

Alejandro Arevalo - Poetry

In search of sense

I sit at my desk, searching
For something to help me acquire worth.
And I look around, comparing
What surrounds me.

All the things in my room have use,
In my hand, is a pencil lying, craving
To create, bed to rest, chair to sit,
Clothes and boots to protect
Me from the weather.

Ruler, paper, rubber
And cup full of coffee,
Everything has a purpose,
Unlike the hands
That use them.

I sit at my desk, working
For something to help me acquire
Worth,
Searching for what is inside.
But then I look outside.

Like following the world's song,
Trees move in a meaningless dance.
Why would I search sense,
In something as precious and useless
As life.

Between

Abrupt stairs guide silent passengers
To the white metallic beast.
Wet trails of sweat on his forehead
As he raises his foot from the land.
No look back, he is already
Inside.

Seat 18D, not close enough to see the ground,
But too far from the aisle. Separated
From the land, elevated to the sky and isolated
From the exterior air. Scared of the future,
He is not in control.

With cold breathing,
Wrapped by white panels and seats,
Terrified of thinking that he is
Stuck in between. And after all these,
Then he hears a cry.

A baby searching for attention and a mother
Overwhelmed by the child's solitude.
But the two short arms of a little sister stretch
To the small flushed face, caring hands as a jeweler,
Take him to the lap of the young girl. Her gaze,
Drowned in happiness,
Hands slowly swinging as the cry dies.
As he sees this, all doubts are gone,
Because there is some warmth in the coldest heights.