

Grey landscapes

- Sumayyah Koli

The sun seems bleak even in its peak and the clouds mesh in a dark shadow.

I'm in the middle of a harsh storm, yet my feet won't budge-
as one sticks gum to his memories, I embrace the emptiness of his absence.

Every bright sound of his laughter now shrivels like dust piling on grey landscapes.

Every bright memory now chokes me to my tearful peak.
Steel cold hands tighten around my throat and I battle to breathe.

As dawn breaks and a new day begins,
I open my eyes in earnest- for him, I shall live.
His long days that were cut short,
I, now, will make long again.

No longer shall his smile hasten my breath violently,
I will choose for it to be the seed that helps me bloom again.
No longer shall his memories lay in vast emptiness,
I will choose to paint the greys of his absence
with the bright brushstrokes of his memories.
Even in these grey landscapes, I will smile again.