LAST MAN STANDING

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Shadows invade our modern world nowadays. Our society is becoming darker than it used to be. It faces a moody weather and turning gray moments into another fifty shades. Mountains are painted with mixed pulverized rocks, keeping it intact with super glues from cleansed liquid with high toxins in it. Rivers were pathways of our convenience, making it as a new avenue for our restless-ness. Still, the skies are portrait of love with a mist.

A lot of people in the crowd says, “We want freedom! Exile His Excellency! You violate our rights!” and many more scripts told by their very respective directors. The music becomes a noise and the tenderness becomes lavishness. We wanted to live in our paradise. A dream home of hours. We continue to seek from different parts of this world just to have our satisfaction. It’s crucial. It’s rude. It’s unacceptable but it is true. We are living now in a world in which everyone thinks of themselves. Never realizing that we were once made to help one another.

A long, long time ago, where the only roads are the islands of soil and the only sail is to move freely, we were conquered - WE HAVE BEEN DEFEATED. Sadly, it came generation by generation. We have been so hospitable and enjoyed the stay of these conquerors heroes in their own nations and masters in our own country. They celebrated triumphs with us. Serving hot coffee, good and sumptuous dishes in our own native land. We heard their black propagandas but we take it as gossips just to have as our own kind of wasting time.
Then, we are here. Commemorating these strangers, living with them and enjoying their threats. Living in a world blinded with man-made story, luxury, and coincidence. A life made just for one. A challenge that always reminds that being free, educated and peaceful is a treasure that we need to find. It always saddens me. It’s painful but again, it is true. No words can exactly describe nor define the situation that we have now. Maybe a shadow. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow a living shadow of betrayed race.

However, I know someone who has a shadow. No, he is a shadow himself. He lives away from our modern mountains, long rivers and dark places. He enjoys the melody of birds’ chirps and will of the wind. He stands barely inside his house without anything to put in his bare foot. He gives everything he can just to show how glamorous he is as a shadow.

He has been speaking with Apu since then and never fails to give bountiful delicacies sowed by his own hands. He always believed that everything happens for a reason and in no time he will carry his race of shadow.

He may not be noisy now but I know, someday and sometime in this life he will meet sun-shine that will expose who he is. No one can ever stop him even the ghosts of yesterday nor the dragons of our present days and this will make him the future’s Last Man Standing.

References: