

Fizza Abbas

Happy Birthday!

I was five years old
when Mumma played my birthday video
on our old, dusty VCR
to celebrate the weekend movie night -
our post-homework treat back in the '90s.

Gliding up and down in my mother's lap
in a rose pink frock,
there I was.
Enjoying *Happy Birthday to You*
by an eminent Indian singer Mohammed Rafi.

I remember clearly,
Mom's face emanated radiance that day -
An angelic aura with a courage
to hit right in the centre of a votive object-
they endearingly call the God's eye

The day mom passed away,
I listened to *Happy Birthday to You*
once again and closed my eyes,
waiting for the closure.

Instead, the song firmly held my hand,
presenting me a cardboard box
filled with a bunch of photographs -
the beautiful homeland of episodic memories.

Now, every time I want to feel the paleness of her skin,
or dig deep into the world
she hid so beautifully in her black braid,
I take those photographs out of the box

The horizontal lines on her face,
the silhouette of darkness on the upper edges
of her lips calmly say,
it was time for her to go.

And I finally say,
Happy Birthday to you, Mom
Looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Fizza Abbas is a Freelance Content Writer based in Karachi, Pakistan. She is fond of poetry and music. Her works have been published on quite a few platforms including *Poetry Village* and *Poetry Pacific*.