

LONESOME

Arid caveman cried but only for fire, not freedom
Harried refugees flee for freedom from fratricidal fires
Beating the bush in several distant scoremiles
With neither corn nor cock, water or warmth
Wandering the wilderness in scarecrow morbid mobility
On the ranging highway of death lacking terminus
Breaking barriers of borrowed borders hinterland
Consuming commerce colonies of yore aground
Across grotesque land of misery messages rang
Of mournful women, children and the aged
Truncated from linear bond of friendship further severed
Akin to the savannah source of calamity
Different as the Western sunrise and the Eastern dusk
Agency assistance arrive open fields security
Whose milk and medicine succour sullen souls
In Camped settlements of human despair
As storm sweeps through bending hollow hopes haywire
Negating liberty promise of the Big League system
Ending holo-caust and the weird war
Negotiated through the Dark Ages into timeless finality zones.

- Muhammad Dattijo Usman -

Howard Eby
Managing Editor,

I am pleased to again send in the above poem as another entry for the next Poetry Contest. I've not heard from you for quite sometime now. Perhaps the erratic postal system here is responsible for that. Wish for your continued mails. The fee in my University is now restored and the # is 066-224482. I am the author of 'PLANT SUCCHAVE!' Thank you for everything. Kind regards.

Muhammad Dattijo Usman