

RAHEELA SULEMAN

DUNYA CIDE



no forgotten God lingers in london,

only those who forget

no forgotten God lingers in london we never made dua for this city to die but watch the road of no end cough up our nightmares from a sinkhole its jaw hanging for us to see their ghosts running a treadmilled tongue with no vigour no purpose for a haunting so why do they bother why dont they die why are we swimming against something greater because it was willed not because it was God when we are free to walk the oceanbed watching the others gargle rough salt cough up a lung but somehow it wont kill them no just the seekers washing up on these shores the incarcerated in perpetual handcuffs doing time but not near enough to grow gills the untouchables will stand on dry land say the sunken belly of a whale has plenty of room to rest a head before they open the doors to their homes so let the ocean come with its mouth wide open let it swallow the ones who built an open ceiling for the dolphins like they cant jump



the kabrastan is green

no death is small
my beloved is not in the ground

the cacti keep watch
make sure they're watered

the grave is only a garden
a window to look through

if the window shuns from being seen
this one will cut herself with glass

and see no God and
blood up the grass




The background features a woman in a yellow sari with pink floral garlands on the left. On the right, a blue silhouette of a person stands with arms outstretched, and another blue silhouette of a person walks away on a path. The overall scene is set against a dark, textured background.

prophet blue,

koyal's lament

at maghrib the bird think it's fajr
tell the ones who speak about
God
like the blue hour
to expand their time

i saw krishna in a car
blue bodied
needles in his skin
krishna
must've been
a prophet



i have a motherland somewhere
a resting place
one time my brother came home
with a bloody neck
and i thought he was a zebra
my brotherland is blue

a walking saxophone passes my
bedroom window
i look outside for the man
see him around at obscure hours
this time it's just the same bird
with a broken beak
breathing really loudly

rih-lata

o you with your dhikr on your ones
on deaf earth endless road o you decapitated
gone and left them with that head of yours the one they
call lonely shoulders without record on either side

made of electricity all blue lamenting over madness
defining insanity what moonlight is made of they said
all on their own chest to the sky they thought God
was just like them hungry like them

you sit at your beloved's feet barefoot in the
rain this man desperately sad pouring
this stranger stood in front of you is your father
let us see God when we do not none of this is
farfetched

she anchors your hands behind your back then says
you will wash her corpse she always does this you nod
they recover your head in the thames return it to you
you are headed for the ground five times more

raheela is an indirect Qur'anic name that means "to leave"
"to go on a journey" derived from the R-H6-L root
(106:2:2) riḥ'lata (with the) journey
raheela grasp your departure

leaning out your mint green 1973 Chevrolet Impala you
cruise into the night angel in rearview & passenger side
they say that without sin you would not need God
o you one who drives slow slam

the sky is scheduled—

no one escapes the world of clay
not even the good

i am not delusional
angel trips over left shoulder
is that why i walk with a limp

if amnesia befalls the blood clot
ponder the velocity of quicksand
wrap them in white cloth

who am i
but the corporeal object
yielded by time

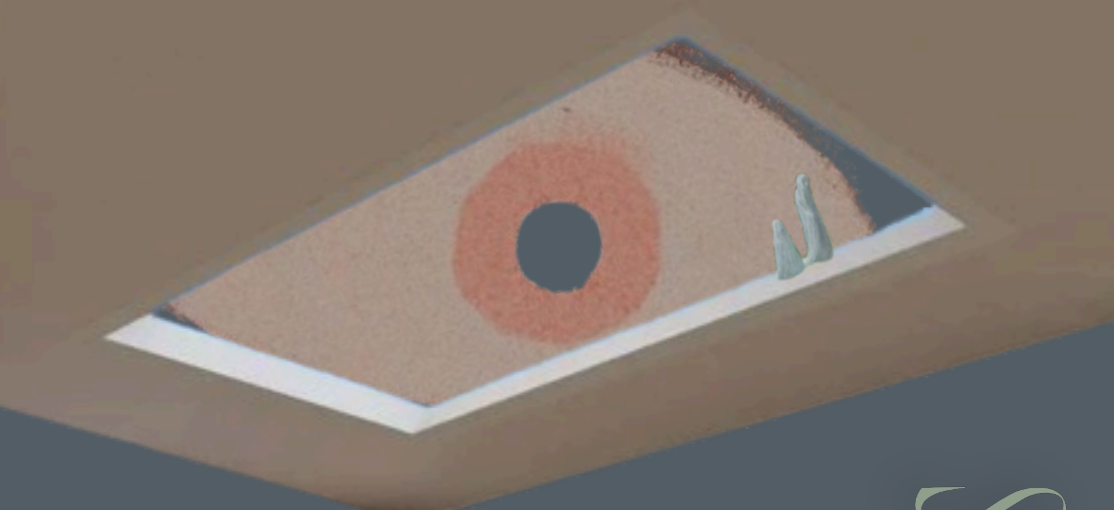
Ya Latif—
if i am awake five times
is the dream then a dialogue

realising shape shifting
summoning the art of getting through the day
if God wills then God will

imagination is far from fantasy
worship made me
an alchemist

this land
this land
this land is one of many worlds





o friend who violently spins me
like a globe, your face
is everywhere.

the city is not so unfriendly
after all.
not so wretched,

nor is a sin, rather it is a map.
so let me walk you home,
tomorrow, i walk alone.

o friend whose kindness
is a knife folded in your palm,
i took it for a compass.

suppose i wake up and
my ceiling is an eye?
you keep on blinking.



stagnant dervish



soil eater

let me have my tasbeeh the same way i relish cod,
let God's name be the fishbone, my mouth a stream with no bank.
let there be more God where i thought God does not reach
like the floors i have bled on, the faces i mistook for qibla.
let me say i was wrong about God,
never knowing mercy like rahman,
not maaf, not the cannibal with retrograde amnesia
who believes they are soil, then begins to eat it.
let me have my ground and dig it up.
let them find the white bic in my pocket
and call me undignified
because i don't see what i don't see, still, i see God.
so remember God as a womb in a stunted world—
even parasites need something to worship.

bts

Raheela Suleman is a London-based writer and director. She explores The Unseen in both her written and visual work.

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