

POETRY

TALA ARSHAD

A Poet's Dilemma

My hands rest on the keyboard,
My eyes glued on the screen.

My heart tries resiliently to hoard,
All the feelings that remain untold.

Déjà vu? It feels like the same routine!
Am I? Or am I not another machine?

Is the question a rhetoric, or an act of desperation?
Horrific! I used – to describe this clumsy creation.

Missing all the information, Lacking all the alliteration.
Having no foundation, nor any relation.

All that I had promised myself in the RE-vision,
Seems to have gone without any consideration.

Burdened, I feel – like the head of a nation...
In hindsight, wishing only to be more patient.

For perfection, is not something to be desired,
And I know I tried even though I was tired.

TALA ARSHAD

What is a Home

As I stare blankly into the fish tank - deeply,
I see the goldfish, swimming about freely.

Whilst an outsider, such as myself, may reason
to see it as not more than a peculiar prison.

But does it know, or does it care,
If freedom lies beyond, out there?

What truly makes a place a home?
A roof, a space, a right to roam?

Is it the place we live in?
We used to live in?
Or we want to live in?

For many, those places aren't the same,
Yet, 'home' remains a nostalgic name.

And what of those with none at all?
Do they not hear its coveted call?

Perhaps they do, perhaps they don't,
But does it matter? - I don't know.