

Sand and Water

Muna Mohamed

It's a sea of white
Pale and blinding
Badly painted white walls
overflowing with pale faces
and none of them look like mine
I'm a mirage in the white desert
an illusionary image out of place
surreal
a rarity
Every room I entered
my eyes always immediately scanned the perimeter
instinctively looking for a face like mine
someone like me
But what were the chances of that?
statistics told me that it was a far stretch
probably less than a 50 percent chance
And the few times I did
it felt like reaching out into that mirage
and actually feeling cool, wet water

instead of the pale, dry sand deluding my eyes
The refreshing euphoria of finding an oasis
in that blindingly pale desert
But this mirage you think to perceive
is no phantasmagorical figure
or a delusion of your imaginative mind
She stands before you
just as much as you stand before her
You might think it's safer
to just run your fingers through the fine, pale sand
numerous and commonplace in this desert
It feels too dangerous to venture that far
to face the delusions dancing before your eyes
and the prejudices sung into your ears
But maybe if you opened your mind's eye
you could see this mirage as the oasis she is
in this blindingly pale desert
After all, diversity's refreshing
Right?



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