



Who are You?



They bumped onto each other
In many ways
And on more occasions than a figure
Can possibly tell to impact matters.

And yet they showed neither inner feelings
Nor concern for the wellbeing of the other.

However, like a spy,
And they are, if you like, spies,
Surreptitiously and overtly shy.

And true to character
In the not unfamiliar narrow corridor,
During their regular but brief encounters -
They felt duty bound
To busily assess
The qualities each one possess -
That Chthonic persona, which lent access
For them to lead a dual life in disguise.

This time round, however,
They dropped their guards -
A breach of golden rule of defense -
And gave in to emotional feelings of stress,
Hitherto kept wrapped tight with wires
and well hidden behind the fence -

For they too are made of blood and flesh,
Unable to keep at bay irresistible earthly desires.

One of them felt the need
Before it gets too late
To shack up with and tie the knot,
An opportunity he thought
All his life he had been denied a lot.

Feeling amorous
Wasted time invoking remorse
The rival spies began to espy,
Not on matters under the sky-
A spy radar registers high -
But about personal needs,
Here and neigh.

Oxymoron, this new attraction,
It kept one effusively smiling in abundant supply
While the other tendentiously to cry,
Disguising no matter however hard he tries.

Come to think, as they ponder and reflect,
They felt they knew each other,
Way back, beyond the superficial encounters,
Along a genealogical trait ,
Though could not be evidently found,
That they could have descended from a common
ground.

Although one was less sure
Than the other
For he showed less indulgence
in dalliance.
Nonetheless, he was extremely flattered

By the opulence of love offer
In his requital, however, he begged to differ.

This said, he nearly got wooed,
Had it not been for the other
Barefaced outré character.
He lives in time borrowed
Since the age of the pharaohs
Somatic looks covered with furrows
From head to the toes.

As it was obvious their outer semblance
Dissimulate their genetic trait –
One stood for being a wood
The other of good veins with running blood.

Nonetheless this instinct
Recognition,
Wrapped with myth
That from birth
The same cutaneous was
What they both were clad with.

"Who are you and why do you always stare!
Your gimlet-eyed look leaves me scared,
And consumed by nightmares?
Who are you dear,
What is that you wanted,
Why don't you leave me alone -
We have nothing in common?"
Said the winsome looking fellow
Who felt chivvied by the daredevil ghoul
Who kept his track and followed.

""Look old chap!!
I meant no harm.
Turn to your left and right,
Look at the tree you share,
The branch you are.

Likewise, You are a student of art
You do do paints and graphs.
And a very good one at that.
I too am a teacher, an educator,
Like you are in the art, like I am – a raconteur
Make no mistake I am an authority to tell my past,
Though; I should profess less what lies ahead.
In that field you probably could be better.
In detailing the subject matter.

Now, enough about myself, enough!
The reasons why, sweetheart, with you
I am insanely in love,
Yes! Some forty odd years to be rough
I was you and you were, and still are, my photograph.""

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