### **Poetry Series**

# ALOYS RUGAZIA - poems -

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## ALOYS RUGAZIA()

#### A Ballad Of The Poor

Few men have the story like mine,
But there are others that when they speak I don't tell mine,
Like the medial men in the mine,
Most people don't mind to hear from us, no one!
A mid their jolly we talk of, poverty, agony & feminine!

Sore stories is annexed to us as our twin For over years, almost our entire lifespan We ask ourselves what to adopt as our fashion I personally is a devoted Christian

But what does it help? My way to better life is barren,
The creed to my sect is 'bring your loads' & I have given
What have I not done?
But the calamities are for me and me alone
I am obscured with solitary as a nun,

I am spitted and denied,
With my family, oh Lord!
Family fracas and chaos give me itches so bad,
Eddies & ebbs of sorrows is as if I have wedded
And my pride sorrow accept not to be divorced,

The wind that whirl around us is one from the tomb-fields As if we endure the dead men curses, Flies feed from our oozing wounds, The wounds that have swollen our hearts Chest pains, and obsessed brains,

Our deer is Stress, a friend of the hopeless The denied hermits; Trifled with havoc, nothing does well to us; Is the problem with our zodiac? Or we were created by chance?!

Priests promises us huzzas that never come, It's only fear and hope, that stops me from taking off my life, I don't see why I should live! Tried to date, the girls that my sight and heart admire The answers they give me are as bitter as death,

Am poor to be loved, poor indeed,
My pocket is empty and dried,
Empty hand is never licked,
O God for my sustenance bid me a daily bread,
You're the one my bearer and in your hands I am bred,

I am going through life while nailed and crucified,
Take off these nails out of me Lord,
Help me to see, take your part and lead,
You are the only friend that might shelter me in need,
Your warnings I shall heed,
If you restore my humanity, your name I will proclaim so loud!

ALOYS RUGAZIA