

The Scarf

They stand there with shorts, so short, excessively short,
shorts that so deceptively capture from them
all they know of modesty...
...and I proudly pull my scarf over my hair

They stand there, face lost in a sea of make-up,
make-up that so ruthlessly captures from them
all they know of freedom...
...and I proudly pull my scarf over my hair

They stand there, hair raining with gels, colors -
chemicals that so menacingly capture from them
all they know of purity...
...and I proudly pull my scarf over my hair

They stand there, so close, so very close to their "lover",
devoted to them, the devotion that so mercilessly captures
from them all they know of individuality...
...and I proudly pull my scarf over my hair

And they stand there, talking of getting new shorts, new gels
and colors, new boyfriends, materialistic things
that so wrongfully capture from them
all they know of God and love...

...and I proudly pull my scarf over my hair

For my scarf is my protector, my lover, my devotion,
my pureness, my beauty, my remembrance of God,

And I proudly pull it over my hair knowing that when I wear it,
I so rightfully thrust away
all the things that the devil brought about,

And when I put it on, I am

Free...

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