

## LAMENT FOR MY DYING SOUL

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Years and years of unhappiness  
piled like shelves in a wooden box.  
Feelings of despair sliding, sliding off my body and soul  
from dawn to dusk every day  
exploding sporadically, only to have the lid shut down  
So sharply with words like bitter gourd  
Thrown so liberally at one so young as me.

I prayed silently for better days to come  
My heart overfull with so much love to give.  
But alas, the wait was so long  
Forcing me to mingle with people I barely liked  
Just to be free from the suffocating spider's web,  
My home.

When I had almost given up,  
I met my knight who had in fact been there all along.  
Like a butterfly that had just been released from its caterpillar status  
I flew around dizzily,  
as though I had reached heaven's door.

He quickly became my centre,  
My everything!  
But alas! It was not to be  
As I tried to shut out his voice spewing bitter insults  
With his final cutting words: I don't love you anymore.

These words like tiny bubbles  
Slowly merged into one huge bubble  
that burst with an ear-shattering sound.  
Realisation finally dawned:  
Happiness for me was meant to be as transient as the darling buds of spring!  
I felt overwhelmed by the cushion of disappointment and pain,  
I knew now that it was time....