

The Curse of Poverty

My dear neighbor,
They kicked us out of our home
Because I could not pay the rent
They threw us in the street
We cannot sleep or rest

Please tell me what I should do
I have no money in my pocket
My meager salary is still two weeks away
We have no food to eat
Not even a grain of wheat

The kids are half naked and hungry
Playing in the neighborhood dirty streets
Waiting for dinner and a bed
And a warm kiss for a treat
My wife is at hospital fighting pneumonia
And blood pressure in accelerating my heartbeat

Do have a place for us to spend the night
An abandoned animal barn
Or a tree with a little light
Do you know of an old cave nearby
Or could you lend us some money for awhile

My dear old friend,
Fate has betrayed me before
But it has never been this bad
It once threw me in the lap of a call girl
She was boring and feeling sad

I got sick of this miserable life
And the bitterness it brings along
I must do something drastic now
Before losing my sanity
My teaching job and dignity

How can I feed my children
Take care of my dying wife
Write more poetry and fiction
Without losing my pride
And will to continue living a life

Education is no longer what it used to be
It has become a cheap commodity
Sold to the highest bidder
Who is often an ignorant sinner

Should I get involved in politics
Launch a new political party
Run for parliament
Ask the minister of culture for help
He owes me a favor

Or just wait my turn for a ministerial chair
Being my father's only educated son
Who served as minister for religious affairs
And was loved and respected by the king
Because he took care of educating his heir

Maybe it's better to write few poems praising God
Find someone to sing them for me
Grow a beard and color it red
Make a CD and peddle it in the streets
In front of the grand mosque in the city
Where people show generosity

O' my dearest friend
Can I ask you to accompany me to the forest
Revisit old times and keep sweet memories alive
I will understand if you decline my offer

When things become so desperate
Longing becomes the only escape
The gate to sanity and peace

Today, I feel that my brain has abandoned me
And my instincts are driving me insane
Pushing me to think of the unthinkable
Poverty is a broken wing
It can neither fly nor sing

It pushes miserable people to the edge of nowhere
And think of doing the worst of things

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