Ladies’ Compartment

I know nothing of you
except your smile
that I carry with me
through the rat infested station,
on a bone-weary train
filled with musty shadows,
already mocking
the shimmer in my eyes.

Passion’s Secret

You are my familiar -
child in hand,
pressed for time,
seeking nourishment for the day.
In search of the perfect recipe,
neck-deep in yesterday’s laundry,
eager reminder of tomorrow’s chores.

I engage in your rhythm,
the rhythm of my familiar
and together,
we avert the storm
for another day.

Though when you take respite
on the windowsill,
mesmerized by visions
blind to me,
you are no wife of mine.

When you are lost
in song
and my heart beats
to the lilt of your voice,
you are no wife of mine.

When you reveal
the way of the world,
speaking of trials
that almost crushed your spirit,
you are no wife of mine.

When we retire for the night
and you undress me with your eyes,
shameless
in your desires,
you are no wife of mine.

And how can you be?
For when you leave our bed
with swollen lips
and a waist latticed
by my fingerprints,
I know
you had succumbed
to a stranger too.
If Tomorrow Comes Another

If tomorrow comes another
in your wake
and I the nightmare
that has escaped
tangled sheets -

the ravens
at the windowsill
will mock your kindness
as dewy flowers nip
your fingertips

and the lemon tea
will leave the taste
of ashes
in your throat

and I will chase
your trail of spices
from the kitchen,
grab your jutting collar bone
and watch your form collapse

into dust mites
spreading across the cavern

we once called home.
Munira Sayyid writes like she almost means it. Her flash and poetry can be found in various online literary journals and magazines. If you come across her work, send some love to the editors of those publications.