



POETRY: ZOHA HAMID

Liminal

I stay on this side.

Of fake smiles and fake laughs;

Of snickers behind backs.

Of the perfectly aligned teeth, hiding crooked hearts.

I stay on this side,

Aware of this chasm

Between me and the other side

Where everything is shiny, glittery

Sparkling all the time

My world?

Its lonely.

No mirage of sparkling waters in barren lands under the sun.

The colours are all real.

Not painted on to make colourful pretentious portraits

To put on show for others to see.

There is red, orange, blue, yellow, even

Dark and grey.

But my world,

is not a web of lies.

It's truth,

Truth in what I feel and what I say

How I smile or how I cry

True tears

True laughs

The grey is honest

Unlike the false sparkle

And deceptive white

Too white

Hiding the blackness beneath.

I stay on this side

And the illusory world,

On the other.

Liminal.

The Blue Scarf

It was November,

When I bought the blue scarf.

You remember that one? The one I bought on a whim as you said it made my eyes look beautiful?

Like the moon on a clear winter night.

The one I would wrap around my neck on Sunday brunch,

As we lazily shared coffee in bed

Your promises to love me forever

Murmuring sweet nothings in my ear

To always protect me.

Hear my heart beating?

Thud-Thud-Thud

It was late January.

I wore the blue scarf.

You remember that one? The one I bought on a whim as you said it made my
eyes look beautiful?

But I was silly and I burnt your toast accidentally.

I remember

The screams and blood.

MY blood.

You slapped me.

A-A-A-H!

But you bought me a new ring, didn't you?

Begging for my forgiveness,

You promised to love me forever.

Beguiling smiles and vows of a happily ever after.

Hear my heart beating?

Thud-Thud-Thud.

It was early March.

The blue scarf,

Remember that one which you said made my eyes look beautiful?

Caught the end of the vase in the living room

C-R-A-S-H!

And it banged to the floor

As you wrung my neck.

A-A-A-H!

It was mid-May.

The blue scarf

Remember that one?

It laid tattered as I sobbed late into the nights.

I don't wear scarves on special days anymore.

NO!

I wear them on sad days.

When the water is too hot for your bath,

Or I accidentally put less sugar in your tea.

I wear the blue scarf to hide the blue and black marks around my neck.

Bruises from beatings on days when your boss wasn't too happy.

Late September.

Remember the blue scarf?

Yes. That one. The one I bought on a whim as you said it made my eyes look beautiful.

I tighten it around my neck now.

Blood smears my face.

Today was a sad day too.

You RIPPED OFF my blue scarf.

Do you hear my heart beating?

NO!

The blue scarf?

Yes that one.

It dangles from the ceiling fan.

As the fan slowly turns.

Creaking under the weight of my body.

Zoha Hamid is currently pursuing her B.Tech. at IIIT-D in Computer Science Engineering.

Writing has always been close to her heart and a beloved passion, since the age of 11, when she first deep dived into poetry, and has found newer paths in it since. She writes in both English and

Hindi, with an inclination towards Slam poetry. She tries and expresses all her emotions through

her words, and hopes her words move and create an impact on her readers.

She also maintains a blog: <https://zohamidspeaks.wordpress.com/>; which is simply an

extension of her being. Poetry has made me rediscover myself, and the world around me

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