

The Death of Love

By Maliya Mzyece Sililo

They say it is a sign of love.
They say the slap is like a flap of a dove
The slap will bring you close.
It will make you respect him more.
It is an expression of his love.
They said this and more.

Nobody told me about the pain.
Nobody mentioned a bruised ego.
A heart overflowing with shame.
The shame which the slap brings.
The slap that makes love a sham.
The slap has made love an empty gong.
And the dove lies still without a song.

Nostrils breathe on.
But this heart has stopped feeling.
The heart has stopped flapping.
In its place is a cold hard stone.

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