Cage

Afsana Khatoon

She is sick,
Sick of the compendia
Of advices, of the road maps
And the idee fixe of guidance.

Those gorilla eyes that blinked off
The years of her innocence,
Could no longer hold her captive
In the forest of dark designs.

No more, the swinging tongue to misguide
No more, the treacherous smile of assurances
No more of the pitying shit.
The blind allays have burst forth the crossroad
And the straitjacket lies slit open, in tits-bits
Beside the empty cage.