

www.galaxyimrj.com

ISSN: 2278-9529



About Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/about-us/>

Archive: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/contact-us/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.galaxyimrj.com/faq/>

Riding Off Into the Sunset

Ravi Naicker

A human volcanic mountain
With years of internal and external turmoil
Erupted without early warnings.
Molten lava descended upon my colossal build
Like the cascade of Victoria on the Zambezi.
Years of insomnia, trauma and profound life escapades
Relegated to the backwaters of human imagination.
The infinite repository of our day to day living
And internal strife stretched to the limits.

Back to the grind like the ebb and flow of waves
Irrigating the parched shores of depression.

Implosions suppressed and repressed.
Then suddenly, red and teary eyes with a Psychiatrist.
Sympathetic ear, S4 drugs and tranquillity.
A mere shadow of my former self,
Escorted to E - WARD by a cordial porter
I, duplicating his footprints in the corridors
Until – suddenly greeted by CCV cameras!
The security guards barely offered a smile.
Fearing the worst from stigmatized patients.

Under lock and key, my emancipation challenged.

The beautiful building especially designed
For crimes of addictions,
For crimes of innocence,
For crimes of conscience,
For victims of circumstances.

My room mates drowned in sorrow
Attended to by nurses well schooled
In manners of their multi-faceted charges.
An epitome of patience and humane understanding.

Major depression, anger management
And the guilt of the guiltless ones.
Each on their own.
Each on their solitary path
Pursued until they unveil the mist of confusion.

The cold courtyard served as a meeting venue

For those on the road less travelled.
Tears of sorrow, nuances of life,
Anecdotes depicting gross human violation
A writer's reservoir for story plots.
Smoke rising from human chimneys
Quickly absorbed by isolated potted plants.
A game of cards,
A game of carom board,
A cup of beverage.
A stolen early morning prayer
Witnessed by vigilant security guards.
A tear wiped away prior to vitals being taken.
A half finished deep talk with a comrade.
Some days we saw the square of blue sky above
On other days we saw a square of grey sky above.

E-WARD an opportunity for camaraderie
Amidst a kaleidoscope of lost souls.

Given a cocktail of pills at bed-time
To deliver a sleep filled with dreams.
Some of us Christened by nurses,
"Sweetie-pie, Teddy and the OC"
An escape into the subconscious.
A world with no more pain and sorrow
Flying over green Glens and blue mountains.
Jostled, in-camera with a psychologist,
A re-play of reluctant dancing with the sharks
And a nurturing of final emancipation
From a life riddled with untold misery.
Riding off into the Sunset,
Leaving behind History.

When, like in a darkened chamber,
Someone enters and fumbles,
And strikes a match lighting a candle of hope.

Life sprouts wings and the world awaits
A new dawn of HOPE.