

Ah, Perhaps

Ah, perhaps I am a romantic born
to lust after a century that is not his.
Ah, perhaps I am but another being
with blood and water flowing under the skin.
Ah, perhaps I am a failing student,
the last passenger in a crowded plain,
the remainder in the total sum,
perhaps a mistake, perhaps an aberration,
perhaps an oil lamp flickering
at the heart of an empty church
where God is deaf and no one prays.
Ah, perhaps this is not my world
where I recognize no one and no one knows me.
I took a wrong turning and must start out again.

OLIVER FRIGGIERI