

Home before 1947

PRABHJOT SINGH

my grandpa tells me stories of
the marble floors of our home— a palace once in Pakistan
sangat celebrating Eid and Vaisakhi, both
people praying,
handstogether

or

a p a r t,
embodying the same Being
for safety and strength and continuity-of-love.

and then
the colonizer desecrating,
divi ding

places of worship, now places of refuge
transiently
as blood stains the Scripts
of the same Being
now weeping over Its children.

today,
the fractured mud floors of a hut— a shelter in Punjab
two hal ves grieving, burying or cremating

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million,
and i of the 20 million remaining
yearn for my
home before 1947