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“LINES”

Loneliness,
Strand of my soul,

Threading through the hollow world.
A world alive,
Yet lifeless,
A paradox I wear.
Unheard,
The whispers of my heart,
Unseen,
The desperate cries for help.
Uneven,
The jagged edges of returning
To a self
I barely remember.

“THE BOW”

A bow,
A prayer,
A feeling,
A loss.
An experience muted,
A voice silenced.
A nightmare,
A god.

“FREE(DOM)”

The chills,
The fear,
The avoidance of death,
Thou concealed with life
Heated laugh,

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Cynical advice
Hysterical voices
Rising through the crowd.
Hysterical?
Maybe so.
But free,
At least for the seconds we scream.

“FROM THE RIVER...”

Water flows,
Each tear carves rivers of memory.
The sweetness of watermelon
Splits my heart in two,
A reminder of summers lost,
Of freedom foreseen but never held.
Forever mine,
forever elusive—
The promise of freedom,
The land I long to claim.

“PAIN”

Pain cuts deep.
It burns,
it howls,
It demands space.
Poetry calls for grace,
But today I am graceless.
Pain is not elegant,
And neither am I.
I will not apologize for this ache.
My pain is mine—
A burden and a shield.

Pain is a bitch.

Fear defines me,
Until it doesn't.
Pain defines me,
Until we end it.
Be brave,
Feel the anger.
Feel the sorrow.
Feel it all.
And when you're ready—
Be free.



“A VISIT TO MY LAND”

I went to Palestine once.
Not the one in my dreams,
Not the one my father spoke of
With a strong voice,
Not the one my mother prayed for
When no one was watching.
The real Palestine.
Dust clung to my skin
Like a second exile.
The sun burned
As if it wanted to mark me,
To remind me this was home,
Just as I longed for it to be.
I touched the soil,
Walked the streets,
Saw the olive trees
That had stood longer
Than my bloodline.
I thought I'd feel whole.
I thought I'd belong.
But Palestine heals loneliness,
Just as it deepens it.
Because how do you belong to a place
Where they are trying to bury us,
To erase us.
Where drones tear the sky
And bombs drop to break
The silence of the night.

But we do belong.
And we will grow.
And we will return.

“DAUGHTER OF FIRE”

I was not born in fire,
But I will become it.
My skin is parchment,
My heart a torch,
Set alight by hands
That never learned
The meaning of love.
My ancestors are dust,
Their voices too soft to hear
Beneath the weight of blood.



But they scream inside me—
Hollow echoes of women
Who were never given the chance
To burn,
to be
More than whispered names.
I carry their flames
In my chest,
But this time,
I will not be silenced.
I will be the fire
That turns ash to life.

“THE PRISON OF EXPECTATIONS”

They told me
I had to be soft
To fit into this world.
They told me
I had to be quiet,
A whisper in the halls of men
Who are never asked to listen.
They told me
I had to be what I was not—
A dress with no voice,
A girl with no anger.
But I have lived in too many skins
To pretend I am not raw.
I was not born to please,
Not made to be the thing
That bends beneath their gaze.
I belong to no one—
Except the parts of me
That are still sharp enough
To draw blood.

“THE WEIGHT OF YOUR NAME”

I wear my name
Like a crown,
But it is a crown too heavy
For anyone to bear.
It is the name of a place
That no one wants to remember,
The name of a people
Who were told they did not belong.



I was born with it—
A gift and a curse.
A name that holds the weight
Of blood and history,
A name that holds the weight
Of exile.
I wonder,
If I could shed it,
Would I be lighter?
Would I belong somewhere?
But I know now—
Belonging is an illusion.
My name is mine,
Our land is ours,
And we will fight for it.

“THE PAIN OF WOMANHOOD”

Womanhood is a storm
That swallows me whole,
Yet leaves me still standing,
Broken but unbowed.
They tell me
It's beautiful to suffer,
Beautiful to bear pain
With grace.
But I am tired of grace—
Tired of swallowing the fire
That burns beneath my skin.
I am tired of pretending
That my wounds
Are not mine to claim.
The world wants to make me soft,
Wants to dress me in sorrow
And make me smile.
But I am no longer the girl
Who whispers “thank you”
For what was stolen.
I will scream,
And let my rage be
The anthem of every woman
Who has been made to believe
She was not enough.



“SISTERHOOD”

We are the daughters
Of all the women before us—
The ones who fought
Without words,
The ones who bled in silence
But never gave in.
We are the women
Who know the weight of our bodies,
The weight of our names,
And we carry them,
Like stone in the chest,
Like fire in the veins.
Together,
We are not broken—
Together,
We are fierce
And loud and unashamed
Of the spaces we take.

“THE FIGHT TO BE SEEN”

I fight to be seen,
To be heard,
To be understood—
But our voice are always
Drowned out by the noise
Of a world
That would rather
Erase us.
We fight for the right
To exist in spaces
That were never meant for us.
We fight to speak
Our truth,
Even when the truth
Hurts to hear.
And still—
We will not be silenced.

