

Poetry Series

**Fatima Alzhara Rafa**  
**- poems -**



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# Fatima Alzhara Rafa()

Medical student by day, poet by calling. Fatima Alzhara Rafa believes in the precision of the scalpel and the precision of the word. Her poetry navigates vulnerability, resilience, and the colors we use to paint ourselves whole.



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# Ascension

I love the fact that I'm green,  
the fact that my wings are self-made,  
and my love for them is a part of my self-esteem.

I swagger on the human love I trade,  
for some of my own gleam.

I used the colors of heaven  
to draw myself immense,  
to create a future image I desire.

I flamed human help with fire,  
yet I hide my blueness—  
it only appears in moonless  
nights, teen dreams...

You took my blueness away  
using an eighth color unknown to me.

Is there a path to learn that color?

To paint it with my own soul?

Or does this one, my dear,  
require a human being?

Don't brag of your suffering,  
or how you claimed the minister's chair—  
there's no contrast you can offer.

I'm a tiny female  
who needs love and care.

My wings were made  
to ease the way up here—  
to rise.

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# Sympathetic Proof

I know I'm pretty  
not from every word you say,  
but from your pupils' dilatation.  
Even a fool can tell  
this isn't a temporary situation.

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## a Prayer Crossing Continents And Skies

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# Divine Love

Divine Love

Love is a weapon inside me.

Love is a dove of peace that flies beside me.

Love is the white veil of a wedding bride.

Love is the vision granted to the blind.

Love is a bouquet of roses in my hand  
that I will never let slide.

Love is the angel who guards my soul  
and knows me from every side.

I am as pure as Mary,  
so divine — and so is love.

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# Plénitude

Je suis humaine, je ne suis pas une déesse.  
Je ne peux pas vaincre tous les revers.  
Je ne peux rien y faire quand tu dis  
que ton imperfection n'est pas faite pour moi.  
Tu lèves les yeux vers l'aube,  
attendant de voir le soleil qui brille.  
Qui aime un croissant fatigué,  
survivant au-delà de son temps?  
Je suis la douce pluie d'automne.  
Je suis la raison cachée dans la folie.

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# The Seventh Circuit

And if you pray  
You may pray for that pain to go away  
From both of us  
And this happiness that supposed to occur now may visit us  
And these tears which replicate my eyes now  
And this pain that burns out my heart now  
Will be cured as I pray for God now  
You circle His home 7 times  
Don't you know  
That wind that blows  
your sins away  
Will blow mine  
You circle his home 7 times  
Seven heavens god has made.  
What loss trade  
That you have made  
My heart for your logic  
Was this your aim?  
Isn't logic forbidden in love land  
Is this love which I claimed  
My heart for has been scammed  
You circle his home 7 times  
Seven heavens above the land,  
You never heard me say it:  
I love you from the depths of my cardiac vessels.  
I waited to say it.  
I waited for a castle,  
for God to declare us one.  
I waited like the fasting soul for dusk to come.  
I waited... but our clock whispered our time was done.  
You circled His Home seven times,  
seven heavens above the dome.

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# Wholeness

I'm human, and I'm not a god.  
I can't beat every odd.  
I can't help it when you say  
your lack of perfection isn't for me.  
You gaze above at the dawn,  
waiting to see the sun that shines.  
Who likes a tired crescent,  
surviving beyond its time?  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
I am the sanity hidden in the insane.

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# The Horses Are Visiting Us Tomorrow

I have no other place to be  
Except for my prayer place  
Because in the OR  
She's gonna be scared  
I know how sensitive she is  
She's like ice scoop in may  
I got that in my DNA  
If she cries when she sees or's lights  
I need someone to be there  
To hold her hand & tell her it's gonna be okay  
She needs to fight  
Cause she has so much dreamy nights  
And for the horses that might visit someday  
For the glory she's about to see  
And when this over &  
As the Adenoma disappears  
& Sight appears  
Take this flight  
And come back to me  
\_Fatima Alzhara Rafa

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# Osce

You're studying the human heart what about mine  
What about my wild loving heart who adores your smile  
Do you have a dual?  
Do you have someone who came before me and grabbed your soul  
But I only saw that your a dores your OSCE  
Can you see the same sparke of love in me  
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13/12/2025

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