

# Death for the Body, Mother of Life for the Soul

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1  
Rippled from the cracks in the pale ol' morning sky, a river of stars,  
And thine own conscience drank every drop of hope.  
Thy shall hold the light before it slip away,  
in the circus of the dark,  
spiralling round the cascading desires,  
A heart will grow, to keep a heart afloat.

2  
Her world domineered,  
goddesses buried and forgotten,  
But she is an infinite vessel of resilience  
Her magic burned in the woods,  
her mirror showed a stove back,  
But she is forging her own throne.  
Her breaths succumbed to the depraved minds,  
a noose fastened by patriarchy,  
But she is the phoenix who'll again arise.  
Her beauty brushed forlornly on the canvas by men,  
a condoling portrait hence showcased,  
But she is the art herself that emanates strength.  
Her dreams crushed by fingers dipped in sin,  
a future unborn and choices withheld,  
But she holds Life in her hands.  
For She is the Sun, the Moon and the brightest Star in the universe.

To the ones who once were,  
To the ones who did not get the breath to be  
To the ones who are



And to the one who are yet to be  
This is for you, a gentle reminder that  
you hold the power to shape the world for better.

3

A mind pregnant with words, miscarried by the tongue  
Teeth of thoughts, fathoms deep they sink  
Warped fragments of sanity served.  
A hurricane building in the cavity of spine,  
But all that floats out are the bubbles of unsaid misery.  
Broken rhythm, distorted ideas, expectations weighing the mind  
A loss of voice, a loss of words and all that matters is now just the loss of the being.

4

To touch something that will be kissed by death,  
To hold something that will be carried by her motherly arms.  
Unborn miseries breathing to life, a longed blistered hope carried them away.  
To talk to something sung to sleep by death,  
To eat with something that will be fed love by her hands.  
Caged memories knocking on the door, a wild freedom gave them their peace.  
To laugh with someone that will smile at death,  
To embrace something that will be caressed by her fingertips.  
Sunken hearts etched in pain, a promise of time made their soul flutter away.  
To look like something that will resemble death one day,  
To remember someone that will bring us death everyday.  
Bruised numb ones suffering, reminiscing, forgetting every second,  
A once loved being, blooming, echoing, fading every second.