



CREATIVE CORNER

Synaesthesia

By Daud Xiddig

On March 23rd, our nation's Prime Minister, Boris Johnson, ordered the country to stay at home. In lockdown, weariness began to set in. My senses morphed into each and I felt numb to the concept of time. The following poem aims to capture this blurriness.

I wake to see the loud ticking of my broken watch,
The calendar sinks slowly into the sand,
The clock stands up and leaves the room,
I have not seen him since,

I listen closely and hear Cumin and Cayenne,
Coconut and Cajun,
I witness the symphony in the kitchen,
My mother is leading her orchestra,

Gently, I touch the news blared over the radio,
1000 new cases carefully counted,
Protests erupting in front of 10 Drowning Street,

I taste the burning of coal colliding with the fumes of gas,
The rumbling stomachs and the scorching heat,
The BBQ consists of 'The smell of freshly cut grass' and 'Lemonade',

I immediately smell red and yellow and blue,
Adults meticulously colour in their books,
Whilst their babies adjust their glasses, holding 'The Times',

I feel the whispers tumbling out of my house,
Flowing through the empty streets,
Walking into the shops,
Sitting on a watchtower, overlooking the abandoned cities,

I hope that the past never meets the future,
I hope the two never exchange numbers,
I pray they never pick up on each other's bad habits,
I hope that in her palm, the future holds nothing this past year held,

When will my senses calibrate.
When will normalcy seep back into my life.
When will the colour lift from the page and paint the dull world.
When will Black Lives Trend become Black Lives Matter.
When will solitary confinements turn back into hospitals.
When will our clasped mouths open and scream.
"Where can I exchange this year, it doesn't fit me anymore?"

