

## **Stifling Silence**

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Will you let me kill?

Kill the silence,  
that I believe, I own  
like those words

The words; once mine  
my drums, my dolls, my bumpy balls  
until the A's, B's, C's...strewed.

My bag was full last autumn,  
no block mislaid till biting cold.  
Spring breeze reclaimed its beads,  
thus stillness choked the summer sun.

The tessellating pieces of my being,  
being away for not so long  
forgot the meaning,  
together they mean.

That gentle snatch broke the bar  
of hollow frame and spilled over  
seasons, a color of silence.  
a silence, longing to rest  
in the eternal black.

So, will you let me kill it?  
Kill it with a wail!

### **Warm Witness**

This cosy cocoon of mine  
Is a warm summer day  
wherein mother's smelly  
blood, fills my cells.  
the heaven of my drenching dreams,  
slaughtered and the unseen,  
is here, within her.

Unborn  
I rule my world  
where my being,  
a bird  
sings unheard  
echoes from mother's world

who hums at times  
on a sunny day, when  
saying 'Good-Bye', father smiles  
hums when washing  
hums while cooking  
yearns that evening  
be like morning.

On other days  
I enjoy  
her sighs  
that hold me still,  
whispers  
I fail to discern  
and pain  
I own in part,  
same as the food,air  
and the life  
we share.

While being her part,  
I feel her whole  
as all day long  
she drags her body  
rocking me along  
in hems and haws

where she belong.

Inside her

I breach the crimson sky,

no one to halt

my fearless flight

until she reads to me

the headlines of horror

Until we listen to my

bewailing aunt and

see burns,cuts,

and boundless bruises.

Then and there

she touches herself

feels my head

I feel, a dread

She knows not yet

what if, I was

one of her kind.