

I Go

Magan Magan

Where are you going?
my father asked.
I am going to wherever
love is. I go into my room
to pack my bag.
all my belongings are
kept in an old box—underneath
the wooden study desk.

One by one,
I take out each
item.

Longing.
Loneliness.
Rot.
Shame.

My body is my bag.
I put the loneliness in
my heart where it fits.
And where does the longing
lay? in my feet,
tightly.

My teeth are rotting; they do
not belong in my mouth.
My gums are getting tired.
They are slowly filling the
walls of my mouth with red
water. Much like my father is
haunted by my sadness.

Father; say whatever it is
you want to say. You have
had power over me for so long.
I am no longer in your image.
I am leaving this home
with what is mine.

I fold the last item and place in
my bag, zip it and walk into my image.
I have done the unthinkable
and left war. I wouldn't have gone if
my home was a sweet voice,
a warm hug, a loving eye, but
home is like a thorn; leaving cuts on my arms.

I want to know freedom like I know
solitude.