Pakistan

Pakistan, they said to her, / "take"
But what was Pakistan? A country,
a bolt-hole, a land of bone:
It held out very different sets of arms
offered its hard or soft embrace.
The filling up with Pakistan
brimming over, spilling.
To the East and West,
~~whichever~~ wherever way you looked,
Pakistan persisted.
But ~~the country~~ it wasn't half-empty
and what was there
couldn't be pared away.
Would there really be ~~massacre~~ migration
the other way. Pakistan
Was ~~the promised land~~ a resting place
front paws back paws.
~~Pakistan~~ lay in wait

In the folly of sun, the salty grain: Pakistan!

In the breadth of a hair
in the journey of an air

~~in the salting of lass,~~
~~and kneading of days~~

Pakistan!

Pakistan

Pakistan, they said to her

But what was Pakistan? a better life.
~~New country~~, a bolt-hole, a road of bone?

And where was it?
~~A two halves.~~ ~~over~~ Here there... and over there... Two halves

In the securing of a sari
in the salting of lassi,
Pakistan

In the length of a plait
in the tekking of an art.
Pakistan

Between the red and the black
between the fingers of each hand
Pakistan

It offered its soft or hard embrace,
persisted to the East and West

But it wasn't half empty
and what was there couldn't be poured away

Front paws, back paws —
~~a restive tiger, Pakistan, lay in wait~~
~~did~~ a restive tiger ~~be~~ lay in wait?

Pakistan

Pakistan, they said to her

But what was Pakistan?
A bolt-hole, a better life, a road of bone?

And where was it?
Near there --- and over there... in two halves

In the securing of a sari
in the salting of lassi!
Pakistan

In the length of a plait
in the looking of an ant.
Pakistan

Between the red as the black
between the fingers of each hand
Pakistan.

It offered its soft or hard embrace,
persisted to the East and West

But it wasn't half empty
and what was there couldn't be pared away

Front paws, back paws.
a restive tiger, Pakistan lay in wait.

Pakistan, they said to her

But what was Pakistan?
A ~~calmly~~ many ~~galling~~, a bolt-hole, a road of bone?

In the refolding of saris
and the saltiness of lassi –
Pakistan

Along the length of a plait,
in the journey of an ant –
Pakistan

It held out its different sets of arms
offered its hard or soft embrace

~~The innumerable Pakistans~~

To the East and West
~~the promised land~~ Pakistan persisted

but it wasn't half empty,
~~and what~~ at there was couldn't be put aside

Pakistan ~~raging or subdued~~
a restless tiger, ~~lying in wait~~ Pakistan
would ~~there~~ really be marches
the other way

Where would ~~she~~ they live?
~~Pakistan~~ How would they and work?

~~A restless tiger, Pakistan lay in wait~~ We

At what would they work?

Pakistan, they said to be.

But what was Pakistan?
A country, a bolt-hole, a landfill?

In the folding of sarees
and the salting of lassi – Pakistan

Along the length of a plate
in the journey of an oat – Pakistan

~~It~~ There were so many Pakistans.

It held out its very different ~~sides~~ pins
offered its ~~hand~~ soft or ~~so~~ hard embrace

To the coast at least
whichever way you looked

the promised land persisted –
but it wasn't half-empty

and all that was there
couldn't be pared away
– would there really be movement the other way
Was Pakistan a rising tiger
front paws, back paws

lying in wait?

✓

Pakistan, they said to her

But what was Pakistan? A country
a bolt-hole, a land of bone?

It held out very different sets of arms,
offered its hard or soft embrace

The filling up with Pakistan
brimming over, spilling.

To the East and West, wherever you looked
Pakistan persisted.

But the country wasn't half-empty
What was there couldn't be pared away

So would ~~there be an grafting~~ Pakistan be on the move
the other way? ~~there be~~ there really be movement

Was ~~the pramad had~~ a restyling
front paws, back paws?

~~Pakistan Pay in wait~~ Pay in wait?