

UNTOLD BATTLES *of Life*

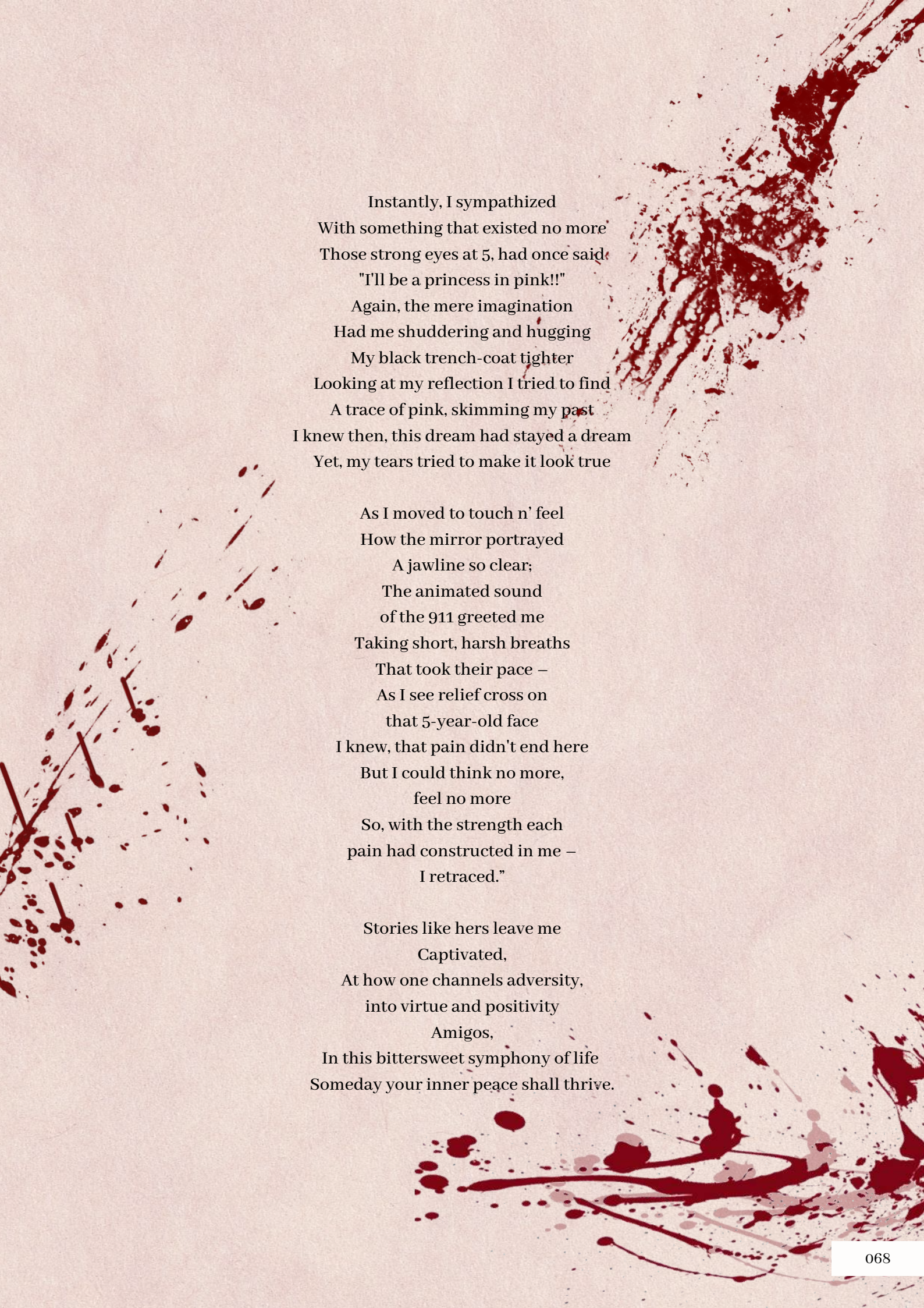
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Days when friends bring up
Poignant memories of their past

On one such rendez-vous, she said:
"If I could travel back in time,
To the day glass splinted
Down from the chandelier,
I would walk to my aching self
And wipe down
blood from those crying wounds
And tears from those wounded eyes.

I would relive how every creak
reverberated through me
How every cold metallic touch
straightened that ailing spine.
How I shrank back; so tiny and fragile

I would go back to when
I looked in the mirror in curiosity
I would stand and stare at those
Sad soulless eyes,
Feel the torture that emanated
Like shock waves through them
The mere imagination
of the sight, ignited a burning fire
In my eyes



Instantly, I sympathized
With something that existed no more
Those strong eyes at 5, had once said
"I'll be a princess in pink!!"
Again, the mere imagination
Had me shuddering and hugging
My black trench-coat tighter
Looking at my reflection I tried to find
A trace of pink, skimming my past
I knew then, this dream had stayed a dream
Yet, my tears tried to make it look true

As I moved to touch n' feel
How the mirror portrayed
A jawline so clear;
The animated sound
of the 911 greeted me
Taking short, harsh breaths
That took their pace –
As I see relief cross on
that 5-year-old face
I knew, that pain didn't end here
But I could think no more,
feel no more
So, with the strength each
pain had constructed in me –
I retraced."

Stories like hers leave me
Captivated,
At how one channels adversity,
into virtue and positivity
Amigos,
In this bittersweet symphony of life
Someday your inner peace shall thrive.