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Ι

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I will go back to my past

And snatch from the looter my belongings.

The one I eulogized,

For the one my accolades touched the sky...

An overshadowing entity...

I have lost myself,
My present seems barren,
Bright were those days!
I have missed a lot
'A lot' is nothing!
These 26 letters!

Poor letters!

I am as if, bewitched!

I'm done!

By this chaos outside!

My four walls, a few pages, a pen,

What they mean?...

An outlet!

To burst out my inner chaos

The bright beams of the shining sun
penetrating these black holes

To my wintery surroundings,

What they mean?...

An outlet!

To expose me to my avenues

I am suffocated!

Where shall I move?

Let me scratch my inner,

"Who is there?"...

"I, I; a frozen I; needs a warmth!

A spark to ablaze; a current to

Erupt a volcano, to blow a hurricane, blow...

To make a tale.

Belittled by a silly impression!

You can work wonders!

Come out of your quagmire!

Avoid to be made a dwarf, a bee

Caught in a cobweb!

What harm the spider does!

Assert your 'I' and let the world taste your worth!

He couldn't have looted.

They slipped from your palm

Draw back your fist, subdue your looter

Come back to yourself

Your head may reflect an ocean

Look! look! the depth of the sky

Fly high and catch that star

Catch that star...

To make a tale".