

This poem is called "Farewell". It's kind of a love poem but it's also a poem at a political level from a Kashmiri Muslim to a Kashmiri Hindu. I've been fascinated by the Polish Nobel laureate Czeslaw Milosz, he has several poems which are composed of one-line stanzas and I thought of that as a real challenge, how does each line have the feel of separateness yet is connected to the other lines. So this was my attempt, it is called "Farewell".

At a certain point I lost track of you.

They make a desolation and call it peace.

When you left even the stones were buried:

The defenceless would have no weapons.

When the ibex rubs itself against the rocks,
 who collects its fallen fleece from the slopes?
O Weaver whose seams perfectly vanished,
 who weighs the hairs on the jeweler's balance?

They make a desolation and call it peace.

Who is the guardian tonight of the Gates of Paradise?

My memory is again in the way of your history.

Army convoys all night like desert caravans:

In the smoking oil of dimmed headlights, time dissolved- all
 winter- its crushed fennel.

We can't ask them: Are you done with the world?

In the lake the arms of temples and mosques are locked
 in each other's reflections.

Have you soaked saffron to pour on them when they are
 found like this centuries later in this country
 I have stitched to your shadow?

in this country we step out with doors in our arms

Children run out with windows in their arms.

You drag it behind you in lit corridors.

If the switch is pulled you will be torn from everything.

At a certain point I lost track of you.

You needed me. You needed to perfect me.

In your absence you polished me into the Enemy.

Your history gets in the way of my memory.

I am everything you lost. You can't forgive me.

I am everything you lost. Your perfect Enemy.

Your memory gets in the way of my memory:

I am being rowed through Paradise in a river of Hell:
Exquisite ghost, it is night.

The paddle is a heart; it breaks the porcelain waves.

It is still night. The paddle is a heart.

It is still night. The paddle a lotus.

I am rowed- as it withers-toward the breeze which is soft as
if it had pity on me.

If only somehow you could have been mine, what wouldn't
have happened in the world?

I'm everything you lost. You won't forgive me.

My memory keeps getting in the way of your history.

There is nothing to forgive. You won't forgive me.

I hid my pain even from myself; I revealed my pain only to myself.

There is everything to forgive. You can't forgive me.

If only somehow you could have been mine,
what would not have been possible in the world?