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Blind Death

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Blind Death

Juan A. Miranda

I call your name,
do you listen?
My words echo perpetually
across the sky,
failing to provoke a response.

I am in need,
do you lend a helping hand?
I wait, but in vain;
muttering to myself,
you never came.

Alone, and straying from the path,
I needed guidance,
did you offer any?
Foolishly I hoped you would,
waiting from sunrise to next,
searching for some light in this engulfing darkness;
I never found any.

I was a slave, at your will,
to do your bidding,
follow your preaching.
Now, with no shackles holding me down,
I have learned from my mistake:
why blindly believe,
why blindly act,
if all that it brings
is false hopes, false promises,
delusion?
Why search for a false beacon of hope
that plagues man with ill-filled hate?

I admit,
at times I wished you answered,
at times I wished you came;
but you never did.

Blind belief is dangerous,
blind actions fatal;
belief in you is death in life.