

SEAWATER

MAGAN MAGAN

She presses her hand
 on his face,
 pushes his head towards
 her mouth,
 until the veins on his head
 scream of not wanting.
 She leans in and whispers
*this is where I have come to
 yell at God for three years.*

When I walk in
 I can see the sweat
 drip from her nose
 as though it is a
 leaking tap.
 And with a wanting
 as hot as the sun
 he looks at me naked.
 I turn around and walk out.

Then with a shock
 as sweet as living,
 I find myself in the sea,
 under the waterlogged sky,
 drowning,
 terribly,
 hoping the drifting wood
 speaks out.

Inna lillabi wa inna ilayhi raji'un