

CARDBOARD BOXES

When the sky burns with electric lights
over great cities,
and the river of night-life flows,
far removed from the revelry and laughter
under bridges and in porches, the ground
becomes covered in torn cardboard boxes.

All are travellers along the same path.
All have felt the warmth of a mother.
Now they have neither home nor hope;
only the clink of empty bottles
and the desolate feeling of being crushed
under a sky filled with cold stars.

My mind fills up with a weak, confused light;
there is no longer harmony inside me.
My soul is bathed in the stars' glow
and seeks out the poor with a morsel of bread,
spoon and dish of hot soup, such as
my grandmother would leave out on her doorstep.

In my house are neither windows nor door;
light and shade interweave in my heart.
With light my eyes could see the outside;
in my darkness I learned to see deep inside.
My soul gives strength and breath to my words;
the voice of the poet speaks now from within.

Coventry, Winter 2012