

JENGA

Come let's play a game
Jenga is its name.
Use time as blocks
Life inscribing it with tasks.
Who knows which block locks
Your fate in its latent masks?

I will be chivalrous and let
You pull out the first tablet.
It says you need to fall
In order for you to rise
To perform it is a tough call
But going with the flow is wise.

My turn indeed, see what mine says,
Need to block for a while those sun rays.
And embrace the dark clouds of rain and thunder,
Let tears fall, let your wounds be sore,
How towards darkness this game flows I wonder?
How easily it hurts to the very core.

So we continue to pull out carefully,
These precious blocks of time meant to be.
We play the game, abiding to the rules,
Fearing any moment the tower might fall.
To believe it will be forever, such fools
We are, not listening to the blocks' call.

They trap us in their daunting tasks,
And don't let us remove our masks.
We wear them, we play, we feed our fear in,
The tower shortens, it dwindles a little.
Bearing fear and caution within,
I take out an unlucky block out of the tower, brittle.

Hoping it stays and yet knowing otherwise,
Await for its doom, for the abyss to rise.
How curious that one block does cause,
The tower to crumble down into dust.
We both look at the mess, the loss,
Wondering if to play was a must?

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