



## Polyxena

Samina Tahreem

Polyxena, you betrayed me.  
Polyxena, you told me we would run away together but I was cannon  
fodder in the battle I didn't know you were fighting.  
Polyxena, why did you replay my love like this?

Polyxena, you are abundance, you are wind. You are the gale that  
leaves flowers stiff with frost.

You can't befriend the sun but he is the only one that loves you.  
Polyxena, Polyxena, Polyxena you can't walk over water like you  
hoped.  
Polyxena, the black cape makes you look ill. Polyxena, accept the blue  
tartan that makes you shine.

Polyxena I see how your eyes avoid mine, I see the shiver in your  
hands,  
The pucker of your lips that makes Glycon heave a watery smile.  
Polyxena, Polyxena, Polyxena...

You ran away, like a crook in the shadows and I stood panting, gold  
streaming red.  
Tell me, tell me something  
Don't bite off your tongue, Polyxena  
You have nothing to prove to anyone.

You have glitter on your eyelids, you hide your tears with them.  
You are afraid, afraid, afraid...  
You don't have to be.  
Feel the wind in your hair, the sun on your face and come to the sea  
with me.  
I can offer you something better than those frosty winds.  
Allow me, allow me, allow me.

A broken harmony, a score dripping with black ink.  
Disjointing, creaking like a piano splintering  
You hiccup, you heave and look up at the white noon sky  
When I say, "Do you love me?", you say you don't know.

You tell me that I don't know.  
You tell me that it's your burden.  
You tell me that nothing I say changes anything.  
You tell me you have retreated into the cave that you found by the  
shore; it's all damp and sticky, filled with crab shells.  
You tell me you'd rather be dead than enslaved.  
I understand, I see it, I see you, I see why...



You tell me, you tell me, you tell me... I just stand there with the  
silvery gale cleaving into my skin.  
You were busy with all the tears you hide; you didn't see the gale  
cleaving through.

Music flows in you, gently, with warmth up its sleeves.  
I want to cry but the cleaving gale has swallowed all my tears.  
All I am left with is sand.

Polyxena, Polyxena, Polyxena what have you done?

Nothing you do now changes anything.  
You betrayed me. You betrayed me.  
You betrayed me when I gave you my golden shield. You betrayed me  
when I travelled past the bleached seas to offer rubies at the alter in  
your stead.

*My wake is cold and I demand you leave it so, Polyxena.*

I see your eyes as they follow my frame,  
you turn away and I,  
I must, must, must look beyond the black cape that you swish.  
For as long as it takes,  
Stand on the shore, command the gale.  
It's your only true friend.

Let the flowers breathe.  
Let the sun touch your skin,  
Accept the blue tartan, khaire.

Dig my grave Polyxena; pull out my bones and throw them into the  
sea.

My mother is begging for a forgiveness that I will never give,  
But you must provide her with something or she will come for you.  
Don't let her come for you.

I am a convict of your wind, let me back into the sea.  
Something beyond the horizon is awaiting.  
I am to leave you at the cliff, come find me Polyxena.  
(*Don't, Don't Don't*)



**Samina Tahreem**

**Address:** N0015, Atarwala More, Mughaltoli, Murshidabad, West Bengal, India – 742160

**Phone:** +91 7430050017

**Email:** samina0707@gmail.com

Samina Tahreem is currently pursuing a **Master's degree in English** at **Amity University, Kolkata**. Passionate about literature, she is both an avid **reader and writer**, deeply engaged in exploring the nuances of language and storytelling.