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ISSN 2278-9529
Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

Down-to-Earth

Anissa Sboui

PhD research scholar,
Arts and Humanities of Sousse,
Tunisia.

The thing she yearns for
Is to witness transformation
The sound of truth tells her:
“You are longing for shadowing virtual life
Fake society you need to undo
Go to the streets, meet the truth
Embrace what has long been invisible to you.”

Today, she decides to go on foot
She leaves her car in the garage
What she wants is to breathe fresh air
To see life, authentic moments to share
To touch the ground
To cross the route, face reality
She moves her sight through passers-by:
They come and go

For the sake of change

To alter current lives

She discerns features

Pulls masks, discovers a reality of creatures

She fears no one

She fears not even the savage neighborhood

She cares not about the robbery

As soon as she approaches the roundabout

Dizzy she becomes

Knowing not how to navigate by boot

Which way to choose

As precious time she may lose

When she used to drive

The road was easy

She learns when to turn right or left

Now there is dim shift

The way home is like the labyrinth

Caught in its riddles

Hidden perplexion strives

To defeat the heat

Exhaustion walks instead

Her pale face turns red

Steps do beat

Staring at the labyrinth

Time to serve in the middle

Tea with minth