

Stunted

By Gershia Mahabir

My heart belongs to the moon
And you belong to your mother.

With her pained knees
And I like silence
To be at home
alone naked
And you, run to religion
To pacify your emptiness

Justify your lack with
metal and gadgets
I don't own my furniture
You tell me, you want to travel and
I think we can fly together
Make love in the ocean

But your phone rings and you
Cling to wooden houses
And patterns, born
Of dysfunction
And I'm pushed out
Locked out

In the darkness of the night
I howl at my moon.

Gershia Mahabir bio: Gershia Mahabir organizes the open mic Poetry & Prose in Trinidad. She has studied poetry and fiction writing with Iowa University. She is currently working on her collection of poems.