



Doll

A 3 Piece Journey

Rayan Abdul-Baki

AJ Rujaib

Ramadan

-Rayan Abdul-Baki

I wore my mother's markab on my shoulder
It was composed of her dirt and red civility.
Because civility could no longer have no adjective
Nor colour.
You can't call the moon a moon without saying
If its full
or crescent-

Only if its crescent will the tides
Take you home- will the tides
Say being a boy and a flower at the same time
Is a blessing and not an abomination-
Because flowers pollinate other flowers
That feed us at six forty-five.

If it's full – you will hear the lone wolf
Above the elephant graveyard
Trying to become a domesticated
Harmless dog.
Tell them their visa has expired,
And their passports passport them back to the sea
Where the tides this time are at their worst

But don't worry love
There are countries that will take you in
To make up for the boat
That kept your mother out.

Hear the sheep barking in the distance
As they prepare for heaven's door.

I Cried One Night

-AJ Rujaib

I cried one night to the sound of a melody, miming as background noise.
It was our song. The song of our destiny, telling we'd be together once.
That once is enough for our love to fly like a dove.
Or so I thought...

Lights dim...
Then suddenly I'm home with my cardigan.
And all I hear is the rain drops dropping in.

I tell myself
Out of these four walls someone got something to sell.
Living life, not caring about what's in the well.

I'm sure I wasn't your first but you were mine.
I thought you might've feared me, 'cause seven eight nine.
No matter how old I get, you turn me back into a child.
Now I long for the days we got to play.

“Mother! Why do we have to leave?
Mother! Why won't they let us be?
Mother! Why are we covered in red?
Why can't we get safely in bed?”

You were there when I got flagged.
You were there when they tore me down.
You were there when I was tagged,
Branded as the lesser one.

I wouldn't write this without your stitched smile,
Calming me down when I couldn't smile myself.
Pulled me out from under the shower,
When I was holding my breath, trying to get rid of myself.

So tell me Teddy,
Do I get to grieve or will I see you again?
Should I ink this as joy?

Or is this a requiem?
Teddy it wasn't easy.
Ouds, harps and violins played.
But the joy has been stripped away.
I guess that's life you sing then sway.

Doll

-Rayan Abdul-Baki, AJ Rujaib

Breathes

I am a teddy bear

I am a teddy bear

I knit them out of xenon
They won't react with me
I'm bright like neon
They don't seem to notice me

What's a wick of light
In the darkness of today?
What's a candle light
In a sea of blood?

I signed this contract
With stone
I will rip this contract
With stone

"Time to go to bed, child"
Jahanam in my dollhouse slumber
My skin isn't my own any more
When one doll wears another

His skin hides my stuffing
My stuffing forms him
My stuffing exists in many colours
He took only the colourless.

Gone are my skies of indigo.
I'm a flesh eating wendigo
I try to escape this make believe second chance.
When I'm but a stuffed doll and a slutty dance.

Let me dance to your music box
For it holds what you wish to unbox

The fear and the haunt you wish to release
The ghosts of your past, coming back. A redux.

A reflux of Arabia
Your sand grains hold too much.
Your efflux of emotions
Might bring this sad doll to life.

“Bring this sad doll back to life”