

Forgive Me

For lying to the teacher in the school yard
Talking ill of my friend behind her back

For making an excuse to leave early
while visiting my mother in her sick bed

For walking away from a lover
without explanation, running from remorse

I have felt guilty about slapping my small son's hand
so many years ago

About acting impatient, bitter, callous,
spiteful, unfriendly, or mean with those I love

and those I don't. These thoughts return often
like mosquitoes in summertime, ready to attack

I try to shoo them away but hear a continuous buzz
Should I let them exact blood, for penitence?

There is no peace in my ears or in my humbled heart
till I can imagine forgiveness

granting a measure of clemency
to myself

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