

Love Cannot Be Said

I wear rustic-looking rings on my fingers because
it makes me feel more spiritual, somehow.
Maybe it's the intricate engravings on these
metal hoops, or the pastel-colored stones on some of them
that remind me of the rocks and markings that must exist in heaven, or
whatever sublime place there is.
I often wish to exist in a place like that.

*At other times, I hear the words
Being closer and closer is the desire
of the body. Don't wish for union!
Why would God
want a second God? Fall in love
in such a way that it frees you
from any connecting.
Love cannot be said.*

(The italicized words and the title of this poem are taken from the poem "The Taste of Morning", by Rumi, as translated by Coleman Barks.)

Ethar Hamid is an aspiring writer and artist from Khartoum, Sudan. She writes poetry and essays, and creates illustrations and comics.

The Pangolin Review – Issue 12