

دار آفر  
31

SOB IN MY ARMS?

DO YOU SEE GOD  
WE ESCAPED,  
TELL ME, ISHMAEL,  
WHEN I SEE US,  
MY LAND FLOODS

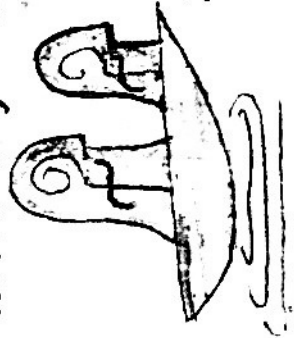
NO MAN'S ISLAND  
OF ڏيڍ  
ڌڻي SIND ڌڻي  
STRANDED ON THE

AND I  
SEE ME -  
AS I HOW  
A DYING  
TONGUE,  
BETWEEN FITOR  
& DEEWANGI,  
I FEEL  
STRANDED ON THE

MY LAND  
IS A SERIES  
OF CASCADED?

WHEN I  
LOOK AT MY ڄڻو

GRANDPA  
HUNCHED, OVER A  
STOCK  
MARKET  
SCREEN



I SEE A QUIVERING  
QUESTION MARK

A BOY, BARELY 5  
WEARING A BURQUA,



HIS PASSPORT  
TO THE

ڄڻو ڌڻي  
LALACH

ڄڻو  
BHARAT

OF

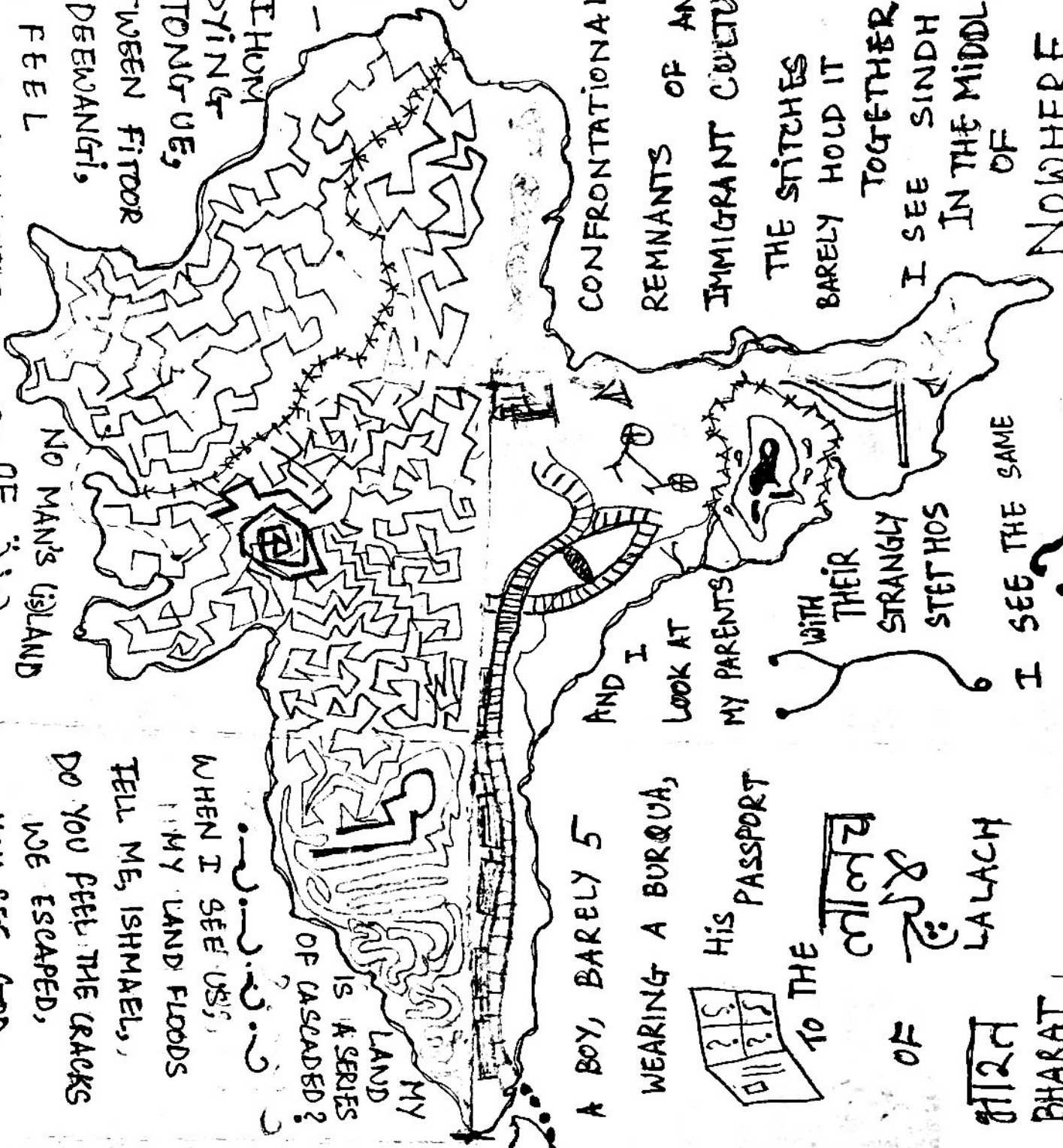
AND I  
LOOK AT  
MY PARENTS  
CONFRONTATIONAL,  
REMNANTS OF AN  
IMMIGRANT CULTURE

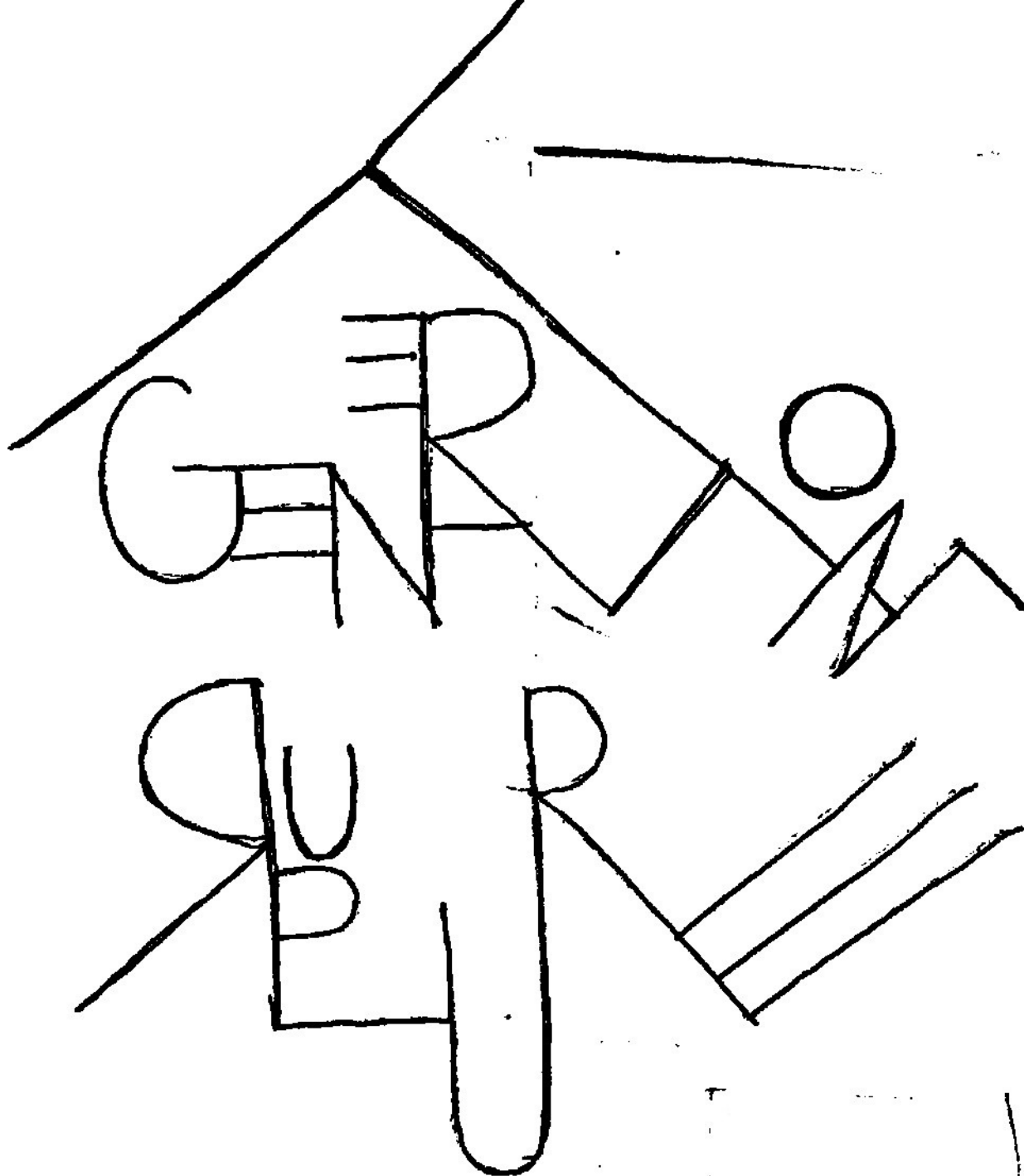
THE STITCHES  
BARELY HOLD IT  
TOGETHER -

I SEE SINDH  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF  
NOWHERE

WITH  
THEIR  
STRANGELY  
STETHOS

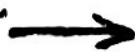
I SEE THE SAME





GENERATIONAL 390T909

SCAN THIS QR CODE TO  
VISIT A MULTI-LINGUISTIC  
PLAYLIST OF MUSIC FROM  
SOUTH EAST ASIA



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