Stormy Spring

By: Miss. Maâfa Ikram

As the sunrays tickles her dry skin
The old grand-ma sighs in peace
She opens her eyes to glance around
But nothing seems to be alright
She gives a disdainful flick to the flower
As if she screams “I’m the nattier”
A warm tear beads her grey lashes
While her empty body reveals its pain

Laughs, footsteps, stroke, sibilance
That’s all one can hear
But nothing seems to be real

A vernal day, a stormy nature
A placid day, a gusty nature
This is what the eye can see
And that’s what the heart can feel

The charming lady fights to march-out
But the exhausted body pulls her down