

## Self Portrait as a Split End

Or: I Went To A College Party In Vermont On Pakistan's 70th Independence Day After

Reading Homi Bhabha For The First Time

Plant a seed  
and allow  
the frame to rupture  
into genuflect.

Carefully  
bend the body  
to its malleable limit  
create a shadow  
on the warred damp ground,  
kiss the lips of soil  
to breathe in  
a recall for home::

There are scrolls of stained skins being left behind from heeled runs. A great grandmother is six years old.  
She is hiding in a trunk full of holes. The mountains are being split in half.  
The land is turning in two. What is here and what is there is now a place.  
There is a quench. A shield. A gagging bird. A tree which offers no shade.  
The fields are being emptied into flames. The houses are being filled with dust.  
When the sky relieves itself, it is only for itself. For not even a monsoon storm can cleanse  
the ground of what cannot be unseen::

from the thinnest bone of a body,  
from the silencing of a skinned tongue,  
from the burning of a butchered land,  
I Happened

in ancestral arousings,  
in the snow capped mountains,  
in the soils of an American sentiment  
where I screamed

For Life™! I Am Not Really Sure Why I Am  
Dancing To All This Shit. I Guess I Am Scared  
Not To. I Wanted My Every Verse To Be Like A  
Bullet Piercing Through White Skins To Feel  
Belong™. Instead All That Ever Happened At  
The Place Where The Land Touched The Sky  
Was Not I. The Winter Was Cold. The Trees  
Aged. There Was A Ghost Wavering At The  
Side Of An Unlit Road, Scavenging For  
Roadkills. When Nights Were Spent In Swoon,  
I Dreamt Of Raving Yetis. Girls Pierced. Boys  
Smelly. The Music Tensed The Walls. The  
Lights Shied. I Threw Up To Feed The Forests.  
I Stripped Their Leaves To Cover My Gross. I  
Sprouted A Growth At The Side Of My  
Throat. I Harbored Unsaid Harborings,  
Imagined The Imagined God To Be Chronic.  
Still. Bored. Limp. Rooted. Bent. Bowed. Laid.  
Looted. Begging For Fruit Until I Was  
Reduced To A Ghost Making A Home In My  
Own Carcass::

With my mouth pressed  
    against the ground  
the prayer is filled with grit.

God squirms free  
    from between my closed lips.

Such as the road, the carcass, the country,  
the body      splits.