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Body of an Empty House

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Body of an Empty House

Rida Fatima

Loneliness gnaws at my throat,
unwinds me from the edge of my good sense
and makes me a fool.

It drags my feet into a bed of smoke.
It turns me into dust and blows across
the face of my patriarch whose
integrity and pride rests on my head.

What am I but a body to be covered?
What am I but a mouth to be closed?

Turn me into wax so I can be without form.
Turn me into a river so I can flow freely.
Turn me into a bird so I can fly.