

THE RESOLUTION

I have led to my life like the lonely sailor, in high seas.
Like the lone mountaineer, with a peak too far.
I have been a forester, lost in the woods.
Knee deep, I have waddled in strange waters.
Yes! Like the lone pilgrim, I have journeyed
in the rain and in the sunshine...
Through dark tunnels, I have groped
searching..... searching...
For the light at the other end
That should beckon to me and tell me;
“Come, little one, I am with you...
Just keep on...
Just keep on.”
I have tried. I have tried.
There is no light; there is no peak.
There is no shore; there is no path.

I have shed tears.
Of love — in search of a love to elusive,
of hurt — when I bled and bled,
of compassion — for others also in hurt;
and of wretchedness and loneliness
when the burden is hard to bear
and sometimes when the world seems to run out
of its stock of true friends
each time it's my turn.

Come then ragged hills!
And you monstrous gales!
You too — distant shores and wedded undergrowths
that threaten me in your mystery
As you would a rat in a labyrinth.
Come,
Make friends with me.
For in friendship, there is no fear,
no distance and no loneliness.
Come! Wretched elements.
And make peace with me;
For the love in the lost heart
will quell you barbarous thorns.
Come, lonely peak, cold with age and desolation,
And you, wild twig.
Come dine with me.
And together we will sway it make merry.
Hold! Mighty storm
I need your power.
And you — pungent darkness
I need your constancy.

Someday.....
Maybe someday, you too will need a friend.
And when you do,
then you'll find me
worn, tired.....
But waiting
Empty — and alone.

Catherine Alum Odora, 2nd January 1986, Uganda