

The White Strike

~~~ *Hina Majeed*

I opened my eyes.  
Eager to see my mum. Yea, there she is!  
She looks tired, like she was in a lot of pain.  
But the best human being.  
I see her smile, with watery eyes.  
Her eyes, the best. Her words, the sweetest.  
She is happy that I am hers.  
And me because I have her.  
And then I was taken to the small house.  
People celebrating that I was born.  
I saw the small window and the blue sky.  
Initially, just a small part.  
I saw black birds flying.  
Some days there were kites.  
I like the colours.  
The clouds white. But are they moving?  
I hear the sounds of children.  
Oh!! How I yearned to watch the scene.  
I tried to walk, but in vain.  
I can't...So waited.  
As I have her.  
I wanted her smell all the time.  
Don't be angry, mum.  
It's because I miss you.  
I don't want to leave you.  
Still, I looked out of the window.  
Hoping to see something new.  
And then there was the WHITE STRIKE.  
I was taken aback by the sound.  
But, did not care what it was.  
As I was bleeding, hurt.  
My mum crying.  
Saying I am almost leaving.  
I heard her saying several times  
that it took years for her to have me.  
But to leave, it took just seconds.  
Is it that easy?

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