

Honour Killing

By Imtiaz Dharker

At last I'm taking off this coat,
this black coat of a country
that I swore for years was mine,
that I wore more out of habit
than design. Born wearing it,
I believed I had no choice.

I'm taking off this veil,
this black veil of a faith
that made me faithless
to myself,
that tied my mouth,
gave my god a devil's face,
and muffled my own voice.

I'm taking off these silks,
these lacy things
that feed dictator dreams,
the mangalsutra and the rings
rattling in a tin cup of needs
that beggared me.

I'm taking off this skin,
and then the face, the flesh,
the womb.

Let's see
what I am in here
when I squeeze past
the easy cage of bone.

Let's see
what I am out here,
making, crafting,
plotting
at my new geography.

