

Her Late Night Artwork

By: Fatima Abdul Razzaq

*She went down to the basement with her sleeves rolled up,
With a bucket of paint and a water-filled cup.
The stone grey walls were her canvas tonight,
And her brush ran across them staining them white.*

*For every stroke was as long as the scream,
And the louder they got the thicker they seemed.
Each line would falter with each hopeless cry,
And they would all tangle up at each blatant lie.*

*The sound of shattering caused explosions of white,
While a shape was given to every fight.
The voices that quarrelled became clashing waves,
Striking against the warm cozy caves.*

*She painted breathtaking bouquets and birds,
And grand buildings and delightful words,
And people hustling around with glee,
For they cherished their gift of being free.*

*She painted an incredible castle that stood tall,
A group of older friends at the local mall.
She painted what she wanted to know,
She painted where she wanted to go.*

*With every stroke of paint that night,
She felt her chest become clear and light.
The art came out of her as if it were herself,
The art came out of her as if it was a cry for help.*

*Was this her comfort from all the pain?
No, it wasn't, it wasn't the same.
This was her anger, this was her shame.
This was her identity, it was her name.*

*This was a display of what she could perceive,
It was the only way she could ever grieve.
She knew she was small, she knew she was weak,
She knew they wouldn't listen if she dared speak.*

*Each period of silence she would clean her brush,
And curse herself for not being enough.
The longer she painted the harsher her lines,
Until the walls filled up with intricate designs.*

*She stepped back to examine what she had done,
It was time for bed, but she thought this was fun.
Nothing's been fixed, nobody is at peace,
But this way the brokenness is beautiful, at least.*