

O, C, D. by Namitha

According to numerology,
The number three is said to have the meaning of positive affirmation.
I do not know if this is why I tap my middle finger to my thumb
While repeating,
“Everything is fine, everything is okay.
Everything is fine, everything is okay
Everything is fine,

Everything

Is

Okay.”

but there is a wave of relief that rivals the sea that washes over me when I do so.
I am told that I can rid myself of this,
baptize myself in good health if I simply stop.
But how can I divorce my marriage to superstitions
if this lover is all that has ever kept me safe?
Once,
during a home invasion,
I stood unmoving
apart from my fingers,
Still tapping to the rhythm of my prayer.
“Everything is fine, everything is okay.
Everything is fine, everything is okay
Everything is fine,

Everything

Is

Okay.”

I attribute my renewed subscription to Life to these hands.
How can you separate me from the only thing that has ever protected me?
My pocket sized saviour, born from my very movement,
I have been chastised for my childness.
Been told this movement can never actually save me,
“Don’t you know it is nothing but your own warped reality?”
But what is triviality but tradition to another?
How can something that brings me so much peace be considered a distress signal?
How can I be saved from my own hands when they are just hands?
Ritual is nothing but a promise I make to myself everyday,
and still, you believe it unholy.
What is this religion when I can only pray in secret?
Who else will tell me, that
Everything is fine, everything is okay.
Everything is fine, everything is okay
Everything is fine,

Everything

Is

Okay?