MYM LITERATURE

Cold Spring Days

by Javheria Ibrahim

Where Muslims come home to reflect

Cold Spring Days

By Javheria Ibrahim
June 24, 2024

On cold spring days like today,
I remember you most.
I wonder too,
if you remember me.
I imagine the day we may meet again,
will you have missed me?
When our eyes first meet,
will yours be filled with rage?
Or will you have forgiven me
for the countless wrongs I committed
against you.

When my knees drop to the frozen ground,
do you hear the crash of my weight bear down
like thunderous rain against your house?
When I beg God to show you mercy,
do winged angels surprise you with gifts?
When I call your name late in the night,
regretting all the times
I didn't pick up the phone and
call you while I still could,
I wonder then
if you can hear the pained sound

that reverberates in my chest
at your memory.

Dear loved one,
please forgive me.
It took your death
to awaken my heart.

I let the cold wind whip my face
and prick my skin,
sensations that remind me
I am alive.
I let the icy feeling spread
through my warm body
as I stand against the pale sun.
Surveying the polished stones and
littered flowers among
shards of grass sprouting
from the dead earth.
The only sign of life in these vast fields
is the fleeting mist
my breath leaves in the air.

I look down,
beneath my feet
you lie deep under the earth
I still walk on.

I wonder,
if you feel my presence
the way I still

feel yours.

You are in a world
separate from mine
with no way for us
to communicate.

A blue-grey plaque spells out your name,
the only marker that remains
of your existence,
other than mine.
My life, a continuation of yours,
carries on your legacy.

I try to think of you as you were,
rather than the skeleton
you must be now.

I imagine where you might be,
and with whom
on a different plane of existence,
one I will soon join too.
I pray that day comes
like a welcomed hug
bringing with it, freedom
from missing you.

When you were alive,
I ached for your absence.
Now that you've gone,
I ache for your presence.

I can't tell you how sorry I am
for not hugging you more,
when all you wanted
was to see my face and
cherish our last moments together.
The day you departed,
I knew I had failed.

I then vowed
to do everything in my power
to correct the mistakes
I made with you.
With my hand on your grave,
I swear to never let another down
as I did you.
I take this oath so never again
will there be tears of regret
pooling in my eyes,
a painstaking carousel in my mind
of all the chances I missed
to be with you.

I promise now,
the next time someone
leaves me behind
there will be no words left unspoken,
no apologies whispered
on the side of a deathbed,
I won't ever dodge their hugs or kisses,
run away from their love

or let them doubt my affections.

I will do everything in my power to ensure
there are no more
cold spring days
like today.