



MYM LITERATURE

Living in a Body

by Anam Tariq

Where Muslims come home to reflect

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I've made a journey of days
er, months
no, years in fact
in this body of mine.
And it has led me
on an odyssey
to the far-off bowels of my oceanic mind,
to the tenuous, outermost tips of branches of my rigid tree
that could snap at the pound of a stiff wind,
to the niches of ability and fragility within my fort.

My body has told me tales
of when it couldn't take it—
the cold, the hunger, the pulls of stress,
of other osseous vulnerabilities,
has vouchsafed that
it's not invincible as the tyrants have foolishly thought,
it can burn and it can sink,
it can founder and decay and rot.

Post this (years of) extensive travel
in my body and its yarns
I have come to a halt.
Wait, what are we so proud of then?

Of a speck-like existence?

I mean, how can we carry the cargo of conceit
on breakable shoulders?