

Daughter of Daphne

Why are my limbs not transforming,
when a hand touches my skin?

The tiptoes, the shadows,
the pose, no short clothes,
the fasts, the slows,

because of
them.

The horror of the streets,
the buses, the theatres, the metro -
full of empty seats.
Why are my limbs not transforming,
when a hand touches my skin?

Is there no one to save me,
to help me become a laurel...
How does it feel to become a tree
when his lips try to kiss me beneath?
Why am I not transforming?
What does it mean to be stiff
when hands pull my hair,
what does it mean to stick to the ground
and yet feet fail to become roots.

Why are my screams silent?
Am I becoming a tree?
The skin is still soft, the heart is still pounding,
where is that heavy numbness,
where is that thin bark,
why my hair is not turning into leaves,
oh god! If not leaves then snakes, please.

Oh, dear Daphne,
Oh, the luckiest one,
give me thy seeds of *Laurus nobilis*.
Make me a laurel,
I don't want his seeds.

Why are my limbs not transforming?

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