Cover Me

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you asked me to cover you while your regrets became heavier by night
gone dormant from either lack of sleep or premature grief

I accepted you as you are wholeheartedly
without hesitating for even a moment to bring you under my jaded tree
its canopy gleaming at the edges
shaded from unanswered prayers and hearkened pleas

maybe it was my misplaced naivety
which could not perceive the extent of your insatiable appetite
you masked as longing for soul-peace

No it could not have been peace you were searching for rather a rampant running desire
to simply understand your own grief instead of carrying it in the back of darkened eyes
seeking an alike wanderer
to instantly recognize the loneliness folded between layers of white comforters and tear softened sheets

you expected me to gratify with sentiment this life chosen in cowardly fear
I could eject
or rather weave out
only a few spools of empathetic veneers

still I accepted your heated gaze
as it was given to me
with no intention to fluctuate your ways

I could see glimpses of your underlying heart every so often
and this was enough for me

I saw it reflected in pieces of fractured mirror
In your softness tinged with bleak memoirs
In your loved ones who shifted like tectonic caricatures
robbing you of even a spare moment
to spend in private closure

I think I knew, even on that very first day
you heart would always beat heavier than most

and even after all this dreary reflection, this is the only couplet I can manage to truly
remember, to hold close,

what a shame it was you shrugged off the one who sought to understand your grief
what a shame it was you left her who covered you under her green canopy

[and still don’t fret- yes, its leaves are now frayed, but now remain mindful, lush in some
places and healing in other spaces]

MADIHA SABER