

New State

- A sonnet by Odélia LEEMPOT

Each cloud dropped their tears on the pavement
And I stand here, feeling the drip drops on my skin.

Looking down on the mirror-like puddles in movement
And longing for the Moon to show up and gleam.

The long avenue is filled with steps, dread and some hopeful
And I stand there, watching them all pass me by.

The city is alive, the Sun radiating shyly but uncaring
Though everything I dreamed for bleeds from the night sky.

I am of bones and light, slithering in a world so bright.
Where the people are loud and houses are bound.
By the time and the place, each newcomer in his head space.

The shadows of my past haunt me at last.
From growing up strong to growing old alone.
I now know it's from this slate that I'll build my new state.