MYM LITERATURE

The Hold of Real Horns

by Aabid Shivji

Where Muslims come home to reflect

The Hold of Real Horns

By Aabid Shivji
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Laying tracks in the snow, the spotted deer walks,
On her head sits the weight of a golden chandelier
Although regal in appearance, she shocks
All with her demeanor, but fur that's an atelier
For hunters who love the warmth it can provide.

But for now the deer is safe
Where she walks, she finds space
To keep her family collected on the right side of the path,
And though the hunters may strafe
They live a dream unrealized, forever one pace behind,
Confounded by facts they thought they knew
About their prey, and they pray in vain.

A prayer for a legacy to end, for a family to shoo
And now they take in the world's truth to train
For when night falls, and the deer get lost
Because the mother's flock has scattered
The darkness shines a light on a weakness –

– The nature of a hunter is to watch its prey lose itself
The nature of prey is to cling to its safety net
When both collide there is a conflict that exists as a race

Either the prey loses itself,
And it runs into the hunter's arms
Or the hunter tires out and moves on,
Looking for the next spotted deer, about to keel over.

Author's Note:

This piece is a figurative piece focused on a spotted deer who leads her family through the snowy plains as the matriarch charged with her children's protection. The piece is meant to call attention to the concept of a grounding shield that keeps people safe within the confines of what they know and grow up with, keeping the younger deer safe from predators.

Yet, it's inevitable that the protected will scatter away when darkness comes, which can take many forms in a person's life – all one can do is to see if they are fit to make it through the darkness until they find home again