

WHEN THEY GO,

pretend it is fine.

Pretend this isn't the hundredth time you bet
everything
and lost it.

Pretend you are casually calling your mom
on the phone
because you are bored, not because you are
lonely,
lonely
and tired of it.

You are used to this.

You are used to people slicing you open,
like a frog pinned down for dissection.

Like a lamb offering itself up
for sacrifice.

You've re-written the story a hundred times,
but the end cannot be changed. It is your role.

Always the pity, the pain, the gutted.

Always the one
under the knife.

by Shumaita Kabir