

I survived By Syeda Ruhana Masud

the whispers of a lover
And the echo of a whip,
Both worlds collided
To be my ruin oubliette.

“You are mine”, he had said,
In a voice like molten silk,
And a smile of November pearls.
My canyon of happiness.
My lantern of desire.
My shot at survival.

“You are mine” he had said again,
With eyes studded with red rubies
And trembling iron fist.
The thorns to my rose.
The angel of my demise.
My forever prison.

His arms had wrapped around me.
The warmth of him encircling,
Like a blanket of safe haven.
The smell on him was mine,
Of champagne and cigarettes.
And that rhythm was my salvation,
that exploded inside like grenades.

I felt the same warmth,
But the place had changed.
In the middle of that a-blazed room,
I smelled him again.
Liqueur and love,
ricked from his breath.
But the song, oh-so melodious,
Was replaced by the slash of his belt.

Perhaps fate,
Or perhaps my own sins.
Altered my worlds,
And made them meet
The darkness of my past,
Came back to me
It reflected in his pair of red rubies,
Which became too hard to read

As I now stared out the cell bars,
I could see the rust forming
And the mist settle afar.
Like pure crystals
On brown gossamer.
I could feel the chill of winter night,
And the howls of the prisoners.
New music to my ears
That echoed in my hollow heart.

The stone floor felt like cushion beneath,
The rotten food,
Was a solstice feast.
The chain around my neck,
Was a reminder of that beast.
Who had fallen
in an eternal sleep.

My lips curved up at the thought.
At that memory,
Of the snarling pearls and wide rubies.
I hummed the tune of his scream,
That played in my nooks and crannies.
As it turned into my new salvation melody.

I was free.
I was awake.
And I was in love,
With the world again,
Even a world of four walls and cell bars,
But mine.
I got back what was mine.
My body, mine.
My thoughts, mine.
My dreams, mine.
And
My life. Mine.