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Mrs. Timm

English 12E

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Poem: Exile of Misery

Is this real life? Or fantasy?

That cheerful guy, never any low

referred as me. Cannot reveal

There is more than meets the eye, you see

Many more, forever more, you will see

What is the reason? It might shock you

Nothing never needs, but by this

Thief, as the cobra sounds his hiss

Grabbing what I really needed

Family, that must be feeded.

What have I commited? A crime.

Dark doom lies within. helpless, hopeless

The road to exile, highway to hell

Feeling total sorrow, now what?

imprisoning me, true horror

Whipped, beaten. Never can break me.

Do what you will, a nasty kill

In a wagon, both my hands tied

The road is not bright, it is black

My past flashes, my very eyes!

Cannot see, what is my demise?

What is left of me you say? Nothing

Where am I you say? Nowhere I say.

Sands of time, day of reckoning

The pain, oh the pain, so menacing

I stand here, innocence is futile

Never no one, can I bear this?

These chains of doom, shall now break free

The wind would weep, a cry of hope

My chains broken free, glee I am.

Would I steal anymore? no more.