

Poem

by Kimong

I come from a long line
Of bright men.
My ancestors were great people,
Fortune tellers and magicians
Who warn of a vision
Of the untapped wealth
In Him, that finds refuge
In knowledge.

My papa too,
And my Mama
Are great people.

They told me of a pillar;
One that holds firm
Our today to tomorrow

And yes,
They are right.
Knowledge Is indeed
The strongest pillar.

A treasure,
That comes with a blink
Of a new dawn.

A glimpse
That grows and brightens our paths
To a bigger and better tomorrow.
A tomorrow that answers a new riddle.
Wisdom told in folklores.
A story of peace; of prospect.
A story of our Ancestry,
Most pleasant to hear.
One most precious than a bride,
Just found.

A story of the only machine gun
That sets in motion
The life within us

A story of a giant

That walks out unhurt
In the struggle for civilization

Of a judge
That set men free
Of mental prison

A story of knowledge.

I come from a line
Of great people indeed
A people who warn
That a man that never comes
To term with knowledge
Is a man at dusk
Whose eyes are covered
In filth

A people who knew
That a heart void of knowledge
Is a heart at war

Because knowledge
Is the fulcrum
That set our lives at pace

A driver
To social – economic prosperity,
A liberator of mankind,
A headlamp to a phenomenal development.

And now
As I stand
On this plat form
With this microscope
To tell my own story

I will tell a story
Not different from theirs
A story of knowledge
The heart string of humanity