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Miss

Qaas Shoukat
Nova Southeastern University

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Miss

Author Bio

Qaas Shoukat has always loved storytelling, and naturally began writing as a means to do just that. He has always been a huge fan of the Digressions, and is excited to be a part of it this year.

Miss

11 years, 7 months, 2 weeks, and 3 days
With every second, every hour, and every minute
She thinks of how that piece of her had gone away
And how with time her hope had followed with it.

She still remembers holding him that first time
And how amazed she was that they both cried,
Even though no one had caused them any harm
He wept before he even opened his eyes, and tears began to climb
Down her face as she felt life itself move and breathe in her arms.

When he finally blinked away the darkness and saw the earth
Around him, he smiled and laughed with wonder and joy
She looked down and never thought that she could give birth
To something so beautiful; she never knew love, till she saw that boy.

She told herself she would watch him grow
From dirty diapers and teaching him to talk,
To getting old enough to hear him call her annoying:
She'd have to put up with his shit.
But she was cool with it,
She figured it was a part of life,
And that eventually he would know,
That without her there, the life he lived wouldn't even be worth enjoying.

They were destined to be together, a son and a mother
See, once the umbilical was severed, she was attached to her child through
More than a cord of flesh and blood.
In every cell in his body, half of who he was
and what he would be was her,
She was in every part of him,
every part he would lose, and every part that was to come,
There was no way to separate them,
The bond they shared would last beyond their lifetimes,
For every generation that followed, her name would echo in the chamber of each heart,
With every pump, and every thud.

But never did she expect that someone
Would come between them and steal him from her.
When he was ripped away from her, she bled,
And for years she would bleed,
And never for one moment could she find any peace

Whenever she'd look in the mirror,
even at her best,
She'd always see that missing piece

And now instead, she's incomplete,
And in his place she sees a hole
She begs her fate to make a change,
and asks the world to make her whole.

Every morning she lays afraid, with her eyes shut,
In too much fear
That if she opens them he would still be gone.
You would catch her throughout the day, thoughtless, just barely there
No sense of anything at all, of nothing that was going on.
Yes, the world still turned, times changed,
But to her it was all the same
His room was still empty, his toys were still on the floor,
The pictures he drew were still on the fridge, and his name
Was still scribbled on the walls and on the doors.

The house still smelled like him.
And too many times, she lay awake at night
Because even though she knew she was alone,
She could still feel him in the bed.
She still hears his voice,
And wherever she looks he's there in her sight
She's lost taste for all the foods he loved,
She says she'd rather starve instead.

Time was supposed to heal her,
But the hands of the clock only seemed
To hold her down and peel her
Wounds open; while all the while she screamed,
For it all to be over. No, time was never her friend
The day she was robbed of her love
Times torture seemed to never end
Time, with a smile, mocked her from above.

The poster is what hurt her more than anything,
"Have you seen this child?"
And some details of how he may look,
And two pictures: one from the spring that he was taken,
And the other was one that she never took:
It was made by a computer that tried to guess
What he would look like now.
They gave him darker hair, and he seemed to smile less

Beneath the changes they made though,
She pretended she still saw him somehow

They told her to move on, to go outside and try and get some fresh air
But she found it hard to have the strength to be around others.

One day though, she tried her best;

She went to a park and tried to sit down there,

And she saw a playground

With children all around, where mothers

Shouted at their children to play where they'd be seen.

She looked at each child and saw his face

She heard him when they laughed and the whole scene

Was too much for her. She cried as she stood to leave that place

Behind her. She hoped her pain wouldn't notice and wouldn't follow

As she turned around, a boy bumped into her as he ran

She wiped her tears and tried to swallow

As she said, "Sorry". The boy was helped up by a man

Who he called dad, and they both smiled as the boy nodded his head.

Tears ran down her blushing face,

She suddenly was overcome with dread.

He ran along his father's side, she wept as she just walked along

She thought she saw him in that boy, but knew she probably was wrong.

He wondered why the lady cried, "She must be lonely, that's for sure"....

But then he stopped to think a while,

He swore he saw her face before.