamorous and ghostly.

Sitting in my favourite chair inside our living room
I remembered just a few things revealed after that perilous adventure
Amy got nabbed
Cobby got shot
I got stuck!
The deep, deep, layered clutter of darkness swallowed me
And I rolled up myself in a corner
The paired darkness coloured me in pains.

I dragged my feet into darkness too deep to clear away
I teethed through pain ungardened.
The pain slides in and out of me
Marching rhythmically like soldiers in parade
Haunting me with unsteady progression that tricks my thoughts.

The march of life has brought upon me a new change
I have abandoned everything to catch life slowly on my little farm
Ignoring such a wealth of wreckage that snaps away happiness and life so easily
An unsteady life
A deadly adventure
A life of nowhere!

Now, I drink life slowly with ease to seek freedom from living wisely
Freedom from worry—the only pension of leisure.
An end to slacken the tension in my soul—a cloned discomfort.

Alas, Alas, Alas!
Alas, Alas, Alas!
What decades could not fulfil lies in me deep
Clouded in hope and dreams, I fare through a vague longing
Half clouded in wishes, roses of thoughts fall in radiant faith
In dark sorrow, I delved into the creator's law arranging my days with covered eyes
My deepening shades of thoughts held me in delirium
Leaving my body bruised hurt, a mere child without help.

On the street, labour blossomed into money to pleasure my soul
I dreamed life but had no shade of beauty, taste nor fashion
In desperate passion, I sang my songs of loneliness in passing ears
Echoing my lonely life without *mama* and *papa*, *sister* and *brother*.
The saddest moments on the streets sank deep with passers-by casting a cold eye on me
In me, no one saw the dusk faithfully rising in beauty to expose the whiteness of my heart.

My grief turned inward leaving me helpless and lost.
I dreamed and dreamed till I ceased to dream.
The hustling crowd of white and black never ceased to wonder
Bigger and bigger, they grew in number
Smaller and smaller, I became behind their rough backs
I was forced by fate to choose my choice.

Years rolled by, months crawled perfecting my life in loneliness and want
Raging in mute silence, perfection embraced me in joyful ecstasy
Eleven brought the luck that curled me up in brightness that I firmly grasped with my life
On the hospital bed, I felt joy at my pain after the car accident that left me flat on the roadside.

A faint voice whispered in my little ears—"I will take you home! You need a nice home!"
The faint murmur snowed chills into me blowing wind of joy without trace of air.
Slowly, my eyelids opened gazing into beautiful faces that dazzled with Angel's smile.
Winged with awe, I drifted into a peaceful sleep murmuring my silent praise to my Creator.

The paired darkness disappeared leaving strong shades of white and gold
My new home smelled of riches, love, kindness and peace
I smiled often walking with butterflies in the beautiful garden.
I grew older searching for the child in me on the street.
I gave them new songs to sweep away the woes that once crippled my childhood.
This had been the dream I vowed to nurture forever
And this dream, my inner strength must spread to scent the airy surface.