

Abacus Discrete

I had her the least

Calculating the age of my siblings and the years in between
twelve years but not a feast.

Born premature, not even seven months old,

I had two extra months in her arms, not her womb

All have stories that better not be told

Although She had not become a legend yet by that time,
she was a field of life,

a mountain of kindness but with a sharp line

She could become scary as the edge of a knife

For something as simple as walking in with dirty feet from outside

Or not pairing your shoes neatly side by side

Her face would become a godly anger similar to the ones at the temple door outside

Her emotion astray

But her heart would win over; the love would sway

You would be called to have a sweet nougat with milk

Or you will get extra tahdig, more than your share

For this, we all concluded

She was hot and cold

A fiery spirit that cannot be controlled

She called me her little girl, the bottom of a pan

Absorbing this encyclopedia of life, stories began.

One thousand and one
Never-ending,
Neither Shahrzad nor the king
Just mom, deep and sad
A sparrow in a cage, yearning

Her clock, made of proverbs, weeks like fables
Months turned to novellas, years a tale unstable.
Tragedy, yearning, and wistful longing define
Her sigh, an eternal dust over my heart, her shrine.
If she had the chance, in present day,
the woman she'd become in her passionate ways
The mountains she'd climb, the dreams she'd pursue
The "what ifs" stabs me, as I know all is true

Invisible tears one can never wipe doesn't matter how one try

Her father knew her talents, a gem so rare
Taking her along for his important affair

Calculations.

She becomes his abacus, his pride
She wears the throne till she grows to the tip of nine
Her mother, though, has the traditional plan

Reminds father her place is in the house as others before her in the clan

She pulls her inside

let's have her trained to be a desirous bride

At fifteen, she is ready and ripe

Suitors came, Dad amongst the crowd

Her mom and Dad know him and his family

So for sure, he is the best in line

Mom quarrels, sulks, and walks out in protest

Silently trying to talk, she is not ready to be vowed

Her mom swears "she is spoiled "

Dad appreciates, mistaking her defiance as "her shyness, modesty"

"He is handsome

Time brings her around and about."

My dad assumes she is just playing hard to catch

The cloth is cut in heaven; she is a right match

By sixteen, she gives birth, her first-born prize

Then comes the next five

A little girl who was once a wise, a gifted mind

Went to run a house

Jams, jelly

Pickles and all

An abacus is hidden in her chest

While everything seemed fine, she lost her zest

A desert tornado, hidden in dust

Anger resides forever; she must

Through thousands of years, her evolution fought

A woman's struggle, her stories, no one sought.

Her fables,

her tales

All the dust and wind

Will always run fiery black blood in her little daughter's vein