

Poetry and short stories

Evening Enigma

The day breaks softly in slivers of light,
And the empty sky begins to glitter bright.
The poet arrives, drunk on beauty's grace,
With nothing but tea, a pen, and a blank page to embrace.
It's hard to explain what this moment is—
A kiss of fading sun and the night breeze's whiz.
It's the hour where light and darkness meet,
Where love, in silence, feels complete.
The evening doesn't know the world stares with wide eyes,
As the bashful sun sinks with its sighs.
Rose-tinted glow and creeping dark intertwine,
And the poet watches this love, untouched by time.
This hour belongs to the One Soul of dusk and night,
Whispering enigmatically,
"This bond will always hold tight."

The Star

Chilled and still
On the flatline
Of the earth.

Nothing moves.

Nothing's worth.

I'm thinking

Of leaving—

Of taking flight.

No reason to stay.

Would you even notice

If I died today?

It's just another way.

It's time to rise,

To chase the star.

My silence screams:

"I've gone too far."

Nothing to live for.

Why do I hold on here,

When they don't ask,

And they don't care?

I need no one.

I'm out of here—

On my way

To the star.

Closed Door

Tailing the stiff frame that marked the exit to the realm lay a middle-aged woman on a pile of soft pillows. She was impassive, blood dripping from her mouth.

She pushed open the heavy door and walked out with all the confidence she could muster, now looking fresh as a daisy. Her lips were coated red — a decent job of concealing the minor cut on the right side of her mouth. It was time for her teeny bundles of happiness to return from pre-kindergarten. Her twin girls. They shouldn't notice her frown, her bruises, her misery.

Her smile stretched from ear to ear, hiding the pain in the phony flicker of her gaze.

The kids had an admiring dad — one who also desperately wanted a son. His animalism knew no limits.

Her motherhood stood exposed and lonely. The man refused; refused her the choice she was entitled to behind that tight door, refused to accept that he could no longer father a child after his unfortunate accident.

He returned with his daughters, a hopeful gleam in his eyes that they would soon be blessed with a brother — the one to uphold his heritage.

For months, he'd taken on the "duty" of producing another human. He began blaming the woman for "slacking."

"The seed I sowed should've been showing results by now. Are you, by any chance, maiming my seeds?"

What was she supposed to say? *Maiming the seed*? The only thing damaged was his own psyche. He felt like a dumped chunk of flesh on the roadside — and his words stank. She could now see weeds growing out of his ears, eyes, and mouth, all rooted deep in the dumpster of his mind.

Her kids were her escape hatch. She'd often take them to the garden to watch them sing and stroll with other little munchkins. Her existence bloomed like a nurturer harvesting a living crop.

The trauma was briefly forgotten in their laughter.

Then, one day, the garden was declared closed.

The garden was shut, and so was life.

Like every other man, woman, and child in the neighborhood, this dysfunctional family now spent most of their afternoons and evenings inside their two-bedroom house.

Locked — the status of the garden.

Damaged — the status of the woman.

Of all the people on Earth, here was a woman who had been repeatedly destroyed in the name of delivering a carrier of the man's legacy. Between sobs and tending to her daughters, she would fall to her knees and pray for the garden to reopen. Only then could she breathe a little of the freedom she hungered for.

But God had other plans. The garden was shut permanently.

During the week she was apparently at the peak of her fertility, the man seized every opportunity. Some scoundrel from the bushes had allegedly told him that the more aggressive the act, the higher the chance of bearing a son — a guaranteed success, he believed. Armed with that nonsense, and driven by his obsession, the man went on and on.

She begged for mercy while her two girls cried for food. All fell on deaf ears.

The once "committed and loving" father had morphed into a devil possessed by legacy-lust.

Battered and broken, the woman, for a second, touched the edge of insanity. She picked up the beer bottle from the bedside table and slammed it against the man's back.

He stumbled and fell off the mattress.

He wasn't badly injured — but the shock of being hit by *his* woman shattered him.

With the glint of broken glass still in hand, she gathered the remaining fragments of her sanity and self-respect, took her children, and fled.

Garden or no garden — she needed to breathe.

Wincing from its hinges, making a naive outcry — status of the now open door.

Self-dependent and breathing in new air — status of the woman.

As for the man, he kept himself alive with the biggest apologies he could conjure — all fruitless.

The woman had finally learned to shatter the threshold... and walk on, dignity packed in her suitcase.