

Quagmire

By Che Nooryohana Zulkifli

In every breath, it never gets tired. Day and night.
She knew she had tried.

In this quagmire, you're like an old stump, kicked and punched,
You're still there, never bother to leave her side.

You crossed her path, dozed her like a heavy cart,
Crushed to the ground, in this quagmire.

You were happy but she was not,
You made her believe you,
When she thought the light of hope shone through,
You ripped her open, bared her sorrow,
Still trapped in this quagmire.

Too many sleepless nights,
Her tears dried up in fright,
Has she won?
She was downright wrong,
You just went dormant, but never gone.

She is broken but she can heal. Scarred.
She's been swallowing mud,
But she cannot drown again,
She must see the world she's been missing,
Let her life give meaning,
Free her from your ruthless roots,
Free her from this quagmire,
And let this broken doll smile again.

