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Exile

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Exile

Juan Antonio Miranda

I am what many seek,
and many more claim;
the purest delight
tainted by wily hands.

I have travelled for miles—
lost in endless pursuit,
as Day and Night
quarrel over the sky;
Day with fierce power,
Night with seductive charm.

Across jagged rocks my feet
paint a warm clotty trail
for those condemned to my fate.

The heat lashes into my flesh,
adding torment to my grief,
as salt seeps into my wounds.

I let loose a cry
fiercer than the lion's roar,
fouler than the hyena's howl.

I roam alone,
fear stabs men's hearts
--unable to vacate the flesh—
upon my appalling sight.

They call me monster, wretch, fool—
such treacherous names.
But as far as I see,
man is a far more ghastly beast than me.
I speak with love,
they fight with hate.

I yearn for peace,
they lust for war.

My eyes flutter as a gust of sand
tightens my throat.

Squinting,
I understand my aim—
pursue my path
through nasty terrains,
warning man time and time again,
of the evils staining his hands.

Man labels me monster, wretch, fool—
with opened eyes
he would realize—
I was never an enemy.

I roam alone,
clothed in wounds,
bathed in blood,
lusting for that glorious day
man unifies as one,
living on,
realizing TRUTH
has yet to come.