

A Storm Like no Other

I spent the nights of yesterday and the day before happy but lonely in bed
Making passionate love to my ideas, the way long-deprived lovers do
I woke up at the birds singing, celebrating the sunshine with joy
The mind, however, was confused, unable to recognize place from time
It could not differentiate between tomorrow's image and yesterday's reality
And fear was running through my veins from toe to head

Suddenly I found myself standing in front of the window reading the landscape of fate
A forest inhabited by deer and foxes stretches as far as the eye could see
The sun's rays crept into it, causing the buds of spring to look like a full moon
And as peoples lost their conscience chasing money, the dream betrayed them

I searched for myself and found nothing but a piece of a tortured soul
The spirit, however, kept cheering the ideas as they grow, multiply and bloom
While the storm became a raging sea revolting against everything in sight
It nearly flooded me and suffocated the light of the morning sun

My mind slid through the fog as a stream of tears overwhelmed the eyes
My ears, meanwhile, were eavesdropping on sewers running under my feet
Fans chanting enthusiastically, celebrating the memory of the conscience death
Huge masses lament a leader who died a hundred decades ago
And another crowd are waiting for a savior to bring them life after death

The world around me is floundering; it lost its mind and reason
One day volcanoes shake the earth and burn trees and bushes
One day a hurricane destroys beaches and kills children

One day a tsunami sweeps the ports and leaves nothing behind

One day America initiates a global trade that undermines the world order

One day a coronavirus imposes a curfew on rich and poor people

As America keeps marching on uncharted paths to becoming a failed state

A promising life was transformed bit by bit into a memory without a trace

Children grow old from poverty and ignorance, die prematurely

Elders live immortal lives through their ideas and scientific contributions

A glorious era sinks in a sea of madness that cannot be trusted

And the ideas continue to multiply, grow and rebel against all ages