

THE PATRIARCHS EMPTY DRAWER

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DAY:10

What is it to be a man, do we drop water from our eyes in the eyes of those who see us as pillars of their lives or soak as sponges in dirty water to drown in our own demise?

Thus he cried at night silent in depression manic pain seeped in his heart-veins struggling to hold himself together his fears at the doorway.

A tear drop from a full heart potency only he knows like ink stains on folded sheets. Mouths to feed growing ego's knees deep his anguish turns his faith to empty speech.

See I've looked into the eyes of a growing man ready to die his pride diluted with life storms. Seems all he knows are the calms before in a small fishing boat in the trough of Poseidon's wars

Treated like a cheap whore who finds solace in silence alone in quiet nights when she isn't required to tap dance for men's delights.

But hope always behind his pupils, greyed and murky in the midst of his gaze, aged by wisdom.

The stars it seems are his soliloquy. Pearls that sparkle in the black abyss as if unlocked by God's lisp. Every

breath is taken as a dying gift. Spoken under his breath, soft are his words a wish.

"One day god will see me"

DAY: ∞

The day exhales my mind prevails to veil - my presence sustains to suffocate sisters crudely known as fe-males.

i reach to the drawer where my problems stay it's function to protect but all that come into its path are in harm's way -

i'm sickened somewhat nauseous i've been inept or out of sync with my feelings

Other people cease to be Beings in my eyes i value them as means to my ends , in the end i leave again stricken by an ailment with no physical symptoms

Sunday i aim to pray God is silent or i'm unprepared to hear again, in distress i reach to that draw pulling out names to fulfil my selfishness

A stench of my lies reaches my nose and the tip of my tongue , i contort at decaying innocent civil-aliens

As i play the emotional racist maybe supremacist taking along with their preciousness and in an unequal exchange searching for my repentance

i slam the drawer tempted by its allure i introspect to no effect for the exchange you know to be inept feeds

my value gauge overflowing with her sufferings

Blind to this i claim to not see but the eyes aren't the only tool for recognising the value of her being

Sweet nothings i speak to both of us , no you're not emotionless just honest , her - i can't be yours but we can still do this

The trick is distance without disappearance under false appearance passions obscure reason and caught in this infringement are causalities lost or emotional treason