

Pakistan

Pakistan, they said to her. / "He"

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

It held out very different sets of arms
offered its hand or soft embrace.

The filling up with Pakistan
brimming over, spilling.

To the East and West,
whichever way you looked,
Pakistan persisted.

But the ^{it} country wasn't half-empty
and what was there

couldn't be poured away.

Would there really be ^{mountain} ~~mass~~ ^{more} ~~marked~~
the other way. Pakistan

Was the ~~promised~~ land, a resty leg
front paws, back paws.

Pakistan lay in wait

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

~~In the salting of lass,~~
~~and kneading of dough~~

Pakistan!

In the folds
of sun,
in the salty
glass -
Pakistan?