

The Hole Maker

My whole life, I've been digging holes,
some old, some new,
some refreshed, some abandoned.

I don't remember,
how many, how deep, how far.
I only remember,
the exhaustion, the hopelessness, the unhappiness,
in the middle of digging.

"My shovel, my old silent partner,
your blade, your handle, your youth,
you've done a lot for me.
As a friend, as a partner, as a supporter."

A sentence, I repeat it every time,
"Oh, my old shovel,
just another hole,
I promise."

I don't remember,
why, when, and where,
expectations, unfairness, ignorance.

The Hole Maker

Started digging,
to find treasures,
or to hide them,
or only as a habit,
no clear reason after many.

To prove my worthiness to my father,
to forget his pain of not having a son.
Or to prove my value as a female,
where justice for women is unfair.

A familiar sentence, I repeat it every time,
“Oh, my old shovel,
just another hole,
I promise.”

I try to achieve my desires,
to find the real faith,
in myself.

“Oh, my dear partner,
tired of all attempts,
I will choose one hole,
I will dig it as deep as I can,
as long as I want, and as far as you can go.”

The Hole Maker

Just to be myself,
to have faith in precious me,
the valuable human that I am,
the last hole in the first day of the journey of awareness.

While singing the familiar sentence,
“Oh, my old shovel,
just another hole,
I promise.”