

BEAUTY

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Aghast darkness in the deep woods,
stuffed with stony silence and nauseating smell,
never begot a single life for utterance.
I was walking there, almost blind, terribly hungry, weak, tongueless-as
if, a silenced jaw of a Jew under Hitler's reign.
All were silent, save my painful footsteps on dry, blood-stained
leaves, stabbed history,
that ask for a flame to burn the murky Kingdom.
I was limping,
stumbled over stones and
fell on half-melted flesh -
human flesh indeed !!
They smacked of man-eaters.
I shrieked hard, unheard,
crawling wounded, throwing stones fanatically to hurt the darkness,
hit the stones against each other, aimless:
but a little spark silenced me:
" oh ! I have my eyes !! "
The timbers around held the
flame well,
the little spark rose high
bit by bit,
tempting the timbers' tissues
to adore its burning beauty -
O Heaven ! a beauty in process !

Frightened I felt another's presence,
saw an old man, black sooty face for years' darkness,
winking, unable to gaze at the blaze.
To the wonder of my Stars,
a Beauty arrived, kissed my
wounds, healed them,
held my head on her serene breast.
I was silent.
The old man then got tilted, almost dying ;
she rushed, held him on her lap, cried.
He finally tried halting words:
" a.a..awaiting a birth in the m..m..murk, am d..dy..dying peacefull....y "
I was still silent.