

Time
DAVID OGORU

Lost Time

For all the time lost,
those precious irretrievable moments my country stole from me.
Those seconds, years, months, and days.
Those moments with Mom and Dad,
Those precious moments of love, peace, and joy.
Lost in the hustle, bustle, and capital of the present day.
Those movements away from.
Movements abroad.
Those lost physical touch and smiles,
These scars in my heart remain unhealed.
...I cry sometimes,
deep pain, I cannot define the source.
My heart bleeds for those lost moments I can no longer quantify,
I hold unto intangible wired connections,
but cannot redeem time lost.
I cry with dread and pain in my heart,
at the foreseeable moments I know must come.
Death to family and friends.
With the vast chasm of lost moments, lost in-between,
..Lost.

I will miss you. I know I will.
Please live happily and spend these wired moments with me and us.

A Better Year?

Is it true what I hear?
That the seer has
seen it tear.
Or is it the beer,
starting to bear.
Maybe not.
We all tell lies,
Each one with a share.
Even the prophets,
they hide under their
Nostalgic past.
Feeding us tales,
of a better year.

Futility

Races, ridges, bridges,

I raced, I toiled, and I crossed.
Impulse, money, power.
My decisions...
It happened so fast.
I worked so hard.
I aged too fast.
It might happen again.