

She

By Zainab Jimie

She
a stranger to me
took a cruise
escaped to my world
delved into my soul
using her eyes to melt into every struggle
that i once poured onto paper

She
witnessed it all
with a heavy heart
during this awful time
where the world is weak
the future is on its knees
outside isn't safe
all it takes is a sneeze
to send me away
but...

She
gave me a gift
the most precious of them all
without pressure
or stress
or tension
her time for my art
was priceless
it was nothing short of
intense support

She
impressed by the view
took in everything that past by her
I, simply
held my breath
as I watched her reaction
saw her eyes zigzag across the page
as the letters made words
and fell into sentences
and created emotion within her

She
stopped for a moment
forgetting the pain
the agony, the misery
that has befallen upon us
and stared at me
telling me that my dream
to become a writer
is not only a fantasy
but a near reality
one realer than any story
we live in

She
kept moving her eyes across the page, to
swim into
the depths of my intimate emotions
the waves holding her hand
carrying her through the beauty
in my shipwreck

She
didn't let go until she inhaled every word
until it was time to go up for air
before her lungs collapsed
but her deep belief in me
kept her underwater

She
reached the wet sand
where all the tiny atoms
of what once made me whole
when the ocean used to be my home
but...

She,
she kept me afloat
by sinking in every word, I ever wrote...
so my survival
is a tribute to her

She
is my warrior,
and always will be.