

Poetry

Ebtisam Elghblawi

Correspondence:

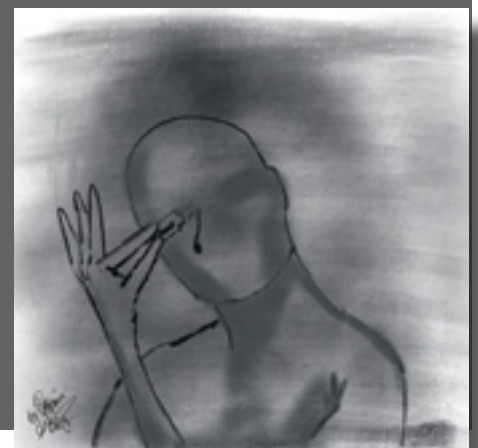
Dr Ebtisam Elghblawi

Email: ebtisamya@yahoo.com

DOI: 10.5742/MEJB.2021.93883

How are you doing now.

The unforeseen that we are, all looking for.
 The invisible boundary.
 Sheer fright in eyes, behind the face shield, every where.
 How it feels ?
 Are you coping ok ?
 Awkward ambiguous situation.
 We are already done.
 What is more ?
 Ending the lockdown and ease life.
 Time to recover and recuperate.
 Isolation and separation made us sicken.
 Totally exhausted, dewelled and demolished.
 Seclusion kills.
 Quarantine sucks.
 Physical isolation drains us.
 Deprived in our own and lone.
 We need human interaction to heal up and console.
 Longing for warmth and personal connection.
 We need human voice to respond and react.
 The sicken sad morality grieves.
 The weariness need mutual support and comfort to decompress.
 We need physical connection to revive and retrieve.
 We are like flowers that in desperate needs to sunshine, to brighten up its marvelous beauty.
 We need the fresh air to breath life in, to bloom and blossom up.
 We aspire to see all walks of humans life passing by.
 Walking all day long and talking alone and lone.
 Great desperation and deprivation.
 In need for ultimate validation.
 Depression looming secretly, here and then, on the horizon.
 Surfacing on, all kinds of mental health derangement.
 Mental health issues prevail and reveal here and there.
 Emerging on, unintentionally unconsciously.
 Biting up sometimes hardly.
 We live in a virtual reality.
 Chained down and tied us up physically.
 Countless hours and more.
 We dearly long to a normal life.
 It's just all around dark, crisp, cold, grey and miserable.
 It's going much longer and longer endlessly.



Poetry

Ebtisam Elghblawi

Correspondence:

Dr Ebtisam Elghblawi

Email: ebtisamya@yahoo.com

Women's day

All tales were told for women
 All melodies were inspired by women
 Life itself started with a woman
 Love and passion are women
 Poetry is women
 Attraction is women
 Sadness and extreme emotions are women
 Winds and darkness are women
 Night symphony is women
 Silence and unspoken words are women
 The impossible is women
 Rebellion is woman
 In the deep darkness and grievence are women
 Seduction, desire and lust are women
 War and peace are women
 Beauty is women
 All the beautiful words were written by appreciating men merely and solo for women
 And yet life can't proceed without women
 Salute all women who made a journey for herself and self-worth

