

Do Not You?

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“Is there no way out of the mind?”

Sylvia Plath, “Apprehensions”. May 28, 1962.

Not for you –these words are woe

I sing the notes of my fault

Writing the frightening plight.

What happened the last night?

The asking flask will be filled with crawling answers

In the blackish silentness, you do not permit yourself being imprinted

On the luminous screen of the mirror of a clustered night,

The prisoner enslaved me in the box with no exit.

An alluring valley echoing with fluttering wings of words.

He cut my hands frozen and still

Like a citizen in a trauma of wait

He pinned my tongue which stuck in my jaw.

Then, with a dadish duality

Wrecking the treasure through stormy winds

His breath embarked on the shores of my Iris

Tears crusted in iceberg.

Remove the furrow from your brow

Fan the smoggy anguish

As you do not do, Do not you?

Such thing of which I’m used to.

Where he bears his prison?

Isn’t a colossal question?

Perhaps on the edge of perfection

Where to embrace death seems an art.

Don’t step into the foamless sea of silence,

Wear the boots of assurance.

It is not you, whom like a fascist I adored,

Whose shadow I haunted with my fingers on the wall while thinking it real.

The prisoner is my murmuring mind, my ferocious cuppo, not you

As you do not do, do not you?

The things of which I'm used to.

