

The Search

by Kwesi Brew

The past
Is but the cinders
Of the present;
The future
The smoke
That escaped
Into the cloud-bound sky.
Be gentle, be kind, my
beloved
For words become
memories,
And memories tools.
In the hands of jesters.
When wise men become
silent,
It is because they have read
The palms of Christ
In the face of the Buddha.
So look not for wisdom
And guidance
In their speech, my beloved.

Let the same fire
Which chastened their
tongues
Into silence,
Teach us--teach us!
The rain came down,
When you and I slept away
The night's burden of our
passions;
Their new-found wisdom
In quick lightening flashes
Revealed the truth
That they had been
The slaves of fools.