

Tarzina Khatun

**Ship 1971**

There she lies; marooned,  
In the sombre eeriness,  
With dark oaky dimples.

The seagulls peck at her,  
Peeling away her rotten woody cheeks.  
She doesn't mind.

And as they jab at her glory days,  
Removing her salty sea water flesh,  
She recalls her years out at sea.

How small waves would give her blue kisses.  
Those bitterly cold nights,  
In the dark north.

She has nostalgic memories of her days  
Conjoined to the right.  
Living in harmony with her sister.

Those days enclosing  
The bright coloured spicy dust  
And freshness of exotic fruit.

She remembers her last voyage of liberation.  
How she'd carried farmers, soldiers  
Teachers, scholars, writers and poets.  
All of whom took arms.

And those following months,  
When blue kisses succumbed to large tempests,  
And became beasts.

When those men who died proudly,  
For their mother tongue,  
Were shot mercilessly into the abyss.

Now all that remains is her blood-stained timber cadaver,  
Abandoned.