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The Black Poetry

An immature 'zygote' in the maternal 'diadema';
Braiding up the 'juxtapose' chains; Hithu.
In the 'blood brook'; utter 'dependence' of a tapering 'stem'
Came I; the slice of an unknown 'lost grandeur'!

My hands were 'black'; the heart a 'gaily down';
'Gaucci' eyes had no tears; for it all have 'quenched rest'
I'm the 'pain', the 'crowd', the 'audience' and the 'down';
witnessed the immortal past! 'stood I' 'silent';

I took the pen; wore 'pardah'; oh! my dear fate!
The whites quenched their 'thirst' from my 'breast'
Had I no sound! 'silent'; she embraced but 'too late'!
The slice of my life - the 'black poetry'; still in 'rest'!

Oh! They warned, They would cut the 'black hands';
My 'miscellaneous' heart; the 'blood stained breast'!
Lurking death; Ball point ink caught the 'web' and -
- in an annoyed 'fence'; in 'winter nectar' she 'kissed' the 'chest'

'She' the 'poetry'; monotonous; raped the white;
 Sacrilegious white, indecipherable cut my hand -
 The black slice of my 'bread' braided the non whites -
 I'm the crowd; immortal poetry' silently marched.

'She' accompanied me, A shadow or a beast?
 Degenerated from the slice to a 'tender' daffodil'
 My 'flesh' skin; saucer eyes; paining breasts
 Caged for a true vein, a vein over the white's ill

They called me 'gay' but really not; a tender 'woman'
 It was my poetry the 'gay'! indulged sex in heart
 They 'illed' my slice 'poetry' of life; but she a deaf diadem
 She knocked my heart for help; but they 'sensed' her worst!

'She' was frightened; but she was happy to 'bleed'
 The 'revenge' menstrual blood caught my heart
 My pen had no rest; Paper wetted with the (ink) blood;
 It raped them; the whites caged to cut my black breast.

They pierced 'her' heart; a downpour of black gay blood
'She' enchanted, whispered to my 'ears' 'Her love'!
It was to me the 'black'; A real libanic onwood
'She' 'kissed' me enormously in a 'fury' of 'lurking' end of 'blood'!

I the black embraced 'her', in the magical dreams-
'She' quenched 'her' love from my life blood;
My pen could not help overflowing diadems;
Oh! My dear 'poetry', my slice of heart; 'lifeblood'!