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Unknown

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Unknown

Description

This poem was inspired by a friend of mine who lives in Chad. For most who do not know anything about Chad, you would be surprised to find out that a lot of people, even people in the same continent as the country, do not know of its existence: thus the poem's title "Unknown".

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UNKNOWN

EZRA SHIMABENGA

Unknown, a world in the balance of time. Lingering among the scrambles of the old: the fading of a story never told. They jump, they run, they smile for days on end, but the eyes of the ball so big forgets their very existence; the heartbeat of their world fades on instance Like a river that flows not to its own will, they venture in space like wind unseen. Their might, though profound, finds no notice in the eyes of those who sit beside.

Unknown, the lilies that are, but yet not so. Unknown is the laughter of a people not found, a people not seen, people trailing behind the world that defines them. Unknown is the cry, the scream, the groan of a world so big. The stars shine, the sun blazes, the moon spackles in its twilight, yet they remain but a shadow, hidden from the eyes of men. Unknown, a song of a world hanging in the balance: fighting so hard to find resemblance. Oh but the others seek no remembrance.

Unknown is Chad, a country so gone the world seems not to notice. Like a midnight dream that comes but never stays, it lays in the shadows of memory only those who see it can fathom. Unknown is Chad, the midland of a world in wonder: left to seep through the cracks of the mystic land of Wakanda. Chad, so few see its heartbeat, so few hear its song, so many let it float through the maze of time: till it finds a way through the orchard of lime. Unknown.