

the two stages of the womb

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The shape of the womb I was in is brutally carved into
my being Whatever I do, the contour of my body is
theirs

Every sharp edge of my eye is made from their
intertwined soul Veins like ropes attached to my skin
Demonstration my cages

The geography of their face is imprinted on me
I never left the womb filled with acid leaked from eyes
However many of their knives land on me

Just overflows the pond
But I finally stand up on my own
I swim against the gravity
And leaves this infinitely deep pool
Escaping from it may be impossible
The water that has poisoned my eyes
And it's still is, up to my neck
But at least my vision isn't flooded anymore
And I can see the horizon