**Don't Disturb The Nebula**

*Oh for God sakes, stop squeezing me! How many times must we go over this?*

Everyday it’s the same thing, the same pathetic concave office in the corner of her flesh, rolling over the same simplistic sounds, then locked in the same charging cubicle for hours and hours on end. At least I can see the sunset this evening, melting behind the darken shadows of West Bronx tower blocks. The train's silhouette cuts the bleeding orange in two, leaving me with the formidable duty to shield her weary soul from the awful screeching of rusting blades on decrepit metal. She's tired now. I can feel the tension locked in her jaws below me. It’s been a long day, and a long walk home from noise and bustle. The city school district is unkind and her heart's too soft for the American hunger that saturates these streets. But, now, she can dangle her legs over the taxis and the street lights awaiting their cue to soak with her in the warmth of soft pink rays.

The jagged skyline leaks with stripes of silver and orange, and she bobs her head around, jolting me around against her skull. I hate it here. This job is beneath me. How ridiculous is she? I believe they call this display of oscillating excitement, "grooving." Extra points, I suppose, will come on my report for today's performance. It is never quite the objective, but I hear these kinds of movements are a good sign of satisfactory reception. If only her sadness weren't so palpable, and her resonance with the frequencies of Hozier's melodious melancholy not so sour. How desperately she yearns to escape from this roof top.

*"…The words hung above*

*But never would form*

*Like a cry at the final*

*Breath that is drawn*

*Remember me, Love*

*When I'm Reborn*

*As the Shrike to your sharp*

*And glorious thorn…"*

Such deep sorrow should not be trapped so deep inside the bones of a fifteen-year-old girl.

But, I feel her, reach deep inside the cosmos for something as strident and tortured as her. Hozier take it easy. Your voice is both a cage and a key. Hold her for me, while I watch the last bit of the sun decay behind the horizon. If I did not hate this job so, I would give her my pity, but I am just a conduit, a time and space traveler, bridging sounds from the celestial nebula to this minute hammer to kick drums the anvil then the stirrup and into…there. Do you feel that? Her breath slows…

Hozier will do that to you, clutch you by both your lungs, and sooth you sweetly with his inflections.

*"…when my time comes around*

*Lay me gently in the cold dark earth*

*no grave can hold me down*

*I'll crawl ho-"*

"Yasmine!" her mother’s abrasive tones tear through the fading melodies. "…how long I've been calling you to come downstairs!"

*This woman! How dare she disrupt my flow!*

معذرت، ماں "Sorry, mama, my phone was on silent"

"When I call you, answer!" Kavya warned sternly. The woman's aggression came looming loud through my pores. I near trembled on the edge of my cartilage seat. With such authority she spoke, yet this certainly was not her first time roaring commands at the poor girl through my chest. She stirs me with her endless bickering and contemptuous complaints. This organic system, entitled Yasmine Syed, can never seem to find her moment of solitude with me. I read her ID name: Mama. Ah yes, her mother demanding she do everything. Feed the children. Wash the clothes. Close the windows. Lock up the shop. Her interminable instructions obstruct me from finding the perfect resonance for this modulating soul system. Her intrusive vibrations echo through Yasmine’s membranes and leaves the system discombobulated. Every day I must draw for new counter frequencies, dampening metrics, and craft suitable pacifying oscillations that best resonate with this malfunctioning girl's tension. Who am I to be reduced to collaborations with such inferior networks which lack the capacity to recover from disturbances*?*

"Sorry… I've been…" Trying to get away from you and seep into the dark sky. She lies.

The sun hid its face, possibly embarassed for having witnessing. If only you knew how far I could take you away from your burdens. (more here)

"Your father needs you inside now," Kavya voice sharpened.

Her pulse raised.

"and when you get inside, share out the Keema for Omar, Zamir and Naya… and pack something for Hassan."

…*home to her…"*

*Who am I to be subject to captivity in that tiny black box when I hold within me the sound of everyone you've ever loved, and hated and called back three, four times.*