Love Cannot Be Said

I wear rustic-looking rings on my fingers because it makes me feel more spiritual, somehow. Maybe it’s the intricate engravings on these metal hoops, or the pastel-colored stones on some of them that remind me of the rocks and markings that must exist in heaven, or whatever sublime place there is. I often wish to exist in a place like that.

At other times, I hear the words
Being closer and closer is the desire of the body. Don’t wish for union!
Why would God
want a second God? Fall in love in such a way that it frees you from any connecting.
Love cannot be said.

(The italicized words and the title of this poem are taken from the poem “The Taste of Morning”, by Rumi, as translated by Coleman Barks.)

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