

1-1-2010

## Blind Death

Juan A. Miranda

*Nova Southeastern University*

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### Recommended Citation

Miranda, Juan A. (2010) "Blind Death," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 7, Article 7.

Available at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol7/iss1/7>

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## Blind Death

*Juan A. Miranda*

I call your name,  
do you listen?  
My words echo perpetually  
across the sky,  
failing to provoke a response.

I am in need,  
do you lend a helping hand?  
I wait, but in vain;  
muttering to myself,  
you never came.

Alone, and straying from the path,  
I needed guidance,  
did you offer any?  
Foolishly I hoped you would,  
waiting from sunrise to next,  
searching for some light in this engulfing darkness;  
I never found any.

I was a slave, at your will,  
to do your bidding,  
follow your preaching.  
Now, with no shackles holding me down,  
I have learned from my mistake:  
why blindly believe,  
why blindly act,  
if all that it brings  
is false hopes, false promises,  
delusion?  
Why search for a false beacon of hope  
that plagues man with ill-filled hate?

I admit,  
at times I wished you answered,  
at times I wished you came;  
but you never did.

Blind belief is dangerous,  
blind actions fatal;  
belief in you is death in life.