

# **A Ghazal to Metal**

Mindy Watson

At five, my youth consigned to mute, degraded silence.  
I kept my shame concealed when he persuaded silence.

When seven stillborn years elapsed, you sanctioned screaming.  
Extolling rage, your barbed-tongued tones pervaded silence.

Your motley proxies: Anthrax, Slayer, Iron Maiden –  
Their upstretched fists and plugged-in riffs upbraided silence.

When stasis hamstringed literary chords' expression,  
Through speakers, your cacophony invaded silence.

For thirty years, you've spun each void into creation.  
Transmuting death to life, fierce fire that faded silence.