

Zunairah Qureshi

THE PARTY

Light bursts in my eyes

Fireworks in my ears

Flames coursing in my veins

Raucous music in the air

It's not a party it's a war

They were gunshot flashes

The smash of grenades, the crackle of flames

They were painful gashes

The scream of metal, the hiss of meat burnt

Oh, in this world of black and white

The only colour you'll see is red

Like spilt wine and cherry under a heel

Like plump lips sucked in wasted kisses

Like confetti sprinkled on wet bodies

Like painted nails scraping bare skin

But it's not a party, it's a war

They are pools of plasma

The scramble of life, the conquest of death

They are ashes spewing blood

The desperate clutches, the lethal lunges

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And the only colour you'll see is red

Blood red and cut dead