

Words

There are words we would like to leave on someone's book;
Then, there are words we should never have read.
Words that go with expectations,
High expectations when it comes to seeing our name written.
We are humans...
There are words we should read and keep silent,
Words we must read and talk about everywhere.
Words that go with promotion;
We are humans...
There are words we would like to erase,
Words that are heavy to carry,
Words that are too fragile,
Words that go with the heart.
We are humans...
There are words that echo as our vows,
Words that we promise to keep true,
Words uniting us;
We are humans...

Proud

I am the day and the night,
Why should I be a shadow?
Just because you cannot stand the brightness of my soul
It bothers you; you are afraid of this light I carry!
If I choose to wear a rainbow or a grey cloth,
Who are you to judge my choices?
For you there's only black and white.
Just because you refuse to see all the colours of life.
Whether I pray, believe or do not believe in what you do,

Who are you to condemn me by speaking for one who is greater than you are?
I bother you because I am different, I am not like you!
Because I do not fit your expectations,
Because I do not see love, life and faith as you do.
Still, you and I are not that different;
Look at our hands, they are made to be held;
Still, you and I share the same blood colour running in our veins;
Look at me, I am just like you!
But I am now stained by your judgements and false beliefs.
You now see me differently but
The day will come when you and I will only be dust;
Nothing will then be able to differentiate us.
I am free as the wind and
You cannot stop the wind from going where it wants to;
I spread love and peace,
You can try to destroy them
but what will it bring to you tomorrow?

What About Poetry

What about poetry?
What about love and loss?
Is there in this world someone who can transcend life?
We are born, we struggle, love, fight, cry, fall and rise.
We keep looking for that happiness everyone talks about
But few have experienced.
My life is a drama I myself write every day a part.
My drama is something I cherish.
Yes, I like exclamation marks and repetitions;
Yes, I like looking at the sky!
Closing doors with a harsh caress of the hand.
Life, I try every day to get to understand its purpose

Some say that we are there for a reason,
Others will say we are there for no reason;
What are we then? Spectators? Authors?
We are both, but we all seek recognition;
I am seeking recognition for my observation
and transcription of life,
I hunger for love, knowledge and madness,
I crave for fun, passion and a calm breeze.
I want to be somebody and nobody;
I want to laugh through the thunder's cry;
I want to run and smash into the storm ahead;
I want to live fully, I want to live on the spot.
No more thinking, no more procrastinating,
I want all of everything.
I want a white dress used only once;
I want someone to dance with till the end,
Through the tempest and in the singing sun;
I want a rose from you on my chest
Because that's all I need for my last rest.



*A Mauritian living in France since 2007, **Julia Parbhoo** has a Master Degree in Comparative Literature and works as French teacher at secondary level. She writes short stories and poems in French, English and Mauritian Creole. She*

enjoys Francophone literature, music and cinema. Check out her website:
<https://rosecharles.wordpress.com/>

