



# Catch Me

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## Poet's Note

*Bismillahir-Rahmanir-Raheem*

I spent many years not writing poetry. There were no words there. It was only when I was pushed to the brink that I found my voice. I pray that my words contain traces of truth, alongside the pain, the honesty, and the hope.

O Lord, let my words invite to Truth.

*Na'ima B.*

## Catch Me

Sweet stoicism  
Stifles the screams,  
Silences the sighs,  
Sinks the soul  
To numbness.  
My heart is too hard to hurt.  
My hands too full to face the sky.  
My eyes too focused to tear up  
With wild, wilful tears.  
Forgive me, Lord.  
Forgive me  
And catch me  
When my back finally breaks,  
When my heart finally cracks,  
When the tears finally fall  
And fall  
And fall,  
Drowning me  
And all my patience,  
Strength  
And fortitude.  
When the agony of loss  
Threatens to throw me from the cliff,  
Catch me, Lord.  
Catch me.

## Still Learning

Life has a way of teaching us by surprise,  
A way of opening our eyes,  
A way of putting us in the right place  
At the right time.

Life has taught me  
Never to judge a book  
By its cover;  
Never to elevate oneself  
Above another;  
Never to suspect the intentions  
Of a brother;  
Never to doubt the fierce love  
Of a mother.

Life has taught me  
And I am life's student.  
Eager still  
For lessons yet unlearned,  
For words unheard,  
For fires unburned.  
I am a hungry, eager student  
With an exquisite thirst  
That is hard to quench.  
I long to take life  
In my hands  
And squeeze  
Until its juice runs dry.  
Wisdom, experience,  
Laughter, tears

Running down my arms

To touch my heart  
With the bittersweet symphony  
That is life.  
Life  
Has taught me  
It is never too late.  
Life  
Has taught me  
That to grow, we have to break.  
Life  
Has taught me  
To hold tight for the dawn.  
Life  
Has taught me  
To keep on holding on.  
Letting go isn't an option,  
Giving up  
Isn't part of the plan.  
So we strive,  
Keep on striving  
Until we reach the Promised Land.

## Survivor

What did it mean  
When the one who was meant to protect  
Left bruises on your neck?

What did it mean  
When the one who swore to honour  
Soiled yours, again and again and again?

What did it mean  
When the hand you longed to hold  
Broke four ribs and blackened your eye?

Why?

Because you made a mistake.  
You erred.  
You thought you heard  
But you heard wrong.  
You heard a wife was to be cherished,  
Honoured,  
Loved,  
Protected,  
But you heard wrong.  
Because it's always your fault.

And the worst of it is  
There are those who, though not blind,  
Refuse to see.

They turn away,  
Avert their gaze,  
Seal their lips.  
They bequeath silence to your suffering.  
Apply hypocrisy to your wounds.  
Heave the weight of their honour  
Onto your frail, fractured shoulders.

Arise, o battered one.  
Arise and warn.  
Declare and believe  
You are no longer a pawn  
In their sick, twisted game  
Of lies and guilt and shame.  
You have a name:  
Your name is survivor!  
By God's grace you are alive to savour  
The dawn of a new day  
The unveiling of a new life  
That doesn't start or end with the words  
'Battered wife'.



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The Press was born of a passion to have Muslim women's voices heard in an authentic and relatable way.

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## More from Na'ima B. Robert

Look out for Na'ima B. Robert's next book, '*4 Months and 10 Days*'. A heartrending collection of poetry and prose imbued with love, longing, and loss where Na'ima documents and shares the tumultuous days of her *'iddah* following the passing of her beloved husband.

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