

The Rays Never Seemed to Come

Have you ever felt lost, only this time totally?
Stuck between reality and imagination,
Fantasy and the sad echoes of truth
Wherever, you turn a dead end seems to pop
Up but to my surprise, from thin air.

Direction slowly desolates to confusion,
You can only stare in agony at the horror that stood before me,
But is it really there or my mind is playing the most absurd
Game of the century
“Take da’ shot” they all yell...
They don’t even know I’m broken inside.

Expectations slowly transforms me into a photocopy
Of the human nature
Or is that the way we should go about life,
I mean being normal and all
Elation succumbs to my shy nature
Am I the problem or an expectant society?
I do try, the Lord sure knows I do.

But is it enough?
I am haunted

Pulling a one-wheeled cart was a thrust for greater perspective,
Trailing behind people’s bottoms, only to gain a fair share of the spotlight,
Like a mischievous tale without any acknowledgement of the road ahead.
Stepped on and forced into inferiority, association was a non-starter

Seen as invisible,
Perceived as numb
Referred to as an outcast,
And treated as one.

A dark, ghostly cloud hovers around,
My skewed hut in muddy foundation.
The spread your wings philosophy was nothing more than a ghost
Or rather, a fascination long encrypted in my mindset.

Dreaming was the life and living, the nightmare,
Hoping to wake up early but only to realise you can’t
Goosebumps flood my entire body,
Is it anxiety? I don’t even know anymore.

Uncertainty plants gloomy obstructions as,
Dawn Never Seemed to Come.



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