Captive of the Earth

A prisoner, trapped within this terrestrial ball
Bounded by breath and fettered by fate
Into this puny cell
Full of bugs and burnt breads.
Few winters spent in this prison
I've seen folks with different prison cloak
Black, White, Brown, Yellow, Red
Some kicking, others sitting
Some fighting, others moaning
Some whispering, others weeping
Some excited, others bewildered
All in the same confinement
Children of dust and ashes
Living under a perforated roof
That sends the dart of fiery rays
And sometimes heavenly tears drip down

Yet, in this prison, I drink the juice of new age
I pray, the remaining breath may count for
He who imprisoned me here
After kicking me out of the celestial world
To shine as light
And bring many moulded clays into His court.

– Sunday Maxwell Orah*

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