

Essence of creation

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Yes, oh! Yes I have in me;
Like a rebellion
Simmering, brimming, now and then;
'A blast of rage' splashing the psyche
Like the tides of billows.
My spirit wet with burns, turned villose.
In search of the coolest breeze; the sandal trees,
This ugly turning body aches and fumes,
Fruiting negativity and lugging vexations.
No consolation giving solace;
Will lawlessness forever last?
Deception, fabrication and more prevarification;
Friendly ties that hail from rehabilitation;
Permanency in resolution nowhere seems;
For bridling anger is not as easy as lies.
Waning away in the life of ours,
Is the essence of our Creation?