

# A PROPHECY

Miles Patterson

I am alone.  
All my friends have deserted me  
to the world of ropes hanging from trees;  
then a Prophet opens my eyes  
revealing armies of friends encompassing me  
in the night-valley I call life.  
I refuse to believe  
what the Prophet shows me;  
they are nothing  
merely hallucinations.

“Believe me,  
believe me when I tell you:  
your friends have not abandoned you.  
Release the doubt you have held hands with  
since the days you decreed  
your self-taught loneliness was seen by humanity.  
Let go and you will see  
your doubt thrives on the secret  
that love is locked in a safe  
somewhere safe inside of you.  
Love is not meant to be withheld.  
Love is meant for all  
even the world you believe  
despises you with its trees.

“Believe me when I tell you:  
if you refuse to let go  
that love will crawl through your chest  
holding your heart in its hands.

“Believe me when I tell you:  
you are made of more than dirt.  
There are reasons why your feet remain  
intimate with the earth.  
Unless you can love your self  
the way you love your neighbour  
you will never know why  
breath still bathes in your lungs  
when you wake up in the morning.

“Believe me when I tell you:  
you possess the strength of Samson  
to destroy the emotional armies  
depriving you of life.  
Your armies are there  
—open your eyes, see your friends—  
stick with them and see  
life cannot carry you  
into an underworld  
of emotional torment.

“Do not give up.  
Do not listen when you tell your self  
the world is at war with you.

“Do not give up.  
Do not listen when the world tells you  
love and peace are dead.

“Do not give up.  
Do not pick up a noose  
hanging from a tree.

“Keep writing your poems of pain  
so the world may see:  
there is hope in writing words  
in the hope of relieving pain.”