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Mother

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Mother

Kayla Fletcher

*Your mother spends her nights
with other men. That's haram.
Her father has forbidden her from
speaking Allah's name.*

Rose oil rubbed in between her breasts.

*She melts in their words. She smears their
kisses on her skin. Their voices stick to her
like warm syrup. They drip down
her arms and thighs.*

Almond milk and dates served at breakfast.

*Her deep-brown eyes reflect her
inner terror. She knows she shouldn't sleep
with other men. The thought must
be eating her alive.*

Peeled bananas and lips stained from grapes.

*You should make du'a for your
mother.
Pray that Allah will forgive her
someday.*

She danced under honey-tinted string lights.

*Ask Him to protect her heart and soul, to increase
her Iman, and to strengthen her love.
Your mother needs to conserve
every ounce of her.*