

2 Must We Go?

To place myself in my grandmother's shoes,
her chappals paired in the bedroom cool,

the mahogany dark,
lying on the prayer mat, facing Mecca,

awaiting her smaller, browner feet –
to plant my feet there,

or here, in a line of words
securely on the page.

*

To move house is one thing,
to leave your country another.

But to leave ~~a~~ country
because it no longer desires

to attach itself to you,
doesn't at all wish

to be the ground under your feet,
to feel compelled to leave it

~~country~~ *Land of one's own*
for ~~a~~ country which you had always known
to be a corner of your own,

but has become quickly and deliriously
another –

and which beckons
as if it had a hand to beckon with,

and which calls you,
as if a country had a single voice.

*

Amma they demand,
her clamouring children.
Amma, must we go?

*Can I take my cricket bat to Pakistan?
Will we go to school?*

Only Athar had no questions.

name

Iba-father
My grandfather, himself a doctor,
had travelled far and wide,

taken him to the best physicians,
but none could cure his son.

*

The cards had been dealt
by a firm, if not a sure hand.

Ludhiana to India. West Punjab to Pakistan.
West Bengal to Pakistan.

Amritsar to India. Srinagar to India.
Lahore to Pakistan.

The Empire held fast like a sheet –
and shook out.

*

Doubt was an awkward thing –
there was no room for doubt.

At the margin of the great convulsion
her small household convulsed.

*

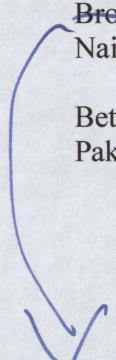
Pakistan was what it amounted to
Pakistan.

In the salting of lassi
in the knuckledents in dough
Pakistan.

In the pleating of a sari
in the sweeping of the porch
Pakistan.

Rumours flew on the wind
Broken glass on the wind
Nails of steel (on the wind)

Between the question and its answer
Pakistan.



*

Honour was the jewel,
not mother, sister.

Bonfires were lit
and the women burned.

*They asked me to do this,
but I ran away.
I couldn't set fire to my sister.*

*

*90 women jumped into a well.
There wasn't enough water
to drown them all.*

*

The wisdom was to go.

Departure,
the noble,
fruitful,
hopeful thing –

*

Already
her neighbourhood was emptying –
whole families had stolen away.

Which way to face?
She wrote to her son in England:

*I pray for our safety at this time.
We will go by bus to Lahore.*

2 Must We Go?

To place myself in my grandmother's shoes,
her chappals paired in the bedroom cool,

the mahogany dark,
lying on the prayer mat, facing Mecca,

awaiting her smaller, browner feet –
to plant my feet there,

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To move house is one thing.
To leave your country another.

But to leave it
because it no longer wishes

to attach itself to you,
doesn't at all desire

to be the ground under your feet,
to feel compelled to leave it

for one which ~~you~~ had always known
~~as~~ to be a corner of your own,

but has become swiftly and deliriously
another –

and which beckons
as if it had a hand to beckon with,

and which calls you,
as if a country had a single voice.

*

Amma they demand,
her clamouring children.
Amma, must we go?

*Can I take my cricket bat to Pakistan?
Will we go to school?*

And what about school?

Only Athar had no questions.

My grandfather, himself a doctor,
had travelled far and wide,

taken him to the best physicians,
but none could cure his son.

*

The cards had been dealt
by a firm, if not a sure hand.

Ludhiana to India. West Punjab to Pakistan.
West Bengal to Pakistan.

Amritsar to India. Srinagar to India.
Lahore to Pakistan.

The Empire held fast like a sheet –
and shook out.

*

Doubt was an awkward thing –
there was no room for doubt.

At the margin of the great convulsion
her small household convulsed.

*

Pakistan was what it amounted to
Pakistan.

In the salting of lassi
in the knuckledents in dough
Pakistan.

In the pleating of a sari *downy*
in the sweeping of the porch
Pakistan.

Between the question and its answer
Pakistan.

*

Rumours flew on the wind –
Nails of steel on the wind –

Honour was the jewel,
not mother, sister.

Bonfires were lit
and the women burned.

*They asked me to do this,
but I ran away.
I couldn't set fire to my sister.*

*

*90 women jumped into a well.
There wasn't enough water
to drown them all.*

*

And the rumour of a rumour

And the acting on a rumour

And the kernel of a rumour

*

The wisdom was to go.

Departure,
the noble,
fruitful,
hopeful thing –

*

Already
her neighbourhood was emptying –
whole families had stolen away.

Which way to face?
She wrote to her son in England:

*I pray for our safety at this time.
We will go by bus to Lahore.*

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her chappals paired in the bedroom cool,

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to plant my feet there,

or here, in a line of words
securely on the page.

To move house is one thing.
To leave your country another.

But to leave it
because it no longer wishes

to attach itself to you,
doesn't at all desire

✓ to be the ground under your feet,
to feel compelled to leave it

for one which you had always known
to be a corner of your own,

but has become swiftly and deliriously
another –

and which beckons
as if it had a hand to beckon with,

✓ and which calls you,
as if a country had a single voice.

Amma they demand,
her protesting children.
Amma, must we go?

*Can I take my cricket bat to Pakistan?
And what about school?*

strangely : boldly.

✓ Only Athar had no questions.

His fa
My grandfather, himself a doctor,
had travelled far and wide,
taken him to the best physicians,
~~but none could cure his son.~~

* The cards had been dealt
by a firm, if not a sure hand.
help *help* *help* *b*

Ludhiana to India. West Punjab to Pakistan.
West Bengal to Pakistan.

Amritsar to India. Srinagar to India.
Lahore to Pakistan.

The Empire held fast like a sheet –
and shook out.

*
Doubt was an awkward thing –
there was no room for doubt.

✓ At the margin of the great convulsion
her small household convulsed.

Pakistan was what it amounted to
Pakistan.

In the salting of lassi
in the knuckledents in dough
Pakistan.

In the pleating of a sari
in the sweeping of the hallway
Pakistan.

Between the question and its answer
Pakistan.

I pray for our safety at this time.

* I will go by bus to Lahore.

His father, himself a doctor,
had taken him to the best physicians
but none could cure his son.
couplet is a bit flat +
prosaic

None of them had a clue.

Rumours flew on the wind –
Nails of steel on the wind –

Honour was the jewel,
not mother, sister.

Bonfires were lit
and the women burned.

They asked me to do this,
but I ran away.
I couldn't set fire to my sister.

* ~~Save their honor!~~
~~To save their honor~~
~~90 women jumped into a well.~~
~~There wasn't enough water~~
~~to drown them all.~~
- take out ~~Malika~~ .

And the rumour of a rumour

And the acting on a rumour

And the kernel of a rumour

* ~~to welcome them –~~

The wisdom was to go.

Departure –

the noble, the
fruitful,
hopeful thing

Already sisters,
her neighbourhood was emptying –
whole families had stolen away.

Which way to face?

She wrote to her son in England:

I pray for our safety at this time.
We will go by bus to Lahore.

2 Must We Go?

To place myself in my grandmother's shoes,
her chappals paired in the bedroom cool,

the mahogany dark,
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To move house is one thing.
To leave your country another.

But to leave it
because it no longer wishes

to attach itself to you,
doesn't at all desire

to be the ground under your feet,
to feel compelled to leave it

for one which you had always known
to be a corner of your own,

~~which~~
but has become swiftly and deliriously
another –

~~become~~ (syntax a bit uneasy here
without that second
'which')

~~become~~

and which beckons
as if it had a hand to beckon with,

and which calls you,
as if a country had a single voice.

*

Amma they demand,
her protesting children.
Amma, must we go?

*Can I take my cricket bat to Pakistan?
And what about school?*

Only Athar had no questions.

My grandfather, himself a doctor,
had travelled far and wide,

taken him to the best physicians,
but none could cure his son.

Why the change of tense here? -
Isn't the inset enough to
mark this passage's difference?

*

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by a firm, if not a sure hand.

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West Bengal to Pakistan.

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and shook out.

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there was no room for doubt.

At the margin of the great convulsion
her small household convulsed.

*

Pakistan was what it amounted to

Pakistan.

These details are so lovely!

In the salting of lassi
in the knuckledents in dough

Pakistan.

In the pleating of a sari
in the sweeping of the hallway

Pakistan.

Between the question and its answer

Pakistan.

* I pray for our safety at this time.
* We will go by bus to Lahore.

Rumours flew on the wind –
Nails of steel on the wind –

Honour was the jewel,
not mother, sister.

Bonfires were lit
and the women burned.

*They asked me to do this,
but I ran away.
I couldn't set fire to my sister.*

*

90 women jumped into a well.
There wasn't enough water
to drown them all.

*

And the rumour of a rumour

And the acting on a rumour

And the kernel of a rumour

and Jamila's welcome them –

*

The wisdom was to go.

Departure –

the noble,
fruitful,
hopeful thing

Ahmed and I after jostling for space

Banila, Jamila, Shehna,

*

the "little" sisters.

Already
her neighbourhood was emptying –
whole families had stolen away.

Which way to face?
She wrote to her son in England:

*I pray for our safety at this time.
We will go by bus to Lahore.*

V. peaceful.

Was this passage here before?

Surely I would have remembered it. – ?

You are handling this alternation of
different modes so wonderfully,
Maizga!