O, you, you never know that here, in this crowded University, I feel more utterly alone than any untransmigrating soul in Kindom.

There is much joy and very little sadness in every life surounding me.

But, deep into my heart, there are hot tears and the sound of my lonesome moan.

Yes, indeed, I am a stranger among the strange people in this strange land.

Late at night, when every soul is happily enjoying his sweet dream, My desperate heart feels ever worse than a little lamb that loses his way in the dark and stormy desert of Egypt. As he worryingly runs here and there in the vast and empty oppressive atmosphere, His little innocent eye are restlessly looking round and round for a small shelter.

No tears has the lamb, for they, a long time since, are strained and transmitted the tears of catastrophe and disaster that endlessly persecute him.

His delirious cry, then, is nothing but the present lonesome wail of my heart.

And through the incredible stillness of the night, when the sad sound of music is brokenly heard from a far distance.

My soul must suddenly shriek in the utter paintalness.

For, every cadence of the musical melody is transformed to your powerful sharp knife that is rhythmically and mockingly slicing my dearful heart to pieces.

Oh ! Please, please lie to me that you will throw a little hope as an almsgiving to me.

So that I would cheerfully keep it for relieving my forlorn solitude.

But, if the kindness in your generous heart is not prepared for me, And you cannot give me that fedged hope.

Then, please hear with me, and patiently pretend to be a little more kind as to shout at me with your loudest voice

"You! Valueless Being!! Before!!" 

And say no more, please say as more.

But, if a year has passed and your beautiful eyes do not come across my valueless being again.

Then, be awarned that he, The Valueless Being is absolutely no more for a year since.

Ananta O'Keissa