

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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