

## The Session is Adjourned (A Prose Poem)

### (1) The Inverted Scales

From a bliss that blooms life to eternal torment,  
Is this how you judged?  
Or is it merely the game of blind fate?  
You battle in a fleeting session,  
A scream rips through the fabric of days,  
And a strike from your heavy staff  
Shatters a dream born in the womb of the long night.  
How do you pass judgment?  
Do you draw your laws from the doctrine of the devil?  
How do you turn perfection into deficiency,  
And forge ugliness out of beauty?  
You, who have transformed an angel into a demon,  
And poured the essence of the soul into a chalice of loss.  
You have surrendered me into the embrace of doom,  
Where my soul dwells among demons.  
What kind of justice is this?  
That reshapes the standards of life,  
And tilts the scales in reversal.  
Cursed be this unjust judgment,  
And a thousand curses shall echo against tyranny,  
Until the palace of oppression crumbles,  
And the scales return to weigh the truth.

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### (2) The Tale of Oblivion and Nothingness

I would not have ruled with your heart,  
Yet you sent down a thunderbolt, setting my soul ablaze in darkness,  
Leaving me stranded in the womb of your memory.  
My love for you... was never a choice,  
But a pulse that courses through my veins,  
A sigh of the soul whispering your name in the eternity of silence.  
You...  
Are an immortal part of me,  
Joy radiates in the glow of your presence,  
And sorrow lingers across the distances of absence.  
If I lose you,  
The sky collapses upon my soul,  
But if I hold you,  
The world overflows with life in my chest.  
You are the light that weaves a dawn from the darkness of my days,  
You are the water that quenches my eternal thirst,  
Even when dreams dissolve in the river of night,  
You rise within me as no one else ever could.

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### (3) The Defense Speech

Listen to my plea,  
I was never a deaf stone,  
But my voice chanted your love,  
And your pride shone like the moon above restless waves.  
Look into my eyes,  
Did you not see a light carving its way through your shadowed pillow?  
And when my hands embraced you,  
I laid you in the arms of angels,  
Rescuing you from the snares of a ruthless hunter.

My feet, they have carried you far,  
Racing the winds toward gardens unseen by your eyes,  
Gardens that bloom with the colors of hope.  
Now tell me,  
Can separation defeat us?  
Shall we not meet again,  
So you may believe in the history inscribed by the beats of my heart?  
And shelter me once more in the womb of your soul,  
As you did the very first time?

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#### (4) The Thunderbolt Verdict

When you raised your hand and announced the verdict,  
Your voice struck like a sword cleaving through the fog,  
Shattering my being,  
And the walls of my heart collapsed like an ancient fortress,  
Crushed beneath an unyielding tide.  
You left me,  
Standing on the edge of nothingness,  
Where silence embraces the echo of your footsteps,  
Lost in the labyrinth of time.  
Like an autumn leaf,  
Plucked from its branch,  
Writhing in the air,  
Seeking a ground to cradle or consume it.  
I did not scream,  
For my voice was shackled by confusion,  
Yet my blood howled within my veins,  
And every cell in me gasped in agony.  
I watched the world fade around me,  
Its lights extinguished one by one,  
Until my eyes became prisoners to eternal darkness.  
And finally,  
I became a cage of torment,  
A captive in the court of loss,  
Where the only ruling is pain,  
And the only judge,  
Is memory.

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#### (5) The Curse

The sky split open under the weight of your decree,  
And its lightning blinded the eyes,  
The rocks stiffened in fear of your cruelty,  
The earth trembled beneath the weight of sorrow,  
And the light fled in terror, dissolving into the abyss of nothingness.  
You buried justice beneath the ruins of the wild,  
And declared the law of beast and blood,  
And you believe yourself to be victorious!  
But history shall judge you with the lash of years,  
And it shall curse your name on every page it writes.  
I shall write of you,  
And I shall never cease,  
Even if the ink of existence runs dry,  
I will inscribe your sins with my blood upon the forehead of eternity,  
And make the heavens and the earth witness your transgressions,  
As they curse the devil,

In the East,  
And in the West.

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(6) The Dawn of Resilience

Still, I weave my resilience,  
Thread by thread,  
Spinning ropes of patience that never break,  
Lifting me far above the thorns of the path and the traps of darkness.  
I will not surrender,  
I will bathe my deep wounds with verses  
That heal pain,  
Dissolve injustice,  
And banish the demons of misery from my soul.  
I will not surrender,  
I will construct a new sky, unlike your darkened clouds,  
A sky of rain that revives the faces of the dead with a smile,  
And lights up my night with stars of hope.  
I will carve a land unlike yours,  
For your land has been ravaged by quakes,  
And your roads are thorns that drain the throats,  
But my land... it will be green,  
It will birth dreams ripe with promise,  
And strengthen me with every step.  
I will not surrender,  
I will see through the darkness with my inner sight,  
And forge my path with an unfading light,  
Until I inscribe upon the face of life  
The tale of my new dawn.

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(7) The Birth of Hope

From the depths of the sky,  
Hope cries out,  
Waving the torch of victory,  
Flaming within its grasp.  
The clouds crack open,  
And the sun emerges, bidding farewell to the abyss of night,  
Her lips overflow with the waters of life,  
Scattering their first drops upon the thirsty earth,  
Quenching my withering roots with greenery and bloom.  
My ears listen to the neighing of steeds,  
Horses embracing the horizon of heroism with the euphoria of triumph,  
And I cry out:  
Come forth, O warrior!  
History still awaits your steps,  
The battle has not yet turned its final page,  
And our wounded dreams illuminate their scars with the light of eternity,  
Drinking from your tears a hope that never dies.  
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