

Esha Malik

You Can Find Hope at the Bottom of This Glass

Strange thoughts take a hold of me as the bottom of the glass creeps closer,

Ones that could only live under dim flickering lights and the space between the ink and pen.

Thoughts that tell me that I can only love as violently as I've been taught;

I am forced to remember that love is the boot that crushes the ant.

I wonder if it'll matter to me when I hit the floor,

if I'll be able to stop fidgeting and lie still and stare at what my body's become.

Perhaps I will finally forgive myself for being prone to loves that punch and feel like pain in my back,

and gain a hope that can blur a world that praises change as better.

With my eyes closed and my heart to the ground,

I wonder if in the darkness I'll start thinking thoughts like

Maybe I can be loved most in my bruises, maybe I am enough.

Damned to an Abundance

Who am I but a mere mortal trapped in your everglades
Stuck to you like gum sticks to floors
May God forgive the hopeless sinner that I am
For starting fires and letting the damage get in between
I watch as the smoke touches the ceiling
Below, the ash meets cotton and ignites
I am sold a hope that I've paid for with no expense spared
Living in a house made of wood that has a floor made of sand
I don't care if I'm dead or I'm saved
I'll close my eyes tighter and let you fill my veins
Stand closer to the knife's edge
With my hands behind my back and no prayers to be said
I let the tears fall as I wonder if I'm happy or sad
Whether it even mattered because I still took the gun to my head
Let my finger squeeze the trigger
Died thinking I never had any choice
Damned to an abundance of you
Never realising when too much took its bags and shut the door

A Home That Leaks Poison From Its Cracks

I know I'm not my father and yet I love just like him

I think of his little girl, with her darling hair and thoughts so grim

Who grew up to be beautiful in return for always being lonely

Surrounded by ghosts who all once promised to be her one and only

We both come from a home that leaks poison from its cracks

The type that forces you to breathe it in and commit calamitous acts

In its silence I would always wonder if it was worse to die or love

And pray that if tonight I had the courage to leave, that my new life would fit me like a glove

Until then I'll keep writing stories where I'm not me and I am better

Where this time I am the king of it all, and not the beggar

I am beautiful, and I have hope, I remember.

The routine was always the same. I got up, wanted to forget it all and go back to dreaming.

I chewed on the past until there was nothing left to say,

And later threw it up to make room for the future.

Living an existence confined to four walls – I thought it better to be alone.

But here, on top of this night, there is a moon that shines so softly.

I look closer and see you at its centre.

You aren't here and I don't expect you to be anymore either.

But for the first time in a long time,

I am beautiful, and I have hope, I remember.

Love in the Time of Gluttony

I remember us as two bodies that weren't ready for the multitudes they'd contain

We should've flowed like water, never occupying a space for too long

But I remember our cut veins, how they revealed the dirt had that congealed

I carried all of your pain till I became it

And you clutched onto my hopes until they all rested on you

And this is what I know love to be, thanks to you

It's feeling in the dark for someone, clawing until your nails dig too deep to let go

Hoping they'll carry the burdens you never wanted to carry alone

And consuming their hurt in return, knowing that God waits to punish you for your gluttony

An Ode to Past Lives

I've felt many loves that have started with a punch

But none have hit me harder than yours

This time it's with an anger that both of us have felt

Alone and together

Where have you been? Couldn't you have gotten here sooner?

Perhaps you could've saved a girl from knowing misery

Stopped the woman she became from carrying her guilt

But suffering is inevitable, I know that now

We walk across an earth covered with glass shards

With feet that bleed and a heart ready to be devoured

Carrying bodies that will become old and then young

And underneath it all an unspoken truth beats within

I'll find you and I'll meet you again