

Pakistan

Pakistan, they said to her

But what was Pakistan?

A bolt-hole, a better life, a road of bane?

And where was it?

Near there --- and over there... In two halves

In the scarring of a sair

In the salting of lassies, Pakistan

In the length of a plait

In the buckling of an arm, Pakistan

Between the reds at the back

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
as what was there couldn't be purged away

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