

Tomorrow's corpses

By Omar Yousaf

Testing my fate in a dream while having another dream
Caught an existential fever while enjoying my ice cream

My suspicious cemetery visits seemed what they were not
Divine guidance I sought but felt merely a torch beam

Daytime, nighttime, anytime, repeatedly return I must
People there see me but hear not my silent scream

Woe betide humanity, its heedlessness instilled in monuments
Fought over boundaries, now resting as children of Ibraheem

Tomorrow's corpses, a feast of leftovers. But for whom?
Chaos for the human mind, in reality a majestic scheme

Oversleeping, running late, failing exams - same story
Oh Joseph, how does this nocturnal charade esteem?!