

## Wild Girl

Zoha Khan

Wild Girl has grown restless again, haunting the  
garden with mossy clinomania,  
Hosting tea time confessionals for snails with the  
fleeting devotion of baby teeth  
The neighbours are talking and their lies spew out  
open windows to be carried on the wings of spring  
“Wild Girl is in pain” they whisper, “look how she  
trembles”. If only they knew of the music whistling  
through her ears  
Can you hear it?  
For she is plagued by no pain but the hot fever of  
unquenched epiphany, drinking it in as schoolgirls  
devour secrets

Wild Girl is suspended in bittersweet delirium like a  
stranger to this world  
It's wondrous here, the days form mismatched  
puzzle pieces in kaleidoscopic hues  
Groping at the nonsense with buzzing minds, we  
marvel at this chaos and name it History  
As if amused by our folly, Wild Girl bites back the  
smile threatening to split open her face  
Her unbridled glee at simple things is spilling over  
the edge, watch its pulp drip down her jaw

Wild Girl, where are you going?  
When shall she cease her frantic pacing about the  
room

Always looking half dazed at an enigma none of us  
can see

She hums to the lilt of unspoken words tangled in  
the pits of her stomach

Wild Girl is expanding and her skin begins to rip  
like overripe fruit

A sticky menagerie of spiced ardour and powdered  
promises

Memory's fading light will sometimes grace it's glow  
upon her face

The girl who flirted with audacity and was thrown  
into a scandal

The girl they only miss when she's no longer within  
reach

Wild Girl be my muse, so I can live through you  
forever

As it turns out, my dear, I'm just as wild as you