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# Poem

Deela Khan

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Poem

**Abstract**  
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# Deela Khan

.....?

Fellow walker

You talked about the past we had to redeem:  
 sparks of memory that had to be caught and bottled  
 to stop them from going irretrievably –  
 She walked through the doorway of her historical present  
 as shrinks, occupational therapists, nurses with  
 needles of pain lined the avenue-table.

Oral and ward round burst their liquid borders.

She sat stunned on the fire-stool as  
 dragons clothed in the images of her friends  
 chipped at the stone of her sanity.

His majesty the Father burned bright  
 at the head of the altar.

His archangel presided over the rites with his trident.

She who rides the sea

paints the flowers

mends the animals and trees

had to be scanned had to be killed.

They tried

to strip her of every grain of worth

to arrow her darkness

to reveal the light at her core

to sink into her shawls of shadow

to unleash the primal howl from the

canyons of her being

The glare was blinding

the voices droned endlessly on

to deafen

to mute

to mutilate.

They crucified her to fertilize a

patch of weeds to decorate the

sinking halls of learning.

The walker who once deluded herself into

finding the lost road

now builds the highway

future generations will walk.