

HE WALKS

Shady Afro Lama

he walks dragging his body through
the deserted lands, his tears dried just
like it's lakes, he walks a lonely road,
his only companions are his old
horse that can barely hold his
luggage and his rusty dull old sword,
the only things he can trust that's
why he keeps them close at all times,
the man had already forgotten how to
speak, or maybe he never learned, it
seems like all he knew was walking,
eating and feeding his horse, in the
horizon a mirage is all he sees, a
mirage of an oasis, so beautiful and
so tempting that it could waiver any
human, but he seems unphased,

he walks steadily towards his goal,
towards his future, never looking
back.

Along the way, he met some allies,
they shared the same road, but had
different destinations, so eventually
none of 'em stuck around...

In the distance he saw some signs of
civilization, perhaps some ruins, he
takes a closer look and an old temple
is what he sees or at least what's left
of it, the ancient hieroglyphics drew
him to it's cold cracked walls, he
smiled as if knew what it meant,

he followed its trails with his rapid footsteps and his charmed face down to the bottom of the stairs, it was so dark he couldn't see, so he puts his hands up tries to feel his surroundings, chills running down his spine it was something he hasn't felt since forever, "this is it!" he thought to himself this is end goal for all the hardships that he went through, this for all the sleepless nights, this is the treasure that he couldn't find anywhere else, this is what he yearned for since the beginning of the journey...

He reaches the bottom room and enters it with a huge smile covering his face...

From the corner of his eyes he sees a blinding-bright light shining at him, he turns around and finds two angel-like figures; long black hair, fair angelic faces, tall slender bodies covered by white robes, he ran towards them with his arms out, the mirror reflected an image of his child self full of joy, ready to embrace the two of them, but as soon as his fingertips touched their bodies, they both disappeared into thin air... "mother... Sister..." he cried...

his knees got weak and his legs started shaking and eventually, gravity got the best of him, and he fell on all fours as he realized that they are long gone...

It took awhile for him to get back up on his feet, he stumbled towards his old bed, looking around the corners of his old house, seeking guidance from it's bricks, he lied down on his dusty mattress, admiring the ceiling that he wasn't able to see for a long time...with a grin on his face and a single tear running down his cheek he took his last breath...