
Breaking Point by Fiza Karim

I am alive. A living breathing human being. You can tie me up and cage me in all kinds of prisons. I see you taking your pick. Whether you choose tangible webs like finances and educational inequalities or plain old emotional manipulation. Just remember! Even if you blindfold me, my soul sees everything. It senses my bleeding open wounds and it quivers right along with me. That vibration, my God...you do not want to feel it. Reverberating through my whole being, it generates an energy. That energy originates from a place where your pointy claws, no matter how far they reach, can not touch. Yes that place exists...

It's right within my heart.

It so full of rock hard strength that even I do not provoke it. I keep it locked up tight within the confines of my resistance. Yet; you kicked it...

Now there it is. Scratching, clashing and clanging; like a feral beast against those gates, about to reduce those handcuffs you put on me ,into grit against the grey floor. Exactly where they belong. Only then would I breath. Put air into my parched lungs and stand up. Ready to battle whatever or whoever dared to block my path.