

The Gate to Heaven

She said, the origin of my wounding months said,
This is the gate to heaven,
This site here
With thistles and spiny bushes
And narrow dark trails
Where the stars don't kiss the ground
And the moon does not embrace the land.
This thorny path would lead me
To heaven, but I wonder
The sky's just shed her tears,
Her shadow looms over this path.
How could I find the gate?
But she was nowhere to answer my question.

Maria from Philippines