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Exile

Juan Antonio Miranda  
Nova Southeastern University

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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.