

CLEAN BOWLED

I wish to God to help me through the rough Patch
That stares me in my Face
A Mortal Soul with little Control over my destiny
But yes over my Soul as well,
When darkness is all around
My high Spirit hits the ground
For there is no End to the Miseries that me Endures.

But never finds a cure
The Heart is but a Spotty Patch with blood Wobbling.
While human patience face to face
With Fate in a tight Match
A Bouncer is bowled from high above
We Poor Players Unsteady and Clean Bowled

A googlie simply deceives us
Unabling us to perceive.

With no Result the Play comes to dead End
So with a duck in hand
We walk through the door of Life.

(Sohail Ahmad Loun)
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