

Breathe



Himangi Nair

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Fires and Massacres

And as the ink I bleed
Touches the soil of my land
I resonate the hopes and dreams
Of millions of others
Who bleed both ink
And blood
Till their very last breath

The ink cuts through the hills,
Admiring the soothing rough terrain
Whilst soldiers walk up these rocky routes
To make our land proud again

They celebrate her magniloquence
They way she compliments nature herself;
They salute her strength, as they bow their heads
Commanding her zest, admiring her majest;
The breaths they take in
Only to let out the fear of conquest
Garland her adorned neck.

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The ink flows out our eyes,
Leaving a tingling sensation
We watch as the ink floods our soil—
Quenching thirsts, blossoming flowers,
Coloring the nation.

She looks at us with pride
She knows we will not hide
She knows, it is every day that
We wish to start fires—
Fires of love, empathy and light
Accompanied by massacres
Of dreams, courage
And a future bright.





I know I'm not the kind of beautiful you want
I know I'm not tall, thin
And that I don't have the waist size
Of your favourite star

But I'm proud.
I'm proud of the fact that
I don't fit in
These labels
These boxes that
Everybody thinks I need to tick
Being tall
Being thin
Being silent, hiding, scared and timid from within

4 | Breathe

I'm proud of being the kind of beauty
You don't want to see
No "I wish I was different" euphemy
No trying to be thinner or trying
to be a different shade of skin
The kind of beauty that is loud
By simply existing
That terrorises the weak hearted
By breathing
With pride
And no regrets
But of course, even I struggle with keeping up
With your rolling eyes, lame insults and tips on how
To not be
What I am

And maybe poetry
Is a reminder for me
That I am beautiful
And that my words make a difference
Make up or no make up
Shorts or skirts
With a thigh gap
Or without one

And maybe the reason I celebrate myself
Is because I know
The strength I have
Of being able to love myself
While there are people out there
Who turn their hatred towards themselves
Into hatred towards others
And it's funny, because
They think their comments actually matter.

I am beautiful.
You are beautiful.



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