# Pakistan

Pakistan, they said to her

But what was Pakistan?
A foot-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 art.
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 may lay in wait.
Pakistan