

NADIM SADAKA

we were the diamonds in the rough,

even the longest road,

was made shorter,

simply by your existence,

a glistening aura.

but it still wasn't enough,

because the road was empty,

made conflicting,

by the obstacles at every turn,

every crevice was filled with sleeping shadows,

which were awoken by the light that we exuded.

we travelled steadfast in the day,

and hid quietly in the night,

with the knowledge that our journey would attract the unwanted,

the miserable,

the damaging,

the *rough*.

on rainy nights,

i would compare our friendship to a lighthouse.

to everyone,

we breathed magical beams of endless light,

but to ourselves,

we were nothing more than empty carcasses,

a shell with a staircase,

always leading nowhere,

no matter how far we climbed.

on rainy nights,

i would ask,

how did it get this way?

we had the whole world in front of us,

but you gave it away to the mistakes behind us.

i don't know what made us weaker,

me or you,

but one thing i can tell you,

is that things will *never be the same*.

two halves of a whole,

two fragments of a soul.

my sensitivity,

your confidence,

birthed a combination that only myths spoke of.

as we trekked up the mountain,

and raced down the river,

we split,

but remained connected,

through a worn-out and tiresome rope,

hoping one day you'll latch on,

and see my side of the story.

but now,

four years on,

my sensitivity has been erased,

replaced by a desire to define my own destiny.

are we really the same now?

will it work this way?

will we clash like two titans on the battlefield?

a synthesis brought us together,

don't let it destroy us.

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words have always been sharper than an arrow,
made worse when the archer loses control,
spiralling into a fit of rage.
if anything,
my lesson has been to remain silent,
tuck my words away,
and save them for another day,
when things are better,
and the picture is clearer,
rather than stained.
yes,
words are sharper than an arrow,
but can be made blunt,
when said at the perfect time.
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we can change our image as much as we like,

but our words will always be engraved in someone's mind.

no crystal ball,

and no tarot card,

could prepare me for what's about to come.

the hurting,

the days and the nights where you constantly tore me down,

stabbed at my insecurities,

to make yourself seem better.

my expectations were high,

and the pedestal was set,

but I gave it all,

and you gave nothing.

why is it always me?

these questions never have answers,

but maybe one day I'll know,

why I'm so different.

why I try and why no one else does.

but for now,

I'll repeat this mistake,

give it my all,

and watch as I fall,

down this rabbit hole again,

realising once again,

that *nothing could prepare me*.

you've always been your worst enemy,
the one to pull the trigger,
and unfurl a wave of toxicity upon yourself.
you surround yourself with poison ivy,
and wonder why you bleed,
when the scars open.
you held my hand,
and I lifted you off the bathroom floor,
and cried with you.

I've always been saving you from yourself,

and I won't stop.

drifting away,

further from the past,

and further into the brighter light.

the man in the mirror,

is someone I always aspired to be.

bold and audacious,

strong and wilful,

hopeful and peaceful,

true and mighty.

four years ago,

my aura was overtaken,

a force that latched on,

and absorbed my light,

down to the last core.

the journey was draining,

but here it is,

the destination I wanted to reach,

myself.

we drew the sky with our eyes,

painting the stars.

when we finished,

we kissed the moon with our fingertips.

our artwork slowly branched,

with the stars whispering to each other,

and twinkling in a hypnotising pattern,

before long,

they had connected,

and formed a mass of light.

we found ourselves lost,

floating in a realm we dreamt of,

spoke of,

and wished into existence.

the pathway to this constellation was mesmerising,

almost dehumanising,

as we scrambled to reach the stars.

take the brass key,

and unlock the temple.

the silent structure that we flooded with our memories,

and locked it when we grew apart.

is it wrong to revisit the good?

or will we be overwhelmed with the bad?

let's put our anxiety to rest,

give me the keys to the temple,

and we'll watch what we lived through,

pour right back out into the world.

. . .

the old me would've wanted this,

he would've craved the nostalgia,

but now,

i simply don't care.

the brightest

i was the bearer,

and you were the holder of my light.

through the darkest corridors,

and the tearful times,

we shone,

brighter than any star,

brighter than any sun,

and brighter than we thought we would.

mentally,

we weren't the brightest,

we always succumbed to our wounds,

and fell for those that hurt us.

but somehow,

we continue to shine,

and our hearts,

well,

they'll always remain the brightest.