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Festival of Lights

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Festival of Lights

his darkness crept towards me during the familiar hours
when shadows take charge without any hesitation
when the eye cannot perceive even a single ray of hope
just a gleaming mirage of cease-fire to grope

it pulled at my hair
swooped at the sight of any wispy locks
and crawled under cavernous moors recently hollowed of hardened lava-rock

[I was a seemingly endless trellis of rope for him to climb up]

a desperate attempt for asylum
built of minor sticks and contorted stones
it is difficult to admit, I too aided him in erecting this tarp of a home

meanwhile, the relentless Winds sleeplessly searched
far and wide for his sycophant ghost
his Iron padlocked door of dormant woes

[tell me, how many internal voices shall I dismiss
when they softly knock
slam the door in their pleading face
to earn in your mind even an iota of space?
for I am a mustard seed simply searching for a less chaotic place]

MADIHA SABER

