



WAITING FOR YOU

THE FRACTURED EDITION

NADIM SADAKA

EVERYTHING YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW,
SHATTER IT IN TWO.

breathe

*you promised me a city,
but gave me a village,
isn't it such a pity?*

for me to suffer such a pillage.

*you took all my humbled hands could carry,
and buried my broken bones in your dimly lit cemetery.*

*you left in the middle of the night,
without the slightest warning,
booked the furthest flight,
and left me in eternal mourning.*

*your presence no longer lingers,
now that your portrait has been erased,
you'll no longer feel my fingers,
running down your waist.*

*the glare of your shadow,
trancing out the front door,
is ammunition for my rusted crossbow,
to cry myself to sleep and more.*

*you tore my lungs into two,
how am I supposed to breathe without you?*

alone

I am alone,
surrounded by pain that is homegrown.
plagued with immense dread,
happiness has no home inside my head.
the tainted wounds that colour the day darker,
stain my vision with the strength of a permanent marker.
I struggle to see,
the nail-biting inconsistency,
of my relationship with these trees,
the roots that beckon to aid me.
with struggle and pain,
and my tongue wrapped in cellophane,
I tore my palm with a thorn,
and watched the blood be born.
maybe there is peace to be found amongst the unknown,
maybe beautiful things could caress my cheekbone.
at the coldest hour of the night,
wrapped in the arms of the old oak tree,
I couldn't help but cry,
look up to the sky,
and ask,
who will be there for me when I can't even be there for myself?



the only sound

*alone in the cottage,
and it's hard to acknowledge,
the perpetual silence.
white sheets and dusted frames,
my passing wasn't my greatest pain,
it was the day the door slammed,
it was the way my ears felt eternally damaged.
it's the only sound that's stuck with me,
it's the only memory that's come with me.*



heath and heather

*heath and heather,
held their world together.*

*when they danced into each other's eyes,
their hearts glistened like a swarm of fireflies.*

*they kissed in the daylight,
laid amongst the shrooms,
and fornicated in the moonlight,
surrounded by lovestruck fumes.*

*when all had been done,
and they looked up at the rising sun,
they turned a shade of strawberry.
embarrassed of what they had become,
they fled to the forest.*

*they stashed away their rum and cannabis,
all the while listening to the roaring voices of royal analysts,
mocking their forbidden love,
and dangerous touch.*

*heath and heather,
would die in the forest clearing,
tortured to death by the voices of the serpents,
and the mockery of the roots beneath the surface.*





lady evergreen

*she was the lady evergreen,
fairer than the darkest of dreams.*

*her lips projected a luminous glow,
her touch inflicted a rooting overflow.*

*all the inhabitants would blossom and spring,
and sway in the hypnotic wind.*

she was the heiress that commanded all,

but I was there to take the fall,

*when the shadows accused her of being a witch,
a damned mistress who used the darkness to enrich,*

*the oldest of oaks and the deadest of leaves,
and the wilted flowers in the places where people would grieve.*

*the lady had once been summoned,
felt a magical feeling in her stomach,*

and left him behind,

*gaping for air,
feeling the taste of despair.*

*she was the lady evergreen,
the being that bathed in the illuminated ravine.*

fractured (my heart is heavy)

I'm broken. I tore myself to pieces; threw my fragments onto isolated beaches. I don't know how it got this way; I guess my heart had enough of being an ashtray for everyone's cigarettes. When I stare at myself in the mirror, I struggle to find who I need to be. I gaze into the unknown and see visions of my fragments floating in someone's river. It frightens me; not knowing what piece of me I'll break next. My heart is heavy and tired of waiting for you. Who? Me. I'm waiting for me to find the truth. I'm standing by the wooden gates and waiting for this pain to be erased; swept away by the language of the trees. I'm fractured, but I want to be mended; I don't want to be defenceless anymore.

wildfire

*I started a wildfire,
and listened to the trees burning through the amplifier.
the matches I stored in my back pocket,
the faded portrait of us in my antique locket,
the aftertaste of comfort in my mouth,
the delight in seeing the trees burn all the way south.
their whispers trickled into my mind,
the wood-carved symbols were the only sign,
enough to tip me over the edge,
for me to see my fractured reflection in the river over the ledge.
the people of the trees promised to colour me in,
but how can you trace over spilled sin?
I needed to see the crackling embers,
it was the only way for them to surrender,
feel grief for their crimes,
empty out their wasted hourglass of a life.*

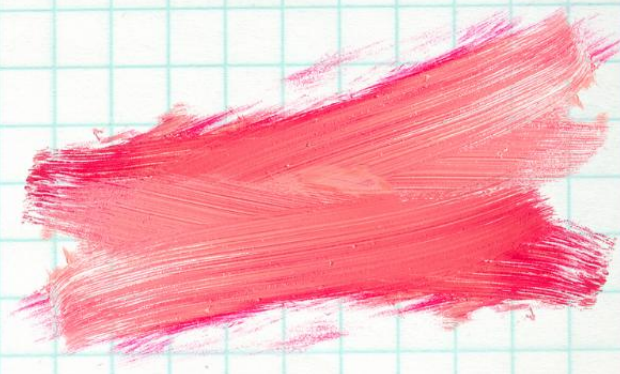


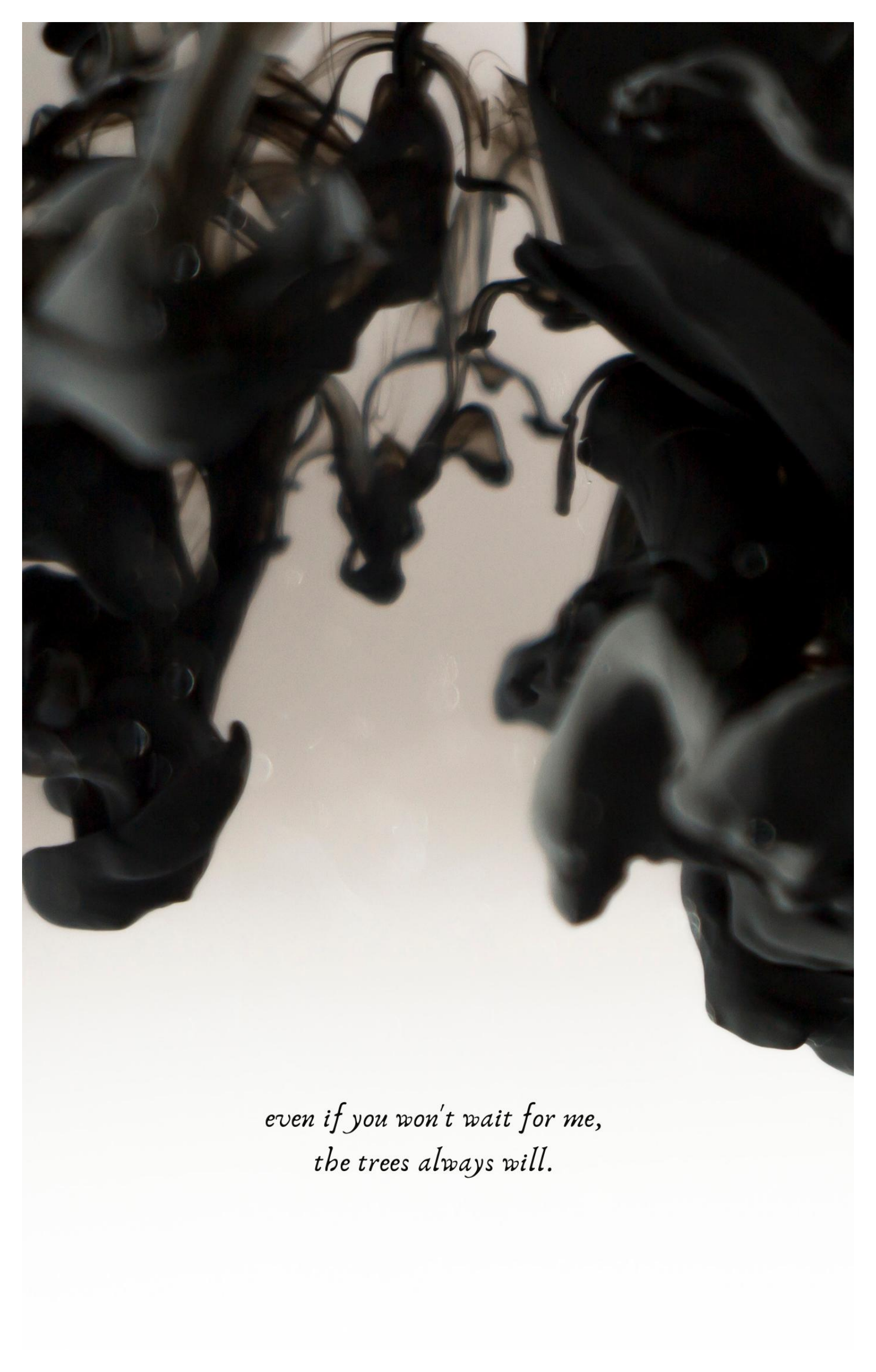
Speak

*I couldn't speak without my hands,
because I wouldn't have been able to have described,
the freedom of my fingers running through the sands,
and the disgust of picking up the medication prescribed.*

*I wrote in my journal that I was free,
but really,*

*I'm stuck with me.
at least I can speak,
to the birds and the bees,
and the windowsill trees,
that extend their branches for me.*





*even if you won't wait for me,
the trees always will.*

died for you

*I watched my body drift into the sea,
cloaked with moss,
and tattooed with tears from the strawberry tree.*

*I was infatuated from the start,
but I should've listened to the false alarm,
known that this bond was everything but a work of art.*

*I hung myself out to dry,
but where were you in this fabled lullaby?*

*I'd often bathe in a bath full of ice,
and remember the moment your lips tasted like sugar and spice,
a mixture from another man I could never be.*

*I lied for you,
told myself I was everything I wanted to be,
when in reality,*

*I was crippled on the inside,
crying for daylight.*

*I tried for you,
I built the homes you wanted,
and exorcised the structures that were haunted,
by your former lovers,
and the distaste of your strict mother.*

*I died for you,
cleansed my soul bare,
saw you leave and fade elsewhere.*

misery loves company

*misery loves the company,
it loves the angst and the sadness,
it craves the depressed that travel from upcountry,
tormented by metropolitan madness.
the gloom in the daylit sky,
it smiled at my arrival,
it took one glance at my black eye,
to determine that I had fought for revival,
but failed,
and unraveled,
spiralling out of control,
losing my essence and my heart and soul.*

beyond this paradise ...

*I don't know what waits for me,
a humbled village or a bustling city street.
but I've made some friends,
and made some amends,
with the fragments I created,
and the person I berated.*

*I'm ready to leave the woes behind,
ready to adjust my frame of mind.
oh paradise,
you cleansed me in your river stream,
changed me like a magical daydream.
beyond your love,
lies more and more,
a bountiful quantity of vine-covered doors,
I'll find them and bring them home.*