

Misophonia

By Maithreyi Ravula

Within us burns a candle,
Mine glows a pearly white.
It has been doused a thousand times
It might not last the night.
Some glow a fiery color,
Some glow a passive blue;
Some said I had no flame at all,
Although I burned the purest hue.
I lived inside a house of glass
People peer within
"Her candle burns the darkest black,"
They said. "Whatever was her sin?"
They jeered and leered and cast a sneer
I clenched my teeth in might
They closely watched as I gathered tears
"That woman has no light."
But dark must end and dawn must come
And as I bathed my candle in sun
Their silence meant a thousand words
And though I could hear no more,

I won.