

Drag.

By Dr. Esperance Luvindao

*Drag!*

*It's a drag to make words rhyme sometimes.*

*Sometimes your soul has words conceived in pure sin aching to make it to the heaven that is your paper and pencil, but they are not worthy because sometimes they don't rhyme.*

*Sometimes the words conceived are incompatible with life so the doctor advises you to terminate, not realising that sometimes miracles happen.*

*Sometimes the words you thought were pure garbage, made from the devils dictionary are the same words that wake souls from the dead, halfway into the grave! The same words that cause the dead to come alive after being dead for 3 days!*

*Drag!*

*Sometimes I make poetry from my sins!*

*The consistency of the number of times I beg for forgiveness every Sunday with utter shame forms a stanza with similes, the sins were always similar, the metaphor always distinct,*

*I don't know why they want us to rhyme when my sins rhyme on my behalf!*

*Drag!*

*I wrote poetry while on top of a man.*

*I was on top of a man.*

*The poem didn't rhyme.*

*This man had my hands on his chest and my mouth on his.*

*As I forced air into his lungs but failed to force life back into him.*

*This man was only four, declared dead at four,*

*It's a drag to make words rhyme sometimes.*

*Drag!*

*I wrote poetry while I took her out.*

*I didn't take her out all at once.*

*Her mother sat there, legs open, hoping that it would be over soon.*

*Her father held her mother's hand and whispered sweet nothings while I took her out.*

*Her feet were tiny*

*Her hands were too*

*I didn't get her out all at once.*

*I wrote poetry while I took her out from a mother that had been looking for her for ten years.*

*I wrote poetry while I told her mother she could try again.*

*Drag!*

*It's a drag to make words rhyme sometimes.*

*So I let my life write my poetry.*