

Sayeda Of Landi Kotal

*An episode from epic tale Angeliad of Surazeus
Angeliad.net*

Sayeda wraps black robe around her frame
frail girl with green eyes shivering in gloom
of cold dust hidden in empty bombed house
by a red river on a hill west of Landi Kotal.

Small hands clutch her throat in numb fear
when Sayeda remembers flash of gunshots
so she blinks trying to forget gang of men
shouting we are Taliban invading her home
then blast of bullets and her father falls
eyes staring blank as they drag mother away.

Bells tinkle at dawn when two teen boys arrive
though she hides when they offer feta cheese
and green eyes stare as crumbs fall on her chin
and black hair shimmers around her thin face
sharp elegant cheeks of a queen in purple silk
relaxing by a pool eating plump green grapes
so they play flute and drum in warm sun glow.

Sayeda smiles and rises on thin elegant legs
and dances swaying slow as great grandmother
Lioness wakes in her heart that glows with joy
and she comes alive with hope as her hair flows
around her shoulders and her round hips swing
and her arms writhe with power of creation.

Sayeda lost in vision of peacocks on cool lake
and fresh melons feels hands grab her tight
so she screams heart pounding in new terror

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when goat herders drag her back as she flees
and they throw her onto rocky ground with force
that scrapes her skin smeared with hot blood.

Closing her eyes and sobbing in brutal pain
Sayeda squirms trying to escape angry lust
as they take turns holding her down hard
and raping her again laughing when she weeps
then slapping her face and calling her Zania.

Dozens of men swarm from honking trucks
so goat herders flee leaving her on hard rocks
bruised and bleeding and dazed in blind pain
then rough hands drag weeping girl to truck
where she lies limp bouncing on metal flat
floating lost in jagged waves of piercing agony.

Cool shade of fluttering trees whisper soft
hands caressing skin by sparkling waterfall
reaches to pluck peach and teeth sink soft
tasting sweet juice then licks his strong chin
giggling up into his eyes when soft heart
sparks alive at piercing thrust of eager desire
arms embracing vigorous lion man in moon
I love you he whispers at drops of cool rain.

Sayeda opens her eyes emerging from gloom
to see crowds of faces with long beards stare
while old man shouts look at dirty Zania whores
violators of virtue and betrayers of Sharia law
and she sees several girls forced over on knees
hands bound behind their backs like her own.

Sayeda watches mullah in thick black robe
proclaim before cameras these whores will die
then he gestures and man raises sword high

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and slashes off head of a young screaming girl
whose eyes stare shocked up at blank sky.

Heart pounding in terror Sayeda stares down
at black beetle crawling over hot white rocks
stained with tear drops bleeding from her eyes
and asks nobody with agonizing fear please
I want to live but at flash of light screams why.

Somewhere in Idaho young boy named Scot
snaps awake after he fell asleep late at night
while studying Calculus for his final exam
heart pounding as he remembers her soft face
gazing at him with anguish of hopeful despair
and he reaches out hand to caress her cheek.

That beautiful angel with flowing black hair
and eyes green as pears ripe on tree of life
she melted into a skeleton soaked in blood
Scot gasps and fumbles thin pages of his Bible
staring hard as he searches for eternal truth.

Cold rain falls through roof of his bedroom
soaking pages in green tears as he remembers
only vision of her face and sweet eyes so bright
and gentle and he longs to take her to church
in white wedding gown and give her his heart
but he stands alone whispering who are you.

Black robe shudders in blind mountain wind
wrapped loose around frail girl without eyes.

Angeliad of Surazeus online at Angeliad.net