

Fertile Crescent

Jayben Matiang

I have lost it once. The power to build domains out of nothing by mere thought and to move kingdoms from their corrupted pillars, and the flair of those poets wielding a pen, aspired to pierce a soul with no remorse and yield an elation even to the coldest heart.

It was a lengthy drought. The ocean of my imagination has run dry, and brilliant thoughts are no longer raining down from above. My inability to weave poetry culminated in frustration as I was floating aimlessly in the infinite abyss, and the words themselves had turned archaic in a flash.

Until I met thee. Such an encounter that dawned a fertile crescent. Fountains of words had once again begun to cradle and blossom roses in my world that were once ravaged by drought. A gift of creation had rejuvenated while the void and melancholia fled to the past. Gone are those days when I used to dwell in darkness and despair, and today is the threshold of revolution, where I will start to forge verses and lie beside the hearth as I feel thy warmth amid the glacial days. No more exodus of thoughts and eyeing at the blank sheets as the passion and diction desert my own body; only the genesis of weaving au courant novels and sonnets that the tip of my pen solely devotes to thee. The birth of my myriad literary compositions shall be mounded in the libraries, and thou wilt be the happiness in every single one of them.

Love,

Now that thou art here,

The drought is finally over.