

Forever Sleep

Simon Uleners

In the shade of an old palm tree, from which branches sway,
Roused from sleep, a rustling coming this man's way.
And out from the bushes, emerged a soul on horse-back,
fine posture and deep stare, with eyes hollow and black.
These voodoo spirits haunt the man's daily routine.
He tried deeply to ignore and not make a scene.
Some announce changes to soon come or have gone,
but this one was different, disturbing during dark dawn.
It whispered, "Your days are numbered, dumb sleeping man.
You continue to bring laziness to this sweltering land."
But the man didn't care, as he didn't for most things he perceived.
He turned away from the ghoul and shouted then, "Leave me be!"
And though he had gone, the ghost hadn't let him be,
for he had cursed the man and made him one with the tree.
Dense palm swallowed him whole. His own freedom long gone
and yet this man's last, raspy breath was a pitiful yawn.