

Illiterate that I am

Illiterate that I am, with trembling hands
I transported the book of universe
to read the yellowing pages in the light of the lamp.
Illiterate that I am, I see the words and stumble,
I stutter and syllabise unknowingly.
Illiterate that I am, hope falters, biting my nails,
I close the book again, secretly put out
the light and fall asleep.
Illiterate that I am, I dream of a boy who cries
for failing his exam for evermore.
Indifferent to all the globe turns on and on,
and carries me oblivious in its wake, illiterate that I am.

OLIVER FRIGGIERI